

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
REVIEW.

EDITED BY
JOHN MORLEY.

VOL. XXII. NEW SERIES.
JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 1, 1878
(VOL XXIX OLD SERIES)

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1878.

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Acq. No. 10377 Date 10.6.6

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THE .

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. CXXXIII. NEW SERIES.—JANUARY 1, 1878.

CEREMONIAL GOVERNMENT.

If, excluding all purely private actions, we include under the name "conduct" all actions which involve direct relations with other persons; and if under the name "government" we include all control of such conduct, however arising; then we must say that the earliest kind of government, the most general kind of government, and the government which is ever spontaneously recommencing, is the government of ceremonial observance. More than this is true. Not simply does this kind of government precede other kinds, and not only has it in all places and times approached nearer to universality of influence; but it has ever had, and continues to have, the largest share in regulating men's lives.

Proof that the modifications of conduct called "manners" and "behaviour" arise long before those which political and religious restraints cause, is yielded by the fact that, besides preceding social evolution, they precede human evolution: they are traceable among the higher animals. The dog afraid of being beaten, comes crawling up to his master; clearly manifesting the desire to show submission. Nor is it solely to human beings that dogs use such propitiatory actions: they do the like one to another. All have occasionally seen how, on the approach of some, formidable Newfoundland or mastiff, a small spaniel, in the extremity of its terror, throws itself on its back with legs in the air. Instead of threatening resistance by growls and showing of teeth, as it might have done had not resistance been hopeless, it spontaneously assumes the attitude that would result from defeat in battle: tacitly saying, "I am conquered, and at your mercy." Clearly then, besides certain modes of behaviour expressing affection, which are established still earlier in creatures lower than man, there are established certain modes of behaviour expressing subjection.

After recognizing this fact, we shall be prepared to recognize the

fact that daily intercourse among the lowest savages, whose small loose groups, scarcely to be called social, are without political or religious regulation, is under a considerable amount of ceremonial regulation. No ruling agency beyond that arising from personal superiority, characterizes the scattered hordes of Australians; but they have imperative ceremonies. Strangers meeting have to remain some time silent; a mile from an encampment approach must be heralded by loud *copeys*; a green bough is used as an emblem of peace; and brotherly feeling is indicated by exchange of names. So the Tasmanians, similarly without government save that implied by predominance of a leader during war, had settled ways of indicating peace and defiance. The Esquimaux, too, though without social ranks or anything like chieftainship, have understood usages for the treatment of guests.

Kindred evidence may be joined with this. Ceremonial control is highly developed in many places where the other forms of control are but rudimentary. The wild Comanche "exacts the observance of his rules of etiquette from strangers," and "is greatly offended" by any breach of them. When Araucanians meet, the inquiries, felicitations, and condolences which custom demands, are so elaborate that "the formality occupies ten or fifteen minutes." Of the ungoverned Bedouins we read that "their manners are sometimes dashed with a strange ceremoniousness;" and the salutations of Arabs are such that the "compliments, in a well-bred man, never last less than ten minutes." "We were particularly struck," says Livingstone, "with the punctiliousness of manners shown by the Balonda." "The Malagasy have many different forms of salutation, of which they make liberal use. . . . Hence in their general intercourse there is much that is stiff, formal, and precise." A Samoan orator, when speaking in Parliament, "is not contented with a mere word of salutation, such as 'gentlemen,' but he must, with great minuteness, go over the names and titles, and a host of ancestral references, of which they are proud."

That ceremonial restraint, preceding other forms of restraint, continues ever to be the most widely-diffused form of restraint, we are shown by such facts as that in all intercourse between societies, civilized, semi-civilized, or barbarous, as well as in all intercourse between members of each society, the decisively governmental actions are usually prefaced by this government of observances. The embassy may fail, negotiation may be brought to a close by war, coercion of one society by another may set up wider political rule with its peremptory commands; but there is habitually this more general and vague regulation of conduct preceding the more special and definite. So within a community, acts of relatively stringent control coming from ruling agencies, civil and

religious, begin with and are qualified by this ceremonial control, which not only initiates but in a sense envelopes all other. Functionaries, ecclesiastical and political, coercive as their proceedings may be, conform them in large measure to the requirements of courtesy. The priest, however arrogant, fulfils the usages of civility; and the officer of the law performs his duty subject to certain propitiatory words and movements.

Yet another indication of primordialism may be named. This species of control establishes itself anew with every fresh relation among individuals. Even between intimates those greetings which are requisite to signify continuance of respect, precede each renewal of intercourse. Though their particular form may be settled by custom, such greetings are in substance direct results of the desire not to offend. And in presence of a stranger, say in a railway-carriage, a certain self-restraint, joined with some such act as the offer of a newspaper, shows the spontaneous rise of a propitiatory behaviour such as even the rudest of mankind are not without.

So that the modified forms of action produced in men by the presence of their fellows, and which are seen alike in the otherwise-uncontrolled members of the lowest social groups and in the otherwise-controlled members of the highest social groups, constitute that comparatively vague control out of which other more definite controls are evolved—the primitive undifferentiated kind of government from which the political and religious governments are differentiated, and within which they ever continue immersed.

This proposition looks strange mainly because, when studying less-advanced societies we carry with us our developed conceptions of law and religion. Swayed by them, we fail to perceive that what we think the essential parts of sacred and secular regulations were originally subordinate parts, and that the essential parts consisted of ceremonial observances.

It is clear, *a priori*, that this must be so if social phenomena are evolved. A political organization or a settled cult, cannot suddenly come into existence, but implies pre-established subordination. Before there are laws, there must be submission to some potentate enacting and enforcing them. Before religious obligations are recognized, there must be acknowledged one or more supernatural powers. Evidently, then, the behaviour expressing obedience to a ruler, visible or invisible, must precede in time the civil or religious restraints he imposes. And this inferable precedence of ceremonial government is a precedence we everywhere find.

How in the political sphere fulfilment of forms signifying subordination is the primary thing, early European history shows us. During times when the question, who should be master, was in course of

CEREMONIAL GOVERNMENT.

settlement, now in small areas and now in larger areas uniting them, there was scarcely any of the regulation which developed civil government brings; but there was insistence on allegiance humbly expressed. While each man was left to guard himself, and blood-feuds between families were unchecked by the central power—while the right of private vengeance was so well recognized that the Salic law made it penal to carry off enemies' heads from the stakes on which they were exhibited near the dwellings of those who had killed them—there was a rigorous demanding of oaths of fidelity to political superiors and periodic manifestations of loyalty. Simple homage, growing presently into liege homage, was paid by smaller rulers to greater; and the vassal who, kneeling ungirt and swordless before his suzerain, professed his subjection and then entered on possession of his lands, was little interfered with so long as he continued to display his vassalage in court and in camp. Refusal to go through the required observances was tantamount to rebellion; as at the present time in China, where disregard of the forms of "behaviour prescribed towards each grade of officers" is considered to be nearly equivalent to a rejection of their authority." Among peoples in lower stages this connection of social traits is still better shown. Referring to the extreme ceremoniousness of the Tahitians, Ellis writes—"This peculiarity appears to have accompanied them to the temples, to have distinguished the homage and the service they rendered to their gods, to have marked their affairs of state, and the carriage of the people towards their rulers, to have pervaded the whole of their social intercourse." Meanwhile, he says, they were destitute "of even oral laws and institutes": so verifying the statement of Cook that there was no public administration of justice. Again, from Mariner we learn that if any one in Tonga were to neglect the proper salutation in presence of a superior noble, some calamity from the gods would be expected as a punishment for the omission; and his list of Tongan virtues commences with "paying respect to the gods; nobles, and aged persons." When to this we add his statement that many actions reprobated by the Tongans are not thought intrinsically wrong, but are wrong merely if done against gods or nobles, we get proof that along with high development of ceremonial control, the sentiments, ideas, and usages out of which civil government comes, were but feebly developed. Similarly in the ancient American States. The laws of the Mexican king, Montezuma I., mostly related to the intercourse of, and the distinctions between, classes. In Peru, "the most common punishment was death, for they said that a culprit was not punished for the delinquencies he had committed, but for having broken the commandment of the Ynca." There had not been reached the

stage in which the transgressions of man against man are the wrongs to be redressed, and in which there is consequently a proportioning of penalties to injuries; but the real crime was insubordination: implying that insistence on marks of subordination constituted the essential part of government. A statement of Thunberg shows us that in Japan, so elaborately ceremonious in its life, exactly the same theory led to exactly the same result. And here we are reminded that even in societies so advanced as our own there continue the traces of a kindred early condition. "Indictment for felony," says Wharton, "is [for a transgression] against the peace of our lord the King, his crown and dignity in general:" the injured individual being ignored. Evidently the implication is that obedience was the primary requirement, and behaviour expressing it the first modification of conduct insisted on.

Religious control, still better, perhaps, than political control, shows us this general truth. When we find that rites performed at graves, becoming afterwards religious rites performed at altars in temples, were at first acts done for the benefit of the ghost, either as originally conceived or as ideally expanded into a deity—when we find that the sacrifices and libations, the immolations and blood-offerings and mutilations, all begun to profit or to please the double of the dead man, were continued on larger scales where the double of the dead man was especially feared—when we find that fasting as a funeral rite gave origin to religious fasting, that praises of the deceased and prayers to him grew into religious praises and prayers; we are shown why primitive religion consisted almost wholly of propitiatory observances. Though in certain rude societies now existing, one of the propitiations is the repetition of injunctions given by the departed father or chief, joined in some cases with expressions of penitence for breach of them, and though we are shown by this that from the first there exists the germ out of which grow the sanctified precepts eventually constituting important adjuncts to religion; yet, since the supposed supernatural beings are at first regarded as retaining after death the desires and passions that distinguished them during life, this rudiment of a moral code is originally but an insignificant part of the cult: due rendering of those offerings and praises and marks of subordination by which the goodwill of the ghost or god is to be obtained, forming the chief part. Everywhere we meet with proofs. We read of the Tahitians that "religious rites were connected with almost every act of their lives;" and we read kindred statements respecting the uncivilized and semi-civilized in general. The Sandwich Islanders, along with scarcely any of that ethical element which the conception of religion includes among ourselves, had a rigorous and elaborate ceremonial. Noting that *tabu* means literally

“sacred to the gods,” I quote the following account of its observance in Hawaii from Ellis:—

“During the season of strict tabu, every fire or light in the island or district must be extinguished; no canoe must be launched on the water, no person must bathe; and except those whose attendance was required at the temple, no individual must be seen out of doors; no dog must bark, no pig must grunt, no cock must crow. . . . On these occasions they tied up the mouths of the dogs and pigs, and put the fowls under a calabash, or fastened a piece of cloth over their eyes.”

And how completely the idea of transgression was associated in the mind of the Sandwich Islander with breach of ceremonial observance, is shown in the fact that “if any-one made a noise on a tabu day . . . he must die.” Through stages considerably advanced, religion continues to be thus constituted. When questioning the Nicaraguans concerning their creed, Oviedo, eliciting the fact that they confessed their sins to an appointed old man, asks what sort of sins they confessed; and the first clause of the answer is—“we tell him when we have broken our festivals and not kept them.” Similarly of the Peruvians, we read that “the most notable sin was neglect in the service of the huacas” [spirits, &c.]; and a large part of life was spent in propitiating the apotheosized dead. How elaborate the observances, how frequent the festivals, how lavish was the expenditure, by which, among the ancient Egyptians, the goodwill of supernatural beings was sought, the records everywhere show us; and that with them religious duty consisted in thus ministering to the desires of ancestral ghosts, deified in various degrees, we are shown by the prayer of Rameses to his father Ammon, in which he claims his help in battle because of the many bulls he has sacrificed to him. With the Hebrews in pre-Mosaic times it was the same. As Kuenen remarks, the “great work and enduring merit” of Moses, was that he gave dominance to the moral element in religion. In his reformed creed, “Jahveh is distinguished from the rest of the gods in this, that he will be served, not merely by sacrifices and feasts, but also, nay, in the first place, by the observance of the moral commandments.” That the piety of the Greeks included diligent performance of rites at tombs, and that the Greek god was especially angered by non-observance of propitiatory ceremonies, are familiar facts; and credit with a god was claimed by the Trojan, as by the Egyptian, not on account of rectitude, but on account of oblations made; as is shown by Chryses’ prayer to Apollo. So too, Christianity, originally a renewed development of the ethical element at the expense of the ceremonial element, losing as it spread those early traits which distinguished it from lower creeds, displayed, in mediæval Europe, a relatively large amount of ceremony and a relatively small amount of morality. Of the seventy-three chapters con-

stituting the Rule of St. Benedict, nine concern the moral and general duties of the brothers, while thirteen concern the religious ordinances. And how the idea of criminality attached to disregard of ordinances, is proved by the following passage from the Rule of St. Columbanus:—

“A year’s penance for him who loses a consecrated wafer; six months for him who suffers it to be eaten by mites; twenty days for him who lets it turn red; forty days for him who contemptuously flings it into water; twenty days for him who brings it up through weakness of stomach; but, if through illness, ten days. He who neglects his Amou to the Benedicite, who speaks when eating, who forgets to make the sign of the cross on his spoon, or on a lantern lighted by a younger brother, is to receive six or twelve stripes.”

That from the times when men condoned crimes by building chapels and going on pilgrimages, down to present times when barons no longer invade one another’s territories or torture Jews, there has been a decrease of ceremony along with an increase of morality, is clear; though if we look at unadvanced parts of Europe, such as Naples or Sicily, we see that even now observance of rites is in them a much larger component of religion than obedience to moral rules. And when we remember how modern is the rise of Protestantism, which, less elaborate and imperative in its forms, does not habitually compound for transgressions by performance of acts expressing subordination, and how very recent is the spread of dissenting Protestantism, in which this change is carried further; we are shown that the subordination of ceremony to morality characterizes religion only in its later stages.

Mark, then, what follows. If the two kinds of control which eventually grow into civil and religious governments, originally include scarcely anything beyond observance of ceremonies, the precedence of ceremonial control over other controls is a corollary. •

• Divergent products of evolution betray their kinship by severally retaining certain traits which belonged to that from which they were evolved; and the implication is, that whatever traits they have in common, arose earlier in time than did the traits which distinguish them from one another. If fish, reptiles, birds, and mammals, all possess vertebral columns, it follows, on the evolution-hypothesis, that the vertebral column became a part of the organization at an earlier period than did the four-chambered heart, the teeth in sockets, and the mammæ, which distinguish one of these groups, or than did the toothless beak, the tri-ocular heart, and the feathers, which distinguish another of these groups; and so on. Applying this principle in the present case, it is inferable that if the controls classed as civil, religious, and social, have certain common characters, these characters, older than are these now-

differentiated kinds of control, must have belonged to the primitive control out of which they developed. Ceremonial acts, then, have the highest antiquity; for these differentiated kinds of control all exhibit them.

There is the making of presents: this is one of the acts showing subordination to a ruler in early stages; it is a religious rite, performed originally at the grave and later on at the altar; and from the beginning it has been a means of showing consideration in social intercourse and securing goodwill. There are the obeisances: these, of their several kinds, serve to express reverence in its various degrees, to gods, to rulers, and to private persons: here the prostration is habitually seen, now in the temple, now before the monarch, and now to a powerful man; here there is genuflexion in presence of idols, rulers, and fellow-subjects; here the salaam is more or less common to the three cases; here uncovering of the head is a sign alike of worship, of loyalty, and of respect; and here the bow serves the same three purposes. Similarly with titles: father is a name of honour applied to a god, to a king, and to an honoured individual; so too is lord; and so are sundry other names. The same thing holds of humble speeches: professions of inferiority and subjection on the part of the speaker are used to secure divine favour, the favour of a ruler, and the favour of a private person. Once more, it is thus with words of praise; telling a deity of his greatness constitutes a large element of worship; despotic monarchs are addressed in terms of exaggerated eulogy; and where ceremony is dominant in social intercourse, extravagant compliments are addressed to private persons.

In many of the less advanced societies, and also in the more advanced that have retained early types of organization, we find various other examples of observances expressing subordination, that are common to the three kinds of control—civil, religious, and social. Among the Malayo-Polynesians the offering of the first fish, and of first fruits, is used as a mark of respect alike to gods and to chiefs; and the Fijians make the same gifts to their gods as they do to their chiefs—food, turtles, whales' teeth. In Tonga, "if a great chief takes an oath, he swears by the god; if an inferior chief takes an oath, he swears by his superior relation, who, of course, is a greater chief." In Fiji, "all are careful not to tread on the threshold of a place set apart for the gods: persons of rank stride over; others pass over on their hands and knees. The same form is observed in crossing the threshold of a chief's house." In Siam, "at the full moon of the fifth month, the Talapoins [priests] wash the idol with perfumed water. . . . The people also wash the Sanograts and other Talapoins; and then in the families children wash their parents." China affords good instances. "At his accession, the

Emperor kneels thrice and bows nine times before the altar of his father, and goes through the same ceremony before the throne on which is seated the Empress Dowager. On his then ascending his throne, the great officers, marshalled according to their ranks, kneel and bow nine times." And the equally ceremonious Japanese furnish kindred evidence. "From the Emperor to the lowest subject in the realm there is a constant succession of prostrations. The former, in want of a human being superior to himself in rank, bows humbly to some pagan idol; and every one of his subjects, from prince to peasant, has some person before whom he is bound to cringe and crouch in the dirt:" that is, religious, political, and social subordination are expressed by the same form of behaviour.

These indications of a general truth which will be abundantly exemplified when treating of each kind of ceremonial observance, I here give in brief, as further showing that the control of ceremony precedes in order of evolution the civil and religious controls, and has therefore to be first dealt with.

On passing from the most general to the less general aspects of ceremonial government, we are met by the question—How do there arise those modifications of behaviour which constitute it? Commonly it is assumed that they are consciously fixed upon as symbolizing reverence or respect. In pursuance of the usual method of speculating about primitive practices, developed ideas are read back into undeveloped minds. The supposition is of the same kind as that which gave origin to the social-contract theory: a kind of conception that has become familiar to the civilized man, is supposed to have been familiar to man in his earliest state. But just as little basis as there is for the belief that primitive men deliberately made social contracts, is there for the belief that primitive men deliberately adopted symbols. The current error is best seen on turning to the most developed kind of symbolization—that of language. The savage does not sit down and knowingly coin a word; but the words which he finds in use, and the new ones which come into use during his life, grow up unawares by onomatopoeia, or by vocal suggestions of qualities, or by metaphor which some observable likeness suggests. Among civilized peoples, however, who have learnt that words are symbolic, new words are frequently chosen to symbolize new ideas. So, too, is it with written language. The early Egyptian never thought of choosing a sign to represent a sound, but his records began, as those of North American Indians begin now, with rude pictures of the transactions to be kept in memory; and as the process of recording extended, the pictures, abbreviated and generalized, lost more and more their likenesses to

objects and acts, until, under stress of the need for expressing proper names, some of them were used phonetically, and signs of sounds came unawares into existence. But, in our days, there has been reached a stage at which, as shorthand shows us, special signs are consciously chosen to symbolize special sounds. The lesson taught is obvious. Just as it would be an error to conclude that because we knowingly choose sounds to symbolize ideas, and marks to symbolize sounds, the like was originally done by savages and by barbarians; so is it an error to conclude that because among the civilized, certain ceremonies (say those of Freemasons) are arbitrarily fixed upon, so ceremonies were arbitrarily fixed upon by the uncivilized. Already, in indicating the primitiveness of ceremonial control, I have named some modes of behaviour expressing subordination which have a natural genesis; and here the implication to which I would draw attention is, that until we have found a natural genesis for a ceremony, we may be sure that we have not discovered its origin. The truth of this implication will seem less improbable on observing sundry ways in which spontaneous manifestations of emotion initiate formal observances.

The ewe bleating after her lamb that has strayed, and smelling now at one and now at another of the lambs near her, but at length, by its odour, identifying as her own one that comes running up, doubtless, thereupon, experiences a wave of gratified maternal feeling; and by repetition there is established between this odour and this pleasure, such an association that the first habitually produces the last: the smell becomes, on all occasions, agreeable by serving to bring into consciousness more or less of the philoprogenitive emotion. That by some races of mankind individuals are similarly identified, the Bible yields proofs. Though Isaac, with senses dulled by age, fails thus to distinguish his sons from one another, yet the fact that, unable to see Jacob, and puzzled by the conflicting evidence his voice and his hands furnished, "he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him," shows that different persons, even members of the same family, were perceived by the Hebrews to have their specific odours. And that perception of the odour possessed by one who is loved, yields pleasure, proof is given by another Asiatic race. Of a Mongol father, Timkowski writes:—"He smelt from time to time the head of his youngest son, a mark of paternal tenderness usual among the Mongols, instead of embracing." Describing the Philippine Islanders, Jagor says:—"The sense of smell is developed amongst the Indians to so great a degree that they are able, by smelling at the pocket-handkerchiefs, to tell to which persons they belong ('Reisosc,' p. 39); and lovers at parting exchange pieces of the linen they may be wearing, and during their separation inhale the odour of the beloved being, besides smothering

the relics with kisses." So, too, is it with the Chittagong Hill people. Lewin tells us that "their manner of kissing is peculiar. Instead of pressing lip to lip, they place the mouth and nose upon the cheek, and inhale the breath strongly. Their form of speech is not 'Give me a kiss,' but 'Smell me.'" And now note a sequence. Inhalation of the odour given off by a loved person coming to be a mark of affection for him or for her, it happens that since men wish to be liked, and are pleased by display of liking, the performance of this act which signifies liking, initiates a complimentary observance, and gives rise to certain modes of showing respect. The Samoans salute by "juxtaposition of noses, accompanied, not by a rub, but a hearty smell. They shake and smell the hands also, especially of a superior." And there are like salutes among the Esquimaux and the New Zealanders.

The alliance between smell and taste being so close, we may naturally expect a class of acts which arise from tasting, parallel to the class of acts which smelling originates; and the expectation is fulfilled. That the billing of doves or pigeons and the like action of love-birds, indicates an affection which is gratified by the gustatory sensation, cannot well be questioned. No act of this kind on the part of an inferior creature, as of a cow licking her calf, can have any other origin than the direct prompting of a desire which gains by the act satisfaction; and in such a case the satisfaction is obviously that which vivid perception of offspring gives to the maternal yearning. In some animals like acts arise from other forms of affection. Licking the hand, or, where it is accessible, the face, is a common display of attachment on a dog's part; and when we remember how keen must be the olfactory sense by which a dog traces his master, we cannot doubt that to his gustatory sense, too, there is yielded some impression—an impression associated with those pleasures of affection which his master's presence gives. The inference that kissing as a mark of affection in the human race has a kindred origin, is sufficiently probable. Though kissing is not universal—though the negro races do not appear to understand it, and though, as we have seen, there are cases in which sniffing replaces it—yet, being common to unlike and widely-dispersed races, we may conclude that it originated in the same manner as the analogous action among lower creatures. Here, however, we are chiefly concerned to observe the indirect result. From kissing as a natural sign of affection, there is derived the kissing which, as a means of simulating affection, gratifies those who are kissed, and, by gratifying them, propitiates them. Hence an obvious root for the kissing of feet, hands, garments, as a part of ceremonial.

Feeling, sensational or emotional, causes muscular contractions, which are strong in proportion as it is intense; and, among other

feelings, those of love and liking have an effect of this kind, which takes on its appropriate form. The most significant of the actions hence originating is not much displayed by inferior creatures, because their limbs are unfitted for prehension; but in the human race its natural genesis is sufficiently manifest. Mentioning a mother's embrace of her child will remind all that the strength of the embrace (unless restrained to prevent mischief) measures the strength of the feeling; and while reminded that the feeling thus naturally vents itself in muscular actions; they may further see that these actions are directed in such a way as to give satisfaction to the feeling by yielding a vivid consciousness of possession. That between adults the allied feelings originate like acts, scarcely needs adding. It is not so much these facts, however, as the derived facts, which we have to take note of. Here is another root for a ceremony: an embrace, too, serving to express liking, serves to propitiate in cases where it is not negatived by those other observances which subjection entails. We find it where governmental subordination is but little developed. Of some Snake Indians they met, we read in Lewis and Clarke that "the three men immediately leaped from their horses, came up to Captain Lewis, and embraced him with great cordiality." Marcy tells of a Comanche that, "seizing me in his brawny arms while we were yet in the saddle, and laying his greasy head upon my shoulder, he inflicted upon me a most bruin-like squeeze, which I endured with a degree of patient fortitude worthy of the occasion." So, too, Snow says the Fuegian "friendly mode of salutation was anything but agreeable. The men came and hugged me, very much like the grip of a bear."

Discharging itself in muscular actions which, in cases like the foregoing, are directed to an end, feeling in other cases discharges itself in undirected muscular actions. The resulting changes are habitually rhythmical. Each considerable movement of a limb brings it to a position at which a counter-movement is easy; both because the muscles producing the counter-movement are then in the best positions for contraction, and because they have had a brief rest. Hence the naturalness of striking the hands together or against other parts. We see this as a spontaneous manifestation of pleasure among children; and we find it giving origin to a ceremony among the uncivilized. Clapping of the hands is "the highest mark of respect" in Loango; and it occurs with kindred meaning among the Coast Negroes, the East Africans, the Dahomans. Joined with other acts expressing welcome, the people of Batoka "slap the outsides of their thighs;" the Balonda people, besides clapping their hands, sometimes "in saluting drum their ribs with their elbows;" while among the Coast Negroes and in Dahomey, snapping the fingers is one of the salutes. Rhythmical muscular motions of the

arms and hands, thus expressing pleasure, real or pretended, in presence of another person, are not the only motions of this class: the legs come into play. Children often "jump for joy," and occasionally adults may be seen to do the like. Saltatory movements are therefore apt to grow into compliments. In Loango "many of the nobility salute the king by leaping with great strides backward and forward two or three times and swinging their arms." The Fuegians also, as the United States explorers tell us, show friendship "by jumping up and down."¹

Feeling, discharging itself, contracts the muscles of the vocal organs, as well as other muscles; so that along with bodily motions signifying pleasure, there go sounds, loud in proportion as the pleasure is great. Hence shouts, indicating joy in general, indicate the joy produced by meeting one who is beloved; and serve to give the appearance of joy before one whose goodwill is sought. Among the Fijians, respect is "indicated by the *tama*, which is a shout of reverence uttered by inferiors when approaching a chief or chief town." In Australia, as we have seen, it is necessary on coming within a mile of an encampment to make loud *cooey*s—an action which, while primarily indicating pleasure at the coming reunion, further indicates those friendly intentions which a secret approach would render more than doubtful.

One more example may be named. Tears result from strong feeling—mostly from painful feeling, but also from pleasurable feeling when extreme. Hence, as a sign of joy, weeping occasionally passes into a complimentary observance. The beginning of such an observance is shown us by Hebrew traditions in the reception of Tobias by Raguel, when he finds him to be his cousin's son:—"Then Raguel leaped up, and kissed him, and wept." And among some races there grows from this root a social rite. In New Zealand a meeting "led to a warm *tangi* between the two parties; but, after sitting opposite to each other for a quarter of an hour or more, crying bitterly, with a most piteous moaning and lamentation, the *tangi* was transformed into a *hungi*, and the two old ladies commenced pressing noses, giving occasional satisfactory grunts." And then we find it becoming a public ceremony on the arrival of a great chief: "the women stood upon a hill, and loud and long was the *tangi*, to welcome his approach; occasionally, however,

(1) In his *Early History of Mankind* (2nd ed. p. 51-2), Mr. Tylor thus comments on such observances: "The lowest class of salutations, which merely aim at giving pleasant bodily sensations, merge into the civilities which we see exchanged among the lower animals. Such are patting, stroking, kissing, pressing noses, blowing, sniffing, and so forth. . . . Natural expressions of joy, such as clapping hands in Africa, and jumping up and down in Tierra del Fuego, are made to do duty as signs of friendship or greeting." Mr. Tylor does not, however, indicate the physio-psychological sources of these actions.

they would leave off, to have a chat or a laugh, and then mechanically resume their weeping." Other Malayo-Polynesians do the like.

To these illustrations of the way in which natural manifestations of emotion originate ceremonies, may be added a few illustrations of the way in which ceremonies, not originating directly from spontaneous actions, nevertheless originate by natural sequence—not by intentional symbolization. Brief indications must suffice.

Livingstone tells us that blood-relations are formed in Central South Africa by imbibing a little of each other's blood. A like way of establishing brotherhood is used in Madagascar, in Borneo, and in many places throughout the world; and it was used among our remote ancestors. This is assumed to be a symbolic observance. On studying early ideas, however, and finding, as we do, that the primitive man regards the nature of anything as inhering in all its parts, and therefore thinks he gets the courage of a brave enemy by eating his heart, or is inspired with the virtues of a deceased relative by grinding his bones and drinking them in water, we see that by absorbing each other's blood, men are supposed to establish actual community of nature; and are also supposed to gain power over each other by possessing parts of each other.

Similarly with the ceremony of exchanging names. "To bestow his name upon a friend is the highest compliment that one man can offer another," among the Shoshones. The Australians exchange names with Europeans, as a proof of brotherly feeling. This, which is a widely-diffused practice, arises from the belief that the name is a part of the individual. Possessing a man's name is equivalent to possessing something that forms a portion of his being, and enables the possessor to work mischief to him; and hence among numerous peoples a reason for studiously concealing names. To exchange names, therefore, is to establish some participation in one another's being; and at the same time to trust each with power over the other: implying great mutual confidence.

It is a usage among the people of Vate, "when they wish to make peace, to kill one or more of their own people, and send the body to those with whom they have been fighting to eat;" and in Samoa, "it is the custom on the submission of one party to another, to bow down before their conquerors each with a piece of firewood and a bundle of leaves, such as are used in dressing a pig for the oven [bamboo-knives being sometimes added]; as much as to say, 'Kill us and cook us, if you please.'" These facts I name because they clearly show a point of departure from which there might arise an apparently-artificial ceremony. Let the traditions of cannibalism among the Samoans disappear, and this surviving custom of presenting firewood, leaves, and knives, as a sign of submission, would,

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in pursuance of the ordinary method of interpretation, be taken for an observance deliberately devised.

That peace should be signified among the Dacotahs by burying the tomahawk, and among the Brazilians by a present of bows and arrows, may be cited as instances of what is in a sense symbolization, but what is in origin a modification of the action symbolized; for cessation of fighting is necessitated by putting away weapons, or by giving weapons to an antagonist. If, as among the civilized, a conquered antagonist delivers up his sword, the act of so making himself defenceless is an act of personal submission; but eventually it comes to be, on the part of a general, a sign that his army surrenders. Similarly, when, as in parts of Africa, "some of the free blacks become slaves voluntarily by going through the simple but significant ceremony of breaking a spear in the presence of their future master," we may properly say that the relation thus artificially established is as near an approach as may be to the relation established when an enemy whose weapon is broken is made a slave by his captor: the symbolic transaction simulates the actual transaction.

An instructive example comes next. I refer to the bearing of green boughs as a sign of peace, as an act of propitiation, and as a religious ceremony. As indicating peace the custom occurs among the Araucanians, Australians, Tasmanians, New Guinea People, New Caledonians, Sandwich Islanders, Tahitians, Samoans, New Zealanders; and branches were used by the Hebrews also for propitiatory approach (II. Macc. xiv. 4). In some cases we find it employed to signify not peace only but submission. Speaking of the Peruvians, Cieza says—"The men and boys came out with green boughs and palm-leaves to seek for mercy;" and among the Greeks, too, a suppliant carried an olive branch. Wall-paintings left by the Ancient Egyptians show us palm-branches carried in funeral processions to propitiate the dead; and at the present time "a wreath of palm-branches stuck in the grave" is common in a Moslem cemetery in Egypt. A statement of Wallis respecting the Tahitians shows it passing into a religious observance: a pendant left flying on the beach the natives regarded with fear, bringing green boughs and hogs, which they laid down at the foot of the staff. And that a portion of a tree was anciently an appliance of worship in the East, is shown by the direction in Lev. xxiii. 40, to take the "boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees," &c., and "rejoice before the Lord:" a verification being furnished by the description of the chosen in heaven, who stand before the throne with "palms in their hands" (Rev. vii. 9). The explanation, when we get the clue, is simple. Many travellers' narratives illustrate the fact that laying down weapons on approaching strangers is taken to imply pacific intentions: the obvious

reason being that opposite intentions are thus negatived. Of the Kaffirs, for instance, Barrow says—"a messenger of peace' is known by this people from his laying down his hassagai or spear on the ground at the distance of two hundred paces from those to whom he is sent, and by advancing from thence with extended arms:" the extension of the arms evidently having the purpose of showing that he has no weapon secreted. But how is the absence of weapons to be shown when so far off that weapons, if carried, are invisible? Simply by carrying other things which are visible; and boughs covered with leaves are the most convenient and generally available things for this purpose. A verification is at hand. The Tasmanians had a way of deceiving those who inferred from the green boughs they were bringing in their hands that they were weaponless. They practised the art of holding their spears between their toes as they walked: "the black approaching him in pretended amity, trailed between his toes the fatal spear." "Arbitrary, then, as this usage seems when observed in its later forms only, it proves to be by no means arbitrary when traced back to its origin. Taken as evidence that the advancing stranger is without arms, the green bough is primarily a sign that he is not an enemy. It is thereafter joined with other marks of friendship. It survives when the propitiation passes into submission. And so it becomes incorporated with various other actions which express reverence and worship.

One more instance I must add, because it conspicuously shows us how there grow up the interpretations of ceremonies as artificially-devised actions, when their natural origins are unknown. Describing Arab marriages, Baker says—"There is much feasting, and the unfortunate bridegroom undergoes the ordeal of whipping by the relations of his bride, in order to test his courage. . . . If the happy husband wishes to be considered a man worth having, he must receive the chastisement with an expression of enjoyment; in which case the crowds of women in admiration again raise their thrilling cry." Here, instead of the primitive abduction violently resisted by the woman and her relatives—instead of the actual capture required to be achieved, as among the Kamschadales, spite of the blows and wounds inflicted by "all the women in the village"—instead of those modifications of the 'form of capture' in which, along with mock pursuit, there goes receipt by the abductor of more or less violence from the pursuers; we have a modification in which the pursuit has disappeared, and the violence is passively received. And then there arises the belief that this castigation of the bridegroom is a deliberately chosen way "to test his courage."

These facts are not given as adequately proving that in all cases ceremonies are modifications of actions which had at first direct

adaptations to desired ends, and that their apparently symbolical characters result from their survival under changed circumstances. Here I have aimed only to indicate, in the briefest way, the reasons for rejecting the current hypothesis that ceremonies originate in conscious symbolization; and for justifying the belief that we may in every case expect to find them originating by evolution. This expectation we shall hereafter find abundantly fulfilled.

A chief reason why little attention has been paid to phenomena of this class, all-pervading and conspicuous as they are, is that while to most social functions there correspond structures too large to be overlooked, functions which make up ceremonial control have correlative structures so small as to seem of no significance. That ceremonial government has its special organization, just as the political and ecclesiastical governments have, is a fact habitually passed over, because, while the last two organizations have developed, the first has dwindled—in those societies, at least, which have reached the stage at which social phenomena become subjects of speculation. Originally, however, the officials who direct the rites expressing political subordination, have an importance second only to that of the officials who direct religious rites; and the two officialisms are homologous. To whichever class belonging, these functionaries conduct propitiatory acts: the visible ruler being the propitiated person in the one case, and the ruler no longer visible being the propitiated person in the other case. Both are performers and regulators of worship—worship of the living king and worship of the dead king. In our advanced stage the differentiation of the divine from the human has become so great that this proposition looks scarcely credible. But on going back through stages in which the attributes of the conceived deity are less and less unlike those of the visible man, and eventually reaching the early stage in which the other-self of the dead man, considered indiscriminately as ghost and god, is not to be distinguished, when he appears, from the living man; we cannot fail to see the alliance in nature between the functions of those who minister to the ruler who has gone away and those who minister to the ruler who has taken his place. What remaining strangeness there may seem in this assertion of homology, disappears on remembering that in sundry ancient societies, living kings were literally worshipped as dead kings were; and that the adoration of the living king by priests was but a more extreme form of the adoration habitually paid by all who served him.

Social organizations that are but little differentiated clearly show us several aspects of this kinship. In common with those below him, the savage chief proclaims his own great deeds and the achievements of his ancestors; and that in some cases this habit of

self-praise long persists, Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions prove. Advance from the stage at which the head man lauds himself to the stage at which laudation of him is done by deputy, is well typified in the contrast between the recent usage in Madagascar, where the king in public assembly was in the habit of relating "his origin, his descent from the line of former sovereigns, and his incontestable right to the kingdom," and the usage that existed in past times among ourselves, when the like distinctions and powers and claims of the king were publicly asserted for him by an appointed officer. As the ruler, extending his dominions and growing in power, gathers round him an increasing number of agents, the utterance of propitiatory praises, at first by all of these, becomes eventually distinctive of certain among them: there arise official glorifiers. "In Samoa, a chief in travelling is attended by his principal orator." In Fiji each tribe has its "orator, to make orations on occasions of ceremony." Dupuis tells us that the attendants of the chiefs of Ashantee eagerly vociferate the "strong names" of their masters; and a more recent writer describes certain of the king's attendants, whose duty it is to "give him names"—cry out his titles and high qualities. In kindred fashion a Yoruba king, when he goes abroad, is accompanied by his wives, who sing his praise. Now when we meet with facts of this kind—when we read that in Madagascar "the sovereign has a large band of female singers, who attend in the courtyard, and who accompany their monarch whenever he takes an excursion, either for a short airing or distant journey;" when we are told that in China "his imperial majesty was preceded by persons loudly proclaiming his virtues and his power;" when we learn that among the ancient Chibchas the bogotá was received with "songs in which they sung his deeds and victories;" we cannot deny that these assertors of greatness and singers of praises do for the living king exactly that which priests and priestesses do for the dead king, and for the god who evolves from the dead king.

In societies that have their ceremonial governments largely developed, the homology is further shown. As such societies ordinarily have many gods of various powers, severally served by their official glorifiers; so they have various grades of living potentates, severally served by men who assert their greatness and demand respect. In Samoa, "a herald runs a few paces before, calling out, as he meets any one, the name of the chief who is coming." With a Madagascar chief in his palanquin, "one or two men with assagais, or spears, in their hands, ran along in front, shouting out the name of the chief." In advance of an ambassador in Japan there "first walked four men with brooms, such as always precede the retinue of a great lord, in order to admonish the people with cries of 'Stay, stay!' which means, 'Sit, or bow you down;'" and in

China a magistrate making a progress is preceded by men bearing "red boards having the rank of the officer painted on them, running and shouting to the street passengers, 'Retire, retire! keep silence, and clear the way!' Gong-strikers follow, denoting at certain intervals by so many strokes their master's grade and office."

Another parallelism exists between the official who proclaims the king's will and the official who proclaims the will of the deity—between the interpreter who conveys statements to the king and brings back his reply, and the priest who conveys the petitions or questions of worshippers and explains the oracular response. In many places where regal power is extreme, the monarch is either invisible or cannot be directly communicated with: the living ruler thus simulating the dead and divine ruler, and requiring kindred intermediators. It was thus in ancient Mexico. Of Montezuma II. it is said that "no commoner was to look him in the face, and if one did, he died for it;" and further, that he did not communicate with any one, "except by an interpreter." In Nicaragua the caziques "carried their exclusion so far as to receive messages from other chiefs only through officers delegated for that purpose." So of Peru, where some of the rulers "had the custom not to be seen by their subjects but on rare occasions," we read that at the first interview with the Spaniards "Atahualpa gave no answer, nor did he even raise his eyes to look at the captain (Hernando de Soto). But a chief replied to what the captain had said." With the Chibchas "the first of the court officers was the crier, as they said that he was the medium by which the will of the prince was explained." Throughout Africa at the present time like customs have generated like appliances. Spoko tells us that "in conversation with the King of Uganda, the words must always be transmitted through one or more of his officers." Among the inland negroes "it is quite beneath the dignity of an Attah to reply from the throne except through his 'mouth,' or prime minister." In Dahomey "the sovereign's words are spoken to the mou, who informs the interpreter, who passes it on to the visitor, and the answer must trickle back through the same channels." And concerning Abyssinia, where even the chiefs sit in their houses in darkness, so "that vulgar eyes may not gaze too plainly upon" them, we are told the king was "not seen when sitting in council," but "sat in a darkened room," and "observed through a window what was going on in the chamber without;" and also that he had "an interpreter, who was the medium of communication between the king and his people on state occasions; his name meant 'the voice or word of the king.'" I may add that this parallelism between the secular and sacred agents of communication is in some cases recognized by peoples whose institutions display it. Thomson tells us that the

New Zealand priests were regarded as the ambassadors of the gods.

There is a further evidence of this homology. Where, along with social development considerably advanced, ancestor-worship has remained dominant, and where gods and men are consequently but little differentiated, the two organizations are but little differentiated. China furnishes a good instance. Huc tells us that "the Chinese emperors are in the habit of deifying . . . civil or military officers whose life has been characterized by some memorable act, and the worship rendered to these constitutes the official religion of the mandarins." Farther, we read in Gutzlaff that the emperor "confers various titles on officers who have left the world, and shown themselves worthy of the high trust reposed in them, creating them governors, presidents, overseers, &c., in Hades, and thus establishing his government even amongst the manes." And then we learn from Williams that the Li pu, or Board of Rites, examines and directs concerning the performances of the five kinds of ritual observances—those of a propitious and those of a felicitous nature, military and hospitable rites, and those of an infelicitous nature. Among its departments is that of ceremonial forms—the etiquette to be observed at court, the regulations of dresses, of carriages and riding accoutrements, of followers and insignia, personal and written intercourse between the various ranks of peers. Another department superintends the rites to be observed in worshipping deities and spirits of departed monarchs, sages, and worthies, &c. : statements showing that the same board regulates both religious ceremonial and civil ceremonial. To which summarized account I may add this quotation:—"in Court, the master of ceremonies stands in a conspicuous place, and with a loud voice commands the courtiers to rise and kneel, stand or march;" that is, he directs the worshippers of the monarch as a chief priest directs the worshippers of the god. Equally marked were, until lately, the kindred relations in Japan. With the sacredness of the Mikado, and with his divine inaccessibility, travellers have familiarized us; but the implied confusion between the divine and the human went to a much greater extent—an extent which would be scarcely credible, did not independent witnesses testify to it. Dickson says—

"The Japanese generally are imbued with the idea that their land is a real 'shin koku, a kami no kooni'—that is, the land of spiritual beings or kingdom of spirits. They are led to think that the emperor rules over all, and that, among other subordinate powers, he rules over the spirits of the country. He rules over men, and is to them the Fountain of Honour; and this is not confined to honours in this world, but is extended to the other, where they are advanced from rank to rank by the orders of the emperor."

Similarly we are told by Mitford that—

"In the days of Shogun's power the Mikado remained the Fountain of Honour, and as chief of the national religion and the direct descendant of the gods, dispensed divine honours. So recently as last year [1870] a decree of the Mikado appeared in the Government *Gazette*, conferring posthumous divine honours upon an ancestor of the Prince of Choshiiu."

And then we read that under the Japanese cabinet, one of the eight administrative boards, the *Li-bu shio*, "deals with the forms of society, manners, etiquette, worship, ceremonies for the living and the dead, &c.:" the propitiation of living persons and the propitiation of dead persons and deities have a supreme regulative centre in common.

Western peoples, among whom during the Christian era differentiation of the divine from the human has become very decided, show us in a less marked manner the homology between the ceremonial organization and the ecclesiastical organization. Still it is, or rather was once, clearly traceable. In feudal days, beyond the lord high chamberlains, grand-masters of ceremonies, ushers, and so forth, belonging to royal courts, and the kindred officers found in the households of subordinate rulers and nobles—officers who conducted propitiatory observances—there were the heralds. These formed a class of ceremonial functionaries, in various ways resembling a priesthood. Just noting as significant the remark of Scott that "so intimate was the union betwixt chivalry and religion esteemed to be that the several gradations of the former were seriously considered as parallel to those of the Church," I go on to point out that these officers pertaining to the institutions of chivalry, formed a body which, where it was highly organized, as in France, had five ranks—*chevaucheur, poursuivant d'armes, heraut d'armes, roi d'armes, and roi d'armes de France*. Into these ranks its members were successively initiated by a species of baptism—wine being substituted for water. They held periodic chapters in the church of Saint Antoine. When bearing mandates and messages, they were similarly dressed with their masters, royal or noble, and were similarly honoured by those to whom they were sent: having thus a deputed dignity akin to the deputed sacredness of priests. By the chief king-at-arms and five others, local visitations were made for inquiry and discipline, as ecclesiastical visitations were made; and in various other ways the functions of the organization were allied to priestly functions. Heralds verified the titles of those who aspired to the distinctions of chivalry, as priests decided on the fitness of applicants for the sanctions of the Church; and on the occasions of their visitations they were to "correct things ill and dishonest," and to advise princes—duties allied to those of priests. Besides announcing the wills of earthly rulers, as priests of all religions announce the wills of heavenly rulers, they were glorifiers of the first, as priests were of the last: part of their duty to those

they served being "to publish their praises in foreign lands." At the burials of kings and princes, where observances for honouring the living and observances for honouring the dead came in contact, the kinship of a herald's function to the function of a priest was again shown; for besides putting in the tomb the insignia of rank of the deceased potentate, and in that manner sacrificing to him, the herald had to write, or to get written, a eulogy—had to initiate that worship of the dead out of which grow higher forms of worship. Similar, if less elaborate, was the system in England. Heralds wore crowns, had royal dresses, and used the plural "we." Anciently there were two heraldic provinces, with their respective chief heralds, like two dioceses. Further development produced a garter king-at-arms with provincial kings-at-arms presiding over minor heraldic officers; and, in 1483, all were incorporated into the College of Heralds. As in France, visitations were made for the purpose of verifying existing titles and honours, and authorizing others; and funeral rites were so far under heraldic control that, among the nobility, no one could be buried without the assent of the herald.

Why these structures which discharged ceremonial functions once conspicuous and important, dwindled while civil and ecclesiastical structures developed, it is easy to see. Propitiation of the living has been, from the outset, necessarily more localized than propitiation of the dead. The existing ruler can be worshipped only in his presence, or, at any rate, within his dwelling or in its neighbourhood. Though in Peru adoration was paid to images of the living Yncas; and though in Madagascar King Radama, when absent, had his praises sung in the words—"God is gone to the west, Radama is a mighty bull;" yet, generally, the obeisances and laudations expressing subordination to the great man while alive, are not made when they cannot be witnessed by him or his immediate dependants. But when the great man dies and there begin the awe and fear of his ghost, conceived as able to reappear anywhere, propitiations are no longer so narrowly localized; and in proportion as, with formation of larger societies, there comes development of deities greater in supposed power and range, dread of them and reverence for them are felt simultaneously over wide areas. Hence the official propitiators, multiplying and spreading, severally carry on their worships in many places at the same time—there arise large bodies of ecclesiastical officials. Not for these reasons alone, however, does the ceremonial organization fail to grow as the other organizations do: their development causes its decay. Though during early stages of social integration, local rulers have their local courts with appropriate officers of ceremony, the process of consolidation and increasing subordination to a central government, results in decreasing dignity of the local rulers, and disappearance of the

official upholders of their dignities. Among ourselves in past times, "dukes, marquises, and earls were allowed a herald and pursuivant; viscounts, and barons, and others not ennobled, even knights bannerets, might retain one of the latter;" but as the regal power grew "the practice gradually ceased: there were none so late as Elizabeth's reign." Yet further, the structure carrying on ceremonial control slowly falls away, because its functions are gradually encroached upon. Political and ecclesiastical regulations, though at first insisting mainly on conduct expressing obedience to rulers, divine and human, develop more and more in the directions of equitable restraints on conduct between individuals, and ethical precepts for the guidance of such conduct; and in doing this they trench more and more on the sphere of the ceremonial organization. In France, besides having the semi-priestly functions we have noted, the heralds were "judges of the crimes committed by the nobility;" and they were empowered to degrade a transgressing noble, confiscate his goods, raze his dwellings, lay waste his lands, and strip him of his arms. In England, too, certain civil duties were discharged by these officers of ceremony. Till 1688, the provincial kings at arms had "visited their divisions, receiving commissions for that purpose from the Sovereign, by which means the funeral certificates, the descents, and alliances of the nobility and gentry, had been properly registered in this college [of Heralds]. These became records in all the courts at law." Evidently the assumption of functions of these kinds by ecclesiastical and political agents, has joined in reducing the ceremonial structures to those rudiments which now remain, in the almost-forgotten Heralds' College, and in the Court officials who regulate intercourse with the Sovereign.

Before passing to a detailed account of ceremonial government under its various aspects, it will be well to sum up the results of this preliminary survey. They are these.

That control of conduct which we distinguish as ceremony, precedes the civil and ecclesiastical controls. It begins with sub-human types of creatures; it occurs among otherwise un Governed savages; it often becomes highly developed where the other kinds of rule are little developed; it is ever being spontaneously generated afresh between individuals in all societies; and it envelopes the more definite restraints which State and Church exercise. The primitiveness of ceremonial government is further shown by the fact that at first political and religious governments do little more than maintain systems of ceremony, directed towards particular persons living and dead: the codes of law enforced by the one, and the moral codes enunciated by the other, coming later. There is again the evidence derived from the possession of certain elements in

common by the three controls, social, political, and religious; for the forms observable in social intercourse occur also in the political and religious intercourse as forms of homage and forms of worship. More significant still is the circumstance that ceremonies may mostly be traced back to certain spontaneous acts which manifestly precede legislation, civil and ecclesiastical. Instead of arising by dictation or by agreement, which would imply the pre-established organization required for making and enforcing rules, they arise by modifications of acts performed for personal ends; and so prove themselves to grow out of individual conduct before social arrangements exist to control it. Lastly we note that when there arises a political head, who, demanding subordination, is at first his own master of the ceremonies, and who presently collects round him subservient attendants performing propitiatory acts, which by repetition are made definite and fixed, there arise ceremonial officials. Though, along with the growth of organizations which enforce civil laws and enunciate moral precepts, there has been such a decay of the ceremonial organization as to render it among ourselves inconspicuous; yet in early stages the body of officials who conduct propitiation of living rulers, supreme and subordinate, homologous with the body of officials who conduct propitiation of dead apotheosized rulers, major and minor, is a considerable element of the social structure; and it dwindles only as fast as the structures, political and ecclesiastical, which exercise controls more definite and detailed, usurp its functions.

Carrying with us these general conceptions, let us now pass to the several components of ceremonial rule. We will deal with them under the heads—Trophies, Mutilations, Presents, Obsequies, Forms of Address, Titles, Badges and Costumes, Further Class Distinctions, Fashion, Past and Future of Ceremony.¹

HERBERT SPENCER.

(1) The references to authorities quoted, which have been omitted, as will be also those quoted in the successive papers above enumerated, will eventually be given in the second volume of the *Principles of Sociology*.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF EGYPT.

I HAVE a special interest in the countries where the East and the West, the North and the South, the dark races and the fair, meet and mingle, and this year I have directed my autumnal tour towards Egypt—a country which I had often seen as an overland passenger, but had never rested in. Though so much has been written about Egypt, there is generally something to learn about any country from one's special point of view, and it is sometimes necessary to learn or confirm on the spot those things which are in one sense best known; popular statements are so often distorted. Often when one relies on such statements, one finds them to be the persistent traditions of a past generation; and on the other hand sometimes if, incredulous, we very largely discount them (as, after a long experience of men and manners, I am perhaps inclined to do), we find that we have rejected or minimised living and existing facts. I have then tried to look at Egypt with temperate eyes, and would now state a few of the general impressions which I have received.

Upon the whole I have been rather surprised to find how Oriental Egypt still is; how much it still fulfils the popular notion in spite of the veneer of modern improvements, and, I was going to say, in spite of, but perhaps I shall rather say in consequence of, the operations of the financiers and schemers and adventurers who have made it the plunder-ground of Europe, and whose rapacity must be satisfied. After all, railways and steam ploughs and endless modern machinery notwithstanding, it is the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and a submissive people are despotically governed and squeezed by the most Oriental methods. Modern reforms are not carried beneath the grand designs of material improvements and the palaces where the great and the rich were entertained. To the fellah, the old methods are still realities, which there has been no pretence of changing.

In this respect there is much contrast between Egypt and Turkey, and perhaps one can hardly realise to what a considerable degree the Turks have become Occidentalised, till one contrasts them with the pure Orientalism which still dominates the Egyptians. In Turkey personal government has been greatly mitigated. There is an undoubtedly strong tendency to give the upper classes of Turks at least some constitutional rights and some control over the will of the Sultan. The forms of constitutional or, at any rate, local government have been carried much lower. Laws are promulgated and paraded with much publicity; and, to say nothing of the pretended new Parliament, there have long been several grades of local

assemblies—provincial, district, and village—which meet and affect certain functions, even if they are but to give effect to the rule of the Mahommedan majority. In Turkey, too, the press has really become a considerable power. In no capital are you more beset by the vendors of newspapers than in Constantinople; and the educated Turks of the provinces freely read newspapers which exercise a very considerable latitude and freedom of speech.

In Egypt all this is far otherwise. There you have personal rule in its most extreme development—that is, so far as Egyptians are concerned, I say nothing of foreigners at present. The Khedive not only governs, but now governs almost without real ministers. His ministers are his sons—more subordinate than any subjects. Very few laws have been published, and these few are scarcely to be procured. The constitution of the Egyptian Assembly of Notables rests in the breast of the ruler. It has no charter and no substance, and there is scarcely any form of local self-government: all is patriarchal authority. In Egypt there is no press. One or two small papers are published for the European community of Alexandria, containing very little of any kind, and no political comments; but I never saw a paper offered for sale in Egypt, and do not think there is such a thing. The officials and educated natives get only the war telegrams, as published by the Government. A free press is not one of those things which the Khedive has seen fit to introduce.

In another respect there is very great contrast between Turkey and Egypt; I mean in the relative position of Christians and Mahommedans. In Turkey, though the Turks are hampered by the capitulations, the privileges of foreigners in practice extend little beyond the seaport towns, and even there the most excessive abuse of them has not grown up. But in Egypt it is far otherwise, and one can hardly understand how enormously the privilege of Christian foreigners and quasi-foreigners (*i.e.* natives taken under foreign protection by a gross abuse of power) affects the inner life of the country, till one sees and realizes how much the petty commerce, the village shopkeeping and money lending, and all business of that class is in the hands of Greeks and Syrian Christians, to whom the easy uncommercial Egyptian Arabs have surrendered it. Not only throughout the Delta, but even far up in Upper Egypt this is the case. All the people who claim foreign privileges, while enjoying all the rights and doing all the business of natives, are above the law, above the tribunals and authorities of the country. They do not pay taxes. They have privileges which must assuredly be called monstrous. Even the native Christians—the Copts—are, it so happens, usually in a better position than their Mahommedan fellow subjects. In Lower Egypt they only appear as clerks (filling the

public and private offices), dealers, and proprietors; and in Upper Egypt, where they are more numerous, and in addition to the above mentioned functions, form a considerable portion of the ordinary agricultural population, there is no complaint that they suffer under any disabilities or disadvantages on account of their religion. It must be admitted that there is no religious bigotry or persecution in Egypt: it is no question there between Christians as Christians and Mahomedans, but only between the governing and the governed, the stranger and the native, the privileged and the unprivileged and oppressed.* Religion goes for nothing—privilege for everything; and as so large a proportion of the privileged are Christians, the Christians have much the best of it. The only wonder is that the good-natured Arabs do not show more resentment against those who have such advantages over them.

All this is, as I have said, in great contrast to Turkey, where the Christians labour under such extreme political and social disabilities. Yet in Turkey it may be admitted that the Christian is rather humiliated, outraged, and trodden on, than plundered to an excessive degree, so far as the authorised government taxation is concerned. The principal fiscal grievance there is the wasteful, vexatious, and injurious method of collecting the land-tax in kind—not its amount. If the Bulgarian were content to be a political slave and to submit to occasional outrage, he might have been in many respects tolerably well-to-do. Far otherwise is the lot of the Egyptian fellah. The question of religious inequality apart, I do not doubt that he suffers under a régime infinitely more exacting and oppressive than that under which the Turkish rayah lives. The taxation is enormously higher; the methods of squeezing more severe; the personal treatment more uniformly degrading; the *bastinado* and the *corvée* are in full force. If a man has anything he dare not show it, and the very beginnings of material improvement are thus cut off to the fellah. But, a nation of money-lenders as we are, we are tolerant to all who pay, and the wrongs of the Egyptians excite none of our sympathies. On the contrary, we are ready to assist and abet a system by which heavier burdens are laid on them in the interest of the foreign creditor; and things may be done in Egypt, rather with our applause than otherwise, which would make our hair stand on end if done in countries which do not render tribute to the City.

In the whole range of Eastern story probably nothing can be found that exceeds in Oriental feature the story of the late Mufettish. Twenty years ago he emerged from the ranks of the common fellahs to a petty clerkship, whence he rose to enormous power and profit. No one doubts that he made a great deal of money (as men so situated in the East always do), and that he used his power most unscrupulously and irregularly; but after all he had one virtue

from one point of view, a great vice from another. He stoutly maintained the rights of his own countryman against the foreigner, and the privilege of indigenou as opposed to excessive foreign plundering. He even tried to cheat the financiers at their own game of stock-jobbing. His version of matters we shall never hear, for in the height of his power and position he was one day invited to drink with his Sovereign in person, was seized, was put into a boat which departed with shutters nailed down, and he was never seen alive again. His property was confiscated; his wives were sold; his son divorced from his royal wife, and there was an end of him. All this was done without trial and without defence, under the very eyes of the great man sent to look after Egyptian finance, then present in Cairo. But it was understood to be done in the interest of the foreign creditors, and we ask no questions!

The Mahommedan Egyptian, whom we falsely style an Arab, is a character in whom I have been very much interested, and with whom, I may add, that I have been in many respects much pleased, previous prejudices notwithstanding. To a traveller pestered by the dragomans and donkey boys, who are habituated to revenge on tourists the wrongs of their country, the Egyptian seems the most odious of men; but when one sees him in his village one soon learns that he has many good qualities which it requires only tolerable opportunities to bring forth, and in particular that he is one of the most amiable, pleasant, and good-natured of mankind. Physically these so-called Arabs are a very fine race. Take the ordinary sheiks and comparatively well-to-do people of the villages of the Delta. You will not find anywhere a finer looking race, nor a people of more frank and genial manners. I am told by those who have most to do with them that they are really of a singularly mild and good temper. It is not the custom of the country to carry arms; such things are seldom seen. In the workshops of the Suez Canal Company, the Arabs very rarely use a knife or show their teeth, as do Southern Europeans and even negroes. In the parts of the country where agricultural industry is required they are very good, industrious, and laborious cultivators and irrigators. Their cotton cultivation in particular seems to be very clean and good; but they appear to have little talent as artisans. They are accustomed to say that an Englishman's intellect is in the palm of his hand—theirs in the head. But in truth these Egyptians are not a clever race. In education they show none of the intellectual subtlety and metaphysical talent of the Hindoo, though they are not without a certain plodding common sense.

In one thing they seem to be conspicuously deficient, and that is, the mercantile talent. It is surprising to see how greatly this is wanting in a race which is called Arab, and has no doubt some

intermixture of Arab blood. The indigenuous mercantile class of India—whether the village bunneah or the town banker—is almost wanting among them. The place of that class is taken by the Greeks and Syrian Christians to whom I have before alluded.

In truth, the character of the Egyptian Arab may be in some sort summed up by saying that he is not an Arab at all, but very much the contrary, having neither the virtues nor the vices of an Arab. He is in fact an Egyptian of a very different type. His virtues are to some extent his ruin. It is his easiness and good nature, his contentment with little and disposition to thrive on the slenderest pittance, that make him so much the victim of unresisted oppression. In this respect he is disappointing in the extreme. His manner is so frank and hearty and genial; his physique so good, and his whole bearing so independent, that you would think him a man who could never be made a slave. Yet in the presence of the tax-gatherer and the oppressor he is a very sheep. The long habit of the country seems to have inured him to everything, and together with his innate good-nature makes resistance out of the question.

However, manner and temper have their advantages, and I was very much pleased to see the easy, unconstrained style of intercourse between Europeans and native Egyptians—all the invidious privileges of the former notwithstanding. It is a great contrast to the unequal, constrained, and artificial style of most of the intercourse between Europeans and natives in India. The want there is quite as much due to the character of the native as to the position and bearing of the European. But I must say that what I have seen in these border countries made me much wish that some of our Indian officers could see something of Orientals under circumstances which admit of greater frankness and cordiality of intercourse than usually obtain in India, and that as regards Mahommedans especially the natives could learn something of other Mahommedan countries. For my part, so far from being jealous of foreign Mahommedan influences over our Indian Mahommedans, I much wish that these latter could come out of their shell and see something of the world. With all the great advantages too of our Indian Civil Service system, it has this great disadvantage, that young men are taken into a special groove so early that they have little opportunity of gathering ideas in other parts of the world; and neither in agriculture nor in some other things can they set an example of advance so much as might be desired. Though the Egyptians have neither very acute intellects, nor much mechanical talent, nor much education of any kind, they do for themselves much more than with our ideas one would think them capable of. No one can say that they manage well either railways, or machines, or sugar estates. On the contrary,

they do all these things very badly; but still they do manage them in a way without coming to an actual standstill, with scarcely any European assistance, so that one thinks they cannot be altogether deficient. From this, too, I will draw a moral applicable to India; viz., that if these people can do things which we think the more acute and mechanical natives of India incapable of doing, we are probably wrong in not trusting more to the natives and in yielding to the cry which would persuade us that no native is fit to be so much as an engine-driver. If our Indian natives, before they cry out so much for the higher posts of the public service, would seek to be permitted to qualify for many of the lower and middling posts now held by Europeans, it would probably be better for all parties.

Before leaving the subject of the Egyptian character I would say that, Mahomedan though they be, it appeared to me that their women are not so cribbed and suppressed as among some Mahomedan races. They wear that ridiculous dress in the towns, but in the villages one seemed to see quite as many women as men, and they seemed very well forward, and quite up to their share in rural affairs.

I shall come presently to the Egyptian land and Egyptian administration. But first this should be understood, that all recent reforms and improvements (if improvements they be) are confined to the higher spheres of the administration. There has been no recent attempt to deal with the inferior details. There everything remains purely native. Not only no European element or European system has been introduced, but, being absorbed in higher questions, the Government has not dealt with these things. Below the surface the existing administration of Egypt is entirely due to the founder of the present dynasty, Mehemet Ali, and not to his successor. On the contrary, his work has been allowed greatly to deteriorate; for in his own way and according to his own lights he was no doubt a very energetic and effective ruler. He it was who measured the land and settled the land-measure system; his successors have merely worked on his lines and used his materials, not refreshing or maintaining them. The land revenue is still calculated on his records, the only subsequent process having been from time to time greatly to increase the rates; and so as regards many other things. Knowing, too, what an efficient Oriental administration is, and learning what was the character of Mehemet Ali's rule, I feel sure that he had tolerable good accounts after his own fashion, and knew pretty well what his revenue was; whereas now we are told that the accounts had fallen into utter confusion, that no one, not even the ruler himself, knew what the real revenue was, and that in fact, while the edifice was being crowned by European financiers, its body and foundations were utterly rotten.

While we hear much of the higher titles, higher prerogatives, and more independent position of the Khedive of these days, it is curious to look back a little into history, and see how far there has been a practical decadence. Ever since independent Mahomedan Egypt submitted to the suzerainty of the Turks, it has never been so dependent as it is now. Till the beginning of the present century it was a suzerainty, and nothing more, that it acknowledged. Then came Mehmet Ali; not really appointed by the Porte, but rising to power by his own energy. It need not be recited how during his long reign he and his son Ibrahim set the Porte at defiance, and foreign Powers as well. Now all that has changed. The ruler of Egypt has been obliged to surrender his fleet, and in all things to submit to the corruptions of the Constantinople offices. He feels himself so weak in the presence of foreign Powers and foreign financial corporations, that he yields many things that he knows he ought not to yield, all to the detriment of his country.

With these general remarks on the situation, I pass on to notice some particulars of the administration; but of course I cannot pretend in an article of this kind to give an exhaustive account. Much has been recently written on the subject. In particular, Mr. McCoan's *Egypt As It Is* gives a good statistical and systematized account of the administration from a panegyrist and what I may call "governmental" point of view; for he seems to have been fully supplied with information by the Egyptian officials. I assume, then, that those who care for the subject have got the information so to be obtained, and shall confine myself to saying something by way of supplement, correction, and criticism on several points.

Upon the whole, the soil of Egypt seemed not so Egyptian as is sometimes supposed; that is to say, Egypt is not simply a great valley over which the Nile in flood annually sweeps, leaving the sediment from which rich crops are reaped. The greater part of it now artificially and carefully watered, with much labour and expense. In this respect there is a great contrast between Lower Egypt (the Delta) and the upper valley. In the former, which is the cotton country, the Nile does not sweep over the land at all, but the water is let in plot by plot, generally being raised by machinery or hand-labour. In the upper valley a good deal of land is reached by the Nile flood; but the greater portion is flooded in its turn by a system of letting the water on to great tracts of country, and then letting it off again to the next tract. In proportion as the water is not direct from the Nile, and supplied through artificial channels, it loses its sediment and becomes less fertilizing. In a season of extraordinarily low Nile, like the present, the whole country does not go waste, as in an Indian famine, but the area of direct supply is very much diminished, and the labour of raising the artificial supply

is greatly increased. There is always water enough, but it is more difficult to get at. The Delta cultivation is laborious and expensive, so that though very valuable crops are well raised, there is much to deduct from the profits. In the upper valley; on the other hand, where grain is chiefly grown, there is very little of careful labour and very rough cultivation. When the water is run off the grain is roughly sown, often in very foul ground. There is no further irrigation, and crops are obtained, not exceedingly heavy, but cheaply got.

Of the land in general, it may be said that it is rich, but not with the richness of a virgin soil. Cotton and sugar-cane soon exhaust it, and require fallows and manure. I was somewhat inclined to be incredulous regarding the value of this land so cultivated, which had been stated to be higher than that of English land and infinitely higher than anything to which we are accustomed in India; but after careful inquiry in several parts of the country, I am quite satisfied that Egypt is so uniformly, if not surpassingly, fertile, its productions are so much in demand in Europe, it is so favourably situated for markets, and its cultivators are so simple and content to live on so very little, that something like the large sums said to be got from it really are or may be got. Wherever good land is rented for cash it fetches rents in excess of the avowed government assessment, and sells for a considerable price in the market. I now quite believe that which has been often asserted: viz., that in all the better parts of the country at any rate the land can pay the regular government revenue now assessed on it, if the demand were restricted to this alone, and extras were not piled up. One thing it is necessary, however, to remember: that the plagues of Egypt are far from extinct. No country suffers so much from such visitations from time to time—cattle murrains, plagues of rats, and what not, to say nothing of variations in the height of the Nile.

The history of property in land in Egypt has been not unlike that in India in many respects. The larger portion was retained as the revenue land of the State, while a usufructuary right or privilege was admitted to the cultivators. Considerable portions were also granted away to the followers of the ruler, in what we should call in India "Jagheer." Mehemet Ali, after measuring all the revenue lands, assessed them by converting the old right of the State to a share of the produce into a money rent, which has ever since been maintained, subject only to successive increases. When we hear, then, of revenue now being "taken in kind" in Egypt, it means, not that a share of the produce is taken, as in Turkey, but that produce is received in payment of the money-revenue which is properly payable. If £10 is due, the cultivator delivers £10 worth of wheat, in case that is required by the Government.

Apart from the volume of Egyptian Codes concocted for the use of the mixed courts, almost the only laws promulgated in Egypt are those regarding property in lands: viz., one originally made by Said Pasha, which definitely declares the usufructuary right of the cultivator to have all the incidents of property and in fact to be property; and the law of the Mokabileh, issued by the present Khedive, of which so much has been heard lately, but which is not yet fully understood.

It is necessary thoroughly to realise this law, now more solemnly promulgated—the last time the other day, under Mr. Goschen's auspices. It combines two distinct operations, each of enormous importance: viz., a permanent settlement of the land revenue, &c.; capitalisation and sale of half that revenue, which is thus sacrificed for ever. The law declares in the most solemn manner that all who pay under it six years' extra revenue, either at once or by instalments extending over twelve years, shall be relieved for ever of half the revenue now payable for the land, and the remainder can never be increased on any pretext—"no pourra être augmenté sous aucune forme ou pour aucun motif."

Nominally, it was optional to accept these terms; but, except some of the larger and more influential proprietors, who might plead the law and hold their own (but who being lightly assessed are the first to take the benefit of it), there is no real option in the matter. The increased payment for the Mokabileh, by instalments—that is, half as much again as the regular revenue of each year—is now levied from all the smaller proprietors as far as it can be got, and, with scarcely an exception, all the proprietors in the country will be entitled to claim the benefit of the law, if faith is kept, in 1886.

It is evident, then, that if faith is kept, the land will become exceedingly valuable, and it is of much importance to know with whom the property rests or will rest. I was inclined to hope that at last the good time might come for the small Egyptian cultivators. I fear, however, that much of the property which they might have claimed has gone and is going from them. In no country is the transfer from small to large proprietors taking place more rapidly. In Egypt privilege is everything, and the big man who can escape the unjust demand for extra levies, who can distribute in his own way the sums that must be levied, who can regulate and control the distribution of water, and who has money to meet such demands as the Mokabileh, has immense advantages over the petty proprietor. Especially in the matter of water it is very difficult for the small man to compete with the great man. The very easiness and good-nature too of the Egyptian fellah, seem to render not only large property but large farming much more practicable than in countries where labourers, by doing as little as possible, offer a negative resistance to labour for others; and there is now a great deal of farming on a large scale by forced and hired labour in Egypt.

No doubt a great deal of money was poured into the country in the days of dear cotton, and even still much money is paid for produce; but most of it finds its way to the privileged and well-to-do, and comparatively little remains with the ordinary fellah. Probably for a time even he was comparatively well-off; but he has during the last three or four years been more and more drained by ever-increasing demands to satisfy the insatiable foreign creditor, and now he is drained to the bottom—he has paid till he can pay no more. This demand for the Mokabileh leads to his selling, mortgaging, or abandoning his land, and to a very rapid transfer of property from the poor to the rich.

The privileged grants, which I have compared to Jagheers, are now complete private property, subject to a lighter land-tax and a commuted tithe; and to these have been added large grants for cultivation and improvement on the same favourable terms: so that this privileged land has greatly increased, while the area of the ordinary tax-paying land (called Karadgee) has remained stationary. And of this last very much has been transferred to the large proprietors, under the influence of the causes which I have just described.

By far the greatest and most growing of all the great proprietors of Egypt is the Khedive himself, who has added estate to estate till he individually holds at least a tenth of the whole land of the country, and his family about as much more—say one-fifth in all. Then, besides the privileged grants, all the pashas and people about the Court hold large estates, in great part acquired by various means of late years. In one way and another, probably almost half the land of the country has got into the hands of large proprietors. Still, the other half, and that comprising much of the best cotton country, where the people could best hold up against the excessive demands of the State, remains with village proprietors, and into the character of their tenure I inquired with much interest.

I found that the democratic self-governing village community is altogether wanting in Egypt. The village system is patriarchal and not republican; and in the village, as in the State, privilege prevails over right. In the Indian village republic (in the north of India at any rate), though there is not equality of property, there is seldom violent contrast, and there is some sort of equality of right and condition. In all the Egyptian villages into which I went, whether in Lower or in Upper Egypt, I always found an extreme inequality. The head men, the sheiks, had the management in their own hands, and they almost invariably had the lion's share of the land. They were always adding to that share, too, by acquiring the land of the smaller people, who, unable to pay the increasing demands, have abandoned their lands or sold them for a song. A

considerable emigration of taxed-out fellahs is now, I am told, taking place to the country above the Cataracts.

Still in many villages, especially in the cotton-country, many small proprietors still remain, but the inequality is always striking. The head sheik has a very large share, perhaps even hundreds of acres; several of the principal persons under him may have good farms—forty, fifty, or sixty acres; then we come down gradually to a large class of small men, who, having gradually sold piece by piece, have only small plots insufficient to live upon, and who must go out partly as labourers; and a large class of mere labourers who have no land at all, but are subject to very heavy personal taxes nevertheless.

The legitimate and recorded land-tax on fairly good land in good parts of the country, averages almost 24s. or 25s. per acre; with this is now consolidated the Mokabileh, making 36s. or 37s. the avowed demand. But the real demand does not stop here; there are endless illegitimate extras. The canal charges were consolidated with the land revenue; but heavy charges for canals and dykes are made notwithstanding. Land which the water does not reach in any year is not liable to pay; but that and other deficiencies are levied from the other cultivators, in defiance of rule and pledges. One year there is a change of the calendar that necessitates extra payment, another year a war-tax, and again and again there are benevolences—so much money must be had to meet pressing necessities, and it is levied somehow or other. Thus it is that the burdens have gone on increasing till they are too heavy to bear.

Much confusion and injustice have been caused by the abominable system of exacting the revenue in advance. Continually, in one year a great part of the revenue of the next year has been levied; and when the next year comes it is very doubtful if credit is duly given.

In Egypt, as in most Oriental countries, the land-tax is the real and substantial mainstay of the revenue; but the accounts furnished to Mr. Cave and Mr. Goschen, show large receipts under other heads, some of which practically come from the land, others from several sources. Some of this revenue is very obscurely stated, and is differently arranged in Mr. Cave's and Mr. Goschen's account. In addition to the regular land-revenue, there is a tax on date-trees and taxes on sheep, &c. That on date-trees is separately stated, and makes, with the regular land-revenue, a total of about four and a half millions sterling, exclusive of the Mokabileh. The sheep and other taxes are, I presume, included in an item of about half a million, given by Mr. Goschen as "Sundry Taxes and Revenues in the Provinces."

Then there is a receipt of nearly half a million from what is called "Licenses on Professions;" really a very severe and unjust tax;

for the profession that is most taxed under it is that of common labourer. In India, native States generally levy this tax on professions, but the mere labourer is excused. In Egypt it is just the contrary; and I suspect that to this tax it is partly due that it is possible to levy such high revenues and rents from the land. There has been so much demand for produce, and so many men have been expended on wars, &c., that labour in Egypt is much more valuable than in India, and the labourer's lot would be not a bad one if he were really free. Usually he is not free; for not only is he liable to endless *corvées*, &c., but he is generally in some sort an *adscriptus gleba*—if not a slave, at least the dependant of some great man. On the estates of the Khedive and his family, labourers receive a sort of negative wages in exemption from personal taxes; and the man who is a member of the family and dependence of another for farm purposes, may be passed as exercising no separate calling. Not so the free labourer, who is, as I have said, very heavily taxed. There seems to be no rule: thus, personal and professional taxes are levied as a sort of rough income-tax on the poor. The governor of the district demands so much from each village, and the sheik distributes it over those who do not pay on the land according to their strength and ability, the least influential paying heaviest in proportion. I understand that an able-bodied, free agricultural labourer pays as much as £2 or £3, or even sometimes £4, under this head. The great towns of Cairo and Alexandria are exempt from some of these taxes.

In considering the taxes on the agricultural population one cannot omit that tax in kind which sometimes comes heaviest of all: viz., the tax in men. Still vast *corvées*, thousands and tens of thousands of men, are brought from Upper Egypt for public works. By them canals and railways have been made. By local levies the irrigation works are kept up, the Khedive's sugar estates are cultivated, and many other things are done.

Then the military conscription is a frightful engine of abuse. There seems to be an entire want of system about it. Men are sent for as they are wanted. The district *audir* is called on for so many; he calls on the village sheik for so many; the sheik seizes the able-bodied males, and those who can least pay for exemption go to Abyssinia or Turkey.

One would not suppose the salt tax to be a direct tax on the agriculturists, but they always put it so themselves. It turns out that there is no system of salt duty, such as prevails in India and other countries. There would be difficulty about a preventive line. Each adult male is charged a certain sum for salt, and it is levied as a direct tax, the salt being supplied to him if he wants it and can get it. This is the very simple form of the Egyptian salt revenue, to which must be added receipts from farm of fisheries, monopoly of

salt fish, &c., running up the total to something not far short of half a million. There are, of course, tea customs, and a tobacco revenue, which has figured a good deal in the revenue discussions, turns out to be simply a branch of the customs revenue levied on imported tobacco. There is no system of internal tobacco excise. Customs and tobacco appear in the revenue accounts for a little over £900,000; but there is another large revenue of the same character, viz., town and transit dues, levied under the name of octroi, bridge dues, tolls, &c., not really for local purposes, but for the benefit of the general revenue. These local revenues, including port dues, are put down at upwards of £800,000. They are for the most part what Sir C. Trevelyan earned his early fame by denouncing in India.

There remains a revenue of about £150,000 put down as derived from the Soudan, the southern provinces beyond Egypt proper; but as the expenses of these exceed their income they can hardly be considered a source of revenue.

The items above enumerated bring up the revenue of Egypt, as officially stated, to nearly £8,000,000, to which if we add the forestalment of the revenue described as the Mokabileh (£1,613,600); repayment of advances (£377,700); and net profits of the railways (nearly a million, £990,200), we make up the magnificent income of £10,800,000 set forth to the bondholders.

Peaceable as are the Egyptian populations, compact as is the country of real Egypt, such a revenue should surely have sufficed both to administer the country and to make great improvements. It would have been so if the Khedive had borne in mind the maxims of financial prudence, even as they were set forth a very long time ago by Umrou, the first Mahomedan conqueror:—"Two things, oh Caliph! are necessary for Egypt. The first, not to be seduced by the schemes of financial investors, leading to increased taxes; the second, to devote at least one-third of the revenue to the irrigation canals." Mehemet Ali and Abbas left no debts, Said Pacha but a comparatively small one. The present Khedive has unfortunately listened to financial investors, who have led him not only to increase taxes, but to a debt of ninety-one millions sterling, as stated a little time ago, to which it now turns out that a few more millions must be added.

As regards the very necessary injunction of devoting one-third of the revenue to the irrigation works which are the source of that revenue, the Khedive might plead that he had done a good deal if his canal works had been made out of revenue; but unluckily canals, as well as everything else, have been made from borrowed money. I cannot make out that the old canals have been very much improved, but two new fine canals have certainly been made—the Ibraheemee, in Upper Egypt, a very fine high-level canal, by which the

Khedive's great sugar estates, and a good deal of country besides, have been watered; and the Ismaelia, by which the sweet-water channel to the Suez Canal has been extended and raised. This last is still somewhat in the experimental stage, the first effect having unfortunately been to render the town of Ismaelia (formerly quite a sanitarium) dreadfully unhoalthy. So far as I can make out, the large material improvements which the present Khedive has to show for his expenditure are—

The two canals above mentioned.

His contributions to the Suez Canal, so far as not repaid by the purchase of his shares (a most unprofitable expenditure for him).

The greater part of the existing railways—*i.e.* English, I believe, almost all but the Alexandria and Cairo line—made by his predecessor.

The improvements of the Port of Alexandria.

The modernization of Cairo, including an opera house and such luxuries.

The debt incurred by usurious interest had well nigh swamped the State. It continually increased, and finally the Khedive placed himself in distinguished European hands. He put his income in trust, as it were, for the benefit of his creditors, and it has been so administered under European control for the last year. Let us see the result.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the new controllers were in any degree charged with the management of the revenues of Egypt, and so were in a position, while protecting the creditors, also to protect the people; that was not their function. They were in no way empowered to regulate the direct taxation, and, save in respect of certain special branches, were only to receive the revenue as collected by the Khedive's officers, and to apply it in the manner agreed on. That agreement was that the Khedive was to be put on an allowance, as he expressed it at the time; £4,500,000 per annum being allowed for the expenses of the administration, and the rest applied for the benefit of the creditors. Certain revenues were assigned immediately for the debt, being paid directly to the Debt Commissioners; the other revenues were to be received by the Comptroller-general for the general services of the State, the expenses of government being defrayed from these receipts, and the rest paid to the Debt Commissioners. If the European administrators had simply fulfilled these functions, no one could have fairly blamed them for the excessive taxation for which they are not responsible. But they are, I think, clearly responsible for a great scandal and injustice which has arisen, and which threatens speedily to make the whole arrangement impossible. By dint of whipping and spurring and getting all that it was possible to get by any means, the engagements to the creditors for the two first half years—that is, those due

in the beginning and middle of 1877 have been satisfied; but that part of the engagement which affected the Egyptian administration and people has not been carried out. The allowances stipulated to carry on the government have not been paid, and, from the Khedive downwards, all the officials have been kept out of their salaries till the thing has become past endurance. Under such circumstances we can hardly very severely blame those who are in contact with the people for helping themselves, while the employés of the head-quarter offices, who have not such opportunities, are almost starving. I cannot conceive how European officers can reconcile themselves so far to strain their position in the interest of the creditors as to maintain the appearance of paying their way by discharging the coupons in full, when the other obligations are neglected. Surely, if the plan is to work at all, the administration of the country must first be carried on. I believe the English administrators would not have countenanced such a scandal, but their French colleagues, representing rapacious financiers, will have their pound of flesh for the creditors.

In one respect it did seem as if the fellahs might have derived one advantage from the new system of accounts which the Englishmen sent to the Khedive have worked so hard to inaugurate: viz., that the revenue of one year would not be forestalled in the previous year. I fear that, engagements notwithstanding, the land revenue of the latter part of 1877 was much forestalled to meet the coupons falling due earlier in the year; but I found in the cotton districts that the revenue of 1878, not being demanded in advance, the cultivators were having a better time of it than usual, were not so pressed to sell their cotton cheap, and were able to hold out for good prices. I was greatly grieved then to find on my return to Cairo, in November, that these good resolutions were not adhered to, and that it was determined, after all, to commence in 1877 the collections due in 1878, for the coupons must be paid!

Why, it will be asked, have these difficulties occurred in spite of the calculations on which late arrangements were based? Well, the revenues have fallen considerably short of expectation; and no doubt a *bonâ fide* abandonment of the system of forestalling the revenue would have caused a temporary hiatus.

It turns out that the accounts of revenues supplied to Messrs. Cave and Goschen were not real receipts; not, in financial language, "actuals," but only Egyptian budget estimates of the amounts which it was calculated ought to be received. There were, we are told, no proper accounts whatever, no final accounts of the moneys actually received, showing the real revenue year by year; and we may well believe that the actuals would show considerable balances, drawbacks, and deficiencies, as compared to the estimates made under such a system.

I have not attempted to obtain particulars as to the receipts, in anticipation of the reports which the controllers will, no doubt, furnish in due season, but of the fact of a large shortcoming there is no doubt; more particularly it is said in the departments more immediately under European control—the railways and the customs. The railway profits as given always seemed incredibly large, and it is certain that there is a great deficiency there; the collector of customs, energetic though he be, is not now so sanguine as he was.

I still believe the mainstay—the land revenue—to be sound; but it may well be that there is some margin not collected. I have said that I found the average revenue of good lands in good districts to be almost 25s. per acre; but there is much of inferior land and inferior districts. The lower part of the Delta towards the sea is saline and poor, so are parts towards the desert, and the most southern part of Egypt pays smaller rates. I was surprised, then, to find the revenue of the whole Karadgee lands, as officially shown, to average so high as 22s. per acre. Then there must be remissions for lands not reached by the Nile in such a year as this (it is the revenue of 1878 which will now be collected), and other remissions. I can, then, well believe that the land revenue will fall short of, though I should think in tolerable years not very far short of, the recorded rental. Of the other revenues, the personal and salt taxes and the customs must much depend on the prosperity of the country and the severity and success with which they are levied. I should think it very probable that some of the obscurely stated provincial revenues will fall much short. I will take the railways as an illustration of the state of things. They now have a European board of administration, of whom not one, but several men, are each capable of well managing a far larger system. Yet the lines are not efficient; they are very far from cheap, and they fall far short of yielding the money expected.

First, it was found at once, on looking into the accounts, that they were quite fictitious. A very large portion of the supposed receipts were mere paper receipts, bringing no cash at all. All sorts of services rendered to the Government and the Khedive were set down at enormous rates, as well they might be, being never paid for. Then, as was to be expected under such a state of things, the legitimate repairs, both of way and rolling stock, had been very much neglected. The trains were very few, the service very bad, but the charges very high. It is quite the right thing that in such a country as Egypt the trains should be very few and very slow (though slow trains need not be irregular), but then the traffic rates should also be cheap.

Now under other circumstances no doubt any one of the distinguished men who make up the Egyptian Railway Board, if put

in sole charge, would have made root and branch work of the whole system, would have said, "I won't be a party to a sham. These railways do not, and cannot, and ought not, to pay the enormous profits attributed to them. We will put them in good order, work them properly, make the rates reasonable, and obtain a fair but not excessive profit on their working." This, however, would have involved too complete a crash of the financial expectations, and postponement of payment of preference debts secured on the railways. The Board have done the best they could without coming to that. They have tried to make up for deficiencies in receipts by reductions in the establishments and economies in the working. All this has brought about discontent and opposition among the native employés. The trains are as few and irregular as ever. The charges for carrying cotton, &c., are certainly not reduced, and a hypercritical European public declare that things are not at all improved, but rather the contrary. The express from Alexandria to Cairo goes well enough, but the country lines in the Delta are certainly not pleasant to travel by,

Yet there is abundance of traffic, and the lines ought to pay a fair interest on the amount fairly expended on them. If some are unnecessary, others seem to have a very large traffic. Of course, when there is only one train a day (which is the rule) there is more crowding than if there were several; but I never saw a busier scene than in some of the Delta lines when a train starts.

The high railway rates are, however, scarcely fairly earned. There is a process of choking off rivalry. There never was a country in which Sir A. Cotton and his water navigation were so much wanted. I am no believer in Sir Arthur. I think in most cases railways beat internal waterways, unless the latter have exceptional advantages; but in Egypt they *have* very exceptional advantages. The Nile and its branches are admirably suited for navigation, and the canals of the Delta, &c., might supply a real network of communication. Boatlocks, however, seem to be unknown on Egyptian canals. They are simply blocked up with beams and grass wherever there is a change of level, and are so made impassable for boats; except the new canals of the present régime, which have magnificent locks on a magnificent scale. But on the Ismaëlia the rates charged for lockage are almost prohibitory, and on the Ibraheemee I saw *all* the locks out of repair and blocked up. This is not all. In every direction railway and other bridges are recklessly run across the canals, so as to make navigation impossible. The canals are only used, when used at all for navigation (most of them are not so used), in short lengths as feeders to the railways. A gentleman in the cotton trade told me that in getting his cotton in boats but a few miles it had to be four times transhipped on account of bridges and want of locks. The unkindest cut of all is where large bridges have been carried across the great

navigable streams, and an exorbitant toll is charged for passing the drawbridges, not only to cover the expenses of working them, but to give a large revenue; for, of course, the bridges are no benefit to the boats, but a mere obstacle to the navigation. Seeing the trouble about passing the boats through the fine bridge over the Nile at Cairo (which is well raised above the water), I said, "Why do they not make their masts to lower so as to pass *under* the bridge?" "Oh!" was the reply, "they wanted to do that, but they were not allowed; they were obliged to keep up their masts to pay toll."

For some reason, which I could not discover, no steamers are allowed on the Nile, except the Khedive's. Much of the profit of the railways depends on this, that, the canals being blocked, most of the cotton must go by rail by a long detour to Alexandria, far away in the western desert; and again, the dues to pay for the Alexandria works depend on getting the cotton there. But it is very doubtful if improved Alexandria is not a mistake altogether. From Mansurah, which may be considered the capital and centre of the cotton country, an excellent navigable channel runs down to Mengaleh on the lake of that name, opposite Port Said. If a boat channel were cleared through the lake to Port Said (a sort of miniature of the easiest part of the Suez Canal), the cotton might then go by boat, at a fraction of the present cost, to Port Said, an infinitely better harbour, the mouth of which must, at all hazards, be kept open. Alexandria, which cannot be entered or left, either at night or in bad weather, might then return to its natural position as a second-class harbour.

I should like here to say that there is one minor department which is on all hands admitted to be most successfully managed under European superintendence: viz., the Post Office. One experiences that every day. And if the Post Office can be well managed, why not greater departments?

The financial result of the control of the last year I understand to be this. By fair means or foul, while everything else has been left unpaid, the coupons have been paid, and the scheme has, so far as the creditors are concerned, been fulfilled. That involved the repayment by early instalments out of the Mokabileh of what are called the short loans, and the devoting one per cent. of the interest on the ordinary debt to reducing the capital of the debt. This also has been carried out; and the debt being very low in the market has been bought cheap, so that, between the reduction of the short loans and the buying in of the other loans, there will be shown this time a nominal reduction of debt of two to two and a half millions sterling, obtained by the actual payment of about half that amount. But meanwhile the liabilities have been increased in other ways. Not only are the salaries of the public officers and the expense of

administration owing, but the fact is, that though you may bind a man down not to contract fresh loans, you cannot prevent his running bills to his butcher, and baker, and tailor; and if you do not pay him even the allowance which you have promised him, he certainly will do so. That is just the Khedive's case. Moreover, he and his government have become subject to the new mixed tribunals, and you cannot prevent their passing decrees against him for debts old and new, which they are constantly doing. If you want to prevent a man's getting into debt, you must exempt him from all process for debt, not make him subject to new processes. And so it has happened that while old debts are supposed to be reduced, new debts and newly-discovered debts accumulate a good deal faster. Already we hear of several additional millions wanted for these new debts, and at the end of the year the liabilities are really larger than ever.

This cannot possibly go on, especially when we remember that the large receipts from the Mokabileh (which are not only not a permanent revenue, but involve a great loss of future revenue at an early date) are included in the income thus ineffectually expended. The account of the Mokabileh has never been very clear, and Mr. Cave was far from making it clear; but it seems to be explained by Mr. McCoan, who had official sources of information. It must be remembered that it was not commenced in 1875, when the twelve years' instalments were arranged, but in 1871, when the option was given of paying either in a lump or by six annual instalments. A good many of the richer proprietors did pay in the lump. According to Mr. McCoan, the whole sum to be realised, being six times the annual revenue, was nearly £27,000,000, of which about £8,000,000 had been realised or written off as discount, &c., when the last twelve year's arrangement was made, leaving the balance to be realised at the rate of about £1,530,000 a year, since raised to something over £1,600,000. The keystone of the arrangement was that this sum was to be used to reduce the capital of the debt; but then there was a provision, "if the claims of the creditors permitted of it." The only repayment which was absolutely without fail to be made from the Mokabileh was that of the short loans, amounting in all to about £4,000,000, so that when £27,000,000 have been received only £4,000,000 will have been paid off from this source, and yet half the land revenue will be sacrificed. If again, as things now go, the payment of the short loan and the one per cent. sinking fund is more than counterbalanced by fresh liabilities, the last state of Egypt will indeed be worse than the first.

It is quite clear that some arrangement of the whole subject must be made. I have always thought it much to be regretted that Messrs. Goschen and Joubert were induced to take so sanguine a view of Egyptian finance, and others seem to have shared that opinion. If the demand on behalf of the creditors had been more

moderate it might have been fulfilled. The arrangement exacting the full seven per cent. is breaking down entirely. The plan was experimental, and I am sure it will now be acknowledged that it is not fulfilled. Excluding the Mokabileh and the railways, the true revenue was, as has been shown, nearly eight millions by budget estimate, perhaps seven millions really legitimate receipts. By the operation of the Mokabileh, if faith is kept (and there is certainly no reason why faith should not be kept with the landholders at least, as well as with the creditors), two millions of this will be lost (the expected great increase by increase of cultivation will prove for the most part not real).

The real revenue then from 1886 will, when fairly settled, be little more than five millions—say six millions at the very outside. How can the administrative charges and the great debt charges be both met from such a revenue? I must say I think this Mokabileh has been a fatal improvidence. To bring in an immediate income which is not revenue, the real source of substantial revenue has been sacrificed.

What is the new arrangement to be? It is suggested that if the creditors must abate more of their demands, the Khedive must also submit to a reduction of his allowance for administration. Perhaps he may, but you must not drive him too hard. If the ox is too tightly muzzled, he will break loose and plunder the corn. You must provide for an efficient administration. Meantime, I most sternly think that the arrears of salaries and expenses should be paid before another shilling of another coupon.

A much more desirable proposal is, that it should be a condition of any fresh rearrangement that the Khedive should submit to European control the whole revenue management, so as to settle it fairly and justly, minimise extortion, and really benefit the people. If this could be done by English hands it would be an immense gain; but it would not immediately benefit the creditors. If something would be gained by improved management, more must be surrendered as oppressive and not proper to be levied under an enlightened European administration. That the present taxation is excessive cannot, I think, admit of doubt. To excessive taxation, and the abuses resulting from the system, it must be due that Egypt, which ought to be one of the cheapest, is now the dearest country in the world, as every traveller knows to his cost.

Space does not permit of my saying much of the Dairas or private estates of the Khedive. According to the original arrangement, both the debts and the income of the Daira were to be lumped up with the public debt account, the estates thus becoming, I suppose, a sort of crown lands; but by the revised arrangement of November, 1876, they were again separated and mortgaged to the Daira creditors as private property. I must say that the more I see the

more it seems to me impossible to separate the public and private interests of the ruler in such a country as Egypt. . Apart from questions of the mode of acquisition and assessment of the land, who is to decide how far the cost of great public canals, principally for the benefit of these estates, are to be charged against them, and how is the value of the forced labour to be accounted for? And if the creditors foreclose and obtain possession of the estates, complications of several kinds may arise.

The preposterous and almost incredible expenditure on far more machinery than could possibly be used on these estates, is well known. Nevertheless, it is certainly a wonderful sight to see the modern appliances, so far as they are brought into use. I suppose there are nowhere in the world such great farms, fitted on so large a scale with such appliances. On the lands attached only to one of the Khedive's many factories which I visited, there were thirty-five miles of first-class full-gauge railways to bring the cane from the fields. In a country in which there is not a common road for ordinary purposes, nor a wheeled-carriage, there are steam ploughs without end, in and out of use, and splendid sugar-manufacturing machinery. There might perhaps be some justification for these things. If railways must supersede roads, steam ploughs common ploughs, and great manufactories small machines at last, it may be justifiable to skip over the intermediate stages. Though the soil has no special adaptation for sugar-cane, as in the West Indies, it appears to grow as well as in the East Indies, and it is possible that in the hands of first-class European planters working for themselves these enterprises might pay, more or less. That they should do so in the hands of ignorant, careless, hap-hazard Arabs (as they now are) is not possible. Scarcely one of the spare machines is fit for any use whatever, for when the Arab in charge of a working machine mislays or breaks a piece or a screw, he just goes and helps himself from a spare machine!

There is another new institution in Egypt, some effects of which have not yet attracted general attention, but in which I think I see great coming difficulties and dangers, exemplified by our Indian experiences. I mean the mixed tribunals. If they were only to decide disputes between different classes of foreigners, and between Europeans and natives, in the great commercial towns, it would be all very well, in truth a very great gain, and we could only wonder at the excessive number of judges—to our English ideas. There are twenty-five of them in Alexandria alone, besides the tribunals in Cairo and Ismaelia, and a great establishment of "greffiers," and what not. But what we have farther to realise is that these courts have complete jurisdiction over natives all over the country, in all civil cases of every kind in which any foreigner or protected person is concerned. To understand the full effect of this, we must bear in

mind that which I have before stated, how much the village money-lending and petty commerce of all kinds is in the hands of Greeks and protected Syrians, &c. Moreover, any native debt can be brought within the jurisdiction of the courts by indorsing it over to a foreigner; and by the real or fictitious use of the name of a man of that class, any rich and spiteful native can bring his poorer neighbour under the jurisdiction of these courts. Now the courts are good enough in themselves. I have not heard other than a very high character attributed to them. But they are excessively expensive, very long and formal in their procedure, bound by a strict code of law with no loop-hole for equity, and they are placed exactly where they are least acceptable to the fellahs brought under their sway—at Alexandria, far away in the western desert, at Ismaelia, far in the eastern desert, and at Cairo, where the court has jurisdiction throughout Upper Egypt, in districts more distant and inaccessible than is the extremity of Assam from Calcutta. Cases from the country can only be tried by bringing up witnesses from very long distances over the very expensive railways, where there are railways. It follows of necessity that the courts are rich men's and not poor men's courts.

An almost greater practical evil remains behind, and is just beginning to make itself felt. In Egypt, as in native times in India, debts were loosely contracted at enormous interest, because it was very difficult to realise them, and the debtor generally made some sort of compromise in the end. The summary sale of land for debt was unknown. The new courts can consider only the letter of a man's bond, and having passed a decree, the easiest, simplest, and most ordinary mode of procedure is to sell the debtor's goods and land by auction in the most summary manner. When sold the land generally fetches very little, the European creditor generally either may or must buy it in at a cheap price; and a process of transfer of the land to Europeans is commencing which is new and will much disturb the country, for hitherto, with all their privileges, the Europeans have had little hold on the land.

The Khedive and all his government officers and belongings have been made subject to the new courts, and a very large proportion of their larger business, in fact it seemed to me the main staple of it, is hearing cases and passing decrees against the Khedive. So long as the Khedive is a sort of bankrupt in liquidation, it is rather a relief to him than otherwise, to be able to refer claims to the courts to be properly sifted, rather than submit to the most unreasonable and extortionate demands often most indecently and violently pressed by consuls. But if this phase of things should ever pass by, I confess that I hardly see how a government of this kind can be carried on, in such subjection to courts in which the foreign element is wholly and absolutely dominant (in numbers as well as in salary, place, and

power), which have claimed to decide on the illegality of the formal decrees of the ruling power, and which are under no control whatever.

It should be added that the mixed courts have no criminal jurisdiction, so there is not even the advantage that a foreigner accused of an offence can be fairly tried. He is still subject only to his own consul and his own countrymen. Truly it is said that the new courts are very good for foreigners but very bad for natives.

Altogether, though the thing has not yet been realised, it seems to me that, respectable as they are in themselves, the mixed courts, if the present system is continued without amendment, must eventuate in an exaggeration of the very worst evils with which India was threatened when the supreme courts tried to arrogate to themselves enormous powers, seeking to control the Government, and by constructive residence and the like trying to establish in some degree that jurisdiction over the natives in the interior which the mixed courts now enjoy to the fullest extent. It was found necessary to clip the wings of the supreme courts, and I think the mixed courts must be either much extended, cheapened, and localised, or must be much restricted. If not, very grave social evils will result.

Only one word more about the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. That was a very irregular proceeding of a British Government. The price paid was far more than the market value. Practically, the transaction was a loan to the Khedive at a time when it was most undesirable to lend him any more money, and with no security that we shall continue to get our interest. Nevertheless, if we can exercise sufficient influence to get the interest, and so avoid serious loss to our own people, I confess I shall be in one view glad that the shares are rescued from French hands. I am not one of those who think that we should maintain a chain of forts by the Mediterranean route from Southampton to Bombay, and that Egypt should be one of them. If the French held influence in Egypt by fair industrial enterprise, I should not grudge it to them. If they even held the position in the country which Greeks and Italians do, it would be a fair position. But though a Frenchman achieved the Suez Canal, modern Frenchmen are neither colonisers nor pushing in any industrial way beyond their own country. In Egypt they appear little but as financiers and exploiters of the Khedive (apart of course from the Canal). As financiers their influence is certainly not good. Therefore it is that I am glad that they should not have too great financial position there, and that so far as an English interest in the Canal can be obtained by fair and honest means it should be obtained. Perhaps in the long run the Canal will not benefit England; but meantime we use it, and it is well that the whole of the pecuniary interests involved in it should not be in other hands.

GEORGE CAMPBELL.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.¹

ANY candid observer of the phenomena of modern society will readily admit that bores must be classed among the enemies of the human race; and a little consideration will probably lead him to the further admission that no species of that extensive genus of noxious creatures is more objectionable than the educational bore. Convinced as I am of the truth of this great social generalization, it is not without a certain trepidation that I venture to address you on an educational topic. For, in the course of the last ten years, to go back no further, I am afraid to say how often I have ventured to speak of education, from that given in the primary schools to that which is to be had in the universities and medical colleges; indeed, the only part of this wide region into which as yet I have not adventured is that into which I propose to intrude to-day.

Thus I cannot but be aware that I am dangerously near becoming the thing which all men fear and fly. But I have deliberately elected to run the risk. For when you did me the honour to ask me to address you, an unexpected circumstance had led me to occupy myself seriously with the question of technical education; and I had acquired the conviction that there are few subjects respecting which it is more important for all classes of the community to have clear and just ideas than this, while, certainly, there is none which is more deserving of attention by the Working Men's Club and Institute Union.

It is not for me to express an opinion whether the considerations which I am about to submit to you will be proved by experience to be just or not; but I will do my best to make them clear. Among the many good things to be found in Lord Bacon's works, none is more full of wisdom than the saying that "truth more easily comes out of error than out of confusion." Clear and consecutive wrong-thinking is the next best thing to right-thinking; so that, if I succeed in clearing your ideas on this topic, I shall have wasted neither your time nor my own.

"Technical education," in the sense in which the term is ordinarily used, and in which I am now employing it, means that sort of education which is specially adapted to the needs of men whose business in life it is to pursue some kind of handicraft; it is, in fact, a fine Greco-Latin equivalent for what in good vernacular English would be called "the teaching of handicrafts." And probably, at this stage

(1) An Address delivered to the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, December 1st, 1877.
and abs.

of our progress, it may occur to many of you to think of the story of the cobbler and his last, and to say to yourselves, though you will be too polite to put the question openly to me, What does the speaker know practically about this matter? What is his handicraft? I think the question is a very proper one, and unless I were prepared to answer it, I hope satisfactorily, I should have chosen some other theme.

The fact is, I am, and have been any time these thirty years, a man who works with his hands—a handicraftsman. I do not say this in the broadly metaphorical sense in which fine gentlemen, with all the delicacy of Agag about them, trip to the hustings about election time, and protest that they too are working men. I really mean my words to be taken in their direct, literal, and straightforward sense. In fact, if the most nimble-fingered watchmaker among you will come to my workshop; he may set me to put a watch together, and I will set him to dissect, say, a blackbeetle's nerves. I do not wish to vaunt, but I am inclined to think that I shall manage my job to his satisfaction sooner than he will do his piece of work to mine.

In truth, anatomy, which is my handicraft, is one of the most difficult kinds of mechanical labour, involving, as it does, not only lightness and dexterity of hand, but sharp eyes and endless patience. And you must not suppose that my particular branch of science is especially distinguished for the demand it makes upon skill in manipulation. A similar requirement is made upon all students of physical science. The astronomer, the electrician, the chemist, the mineralogist, the botanist, are constantly called upon to perform manual operations of exceeding delicacy. The progress of all branches of physical science depends upon observation, or on that artificial observation which is termed experiment, of one kind or another; and the further we advance the more practical difficulties surround the investigation of the conditions of the problems offered to us; so that mobile and yet steady hands, guided by clear vision, are more and more in request in the workshops of science.

Indeed, it has struck me that one of the grounds of that sympathy between the handicraftsmen of this country and the men of science, by which it has so often been my good fortune to profit, may, perhaps, lie here. You feel and we feel that, among the so-called learned folks, we alone are brought into contact with tangible facts in the way that you are. You know well enough that it is one thing to write a history of chairs in general, or to address a poem to a throne, or to speculate about the occult powers of the chair of St. Peter; and quite another thing to make with your own hands a veritable chair, that will stand fair and square, and afford a safe and satisfactory resting-place to a frame of sensitiveness and solidity.

So it is with us, when we look out from our scientific handicrafts upon the doings of our learned brethren, whose work is untrammelled by anything "base and mechanical," as handicrafts used to be called when the world was younger, and, in some respects, less wise than now. We take the greatest interest in their pursuits; we are edified by their histories and are charmed with their poems, which sometimes illustrate so remarkably the power of man's imagination; some of us admire and even humbly try to follow them in their high philosophical excursions, though we know the risk of being snubbed by the inquiry whether grovelling dissectors of monkeys and black-beetles can hope to enter into the empyreal kingdom of speculation. But still we feel that our business is different; humbler if you will, though the diminution of dignity is, perhaps, compensated by the increase of reality; and that we, like you, have to get our work done in a region where little avails, if the power of dealing with practical tangible facts is wanting. You know that clever talk touching joinery will not make a chair; and I know that it is of about as much value in the physical sciences. Mother Nature is sorely obdurate to honeyed words; only those who understand the ways of things, and can silently and effectually handle them, get any good out of her.

And now, having, as I hope, justified my assumption of a place among handicraftsmen, and put myself right with you as to my qualification, from practical knowledge, to speak about technical education, I will proceed to put before you the results of my experience as a teacher of a handicraft, and tell you what sort of education I should think best adapted for a boy whom one wanted to make a professional anatomist.

I should say, in the first place, let him have a good English elementary education. I do not mean that he shall be able to pass in such and such a standard—that may or may not be an equivalent expression—but that his teaching shall have been such as to have given him command of the common implements of learning and created a desire for the things of the understanding.

Further, I should like him to know the elements of physical science, and especially of physics and chemistry, and I should take care that this elementary knowledge was real. I should like my aspirant to be able to read a scientific treatise in Latin, French, or German, because an enormous amount of anatomical knowledge is locked up in those languages. And especially I should require some ability to draw—I do not mean artistically, for that is a gift which may be cultivated but cannot be learned, but with fair accuracy. I will not say that everybody can learn even this; for the negative development of the faculty of drawing in some people is almost

miraculous. Still everybody, or almost everybody, can learn to write; and, as writing is a kind of drawing, I suppose that the majority of the people who say they cannot draw, and give copious evidence of the accuracy of their assertion, could draw, after a fashion, if they tried. And that "after a fashion" would be better than nothing for my purposes.

Above all things, let my imaginary pupil have preserved the freshness and vigour of youth in his mind as well as his body. The educational abomination of desolation of the present day is the stimulation of young people to work at high pressure by incessant competitive examinations. Some wise man (who probably was not an early riser) has said of early risers in general, that they are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon. Now whether this is true of early risers in the common acceptation of the word or not, I will not pretend to say; but it is too often true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in their classes. They are conceited all the forenoon of life, and stupid all its afternoon. The vigour and freshness, which should have been stored up for the purposes of the hard struggle for existence in practical life, have been washed out of them by precocious mental debauchery—by book gluttony and lesson bibbing. Their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralised by worthless childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion for sloth, but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age; and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work which make many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit, not of his hours of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness, in boyhood. Even the hardest worker of us all, if he has to deal with anything above mere details, will do well, now and again, to let his brain lie fallow for a space. The next crop of thought will certainly be all the fuller in the ear and the weeds fewer.

This is the sort of education which I should like any one who was going to devote himself to my handicraft to undergo. As to knowing anything about anatomy itself, on the whole I would rather he left that alone until he took it up seriously in my laboratory. It is hard work enough to teach, and I should not like to have superadded to that the possible need of unteaching.

Well, but, you will say, this is Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out; your "technical education" is simply a good education, with more attention to physical science, to drawing, and to modern languages, than is common, and there is nothing specially technical about it.

Exactly so; that remark takes us straight to the heart of what I have to say, which is, that, in my judgment, the preparatory educa-

tion of the handicraftsman ought to have nothing of what is ordinarily understood by "technical" about it.

The workshop is the only real school for a handicraft. The education which precedes that of the workshop should be entirely devoted to the strengthening of the body, the elevation of the moral faculties, and the cultivation of the intelligence; and especially to the imbuing the mind with a broad and clear view of the laws of that natural world with the components of which the handicraftsman will have to deal. And the earlier the period of life at which the handicraftsman has to enter into actual practice of his craft, the more important is it that he should devote the precious hours of preliminary education to things of the mind, which have no direct and immediate bearing on his branch of industry, though they lie at the foundation of all realities.

Now let me apply the lessons I have learned from my handicraft to yours. If any of you were obliged to take an apprentice, I suppose you would like to get a good healthy lad, ready and willing to learn, handy, and with his fingers not all thumbs, as the saying goes. You would like that he should read, write, and cipher well; and, if you were an intelligent master, and your trade involved the application of scientific principles, as so many trades do, you would like him to know enough of the elementary principles of science to understand what was going on. I suppose that in nine trades out of ten it would be useful if he could draw; and many of you must have lamented your inability to find out for yourselves what foreigners are doing or have done. So that some knowledge of French and German might, in many cases, be very desirable.

So it appears to me that what you want is pretty much what I want; and the practical question is, How you are to get what you need, under the actual limitations and conditions of life of handicraftsmen in this country?

I think I shall have the assent both of the employers of labour and of the employed as to one of these limitations; which is, that no scheme of technical education is likely to be seriously entertained which will delay the entrance of boys into working life, or prevent them from contributing towards their own support, as early as they do at present. Not only do I believe that any such scheme could not be carried out, but I doubt its desirableness, even if it were practicable.

The period between childhood and manhood is full of difficulties and dangers, under the most favourable circumstances; and, even among the well-to-do, who can afford to surround their children with the most favourable conditions, examples of a career ruined, before it has well begun, are but too frequent. Moreover,

those who have to live by labour must be shaped to labour early. The colt that is left at grass too long makes but a sorry draught-horse, though his way of life does not bring him within the reach of artificial temptations. Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and, however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.

There is another reason, to which I have already adverted, and which I would reiterate, why any extension of the time devoted to ordinary school-work is undesirable. In the newly awakened zeal for education, we run some risk of forgetting the truth that, while under-instruction is a bad thing, over-instruction may possibly be a worse.

Success in any kind of practical life is not dependent solely, or indeed chiefly, upon knowledge. Even in the learned professions knowledge, alone, is of less consequence than people are apt to suppose. And, if much expenditure of bodily energy is involved in the day's work, mere knowledge is of still less importance when weighed against the probable cost of its acquirement. To do a fair day's work with his hands, a man needs, above all things, health, strength, and the patience and cheerfulness which, if they do not always accompany these blessings, can hardly in the nature of things exist without them; to which we must add honesty of purpose and a pride in doing what is done well.

A good handicraftsman can get on very well without genius, but he will fare badly without a reasonable share of what is a more useful possession for workaday life, namely, mother-wit; and he will be all the better for a real knowledge, however limited, of the ordinary laws of nature, and especially of those which apply to his own business.

Instruction carried so far as to help the scholar to turn his store of mother-wit to account, to acquire a fair amount of sound elementary knowledge, and to use his hands and eyes, while leaving him fresh, vigorous, and with a sense of the dignity of his own calling, whatever it may be, if fairly and honestly pursued, cannot fail to be of invaluable service to all those who come under its influence.

But, on the other hand, if school instruction is carried so far as to encourage bookishness; if the ambition of the scholar is directed, not to the gaining of knowledge, but to the being able to pass examinations successfully; especially if encouragement is given to the mischievous delusion that brainwork is, in itself, and apart from its quality, a nobler or more respectable thing than handiwork—such education may be a deadly mischief to the workman, and lead to the rapid ruin of the industries it is intended to serve.

I know that I am expressing the opinion of some of the largest as well as the most enlightened employers of labour, when I say that there is a real danger that, from the extreme of no education, we may run to the other extreme of over-education of handicraftsmen. And I apprehend that what is true for the ordinary hand-worker is true for the foreman. Activity, probity, knowledge of men, ready mother-wit, supplemented by a good knowledge of the general principles involved in his business, are the making of a good foreman. If he possess these qualities, no amount of learning will fit him better for his position; while the course of life and the habit of mind required for the attainment of such learning may, in various direct and indirect ways, act as direct disqualifications for it.

Keeping in mind, then, that the two things to be avoided are, the delay of the entrance of boys into practical life, and the substitution of exhausted bookworms for shrewd, handy men in our works and factories, let us consider what may be wisely and safely attempted in the way of improving the education of the handicraftsman.

First, I look to the elementary schools now happily established all over the country. I am not going to criticise or find fault with them; on the contrary, their establishment seems to me to be the most important and the most beneficent result of the corporate action of the people in our day. A great deal is said of British interests just now, but, depend upon it, that no Eastern difficulty needs our intervention as a nation so seriously, as the putting down both the Bashi-Bazouks of ignorance and the Cossucks of sectarianism at home. What has already been achieved in these directions is a great thing; you must have lived some time to know how great. An education, better in its processes, better in its substance, than that which was accessible to the great majority of well-to-do Britons a quarter of a century ago, is now obtainable by every child in the land. Let any man of my age go into an ordinary elementary school, and, unless he was unusually fortunate in his youth, he will tell you that the educational method, the intelligence, patience, and good temper on the teachers' part, which are now at the disposal of the veriest waifs and wasters of society, are things of which he had no experience in the costly middle-class schools; which were so ingeniously contrived as to combine all the evils and shortcomings of the great public schools with none of their advantages. Many a man, whose so-called education cost a good deal of valuable money and occupied many a year of invaluable time, leaves the inspection of a well-ordered elementary school devoutly wishing that, in his young days, he had had the chance of being as well taught as these boys and girls are.

But while, in view of such an advance in general education, I willingly obey the natural impulse to be thankful, I am not willing

altogether to rest. I want to see instruction in elementary science and in art more thoroughly incorporated in the educational system. At present, it is being administered by dribbles, as if it were a potent medicine, "a few drops to be taken occasionally in a teaspoon." Every year I notice that that earnest and untiring friend of yours and of mine, Sir John Lubbock, stirs up the government of the day in the House of Commons on this subject; and also that, every year, he, and the few members of the House of Commons, such as Mr. Playfair, who sympathise with him, are met with expressions of warm admiration for science in general, and reasons at large for doing nothing in particular. But now that Mr. Forster, to whom the education of the country owes so much, has announced his conversion to the right faith, I begin to hope that, sooner or later, things will mend.

I have given what I believe a good reason for the assumption that the keeping at school of boys who are to be handicraftsmen beyond the age of thirteen or fourteen is neither practicable nor desirable; and as it is quite certain that, with justice to other and no less important branches of education, nothing more than the rudiments of science and art teaching can be introduced into elementary schools, we must seek elsewhere for a supplementary training in these subjects, and, if need be, in foreign languages, which may go on after the workman's life has begun.

The means of acquiring the scientific and artistic part of this training already exists in full working order, in the first place, in the classes of the Science and Art Department, which are for the most part held in the evening, so as to be accessible to all who choose to avail themselves of them after working hours. The great advantage of these classes is that they bring the means of instruction to the doors of the factories and workshops; that they are no artificial creations, but by their very existence prove the desire of the people for them; and finally, that they admit of indefinite development in proportion as they are wanted. I have often expressed the opinion, and I repeat it here, that, during the eighteen years they have been in existence, these classes have done incalculable good; and I can say, of my own knowledge, that the Department spares no pains and trouble in trying to increase their usefulness and ensure the soundness of their work.

No one knows better than my friend Colonel Donnelly, to whose clear views and great administrative abilities so much of the successful working of the science classes is due, that there is much to be done before the system can be said to be thoroughly satisfactory. The instruction given needs to be made more systematic and especially more practical; the teachers are of very unequal excellence, and not a few stand much in need of instruction themselves, not

only in the subjects which they teach, but in the objects for which they teach. I dare say you have heard of that proceeding, reprobated by all true sportsmen, which is called "shooting for the pot." Well, there is such a thing as "teaching for the pot"—teaching, that is, not that your scholar may know, but that he may count for payment among those who pass the examination; and there are some teachers, happily not many, who have yet to learn that the examiners of the Department regard them as poachers of the worst description.

Without presuming in any way to speak in the name of the Department, I think I may say, as a matter which has come under my own observation, that it is doing its best to meet all these difficulties. It systematically promotes practical instruction in the classes; it affords facilities to teachers who desire to learn their business thoroughly; and it is always ready to aid in the suppression of pot-teaching.

All this is, as you may imagine, highly satisfactory to me. I see that spread of scientific education, about which I have so often permitted myself to worry the public, become, for all practical purposes, an accomplished fact. Grateful as I am for all that is now being done, in the same direction, in our higher schools and universities, I have ceased to have any anxiety about the wealthier classes. Scientific knowledge is spreading by what the alchemists called a "distillatio per ascensum;" and nothing now can prevent it, from continuing to distil upwards and permeate English society, until, in the remote future, there shall be no member of the legislature who does not know as much of science as an elementary school-boy; and even the heads of houses in our venerable seats of learning shall acknowledge that natural science is not merely a sort of University back-door through which inferior men may get at their degrees. Perhaps this apocalyptic vision is a little wild; and I feel I ought to ask pardon for an outbreak of enthusiasm, which, I assure you, is not my commonest failing.

I have said that the Government is already doing a great deal in aid of that kind of technical education for handicraftsmen which, to my mind, is alone worth seeking. Perhaps it is doing as much as it ought to do, even in this direction. Certainly there is another kind of help of the most important character, for which we may look elsewhere than to the Government. The great mass of mankind have neither the liking, nor the aptitude, for either literary, or scientific, or artistic pursuits; nor, indeed, for excellence of any sort. Their ambition is to go through life with moderate exertion and a fair share of ease, doing common things in a common way. And a great blessing and comfort it is that the majority of men are of this mind; for the majority of things to be done are common

things, and are quite well enough done when commonly done. The great end of life is not knowledge but action. What men need is, as much knowledge as they can assimilate and organize into a basis for action; give them more and it may become injurious. One knows people who are as heavy and stupid from undigested learning as others are from over-fulness of meat and drink. But a small percentage of the population is born with that most excellent quality, a desire for excellence, or with special aptitudes of some sort or another; Mr. Galton tells us that not more than one in four thousand may be expected to attain distinction, and not more than one in a million some share of that intensity of instinctive aptitude, that burning thirst for excellence, which is called genius.

Now the most important object of all educational schemes is to catch these exceptional people and turn them to account for the good of society. No man can say where they will crop up; like their opposites, the fools and knaves, they appear sometimes in the palace and sometimes in the hovel; but the great thing to be aimed at, I was almost going to say the most important end of all social arrangements, is to keep these glorious sports of Nature from being either corrupted by luxury or starved by poverty, and to put them into the position in which they can do the work for which they are specially fitted.

Thus, if a lad in an elementary school showed signs of special capacity, I would try to provide him with the means of continuing his education after his daily working life had begun; if, in the evening classes, he developed special capabilities in the direction of science or of drawing, I would try to secure him an apprenticeship to some trade in which those powers would have applicability. Or, if he chose to become a teacher, he should have the chance of so doing. Finally, to the lad of genius, the one in a million, I would make accessible the highest and most complete training the country could afford. Whatever that might cost, depend upon it the investment would be a good one. I weigh my words when I say, that if the nation could purchase a potential Watt, or Davy, or Faraday, at the cost of a hundred thousand pounds down, he would be dirt-cheap at the money. It is a mere common-place, and every-day piece of knowledge, that what these three men did has produced untold millions of wealth, in the narrowest economical sense of the word.

Therefore, as the sum and crown of what is to be done for technical education, I look to the provision of a machinery for winnowing out the capacities, and giving them scope. When I was a member of the London School Board, I said, in the course of a speech, that our business was to provide a ladder, reaching from the gutter to the university, along which every child in the three kingdoms should have the chance of climbing as far as he was fit

to go. This phrase was so much bandied about at the time, that, to say truth, I am rather tired of it; but I know of no other which so fully expresses my belief, not only about education in general, but about technical education in particular.

The essential foundation of all the organization needed for the promotion of education among handicraftsmen will, I believe, exist in this country when every working lad can feel that society has done what lies in its power to remove all needless and artificial obstacles from his path; that there is no barrier, except such as exist in the nature of things, between himself and whatever place in the social organization he is fitted to fill; and, more than this, that, if he has capacity and industry, a hand is held out to help him along any path which is wisely and honestly chosen.

I have endeavoured to point out to you that a great deal of such an organization already exists; and I am glad to be able to add that there is a good prospect that what is wanting will, before long, be supplemented.

Those powerful and wealthy societies, the livery companies of the City of London, remembering that they are the heirs and representatives of the trade guilds of the Middle Ages, are interesting themselves in the question. So far back as 1872 the Society of Arts organized a system of instruction in the technology of arts and manufactures, for persons actually employed in factories and workshops, who desired to extend and improve their knowledge of the theory and practice of their particular avocations;¹ and a considerable subsidy was liberally granted in aid of the efforts of the Society by the Clothworkers' Company. We have here the hopeful commencement of a rational organization for the promotion of excellence among handicraftsmen. Quite recently, other of the livery companies have determined upon giving their powerful and, indeed, almost boundless aid to the improvement of the teaching of handicrafts. They have already gone so far as to appoint a committee to act for them; and I betray no confidence in adding, that, some time since, the committee sought the advice and assistance of several persons, myself among the number.

Of course I cannot tell you what may be the result of the deliberations of the committee; but we may all fairly hope that, before long, steps which will have a weighty and a lasting influence on the growth and spread of sound and thorough teaching among the handicraftsmen² of this country will be taken by the livery companies of London.

T. H. HUXLEY.

(1) See the "Programme" for 1878, issued by the Society of Arts, p. 14.

(2) It is perhaps advisable to remark that the important question of the professional education of managers of industrial works is not touched in the foregoing remarks.

JULES SANDEAU.

THERE are a good many different ideas floating about English literature and English thought on the subject of French novels. It is sometimes held—justly enough in the main—that the superiority of workmanship which has long distinguished French literature in so many other departments marks it here also. The necessity of a beginning, middle, and end, which critics declare to be incumbent upon all works of literary art, from tragedies to leading articles, is supposed to be better recognised to the south than to the north of the Channel. In character drawing the French are allowed to be at a certain disadvantage, from their habit of depicting types rather than individuals; but even this has its merits as assisting what Pope would have called the correctness of the total effect. Their dialogue is stiffer but more careful than that of the average English novelist, and in description they can, at the least, hold their own. People who take this view—professional critics for the most part—would probably say that the best English novels are superior to the best French, but that if we take the run of Mudie's shelves and compare their contents with the grey and yellow volumes of Messrs. Hetzel, Hachette, and Charpentier, the advantage from a literary point of view is very decidedly in favour of the latter.

This, I have said, is what may be called the professional view. The general public which reads French novels reads them mainly from a notion that they are more amusing than English fiction. Whether this is so depends a good deal on the notion of amusement entertained by the reader. On the whole, it may be suspected that it is to some extent a survival from the days of the elder Dumas and other writers, who certainly outmatched any English rivalry in their particular line. To this day Thackeray's verdict on Dumas has not been reversed by any competent judge, and no fictitious ordinary exists at which a man may satisfy his honest and uncritical hunger for mere amusement with better and more abundant food than is provided by the dozen volumes that take him from D'Artagnan's setting forth on the buttercup-coloured pony down to his death as he clutches the marshal's baton, or by the other dozen which begin with *La Dame de Monsoreau*, and end with *La Reine Margot*. But this is only one special variety of French fiction, a variety, too, which has long ceased to be cultivated. Those who read for the story should be fairly warned that in an average French novel of later days there is, as a rule, less of that element than in an English one, though what there is may be better managed, and to some people, of a more attractive kind.

The last word brings us to yet a third idea about French fiction much more prevalent than either of the other two, and sometimes it to be feared, in the case of the graceless, is responsible for the notion about amusement. It is supposed that French novels are generally, as Mr. Browning has roundly put it, "scrofulous," that they deal with subjects which to the English novelist are more or less taboo, and which if he does deal with them he has to handle in a very cautious and guarded manner. In short, not to waste words on a simple matter, the inevitable ingredient of love, without which a novel would not be a novel, is supposed in a French romance necessarily to take the form of adultery, practised or proposed. To hear some people talk it might be imagined that all French novels were mere sporting treatises, dealing with the lore and incidents of the *chasse aux mariées*, and that no love which is not in the common phrase guilty has a chance with the French novelist. Moreover, as usually happens in such cases, the belief in the fact has been accompanied by all sorts of deductions and corollaries from it, and by much curious speculation as to its causes. The more ingenuous Englishman is given to believe that the picture of family infelicity is a faithful copy of French home life, and shakes his head when better-informed persons assure him that conjugal infidelity is after all not so very much commoner, in the departments at least, than in English country life. Others addicted to sociological argument ask, what else you can expect when *mariages de convenance* are the rule, and when opportunities such as an English girl has of making her own choice, and of postponing that choice till she has had her fill of harmless flirtation, are unknown? Others not destitute of shrewdness (if the fact for which they endeavour to account were only a little better authenticated) point out that the catastrophe of the ideal French matron is not such a very surprising reaction from the altogether fantastic position assigned to the ideal *jeune fille*, that creature of mysterious poetical longings, of aspirations "which nobody but a mother can apprehend," and of a composition decidedly too sylph-like to reconcile herself to such a prosaic institution as marriage. The most practical and downright of the interpreters seek their explanation in certain peculiarities of the relations between French husbands and French wives, which it does not need a study of the *Physiologie du Mariage* to discover; and all alike agree that it is very sad and very shocking, and that French novels as a rule are by no means suitable companions to the bread and butter even of our tolerably emancipated English misses. I have already hinted that there is some slight doubt in this as in another famous case, whether the fish is in fact capable of being put into the vessel without causing an overflow. But perhaps the real explanation of the literary part of the phenomenon is best found by referring to a very

similar one in our own literary history. Even those who are not acquainted at first hand with the Restoration drama, know something of the four-handed duel which it excited between Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, and Macaulay. Here, as in the case before us, a form of literature which was supposed to busy itself with representing real life chose to represent this life as governed by, to say the least, a total absence of moral principle. Notwithstanding this, I do not suppose that there is very much need for the average Englishman to disturb himself with the idea that his great grandmother's great grandmother was no better than she should be. In neither case perhaps were actual examples of the types represented very far to seek. There were probably a good many Bellmours and Berinthias then in England, and there are doubtless a good many Fannys and Bussys in France. But for the most part the moral atmosphere and the list of *dramatis persone* are both as arbitrary as Charles Lamb wished to prove. The angelic and *récuse* maiden; the husband, sometimes brutal, sometimes merely respectable, but always indifferent to the singularly vague desires of his spouse; the young man who appears like a revelation of happiness to the interesting mental invalid, are all purely stock types of the kind always more common in a literature careful of form than in one careless of it, and capable of being matched with a hundred other similar types in other branches. No doubt the production of such types in literature does to a certain extent tend to reproduce them in real life, and this is what Lamb went wrong in overlooking. But to suppose that the type necessarily originated in real life, or even that it of necessity occurs largely there, is certainly a mistaken way of arguing.

Whether, however, the prevalence of this particular variety of "scrofula" in French literature be great or small, and whatever cause we may assign for that prevalence, it is certain that the author whose name stands at the head of this article must have been very early and very effectually touched for the evil. Most of M. Sandeau's works, and beyond all question the best of them, do not deal with the subject of illicit love at all, and in the few that do so deal the cause of morality is as effectually served by the invariably disastrous effects made to follow on adultery, as by the total absence of anything like loose descriptions. It would be difficult to find in a score of novels and as many minor tales a single passage at which even the nice morality of Wycherley's Olivia could find an excuse to put up its virtuous fan. Even where the love which is the basis of the story is not in accordance with law and order, there are certain marked differences in its treatment. The husband is hardly ever made ridiculous, and he generally has the best of the position, in fact as well as in law, a state of

things which must be admitted to be a triumph of M. Sandeau's artistic skill as well as of his moral principles. M. de Belnave, in *Marianna*, M. de Rouèvres, in *Fernand*, are perhaps given to making too long speeches—a common and besetting sin of our author's; but they manage to get themselves remarkably well out of a position which has been the familiar hell of ridicule for no one knows how many generations. In short, this particular and awkward *pas de trois* is to M. Sandeau merely one among others to be treated now and then, and handled artistically when occasion serves, but not an indispensable ingredient in every ballet and masque which he sets before the public. His way of regarding the sexes and their relations is, on the whole, not very different from that to which we are accustomed in English fiction, save, perhaps, that, especially in his earlier work, he is wont to be rather too Turkish in adopting the proverb, "If you set butter in the sun it will melt," and to put more strongly than strict common sense and experience require the theory of the mysterious and transcendental *besoins* of the feminine sex, and the necessity of continually guarding it against temptation. At the same time his studies in this direction are frequently marked by great psychological knowledge and skill. The two novels I have just mentioned contain each some striking evidences of this. In *Fernand* there is something almost appalling in the scientific manner in which the husband chains the two culprits together by the tie of honour in the one case, of guilty affection in the other, sure that while the former holds the latter will break down under the strain, and at last avenger him doubly. In *Marianna* the steps by which the heroine, after being abandoned and argued with by her lover as to the justice and necessity of the abandonment, is at last brought to feel herself exactly the same emotion, or rather the same absence of it, from the results of which in another she formerly suffered, are admirably drawn. But in these paths the author did not long walk.

M. Sandeau cannot be called on the whole a novelist of an extensive *répertoire*. Indeed, in very many cases, his scenes as well as his characters repeat themselves. The former are almost invariably taken from the department of the Creuse, his own birthplace and, as he often says, the least betoured and least bewritten part of France, or else from the districts of Brittany, in the immediate neighbourhood of Nantes. His favourite characters, though of course more numerous, are also not very difficult to count. A nobleman of the old style returning to his diminished estates after the emigration or after 1815, his daughter, and one or more aspirants to his daughter's hand, supply the cast of perhaps his best books, *La Maison de Penarvan*, *Mademoiselle de Kérouare*, *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*. Another group, the best of which are *Fernand*, *Marianna*,

and, to a certain extent, *Valcreuse*, displays the usual trio of husband, wife, and lover; the first, as I have said, rarely objectionable—perhaps the only exception is in *Le Docteur Herbeau*—the second *incomprise*, and suffering extensively from what our fathers called the vapours; the last ardent and insinuating, but eventually very sick of his bargain. In a great many other novels these types reappear partially and piecemeal, reinforced of course to a certain degree by others. Nearly all are drawn from either the old noblesse and their contemporaries, or from the generation of 1830. The Empire figures but little, Bernard Stamply, in *Mademoiselle de la Sciglière*, being almost the only Imperialist character of importance. Generally speaking the author is decidedly on the side of the past. He speaks intelligently enough of the defects of the noblesse, and has by no means a mere bric-a-brac affection for them. But at the same time the defects of their adversaries and successors appear to strike him, as it is natural that they should strike a man whose literary and artistic sympathies are especially developed, with peculiar repugnance. While he does not at all flourish the white cockade, and while he is as severe upon the Emigrants as any one can possibly desire, he contrives to put the case of the nobles very strongly, and to bring the French ultra-Conservative's undying horror of Radicalism nearly as vividly before us as MM. Erckmann-Chatrion have exhibited the devotion of another class of Frenchmen to the principles of '89. In these, as well as in his more scattered personifications, he has an extraordinary delicacy of touch. There is, except in some early work, very little *esprit*, only just enough to be excused by Gautier's remark that it is pardonable sometimes to display that quality, *pour prouver aux sots qu'on pourrait être leur égal*.

Occasionally there is a tendency to over indulgence in long speeches and disquisitions, and to discourses about the characters, while the characters themselves are left in the cold. This is particularly noticeable in *Madame de Sopperville* (the earliest independent work) and in *Marianna*, two novels whose length is out of all proportion to their interest, though in *Marianna*, at least, there is plenty of the latter for a story of more modest dimensions. *Un Héritage*, the only novel the plot of which is laid out of France, is another which sins a little by not being drawn to scale. But this is a fault out of which the author soon grew, and most of his later work is admirably planned. Among his other excellencies it is fair to notice a power of interspersing unobtrusive reflections, showing not a little knowledge of human nature out of the ordinary range of the novelist's observation. Such, for instance, are his remarks in divers places on convalescence and its effects; remarks which, but for the extreme improbability of the thing, might almost have been translated from Charles Lamb. But his characteristics

will be best shown by a somewhat detailed account of one or more of his works. To begin with, I shall take *Mademoiselle de Kérouare*, a short novel, hardly going beyond the dimensions of a *nouvelle*, but one which I think excellently illustrates its writer's style and way of going to work. *Mademoiselle de Kérouare* is the daughter of a Vendéan chief who in 1815 returned to his half-ruined château, and to hardly anything else. He had no thought of begging at the foot of the throne for compensation, and the throne had no thought of making him any. So he contented himself with growing old at Kérouare, in the society of his only daughter.

"Mario de Kérouare grew up in the feudal castle like a flower in a Gothic vase. Her childhood enlivened the sombre dwelling; her youth embellished it with a divine charm. At sixteen she was at once the delight and the pride of her father, and they still talk of her at Clisson, where on Sundays and holidays she went to hear mass. She was, indeed, a beautiful girl, with a grave face, but at the same time ready enough to smile; and showing the stately dignity of the Kérouares, tempered by the sweet light of youth. From her mother she inherited a delicate and tender soul; from her father's family a character of chivalrous adventure, which had been fostered by her solitary nurture. From her cradle her father had entertained her with tales of war; everything around reminded her of the Vendéan struggle, full as it was of heroism of all kinds; so that, in an atmosphere of glorious memories, on a soil still volcanic, under a sky haunted by mighty shadows, her imagination was naturally excited early, and was not likely to linger in the beaten paths of reality. This precocious fanaticism was, however, softened by a disposition of perfect sweetness. On horseback, with floating hair, she was an Amazon; attending on her father, she reminded one of Antigone. He was, indeed, the one passion of her little life. She loved him with no common affection, but her heart's needs did not as yet go further, and when M. de Grandlieu presented himself to ask of the Count de Kérouare his daughter's hand, Mario had simply never thought of other loves and other ties than those which bound her to her father."

The suitor who thus presents himself is the son of an old brother in arms of the Count's, to whom Marie has been informally betrothed from her cradle. He is young, rich, handsome, and nobly born, his only fault being an invincible reserve and coldness of manner. He makes no overt objection to the suggestion to which Marie's youth and the Count's fondness for his daughter give some colour, that the marriage shall be put off for a few years, and Marie, glad of the respite, and not dreaming that M. de Grandlieu entertains any particular affection for her, soon forgets all about the engagement except that she is accustomed to see her suitor at her side, and that sometimes signs of tenderness break through his reserve which rather astonish her than affect her in any other way. Meanwhile a sister of M. de Kérouare, who has offended him by a mésalliance, makes her appearance, intent on a reconciliation, and brings with her her son, an interesting youth of an impulsive character. The recovered relations

make a three months' stay at the château. M. de Grandlieu is accidentally called away for the whole time, and Marie as a matter of course falls in love, girl-fashion, with her boy cousin, Octave. After his departure she says nothing about it, but gradually grows silent and *distracte*, much to the concern of her father and secretly of her lover, though the latter preserves his impassiveness, and only irritates her by showing her in his silent way more attention, the more sulky she is. All this time she dares not tell her secret to either, though the day of her marriage is now approaching, and the anger of M. de Kérouare against his brother-in-law and nephew is stirred up again by the part that the former takes in the opposition to Charles X. At length, when she is one night alone with her father, Marie takes partial courage. He sees her weeping, and demands to know the cause. At last she speaks :—

“ ‘ Father,’ she said, ‘ if you must know it, I do not love M. de Grandlieu. When I allowed your word and mine to be given, I thought it possible that I might in time bring myself to love him. It seemed to me easy then ; it seemed to me that my inclination could not long run contrary to your wishes. Forgive me, I was wrong. I have tried hard ; have struggled long with my heart. I have suffered and waited in vain, and I feel that I must give up the effort. The day of my wedding is at hand, and it is that, father, which is killing your child.’ ”

“ M. de Kérouare did not speak, but his brow was overcast. At last he said, in a slow and grave tone, ‘ Are you quite sure, my daughter, that you cannot love M. de Grandlieu ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, father,’ she cried.

“ ‘ Are you certain that you can never love him ? that the marriage revolts your tastes and instincts ? and is it this which is killing my dearest child ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, father,’ she murmured.

“ After a long silence, longer than the former, M. de Kérouare rose. ‘ Daughter,’ he said, ‘ for the sake of your happiness I will do what I would never have done to save my own life in the days when I loved life best. May our ancestors pardon me for failing thus to observe their ancient loyalty ! For your sake I am going to ask back from a man of honour the word which you and I have freely pledged him.’ ”

But at the very moment that the letter is about to be written to the rejected suitor, he himself appears. He has, of course, known nothing of Marie's troubles, and his visit, directly as it concerns them, is of an entirely independent nature. He has been mixing in the Legitimist intrigues which 1830 excited anew in La Vendée ; his share has been discovered ; the popular vengeance is already directed against him, and he feels that his fortune is but a precarious one. Accordingly he comes, of his own accord, to restore to M. de Kérouare and his daughter the word that they pledged him in his prosperity. “ It does not become him to drag others to share his own ruin.”

The revulsion of feeling which this conduct, especially considering M. de Grandlieu's ignorance of her own feelings, produces in a girl of Marie's temperament and education, may easily be guessed. At once, and before her father can reply, she speaks: "Monsieur de Grandlieu," said she, in a clear and steady voice, "if it is not for you to drag us down in your ruin, it is for us to follow you there. Your poverty is dearer to us than your fortune. As long as this house stands your refuge is here, and, if it is true that you love me, here, sir, is my hand." Her father's rapture, as he thus sees the point of honour more than satisfied, instead of insulted, as he had feared, is easy to imagine, and his untranslatable cry, "Bien! mon sang!" expresses it finely. Nor do the scruples of Grandlieu shake Marie's resolution. She even insists on the marriage taking place quickly, although in private, and when the glow of the impulse is over her mental sufferings are worse than ever. On the eve of the marriage she writes a despairing letter of apology to Octave, of whom, since his departure from K rouare, she has seen and heard nothing. She begs him to pardon her; implores him to allow her to die without his malediction, and then proceeds to array herself for the sacrifice. On the very morning Grandlieu once more presents himself. "Mademoiselle," he says, "are you certain that you are not merely obeying a generous impulse? Are you sure that you have no repugnance in allying your destiny with mine? Did I not, without knowing it, take unfair advantage of a moment of enthusiasm and excitement, the cause of which I had unintentionally and undesignedly been? Did I not surprise you into consent? Do not allow yourself to be fettered by bashfulness, but tell me, Marie, for there is still time. You are dearer to me than life: yet I would not accept my happiness at the cost of a single tear of yours." But Mademoiselle de K rouare has learnt her part too well. She is resolved to lose everything, *hors l'honneur*, and they are married.

At the end of the day, however, the almost inevitable breakdown comes. She wanders alone into the grounds of the ch teau, and by the bank of the river where she had exchanged her ill-starred vows with Octave, her position at last presents itself to her fully. In a sort of delirium she roams about for hours, and at length the ch teau is alarmod. But she returns at last and presents herself to her husband. To him then and too late she confesses that she does not and cannot love him, that she cannot bring herself to be a wife to him, and that though Octave is but a memory to her, to that memory she will remain faithful. Grandlieu accepts the situation as only a man of his stamp could accept it. He refuses to separate from his wife, or to afflict M. de K rouare's last days with any open scandal. He will not avenge himself on Octave, whose identity, indeed, he does not know and scorns to ask; he will respect

Marie's wishes, and he hardly even reproaches her. Through the fever which her excitement and exposure have brought on, he nurses her assiduously, and afterwards so orders their life that no one suspects anything wrong. But he has a refuge. He busies himself more and more in Legitimist plots, hoping, or rather certain, thus one day to be able to free his wife from her fetters and himself from his misery, by his own death. Gradually a conviction of this resolve forces itself upon Marie; and as at the same time his unceasing care and the silence of Octave, who had never given a sign, have had a certain effect upon her mind, she becomes deeply moved, and even makes certain advances to her husband, which he repels, though with perfect gentleness. At last, thinking her completely recovered in health, he gives her a letter which had arrived during her illness, and which he has kept unread, from no jealous motives, but simply for fear of over-exciting her. It is from Octave; and the irony of fate may be easily divined. Octave has never thought again of his boy-and-girl flirtation with his cousin, has himself been long married, congratulates her heartily on her own wedding, and rallies her, not too delicately, on the romantic tone of her epistle.

"Marie read the letter through twice, the first time with an air of incredulity, the second with a cold and steady glance. Then she placed it quietly in its envelope, and the envelope in her pocket. Having done this she remained for a long time seated at the foot of the oak, with her head resting on her hands, calm, silent, and without movement. What passed in her? To understand this one must one's self have buried a living person in the *oubliette* of one's own heart. When she rose she was radiant and transfigured. It seemed to her that God had just drawn her from nothingness, and that the splendour of creation was before her for the first time. She passed her hands over her face with the gesture of one who would recollect herself, and then cast a look of delight on all around. All around was festival and joy. The birds sang at full throat pitch; the winged insects strewed the air with ruby, amethyst, and emerald; the haze which some hours before enveloped woods and uplands had disappeared, and all nature was sunning itself in the warm kisses of the light. Even so was it in Marie's soul; she heard new voices singing within her, and she saw the image of her husband disengaging itself from the mist in which it had so long been wrapped. It was a kind of revelation, and her whole being was drenched in unknown delight."

She returns to the château in the same half-bewitched condition, anticipating a complete explanation and a happy future. But the just gods have no such fate in store for her. As she reaches her home her husband is quitting it; and though they meet, he mistakes naturally enough the origin of the delight which her face shows, sets it down to the letter she has received from her lover, and hurries off to an insurgent rendezvous. The result is, of course, a certainty. M. de Grandlieu refuses quarter and all chance of escape, and dies

defending a farm-house against the troops. His wife and father-in-law survive him but a short time, and M. Octave Duvivier, heir-at-law of the château of Kérouare, sells it for a cotton-factory.

The story is simple enough, and the somewhat antique and heroic passions which it depicts may not be much to the taste of the present day, which must have a modern element in one kind or another in its fiction, whatever it desires, in its furniture. For myself I must confess that "pour Chimène j'ai les yeux de Rodrigue," and that in presence of so exquisitely drawn a picture of the higher manners and morality I cannot be very careful to inquire whether it ever existed out of books, or whether the circumstances of its existence were or were not circumstances the extinction of which is to be regretted. That the author evidently sympathizes strongly with the characters he draws, I have already said. But the sympathy is thoroughly artistic in character. Short as the story is, no one can possibly wish it either longer or shorter: the former wish being, it may be remarked with leave of a great authority, quite as bad a compliment to the art of a story as the latter. The characters have all the advantages and none of the drawbacks of distinct types. They have the clearness and firm drawing which are natural to their class; and, at the same time, the individuality, the want of which is that class's besetting sin. M. de Grandlieu is not in the least a prig, despite his somewhat Grandisonian attributes: M. de Kérouare is nothing so little as a dummy *père noble*, and Marie herself is a perfect heroine. Her mistake, if mistake it is, is almost an inevitable consequence of her disposition and bringing-up; and her fate has just sufficient intermixture of destiny to be tragic, and just little enough to retain the human interest which the mere working of inauspicious stars is apt to destroy. The author's comic power is not indeed here shown as it is in the longer and better known *Maison de Penarvan*; but, from the nature of the case and the scale of the book, comedy would have been decidedly out of place.

An admirable example in a totally different style is *Catherine*. The opening words will best describe its scene:—

"St. Sylvain is a poor village in the district of La Manche. You may see there half-a-dozen thatched roofs clustered round a rustic church, very much as ragged children cluster round their mother; she gathers them lovingly together, and presses them to her bosom to warm them. The country is poor but picturesque, and its special charm in my eyes is that no tourist's indiscretion has ever revealed its secret. In winter you would think it Siberia; but when spring comes, everything becomes gay, green, flowery, and full of song. The village hides its poverty under a cloak of foliage, which April and May throw over its shoulders; the bindweed stars the hedges; the cherry-trees scatter odorous snow over the footpaths; and the very thatch itself is transformed into a flower-garden, where wall-flowers and house-leek, bluebells and pellitory grow and flourish in good understanding with one another."

The central figure of the little society of Saint Sylvain is, of course, the curé, François Paty, a priest possessed of all the excellencies of Chaucer's and Goldsmith's parsons, but endowed with considerably less than even forty pounds a year. He has, however, one treasure in his niece Catherine, a girl of seventeen, called by all the country round sometimes *La Petite Vierge*, from a fancied resemblance to a picture of Our Lady in the church, sometimes *La Petite Fée*, from her good deeds and her fairy-like appearance.

"When there was at St. Sylvain or in the neighbourhood some distress to relieve, and the vicar's purse and the poor-box were both empty, Catherine would send to the nearest town and sell her embroidery, or at the worst would mount Annette, her uncle's mare, and go a begging in the district, sure to return with a coin or two in her bag. As soon as she was seen either in a farmyard or at the gates of a country house the cry would be, 'Here is *La Petite Vierge* on her rounds for the poor;' and each one would give her a kind word and a contribution. She was known for a dozen miles round, and her apparition was always taken as a good omen. It was she who dressed the church on holidays, sometimes with the flowers she gathered, at others with those which her fingers had made. As for her housekeeping, it was worth seeing; and so were the cunning repairs she managed to make in her uncle's single surplice and cassock."

This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that the vicar was proud of his niece, and that he was wont to express this pride to his chief confidant, Monsieur Noirel, the second man in the village, who united the high functions of churchwarden and schoolmaster to the reputation of possessing considerable hoards, and the actual possession of a son, Claude by name, who assisted in school, performed the functions of clerk with a loud and clear voice, and was unfortunately very ugly. In the opinion of the village, however, there could be no doubt about Catherine and Claude making a match of it; and Papa Noirel, like a shrewd French peasant, was by no means averse to the idea of a daughter-in-law who, if she had little ready money, was an admirable housewife, and could be made to keep herself and a good deal more by her embroidery.

Now, at the moment when the story opens, St. Sylvain was in a very bad way. Times had been hard: the resources of the vicar and the charity of the neighbourhood had been quite used up, and at the very moment came an episcopal intimation from the Bishop of Limoges that he intended to hold a visitation at the village on the day (soon to come round) of its patron saint. This honour and compliment, for such it was, nearly drove poor François out of his mind. How were himself, his curate, and his church to be made presentable? How were the Bishop and a dozen clergy to be entertained? Nobody but Noirel had either money or means, and he, as may be supposed, was not eager to offer. So the vicar, in placid despair, resolved to leave the question of the Bishop's recep-

tion to fate, after the manner of men and vicars. Not so Catherine. She remembers one château of the neighbourhood where she has never begged; chiefly, it must be confessed, because begging there seemed hopeless. This was Bigny, the property of a certain Count de Songères, who had left the country by no means in the odour of sanctity years before, and where a bailiff of civil and forcious manners reigned in his master's stead. Despite the ill repute of the place, Catherine, escorted some way by Claude, makes the effort, and is received by the bailiff as might be expected. She is refused with all sorts of insults, and the repulse, so different from the treatment she usually meets with, coupled with her despair about the Bishop's reception, quite breaks her down. She sits weeping at the foot of a tree for a long time, when suddenly a heavenly apparition manifests itself.

"She had been crying for nearly an hour, and the sun was already lengthening the shadows of the cyresses and pines when she heard sudden barking. She started up in terror, thinking that Robineau, the bailiff, had actually loosed the mastiffs on her; but she was soon reassured, by finding playful hounds, well-mannered and affectionate, licking her hands and frolicking round her. Soon she saw a young man in a plain hunting dress, with gun on shoulder. He was tall and slight. A frock-coat with metal buttons showed a figure as lithe as Catherine's own; a black velvet cap only half hid his golden hair, and his pale and distinguished countenance showed his aristocratic birth."

The angelic being in metal-buttoned coat and black velvet cap is the Count's son Roger, but he is no wolf in sheep's clothing. He consoles Catherine, presents her with a handsome subscription, and when her inexperience has spent all this on vestments and suchlike matters, leaving nothing for my Lord Bishop's creature comforts, he comes once more to the rescue by sending from the château, not merely carp and geese pies and wine of unapproachable excellence, but even plate and linen. Thus the visitation is an immense success, and the excellent bishop reads his attendant clergy a lecture on the way in which the vicar, without ever grumbling at his tiny stipend, is able to entertain thus royally by means of thrift and good management. Meanwhile Roger has been improving his acquaintance with Catherine, quite in the way of honesty, but much to the discomfiture of the good Claude, who, even setting aside his ugliness, is obviously nowhere in comparison. Roger falls desperately in love with La Petite Vierge, and determines to marry her, she on her side being naturally carried away by the beauty and amiability of the young gentleman. At this point, however, the Count de Songères himself appears on the scene. He has been informed of all that has happened, and a good deal more, too, by Robineau, the bailiff; and he has quite other views for Roger. Indeed, he intends him to marry his cousin Malvina, daughter of an affectionate sister of his.

This sister, having made a *mésalliance*, and thereby enriched herself, is now amiably endeavouring to oust her brother, who had not disdained to borrow from his *parvenu* brother-in-law, from the family estates. Malvina is determined on a title and a château, and the Count does not see why he should not pay his debts with Roger and the worthless estate of Bigny. But he cannot take the high parental line with the young man, for the simple reason that he has wasted all the fortune due to him from his mother, and therefore a rupture would be highly inconvenient; so he feigns amiability, persuades Malvina and her mother to come down to Bigny, and fits up the old ramshackle château gorgeously for their reception. Malvina cannot resist the idea of visiting the castle of her ancestors, and as she is a very handsome girl the Count does not doubt of succeeding in his designs on Roger. He manages admirably; as well as Major Pendennis himself. He makes no secret of the affair with Catherine, even to his sister and niece, but speaks of it with gentle irony as a generous and poetical outburst of youth. With Malvina his conversation is all of the family arms, the room in the château that Charles VII. slept in, the jewels that Marie Antoinette gave his mother, and so forth. To his sister he represents the uncertainty of the law and the wisdom of amicable settlements. As to Roger, he simply lets him alone, contrives that he shall be as much as possible in Malvina's company, and blandly puts aside the young man's passionate declarations of his intentions towards Catherine. Now Roger, for an angel in metal buttons and black velvet cap, is rather a weakminded young man. He has not the least intention of giving Catherine up, but his appointments with her are ingeniously frustrated; her image is gradually removed from his mind, and Malvina is certainly pretty. The final stroke is given by a cunning interview, in which Madame Barnajon, the mother, points out to Catherine the injury she will do Roger if she holds him to his word, while La Petite Vierge herself sees the cousins apparently on the best of terms with each other. The dénouement, however, is not so simple as it may seem. The good vicar is fatally injured in rescuing a child from a burning house, or rather endeavouring to do so, for the real rescuer of both is Claude. The latter, who is aware of Catherine's position, and is resolved to play out the part of self-sacrifice which he has begun by refusing (much to his father's disgust) to urge his suit to the vicar's niece, goes off to fetch Roger as a consoler for Catherine, and all meet by the vicar's death-bed. He has never deceived himself as to the lover's amiable but weak character, and is in despair for his defenceless niece.

“When Roger had finished speaking, and had made full offer of all his worldly goods, Catherine remained musingly silent, and allowed her eyes to wander reflectingly from her lover to her uncle, and from her uncle to Claude,

who remained modestly at the end of the room. Roger still on his knees, François half sitting on his bed, awaited her answer, the one full of hope, the other of alarm. Claude alone expected nothing. Some minutes passed thus.

“During this time, what was passing in Catherine’s mind? Did she by one of those instantaneous acts of intuition, which no analysis can reach, understand the change that had taken place in the Viscount’s heart during the last few days? Did she tell herself that the sacrifice of her whole life was not too much to assure the happiness of her uncle? Did she blench at the idea suggested by Madame Barnajon, that in accepting Roger she would be placing a stumbling-block in his way? Or, remembering all that Claude had been and done for her, did she, child as she was, feel irresistibly the desire to reward so much self-sacrifice? We know not. With a sudden movement of despairing tenderness, like a young mother who is separated from her child, she took in both her hands Roger’s golden head, and kissed the forehead and the hair, then she rose and went towards Claude.

“‘Brother,’ she said, ‘you know my heart and its sufferings. I do not think I can recover, and if I do I shall keep in my heart a spoll of sadness of which time will not relieve me. All that I can promise, and that I promise before God, is to hold unstained the honour of the hearth which gives me the right to sit at it. Have you courage and strength enough to open the door of your house to me?’”

Claude’s answer may be guessed, and so the vicar goes to his rest, and Roger to Malvina.

But the task of the churchwarden’s son is not finished. Catherine and he are only betrothed, not married, and even then there is the still longer step between marriage and love. For a year Catherine and her old maid live peaceably enough at Noirel’s, Claude being as assiduous as ever, but if possible even more respectful. At the end of the year Noirel dies, leaving a still fuller stocking than report had credited him with. The marriage can be no longer delayed, and Claude takes up his residence at the neighbouring town to arrange his affairs and make his preparations. They are married, and he takes her, not to the old village home, but to Bigny itself, which he has bought—Malvina had soon tired of the ramshackle castle—altered and refurnished as a roomy farm-house. At first she does not know whether to be pleased at the infinite little cares for her comfort which the place shows, or scandalized at his want of delicacy in bringing her to a home necessarily full of the memories of his rival. But in the evening he disappears and she soon receives this letter:—

“Catherine, you are still heart-sick. I am not necessary to you now; and I feel that my presence would only fret your distress and retard your cure. I am going away, happy enough in the thought that your uncle in heaven has no reason to be dissatisfied with me. Had I thought that I could, without chaining your life to mine, have made you accept the modest affluence which my father has left me, I should have said to you, Take it. But you would not have taken anything. Forgive me for having married you; I did it only in order to have

the right of giving you all. Your fortune is not great, but it is enough to allow you to live pleasantly, to fear no want, and to do some good to your poor, whose providence you will, I know, continue to be. Do not disturb yourself about me; I am taking with me much more than I shall want. I shall try to travel a little, and to become less of a bumpkin, by knocking about the world. Try on your part to recover, if not completely, at any rate enough to be able to bear me when I ask you to take me in. You will find a corner somewhere for me, and you shall not find me a nuisance. Besides, if it worries you to see the face at which you used to laugh, I will set out once more on my travels, and will not come back again till you call me.

“ ‘Your brother, CLAUDE.

“ When she had read her letter Catherine first put it to her lips, and then placed it as a talisman next her heart.

“ At the end of the year Claude returned. We do not know if he set out again. All that we do know is, that the precise day of his return was the last of the history of *La Petite Vierge*.”

I have selected these two stories for more particular analysis because they seem to me to show better than any others the peculiarly quiet and delicate art, hardly to be reproduced in any abstract, with which M. Sandeau treats subjects which would, with less careful workmanship and handling, be ordinary and commonplace enough. Neither of the stories could perhaps be termed his masterpiece if we are to look to length and scale as well as to excellence. Probably *La Maison de Penarvan*, which is also his best known work in England, deserves that title as well as any other. The picture of Renéo de Penarvan, last of her race, burying her youth and beauty for years in the joint composition of a history of her house—her collaborator being a most admirably original copy (if the oxymoron be allowable) of Dominic Sampson—waking up to real life when she finds that there is still a Penarvan alive and in danger of the two unpardonable sins of Liberalism and a mésalliance, captivating and marrying him almost against his will, forcing him into the ranks of the Chouans, where he meets his death, bringing up her daughter, to whom she never forgives her sex, in stern seclusion, turning her off at once for marrying a bourgeois, and only at last melted into humanity by her grandchild, is in many ways an admirable one. Very good again is *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière* with its curious theme of an enriched peasant driven by aristocratic wiles to restore to his old seigneur the estate which the latter has forfeited by emigration. *Valcreuse* deserves special notice both for its merits, and because it illustrates the peculiar theory of feminine weakness as a matter of course to which we have before alluded. *Maigleine*, a well-known book and one deservedly honoured by the author's future colleagues with a crown, is perhaps a little Utopian in its picture of a young roué, reformed by his cousin, and by the agency of honest labour in which she ingeniously engages him; but it is a charming sketch. So is *La Chasse au Roman*, a decorous but most amusing treatment of the same theme

which Théophile Gautier, in *Celle-ci et Celle-la*, and Foydeau, in *Sylvie*, not to mention many others, have also handled, and of which the familiar English play-title of *The Way to Win Him* tells the story. Lest it be thought that I am eulogising indiscriminately, let me mention as by no means so successful *Le Docteur Herbeau*, an exaggerated and painful study of senile folly and its punishment, and *Sacé et Parchemins*—almost the only one of M. Sandeau's books which I have found tedious. On the other hand his boy's book, *La Roche aux Mouettes*, most certainly deserves the honour of translation into English which has fallen to its lot; and his chief work since the war, *Jean de Thommeray*, seems to me to merit more favour than it has received, especially for its sketch of 1830 from a new point of view. M. Sandeau, it may readily be believed, is but half the child of that glorious and stormy epoch, and the illustrations of it to which he seems fondest of alluding are Lamartine and De Vigny, not Hugo. Had he been present at the first representation of *Hernani*, I can hardly think that it would have been with a red ticket. Finally, it must be noticed that his shortest stories are among the best things he has done. *Olivier* is spoilt by some obvious improbabilities, but *Le Château de Montsabrey*, *Le Jour sans Lendemain* and *Un Début dans le Magistature*, are perfect in their kind. What that kind is must have been already sufficiently indicated. It has been said of this author that his work has never made "du bruit," and in every meaning of that many-sensed word we may believe it. Scandal there is none in it, nor anything thereunto approaching. Yet the author is steeped to the lips in that artistic feeling which, according to some people, inevitably leads to the confounding of moral distinctions, the selection of perilous and dubious subjects, the subjection of everything to the "culto féroce du beau," and so forth. Unless they escape from the difficulty by declaring that M. Sandeau, not being immoral, cannot be an artist-writer, they will certainly see their cherished delusion, that to praise the art of a writer is a cunning cloak intended to hide a taste for immorality, upset and demolished. If *La Maison de Penarvan* and its fellows are not acceptable to every mood of every mind, that is a drawback which they share with a good deal of literature. It may perhaps require a little time to adjust the eye to the subdued atmosphere of a region "where the world is quiet," where there is passion enough, but passion which rarely tears itself to tatters, and can live, and sometimes die, without shrieking and attitudinising. But when the eye has got its focus it is apt to return to the spectacle, and to be greatly refreshed and delighted thereby. To use once more in an altered and happier form words which were applied to M. Sandeau by a greater than he in days long gone by, "Quand on l'aura trouvé, on saura le garder."

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE REFORM BILL OF THE FUTURE.

THERE are gathering sounds which portend that an effort will before long be made to clear away some of the grounds of dissatisfaction with our parliamentary representation that the successive Reform Bills have left behind them. The preliminary discussion¹ we have lately had touching several important points, by statesmen whose names are sure to command so large a share of the public attention, cannot be otherwise than useful in awakening thought and inquiry. The step before us, in the direction of further reform, is one which cannot be made with too much deliberation. At this time it is above all things desirable, having regard to the true "aim of practical politics—to surround any given society with the greatest possible number of circumstances of which the tendencies are beneficial, and to remove or counteract, as far as practicable, those of which the tendencies are injurious,"—to consider thoroughly the amendments which are needed. There is one point in which there appears to be an almost general concurrence. Mr. Lowe complains of the vast amount of talent, industry, and knowledge which are lost to the public service from the fact that the choice of constituencies and the entry into parliament is so greatly circumscribed and confined, in all but exceptional cases, to the old and the rich, and he fears that every step in the extension of the suffrage will further restrict the choice of the electors by making the Parliament consist of men older and richer still. Mr. Gladstone says there is a reduction almost to zero of the chances of the entry into Parliament of younger men who have only talent and character to rely upon—of the men whom we need, and whose powers are comparatively wasted in the training forced upon them by the labours of the press, instead of acquiring the "suppleness and strength" which parliamentary discipline would confer. In still more earnest deprecation of the shortcomings of our parliamentary system, Lord Gifford addressed the Social Science meeting this year at Aberdeen, contemplating the subject purely in its philosophical aspect, and asserting emphatically the claims of politics as being within the proper dominion of the most elevated and accomplished minds, thus giving to them that "architectonic" eminence in science which Mr. Gladstone treats rather ironically as being the chivalrous theory of Mr. Lowe. Lord Gifford thinks we have but lately learned the true principle on which our progress

(1) A New Reform Bill, *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1877. The County Franchise and Mr. Lowe thereon, *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1877. Mr. Gladstone on Manhood Suffrage, *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1877.

must depend. "How imperfectly," he says, "have the laws of our own country fulfilled their appointed functions! How ill, and often how falsely, have they defined or misdefined the rights and duties which citizens have and owe in relation to each other! How imperfectly and blunderingly have they attempted to protect these rights and enforce these duties!" In language worthy to be preserved we have his conception of the profound character of the duties of the legislator, and the spirit by which he should be animated and by which his conduct should be guided. "It is a spirit filled with the deepest and most ardent love of truth, and with indomitable patience and perseverance in its pursuit. In the presence of and hearing the voice of truth, the lawmaker must be deaf to the voice of party, blind to the promptings of interest, unmoved by the threats of constituents, unswayed by the acclamations of multitudes, and undazzled by the allurements of power."

The matter which provoked the late discussion—the policy of getting rid of the distinction between the town and country domicile of the householder—is after all, one of secondary importance. There lies at the root of all real reform the question of the measure of individual power and liberty of action which shall be afforded to the electors when their qualifications are determined and defined—of what is necessary to secure for the people "the diversity of elements, the representation of mind: to make provision for the political training from youth upward of the most capable material of the country, whereby every section of the community can make the contribution of what it knows to the common stock." By what organs is the national self best stimulated to reflection and action? The true problem of the situation was pointed out by the Marquis of Salisbury in a recent address at Bradford. "The measure," he said, "which deals with the county franchise will be judged a great deal more by those clauses that concern redistribution than by those which concern the franchise."

Mr. Lowe, in his earlier paper, hinted, perhaps rather dimly, at the subject of redistribution; but his remarks were interpreted as expressing a fear of that question,—a / looking at it as a sort of hobgoblin behind the extension of the franchise. In his later paper he possibly falls into a like error, by attributing a meaning, which was not intended, to the somewhat satirical view taken by Mr. Gladstone of the great value he had set on the "excellent" principle of preserving for parliamentary elections all the municipal and local organizations now existing for other civil purposes—as an intimation that Mr. Gladstone would disregard such institutions, and substitute equal electoral districts in their stead. This consequence certainly, as we shall show, does not follow from adopting a principle of political justice in the redistribution—by having due regard to the

relative numbers of every constituency, if that is to be inferred from Mr. Gladstone's argument.

The subject of redistribution becomes at this time one of greater importance than ever, in view of a movement going on in several parts of the country to establish a system of stereotyped parties, in order to accomplish a more perfect party union, by waiving differences, and thus suppressing the action of independent thought among its members. In Birmingham, Southwark, and other places, it would appear that some of the Liberal party have entered into this kind of organization. It is the design of this condensation of party that all who compose it shall follow their leaders implicitly, with the fidelity and obedience of an army acting under its commander. Divisions founded on opinion, however conscientiously entertained, must be excluded from consideration in Parliament, where none but the majority of the party can have a representative, and where, therefore, the opinions and views of the minority of the party will not be heard.

Let us consider the results of this organization in the light of democratic experience. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is not likely to be accused of any leanings opposed to Liberalism, and who has witnessed the results of similar proceedings, is able to inform us that the use of such machinery "involves a terrible sacrifice of those very habits of mental independence which it is the pride of Liberalism to promote." "In the United States, the masters of the party machines have everywhere taken the representation out of the hands of the people. You are practically not at liberty to vote for anybody but their nominees; and the Republican horse, to vanquish the Democratic stag, becomes absolutely the slave of its rider." Again, on the inherent tendency of the party caucus in the United States to supersede the legislature of the nation, he tells us that "the only real debates are those held in the caucus; all the members of the party, whether agreeing or dissenting, record their votes in the House as a matter of party allegiance. The result is not the government of the majority," for it is the caucus that "imposes its will on the constituency, so that measures and elections may be, and often are, carried by a minority but little exceeding one-fourth of the House, or the constituency, as the case may be." Let us not be unmindful of his warning that "the same tendency is rapidly developing itself in England; and it is evidently fatal to the genuine existence of Parliamentary institutions."¹

The truth is that the old political parties, or some of them, appear to be in a condition analogous to that of the Protectionists when opposed to Free traders, and to this we may attribute the spasmodic

(1) *The Decline of Party Government*, by Professor Goldwin Smith, *Macmillan's Magazine*, August, 1877. Some eloquent words of Sydney Herbert, on the subject of party government, were quoted by the present writer long ago. See *Election of Representatives, Parliamentary and Municipal: a Treatise*, 4th ed., p. 235, *et seq.* Longmans, 1873.

attempts now made for their revival. Party is a thing which circumstances must develop. It is, in its healthy form, subject to expansion and division into sections as numerous as the opinions which divide mankind; and the ultimate action of parties, to be wholesome, must be guided by the result of discussion, and most commonly by compromise—accepting from each other such half-truths as their several political principles frequently contain. It will be found that the healthy operation of party depends upon what are the real rather than the professed objects at the root of the combination. Is the leading principle the acquisition of power, or is it the attainment of some clear and definite purpose with a view to the public good? A broad programme comprehending a number of objects, the method of accomplishment whereof is unsettled, and which are capable of numberless modifications, cannot be adopted as the creed of a party, and as the test by which its exponents are to be chosen, except by an artificial process of organization such as is now attempted.

Under the existing system, where minorities are everywhere politically ignored or extinguished, especially if it be accompanied by the contemplated party organization, it is greatly to be feared that the dangers which Mr. Lowe apprehends will cease to be imaginary. It is only in such an arrangement of constituencies as, instead of suppressing in every electoral district the voices of those who differ from the majority, shall enable every elector, uncontrolled by those immediately about him, to support the candidate in whom he has confidence, and which shall render it practically certain that his vote given with due care will not be without effect: it is in such a redistribution of seats, we submit, that the solution of the problem is found. It is unnecessary here to say more than that this is effected by enabling every quotient of the entire number of those who vote throughout the kingdom to secure the election of the candidate upon whom they all agree.¹ The system was explained in the motion and debate on Mr. Mill's amendment of the last Reform Bill (29th May, 1867), and on the motion for the second reading of Mr. Morrison's Bill (10th July, 1872).² The system, however, is

(1) *The Election of Representatives, &c.*, 4th ed. Longmans, 1873.

(2) A great meeting was held in October last, in Stoinway Hall, New York, with a view to the better government of cities, and to prevent the waste, embezzlement, and misappropriation of public moneys, by making the municipal suffrage dependent on the contribution in taxes. One of the chief advocates of the amendment, Mr. Storne, on that occasion said that "an intelligent system of minority or totality representation, which, in its results, would represent every class in the commonwealth, so that a municipal representative chamber would be a reduced photograph of the whole community—its rich and its poor—instead of the wretched result of party and caucus conspiracies, he had always preferred, and should now very much prefer to any artificial restrictions; but so long as they, as a people, persist in shutting their eyes to the advantages to be derived from totality representation, they must for safety resort to artificial restrictions, and their consequent comparative injustice."—*New York Times*, Oct. 23; the *World*, New York, Nov. 1, 1877.

utterly opposed to the party objects of the Birmingham school. Mr. Chamberlain, who will be accepted as the best exponent of its doctrines, says: "Some, who call themselves Liberals, become uneasy and uncomfortable when they see the majority in the exercise of its proper rights." "In the view," he adds, "of the enormous influence which minorities already possess in the government of this country; in view of the fact that wealth and education must always possess influence out of proportion to the numbers they represent, those gentlemen spend their lives in elaborating ingenious devices to protect minorities from imaginary tyranny. Accordingly, there were cumulative voting and three-cornered constituencies, and they were threatened with negative voting and proportional representation." It is true that the three-cornered constituencies may not unreasonably be objected to as calculated to reduce the weight in the legislature of the largest constituencies in the kingdom, such as Birmingham and Liverpool, to the level of that of the sixty or seventy electors of Portarlington: the Liberals in Birmingham cannot, perhaps, be expected to consider that without such constituencies in the present state of things, some thousands of Conservative voters would be practically without representation. .

But the remedy to this is the true recognition of relative numbers in all constituencies. Mr. Bright, in the discussion on the Lords' amendment introducing the three-cornered constituencies, clearly distinguished them from proportional or totality representation. "This," he said, "is no portion of a grand scheme to give to every person in the country, whether one of a minority or one of a majority, a representation in this House;" and he emphatically cautioned his hearers "not to be misled by supposing it to approximate, or to be the admission even of the principle, of a plan in which everybody would be represented, and such things as majorities and minorities never known." A more accurate description of totality and proportional representation could hardly be given, and it certainly conveys no intimation that it would, if practically offered, encounter his opposition. It may therefore be found that totality representation, even though at the same time proportional, may ultimately receive the support of the distinguished representative of the Liberal party in Birmingham, notwithstanding the dislike with which it is viewed by some of his constituents.

Let us consider what is really the change proposed. Nothing more than an application, in the business of electing our representatives, of the readier and more perfect means of action which the conditions of our times afford in almost all the operations of life. The object is to give to every individual elector the most complete freedom and power of exercising his best judgment in considering the qualities and merits of those whom he would choose to rule over him.

There is no aspiration, no germ of the higher feelings, to which the knowledge of the voter that he possesses such a discretion and such a power may not appeal. While it would be a new instructive agent of incalculable value, the principle to which Mr. Lowe attaches so much importance, that of preserving and building up the additional constituencies upon the ancient and habitual local organizations, may be developed to an extent otherwise unattainable. The creation of new geographical districts solely for the purpose of parliamentary elections, excluding the action of municipal bodies as now constituted, would hardly fail to be mischievous. Instead of disregarding or setting aside any of the local powers now constituted, it will rather be the province of judicious legislation to call many more of such municipalities into existence. Twenty years ago upwards of a hundred towns were pointed out, the population of which entitled them to be recognised as boroughs to be represented.¹ From the subsequent increase of population many other towns would now fall within the same category. The smaller boroughs would, of course, be necessarily grouped, that all may have proportionate weight without any addition to the number of members in the House. The difference between the scheme proposed and the present method of providing for the representation of some of the less populous towns is, that, instead of arbitrarily binding them together, they will be enabled to group themselves.² All the municipalities under a free system of voting would exercise their powers of corporate action and combination wholly unimpeded, while the aggregate bodies would not be able to dictate or control the conduct of such persons among them as may look beyond the local objects of the municipality to the interests of the nation and people at large.

Such a reform, adapting the representation to the altered and constantly changing distribution of the people, is working on the old lines, and is in no respect revolutionary. The foundation of the Commons' House—those to whom the suffrage is given—continues the same. The design is simply to purify and render healthy the course by which the will of the people is expressed. The law can only deal with tendencies, and the proposed method of action is calculated to increase and give effect to the good tendencies, and diminish the force of those which are evil. None who consider the readiness with which the British people, throughout the length and

(1) *The Election of Representatives, &c.*, 4th ed., pp. 52, 53, n. "It is not undeserving of remark that the last Act of the last session of Parliament (40 and 41 Vic., c. 69) gave to the inhabitant householders of any town or towns or district in England power to apply for and obtain municipal charters. This is in substance an adoption so far of the clause (5) to this effect, in the proposed Electoral Law, by which any newly created corporate town might be enabled to exercise the franchise, and have its proper share in the parliamentary representation."—*Ibid.* p. 50, *et seq.*

(2) See clauses 22 and 23 of the proposed Electoral Bill. *Treatise on the Election of Representatives*, pp. 166, 219, 4th ed.

breadth of the land, accept and respond to all generous appeals and elevating objects, can doubt that there exists an incalculable amount of force, material, intellectual, and moral, which might be brought into use in aid of good government, and the most of which, in fact, is, in our present system, paralysed or treated as non-existent. By recognising, not individuals, but communities, some perhaps think that the ignorant, the corrupt, and the vicious are in some measure controlled and prevented from making a selection as their own tastes and dispositions might prompt. If this be ever the case, at what cost is it effected? The whole tone of the constituency is lowered. Candidates, according to the degree of their moral subservience and anxiety for success, affect opinions they have not, suppress those they have, promise what they know to be impossibilities, or, if not impossible, what would be inexpedient or unjust, and in many cases bribe, or yield to other degradations to secure a majority. Liberated from the existing bonds, not only is there opportunity for the honest electors to obey every conscientious impulse and every patriotic desire, but the effect at the same time is to render the evil and counteracting influences comparatively innocuous. It may be likened to the process by which modern science has enabled us to remove the pestilential influences that in former times were allowed to surround human habitations. It is easily possible to conceive the case of a wealthy man seeking to enter Parliament without any selfish object, acting from a wish to employ himself in public duties for the good of his country, and ready to incur expense for that object. Sir Samuel Romilly laboured more than any statesman in his generation to amend impolitic and unjust laws. He was willing, and, indeed, preferred to pay two or three thousand pounds for his seat, rather than be the nominee of those who might on that ground claim to influence his conduct in the House. It is impossible wholly to prevent bribery, but instead of suffering it to vitiate a constituency, and, as in Norwich and other places, to neutralize the action of the upright and conscientious electors, the totality system will separate and withdraw from them the corrupt portion of the constituency, diminishing at the same time the temptation of the latter to accept bribes by the reduction of the value of the vote, which can no longer turn the scale of balanced parties. Payments thus made to secure seats would be less morally evil than the employment of money which is now often insidiously and hypocritically spent. A mischief which cannot be wholly prevented is rendered harmless in its consequences to society. The members who thus purchase their seats are not likely to be dangerous enemies of property or of public order. By withdrawing and diverting the foul and dangerous elements of the natural world which create disease, we succeed in raising the standard of health and lengthening life. Let us do the same in

our political world. Separate the pure from the impure, and liberate all the better elements which exist in society. There is no reason to fear that the same liberty of association of the poorer and more ignorant classes of electors will debase their representation to the degree which in truth follows from the existing compulsory alliance. A multitude of counter influences will avert such a consequence. There is no doubt the sections of the community who, as Mr. Gladstone says, now so assiduously employ parliamentary machinery in pushing their own selfish interests against the interests of the nation will, when sufficiently numerous, be represented; but they will be reduced to their true dimensions, and will be unable to drag the other electors, who are now tied to them, into the same abyss. The apprehensions of Mr. Lowe of the poorer and more ignorant classes being enfranchised to an extent capable of outnumbering all others, when they may act together, under designing leaders, to subvert the order of society, Mr. Gladstone meets by pointing to their love of inequality. When there is a wide power of association, and the election ceases to be a sort of prize fight in a special area, there will be little to divert them from yielding to this disposition, and giving effect to the popular preference in favour of those to whom they have been accustomed to look up, as being persons in possession of advantages or of authority due to hereditary or to other causes of distinction. Whether this be or be not accurately described as a "love of inequality," it is surely no unreasonable or unworthy feeling. Such an acceptance of supposed superiority may often be a mistake, but it is strange to characterize it as "inveterate meanness and perverseness from the right." The sentiment is rather allied to that reverence which, in the growth of the world in knowledge and power, the poet couples with charity. It has no relation with the desire shown by some of the middle classes to hang on to the skirts of rank in social life, which is contemptible enough. It has a profound and venerable source in human nature. The tranquil and peaceful working of free government in this kingdom is in no small degree preserved and guarded from the strife and intrigue of republican communities by the general sense of the position and dignity of the Sovereign, and the loyalty and love of order thus encouraged. Lord Gifford, in the address referred to, on the qualities required in those who govern, spoke in a higher strain of the distinctions, derived either from ancestral merit or personal labour, to which men might legitimately bow. The infinite diversity in the measure of gifts, mental and physical, with which man is endowed, and their results in the current of events, make pure equality impossible. If a willingness to render "custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour," be termed a superstition, there are not a few who will be content to accept the reproach.

The power which every elector will know that he possesses of giving his vote for the candidate, or alternatively for the candidates, whom he believes to be the worthiest and most fitted for the business of Parliament, will open a door for the admission of competent men wider than it could ever have been before the days of Parliamentary Reform; the effect of which, in this respect, many are disposed to regret. It is in the absence of all restriction or effort that those best qualified for it have become the leaders of work in the world. In every part of the country there are great numbers who sympathise with the desire for the selection of those who are best fitted for the duties of legislation and government; and there will be many who have a personal knowledge of some one or more whom they would willingly intrust with power. When the avenue to Parliament is thus opened, none who deserve to command attention are likely to remain unheard, or to have their claims wholly disregarded. The bitterest opponents of such a system will be those who fear that their chances of obtaining seats would be reduced if the worth of the candidate should be too much taken into account.

The changes which the country has undergone, and is still undergoing, are not due to any limited organizations. The City companies have done nothing for the trades from which they are named. Progress is the result of unrestricted and individual effort, of which all our new industries, new appliances, and expanded resources have been the product. If men had been bound together in numbers great or small, and compelled to obtain the assent of their majority before any new enterprise could be undertaken, what would have been our state of commercial advancement? Enabled to form associations or partnerships, united by mutual sympathy and confidence, great undertakings are begun and great experiments tried. Associations which assume the joint-stock form are but the fruits of unfettered private enterprise adopting a corporate organization. It would be thus with political parties under a free representative system. There would be combinations arising from the various harmonious of private judgment. The money expended by the candidates on elections would take a new direction, and would assume the form of political instruction. Wealth and education, the enormous and disproportionate influence of which Mr. Chamberlain deprecates, will then be employed,—as he justly says it is their duty to be,—in converting to their riper views the multitude without such advantages,—a work of conversion which, if prosecuted on the conditions that the Birmingham school impose on party action, would be likely, in most questions of government, to come too late, and not till after legislation, which may be more or less unwise or ill-considered. Relieved from the cost of taking the poll —which it is not reasonable to suppose will be permitted much

longer to continue as a pecuniary imposition on the candidates, but will become a part of the local charges of every district—the legitimate labour of all candidates and parties will then be directed to bringing before the electors the grounds on which their support is claimed. It will not be only the one-sided view of things which party organizations having especial programmes now desire to supply their members with. They will be addressed from all sides, thus opening fields of instruction which have never yet been known. What in the vast multitude of cases is now merely obedience to or acquiescence in the rules of party drill, will gradually become more and more a part of the ordinary and acknowledged business of life. The voters will look into and consider the reasons on which their support is sought by the various appeals put into their hands. It is hardly possible that such addresses, not dealing with uninteresting or speculative subjects that might receive little or no attention and be thrown aside, but containing invitations to perform a special and present duty—promptings to actual work to be at once done—will not produce impressions favourable, as thought and attention are awakened, to the progress of truth and knowledge. The election of a member of the House of Commons may thus be converted into an intellectual as well as a moral exercise, from being, as it too often is, a demoralising game.

As education advances the appeal to the national intellect and judgment will be more and more effectual. In any dealing with the franchise notice must be taken of the great change in the position of the question caused since the last Reform Bill by the Elementary Education Act. That Act is no less than a declaration by the State that a certain measure of learning is a necessary qualification for all. Instead, therefore, of spending time and attention in devising means whereby the illiterate voter may exercise the franchise, it may be provided that—say after the year 1880—no one shall be entitled to vote who cannot read, write, and cipher. Of this, the personal act of filling up the ballot paper at the polling-booth will be some test.

We may sum up these observations by repeating their substance: that, by enabling every unanimous quotient of actual voters to elect a member in the national representation, we not only avoid any disfranchisement, and preserve the corporate action of all counties, cities, and boroughs, but permit any number of additional boroughs to be created and enfranchised, provoking amongst them all a generous rivalry in the manifestation of public spirit. Such organizations have then their natural operation of facilities for, instead of being, as now, fetters upon, individual action. We adopt the principle, in the absence of which self-government is but a name and has no real existence—that of reposing entire trust in the people.

THOMAS HARE.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

MR. BRIGHT says truly that education speeches are bores. Education articles may fall under the same ban : therefore we will be brief. But a really great question has presented itself for solution, and unless the attention of those in power can be awakened to the importance of the case, the solution is too likely to be determined by influences little connected with the interests of education, acting amidst general apathy.

In the debates on the Universities Bill, neither the framers of the bill, nor, so far as we remember, any other speaker, approached the subject of university reform from that which seems to be the natural point of view. What changes of circumstances affecting the universities have taken place? What changes in the universities do these changes of circumstances require? The answer to the first question should, as it appears to us, have formed the preamble of the bill; the bill itself should have embodied the answer to the second.

The mediæval colleges, as ecclesiastical and semi-monastic institutions, were based on the clerical rule of celibacy; and that rule, adhering, after the Reformation, to the tenure of a fellowship, while it was abolished in other cases, has hitherto continued to form the keystone of the college system; but it is now finally giving way to the pressure of modern sentiment, and the difficult problem is thus presented of reorganizing the colleges so as to preserve their corporate life and efficiency under the new conditions. Learning and science, which in the Middle Ages were functions of the clergy, have now become severed from clericism, if not antagonistic to it; and the severance completely alters the character of the clerical restrictions on headships and fellowships so as to call for a reconsideration of those restrictions. The curriculum of the universities has of late been greatly enlarged, in deference to the intellectual requirements of modern times, and the teaching power of separate colleges being inadequate to the new demands on it, especially in the department of physical science, it becomes necessary to combine the colleges in some measure for the purposes of teaching, and to resuscitate and increase the teaching power of the university at large. A corresponding necessity has arisen for improving the professoriate in its special character as the organ of the university for the advancement of learning and science. Finally, a great increase in the value of some of the college estates, disclosed by the report of the recent commission of inquiry, has produced a surplus fund of which it is expedient to dispose.

Such were the chief of the internal questions needing settlement, whether the appointment of a parliamentary commission was the best mode of settling them or not. But, moreover, the original relations of the universities to the professions of law and medicine have been altered in modern times by the migration of the professions to seats of education connected with centres of practice; medicine especially having been drawn to the neighbourhood of the great hospitals, while the study of the civil law, which was the subject of the university faculty, from being practical and lucrative, has become merely educational. The duty of teaching law and medicine has been half relinquished by the universities, half assumed by other bodies. The whole question is at present in a very chaotic state, and the time seems to have come for determining in whom the duty and the authority connected with it are to be vested, and for seeing that proper provision is made for its performance in whatever hands it is to be. If Oxford and Cambridge are to retain legal and medical education, or any portion of it, the Faculties ought to be recognised, their duties ought to be defined, and their authority restored. If the decision is the other way, phantom Faculties ought not to be kept in existence.

The change, however, to which, and the question arising out of it, we wish here emphatically to call attention, is the increased demand for university culture, produced of late by the immense development of the wealthy class, particularly in the great centres of manufactures and trade. University extension is not specified among the objects of the Act, and seems not to have engaged the attention of its framers; but perhaps it is of all the problems connected with this subject the most momentous. It, in fact, involves the settlement of the relations in which Oxford and Cambridge are henceforth to stand to the country, and of our future system of final education. To let it drift, or leave it to be decided by the pressure of forces external to the interests of national culture, will seem very poor statesmanship to any one who has measured the probable importance of the higher education, in its social as well as in its intellectual aspect, when ecclesiastical influences shall have declined, and society shall have been thrown more on knowledge for its support. Questions which are making more stir and noise may safely be said to be secondary in comparison with this.

The increased demand for university culture is attested, and the question as to the best mode of supplying it is at the same time brought to a head, by the application of Owens College, Manchester, for university powers, addressed in form to the Privy Council. We wish it were to the Privy Council, or any other non-party authority indeed, that all applications of the kind were to be addressed, so that we might feel perfectly assured that no political considerations would be allowed to interfere. Forecast is banished from English states-

manship as inconsistent with practical wisdom. Twenty years ago the advent of this question might have been foreseen, and it might have been settled on purely general grounds. Now it presents itself in a practical but awkward form, and we can hardly approach it without being entangled in a controversy in which special interests are enlisted and feelings almost personal have been aroused.

We wish to revert to the case as it stood twenty years ago, when the writer of this paper expressed the same opinions which he holds now. He is an Oxford man, but being a professor in an American university, as unlike Oxford as one university can be to another, he feels pretty free from the dominion of Oxford prejudice, if there is any Oxford prejudice in the matter. He will add that, so far as Oxford is concerned, he fully recognises the necessity of improvement within as a condition previous to any extension of authority or influence without. He can most sincerely say that he has no kind of desire to bring English mind under the dominion of ritualism, of fastidious æstheticism, or of any peculiar spirit that may haunt the Oxford of the Middle Ages. He takes it for granted also that the universities are to be set as free as possible both from ecclesiastical and from political party, and that they will frankly recognise as their paramount duty, even from the religious point of view, the cultivation of intellect and the promotion of learning and science, leaving the interests of ecclesiastical and political reaction to be promoted by the more appropriate agencies which they abundantly command. On the other hand, he cannot help expressing his conviction that too low an idea of recent improvements at Oxford has been conveyed by certain critics. No fair observer can doubt that in the few years which have passed since, by the operation of the last University Reform Act, Oxford was transferred, in part at least, from ecclesiastical and pseudo-elcosomynary to academical hands, the change for the better has been very great, not only with regard to education, but with regard to learning and science, the genuine love and earnest pursuit of which are now strong, and are daily waxing stronger in a university where, a generation or two ago, there were to be found very few men of learning, such ability as there was being devoted more to preaching, writing, and talking than to study, and scarcely a single man of science. The Oxford professoriate will be greater than it is; it still, no doubt, bears traces of the interference of non-academical influence in appointments and elections; but even as it is, a critic who affects to speak of it with contempt must look at it from a very special point of view.¹

The increase of the wealthy class, and of the consequent demand

(1) The works of Professors Jowett, Max Müller, Maine, Holt, Westwood, Prestwich, Bryce, Monier Williams, Sayce, Rawlinson, Stubbs, and Doctors Liddell and Scott, and Mr. Ellis, whatever else they may be, are not "school books;"

for culture, is not the only change that has taken place affecting the relations of Oxford and Cambridge to the nation. Another is the delocalisation, if we may be allowed to coin the term, of the means of instruction. Before printing, knowledge of the higher kind could be obtained only in the lecture-room of the professor; and even down to a comparatively recent period there was a scarcity of educational books of the higher class, which made professorial lectures still very useful, if not indispensable, to the student. So they are still whenever teaching is by demonstration; but in other cases the reading of lectures by professors may now be almost described as a survival; the course, printed as a book to be read and digested at the student's leisure, could convey the same instruction in a more convenient form. The remark applies, of course, only to lecturing in the strict sense of the term, not to catechetical teaching; nor does it apply, at least in its full force, to those lecturers who possess the special, and we should say rare, faculty of really teaching orally, which is a widely different thing from reading a chapter of a book aloud.

This consideration combines with the difficulties of accommodation and discipline involved in an unlimited increase of the number of students against the adoption of any plan for compelling all the youth of England who wish for culture to resort to Oxford or Cambridge for their final education. But there is another objection, arising from the special character of the class from which the demand for university extension chiefly comes. It is the class of young men in the manufacturing and commercial cities whose ultimate destination is business. These youths cannot always afford the money for a full Oxford or Cambridge course; still less can they afford the time; and least of all can they afford the estrangement from business associations and ideas. While a youth is in a centre of trade, his aspirations remain commercial. Success in the pursuits of his father and of the prosperous men of business around him is the ultimate mark of his ambition. But when he is settled at Oxford or Cambridge, unless he is endowed with unusual steadiness of purpose, his aspirations are apt to undergo a change; they may become literary if his intellectual tastes are strong, but they are at least as likely to become social; and there is no small danger of his seeking to win a position in the aristocratic society by which he is surrounded in ways wholly subversive of his character and prospects of success as a business man. There will always be cases enough of this kind at any rate to scare commercial parents away from Oxford and Cambridge while Oxford and Cambridge remain aristocratic, as they must do till English society undergoes a complete

though the supply of good manuals for final education is perhaps as useful as any of the educational functions of a university. In Germany, such men as Hallam, Milman, and Freeman would probably live at a university; in England they prefer living in general society.

change. At the same time, it is necessary that the chiefs of English industry should have culture. It is necessary for themselves if they would truly and worthily enjoy their riches. A man of business in America was asked why, having already amassed enormous wealth, and having no children, he still, in the evening of life, went on building saw-mills. "I had no education; I can find no pleasure in reading, hardly any in conversation; I have no taste for anything, no interest in any subject: what can I do but build saw-mills?" Still more necessary is it for the nation that the leaders of its industrial society and the arbiters of the questions which, it is evident, industrial society in the coming years will present, should possess the openness of mind, the intellectual elevation, and the breadth of view which, as a general rule, culture alone can give. We are not paying a personal compliment to such a man as Mr. Thomas Brassey in saying that his mode of dealing with industrial questions clearly shows the effect of a high education. A measure of general culture, we repeat, our chiefs of industry must have; though they do not need the same measure as those destined for a literary life, or even those destined for the more intellectual and scientific callings. Nor is the degree, which is the certificate of the culture, unimportant; every one likes an assurance of the success of his efforts; and it is useful to every one in study to have some definite and guiding aim.

The foundation of colleges, then, for final education and general culture, with facilities for taking corresponding degrees, in our leading cities is, we believe, a necessity of the time, and one which has already announced itself in various ways. The question is whether each of these colleges shall be a separate university, or whether they shall be federated under some central institution or institutions, standing to them in a relation similar to that in which the universities of Oxford and Cambridge already stand to the Oxford and Cambridge colleges: the college teaching, the central university regulating the curriculum, holding the examinations, and conferring the degrees.

This is a question which cannot be settled by precedent. The numbers, distribution, and relations of the old universities, whether in England, Scotland, Germany, Italy, or Spain, were determined by the accidents of mediæval history, political and ecclesiastical, as well as intellectual, and can afford us no guidance in framing a rational policy at the present day. The only European precedent which is really in point, as belonging to modern times, and established in view of present requirements, is that of France, which, if applicable, is in favour of unification. In the United States no doubt there are precedents; but we believe they would be pronounced by the best American authorities beacons of warning, not examples to be followed. The number of colleges, local and denominational, in the

United States is large, and the practice of too indulgent legislatures has been to give each college full university powers. The result is a general depression of the standard and a general depreciation of degrees, tempered by the superior efficiency and reputation of certain colleges, especially Harvard and Yale, which, like Trinity College, Dublin, have succeeded in raising themselves to a position justifying the title of university. The foundation of Cornell University was, in fact, an attempt to give effect to the almost universal desire of the friends of high education for a policy of university consolidation. Mr. Cornell undertook to add a large sum to a State fund, on the special condition that the State should lay out the whole fund in adequately endowing one institution instead of frittering it away, as other States did, among a number. In Canada, as in the United States, universities have been multiplied, mainly on denominational grounds. In Upper Canada, under the old régime, the university at Toronto was appropriated to the Established Church; and other denominations were thus compelled to found universities of their own. The practical result of the "one horse university" system is the same in Canada as it is in the United States. But the charters once granted, resumption is impossible, and the weaker the colleges are, the more intensely are they opposed to any measure of consolidation.

It is contended that we are committed to the multiplication of universities by what has been done in the cases of the London University, the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, and Durham. This kind of argument seems to us more appropriate to litigation than to policy. No nation can be bound to proceed in any course which upon deliberation appears not to be the best. But the foundation of the London University can hardly be said to have been a measure of university extension, or to have embodied any national policy on that subject. It was rather a measure of religious emancipation, its main object being to enable Nonconformists to take the degrees from which they were excluded by the limitation of Oxford and Cambridge to members of the Established Church. The foundation of Durham University out of the immense surplus revenues of the Chapter may have been suggested by the recollection that the same thing had been planned by Cromwell, though at a time when from comparative rarity of intercourse and difficulty of locomotion a separate university for the North was a greater boon than it is now. The step was not taken, we apprehend, in pursuance of any very mature and broad view of the general question; and its success has hardly been such as to render it, one way or the other, a precedent of much importance. Such strength as Durham has seems to lie not in its own department of general culture so much as in the Colleges of Medicine and Physical Science at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which are now connected with it by affiliation. Of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland it may be said, as of the London University, that their foundation was a measure rather

of religious liberty than of university extension, the object being to provide the means of high education for Roman Catholics and other Nonconformists who were excluded from the national university by the denominational character of Trinity College. But, in fact, this example tells against the policy of multiplying universities, in favour of which it has been cited, since the Queen's Colleges were not invested separately with university powers, but federated into a single university for the purposes of general government and graduation.

Let the question between the multiplication of universities and the foundation of local colleges in connection with a central university be regarded as perfectly open, for such in reason it is; and let it be treated as general, and decided in the interest, not of one city alone, but of all the cities, and of the nation at large. The stronger and the worthier of receiving privileges a particular college is, the greater reason it has for deprecating any course which might, in the end, deprive all such privileges of value and lower the standard of education.

In favour of the multiplication of universities may be alleged the advantages of a stimulating competition. Unfortunately there are two forms which the competition may assume. It may assume the desirable form of rivalry in educational excellence, or the undesirable form of emulous facility in granting degrees. That the second result is possible as well as the first is proved by the experience of weak universities in these islands, on the Continent, and in America. Of course no institution, when first founded, is expected ever to become weak; but a decay of local prosperity is one of several conceivable causes which might induce weakness in the case of a local college. The power of granting degrees would then become its only means of subsistence, and if any attempt were made to deprive it of that power, it would, of course, use all the political influence at its command in fighting for its bread.

Colleges, in seeking for themselves separate university powers, profess their fixed resolution to keep the standard of their examinations fully up to the university mark. These professions are unquestionably sincere; but they do not lessen the danger of allowing teachers to examine their own pupils for public degrees; a danger which has been sensibly felt at Oxford, notwithstanding the number of colleges from which the examining board is drawn, and probably at Cambridge also. The founders of New College, Oxford, and of King's College, Cambridge, obtained for their respective colleges the privilege of examining their own students for university degrees, evidently with the special object of securing a higher standard than that of the university at the time; the result, as we all know, was the miserable decrepitude of both colleges, which, nevertheless, clung tenaciously to their fatal privilege—New College till a very recent period, King's College till yesterday. The introduction of examiners from without is tendered as a security; but the selection

of those examiners would still be in the hands of the body on the results of whose teaching they were to sit in judgment; and if the college which invoked this test should chance to break down under it, there would be a strong temptation to follow, under some pretext of peculiar character or special difficulties which strangers could not understand, the example of prudence set by Don Quixote after the first trial of his helmet.

In the policy of centralization there are the dangers of Procrusteanism and of immobility; but with two or three central universities instead of one, supposing public opinion to be tolerably active, neither of these dangers would be very great. Learning and science themselves are so constantly advancing by a movement as irresistible as it is spontaneous, that it would be difficult for institutions which are organs of learning and science to stand still. If Oxford stood still for two centuries, it was because she was actually bound hand and foot by the clerical restrictions, and by a multitude of other non-academical monopolies, created by obsolete preferences in fellowship elections, which were swept away at last in 1854.

On the other hand, there seems to be a special advantage in keeping the whole system of our higher education under the influence of bodies whose wealth and general resources enable them, if they do their duty, thoroughly to realise the ideal of a university, not only as a place of education, but as a place of learning and science. As places of learning and science the local colleges could hardly be expected to come up to a high level. Nor is the influence of historic centres valueless; it may lend a national dignity to culture, and assist it in holding its own both against lucre and against mere social ambition. Historic influence is a wholly different thing from reaction, and may even be an antidote to influences which are really reactionary. Perhaps few things are likely to promote progress more effectually, or in a healthier way than the authority of a time-honoured university which has cordially embraced modern science.

The infirmity of places of high culture is the lack of practical interests and sympathies. Conversely, places in which practical interests predominate are apt to lack respect for culture. Left to themselves, colleges at Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and Bristol would be in great danger of yielding to the genius of the place, and becoming too exclusively "bread and butter." By the union of the colleges with Oxford or Cambridge, the element of genuine culture would be preserved in the local institution, while the university might derive some reciprocal benefit from its alliance with practical industry.

The intellectual and social unity given to the governing class of a country by a common education is also an element in the question worthy of the attention of statesmen, on whichever side, that of uniformity or that of variety, the balance of advantage may be.

It may be said that if the decision is in favour of affiliated colleges and against the multiplication of universities, we have only, so far as the central university is concerned, to remain as we are, inasmuch as the University of London already stands ready to discharge towards any number of local colleges the functions of the affiliating and federal institution. The University of London was called into existence to meet a crying demand of policy and justice; nor have its services in the department of education been confined to the Nonconformists for whose special benefit it was founded. But it labours under the serious defect of not being itself in the proper sense of the term a university. It is merely an examining board. It does not teach; it has no body of learned and scientific men, to maintain a high academical spirit and diffuse it through affiliated institutions; it is a central office, not an alma mater; it can scarcely be the object of corporate pride and affection; it has no means of drafting the more promising intellects from local colleges connected with it into a central place of learning and science, equipped with everything requisite either for the highest culture or for research. The country seems to feel this. There appears to be on the one hand an inclination to secede from the University of London, indicated by the action of Owens College, and on the other hand a disposition to welcome the offer of connection with the old universities, indicated by the readiness with which the secondary schools placed themselves under examining boards appointed by Oxford and Cambridge, and by the success of the local lecturing system, which at Norwich has almost taken the shape of an affiliated college.

Some time ago, when the question of university extension was under consideration at Oxford, a plan was put forward for extension on the principle of affiliation. It was proposed that local colleges should be affiliated to the university under such conditions as the university might from time to time require, and that residence at the affiliated colleges should for two years count as residence at the university. The university was to regulate the curriculum, hold all the examinations, and confer the degrees. It was suggested that the B.A. degree might be given at the end of two years, so that the student might complete a short course, and obtain the certificate of having done so in the college if he desired it; and that the M.A. degree, which is at present in the air and conferred by mere standing, should be given where the B.A. is given now, at the end of the full course in Arts. Whether the B.A. examination for the students of the affiliated colleges should be held at the colleges themselves or at Oxford would be a question of convenience; but the affiliated colleges were to be identified as much as possible with their common alma mater, and their students were to be eligible to all honours and prizes open to men in their first two years.

There would, of course, be nothing to prevent those who preferred

it from coming up to the university for the whole four years' course. Of the present class of students the mass would no doubt continue to do so.

There seems to be no reason why a local college should not be able to provide a thoroughly adequate staff for the part of the course assigned to it. But fellowships might properly be made tenable with the headships and professorships of affiliated colleges, the holders retaining their full connection with their Oxford college. This would at once link the affiliated colleges to the university, and open careers for fellows who might choose education as their calling.

The plan of affiliation has received at Oxford an amount of support which, considering its novelty and the strength of the *vis inertiae*, may be regarded as morally equivalent to a favourable verdict. Of the specific objections raised by its opponents, the one which seemed to tell most was the difficulty of discriminating between affiliated colleges and public schools. The public schools, it was urged, might carry their teaching as high as any of the colleges. This difficulty could hardly be found insuperable, supposing the general plan to be adapted to the needs of the country. The school would only have to organize its upper forms as a college. In truth, it has become expedient on other grounds to put an end to the present system of prolonging schoolboy life and character up to the age of nineteen, and even beyond. Behind the ostensible objections raised at Oxford against the plan, there probably lurked the fear on the part of the weaker colleges of a possible reduction of the number of resident students, and a consequent loss of room-rents and tuition fees—a poor motive for resistance to improvement on the part of endowed institutions, which has, nevertheless, sufficed to defeat for half a century so imperative a reform as the establishment of a university matriculation examination, in spite of the efforts of reformers from the days of Archbishop Whately to the present time. The pressure of external authority is still needed in aid of the internal movement of reform.

It is not our object at present, however, to advocate any particular settlement of the question. We only wish to point out that the question of university extension has been raised by the application of Owens College for separate university powers; that it is a question of the highest importance, as involving the determination of our future system of final education; that if it is allowed to drift or to be settled by influences extraneous to education, great and almost irremediable evil may ensue; that it ought at once to receive the consideration of statesmen; and that they ought to deal with it on the broadest footing, not with regard to one of our centres of population alone, but to all, and in the interest of the nation at large.

Of course, for the statesmanlike settlement of such a question

there is need not only of general ability, but of special knowledge and of careful attention. It is not to be expected that the work will be properly done if it is left to a minister who can only spare it a few hours because his time is engrossed by the government of India, the management of the Eastern Question, and the calls of party politics in general, not to mention the danger of his being, as a party leader, liable to influences which ought to be put entirely out of the question. We had never more reason to deplore the habit into which the universities, when estranged from the nation by political and ecclesiastical reactionism, fell of choosing to represent them as chancellors political patrons instead of acadcmical statesmen. To the eye of any one familiar with these matters, the Universities Act of last session betrays a want of grasp of the subject on the part of its framers. It is a mere congeries of powers to carry out promiscuous suggestions, some of which seem to have come from opposite quarters. No policy is embodied in it, nor was any enunciated in the speeches of the members of the Government who introduced the bill in the two Houses. It is difficult to see how the Commissioners can be assured of the support of the Government in any course which they may take. The bill of 1854 embodied a policy which was distinctly enunciated by the Government, and which the Executive Commission was empowered to carry into effect, with an implicit assurance of Government support. The framers of the present measure admitted at the last moment, unwittingly as we must suppose, a clause which upsets one of the leading principles of their bill. One of the leading principles of the bill is the representation of the colleges on the Commission when schemes are being framed for them respectively. The clause to which we refer enjoins the Commission, before they deal with any of the colleges, to promulgate a scheme for the whole university. But as the university is made up of the colleges, and as it is by their contributions that the fund for university objects is to be supplied, any scheme for the university must necessarily dispose of college property and other college interests, so that, when the time for formally dealing with the colleges arrives, their representatives will present themselves only to find that the most important questions affecting their constituents have been already settled by the Commission. No doubt the able men of whom the Commissions are composed will make the Act work in some way, as able men will make almost anything work. But it is not to legislators who, however able, have so little time to study the subject as the framers of the present Act that the country ought to commit the settlement of a question intimately concerning not only the interests of learning and science, but the character of our final education for the future, and, to no small extent, the general training of the governing classes of the nation.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE DUTCH IN JAVA.

THE magnificent archipelago which Holland claims as her Indian Empire, and which a Dutch author has described as "a girdle of emeralds strung along the equator," deserves to attract greater attention than it has hitherto done in Europe, more especially in England. It is indeed difficult to obtain books treating of Netherlands India in any language except Dutch, and although Sir Stamford Raffles's work on Java is now somewhat out of date, it is still by far the best available source of information for Englishmen desirous of knowing something about this island, the brightest "emerald of the equator." The work entitled *How to Manage a Colony*, by Mr. Money, contains much that is interesting and important about the system of government in Netherlands India, but considerable changes have taken place since Mr. Money visited Java, and his description of the Dutch colonial system is rather that of an advocate than of an impartial critic. He contrasts Dutch rule in Java with British rule in Hindostan, and appears determined to prove that in all essential respects the latter should take an example from the former. On the other hand, such stories as *Félix Batel, ou la Hollande en Java*, and *Max Havelaar*, which has been translated into English, are (in the form of a novel or a biography) severe indictments against the entire political system of the Hollanders in the East. How far the publication of such books may have assisted in bringing about the reforms recently introduced into Dutch colonial policy it is not easy to say; it is probable that *Max Havelaar*, which attracted great attention in the Netherlands, produced considerable benefit in opening the eyes of the public to the evils liable to be fostered under a system of monopoly and secrecy. The story has a distinct appearance of truth and reality, but it is evidently written by one smarting under a sense of personal injury, and little disposed to do justice to those authorities by whom he conceives himself to have been very unjustly treated. The Comte de Beauvoir's account of his travels in Java was the subject of review in a leading Dutch newspaper while I was in that country, and was somewhat severely criticized as exaggerated and misleading. When allowance has been made for youthful enthusiasm in the author, and for his inexperience as a traveller, it seems to me that M. de Beauvoir's descriptions of Java, its scenery and its people, are remarkably graphic and true to nature, although the language may be sometimes a little highflown. Besides Mr. A. R. Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, one or two treatises on the antiquities of Java, and a few colonial Bluebooks of the Dutch States-General,

no other literary sources of information are available to a foreigner in Batavia. On the other hand, nothing can exceed the friendly courtesy with which information upon any subject is communicated to an inquiring stranger by the Dutch officials and other European residents. Nearly all these gentlemen speak English or French, or both languages, with perfect facility, so that a knowledge of Dutch is almost unnecessary to a visitor, except in order to read the journals. The dialects of Netherlands India are numerous, those spoken in the west, centre, and east of the island of Java being respectively Sundanese, Javanese, and Madurese; but the common mode of communication between Europeans and natives is the Malay language, which plays here the same part as Hindustani throughout the British empire in continental India. Java and Hindostan present many striking contrasts in scenery, in institutions, in manners and customs, these contrasts being due mainly to the great difference in their physical conditions. The glorious fertility of Sunda, with its forest-clad volcanoes, its rushing rivers, and broad green valleys, could certainly not be produced on the arid plains of the famine-stricken Deccan by any amount of energy and wisdom on the part of the Government. In order to make a fair comparison between British and Dutch rule in Asia we must pass over from continental India to the island of Ceylon, which in climate, scenery, and products is merely Java on a smaller scale. Java lies a few degrees south of the equator, Ceylon about as far to the north; in neither island does the temperature vary much throughout the year; in both the rainfall is very copious, especially on the western coasts; but the seasons are reversed, the rains terminating in one island just when they commence in the other. Java and Ceylon were both taken by the British from the Dutch; Java was restored, while Ceylon was retained; both islands are financially prosperous, and both owe their prosperity in a great measure to coffee; but Java has progressed far more rapidly than Ceylon has done under similar natural conditions, and it seems fair to give some credit for this to political administration. The superficial area of Ceylon is just three-quarters of that of Ireland, and nearly one-half that of Java, but the population of Java was in 1871 just seven times that of Ceylon, having increased with steady rapidity since 1816, when it had nearly the same density of population as Ceylon has at present. In Ceylon great tracts of fertile land have relapsed into jungle, tanks constructed under former dynasties have fallen into ruins, large imports of rice are necessary to feed the scanty population, many of whom are not permanent residents, but emigrants from the mainland, working as coolies on the coffee plantations. Java, although three or four times as densely peopled, is able to export rice, the staple food of the inhabitants, as well as the coffee, sugar, indigo, and tobacco from which its European masters

derive their wealth. In estimating the merits and demerits of the so-called "culture system" of Java, this comparison with Ceylon is not without significance, nor is it to the disadvantage of the former island.

Englishmen are disposed to believe that no other race except their own understands the management of colonies or the administration of a subject country, and in support of this belief they contrast their own colossal empire with the fragments now alone remaining to those nations who were once their rivals in maritime and colonial enterprise. The truth appears to be that our colonial success is due mainly to our maritime supremacy, which has gradually given us possession of all the most desirable territory, either by conquest or colonisation, while other nations are obliged to content themselves with what has been left. In the Eastern seas the flags of France, Spain, and Portugal are still kept flying over possessions, the intrinsic value of which to the mother-country is comparatively small, and which attract little attention or interest in the outside world. But the possessions of the Dutch in these seas are on a very different scale. Twice in their short history that indomitable people have established a colonial empire: the first was due to their maritime power, and passed into the hands of the English, their successful maritime rivals; while the existing Netherlands India has been created within the last sixty years, almost unnoticed by the great powers of Europe, among which Holland once held so proud a place. By far the most important and valuable part of Netherlands India is Java (of which the small, adjacent island of Madura, incorporated with it for all administrative purposes, may be regarded as a portion), slightly exceeding in superficial area England without Wales, and containing at the last census a population of nearly eighteen millions, four times as great as it had in 1816, when it was restored by the British to the Netherlands. Many persons regard the surrender of this magnificent island as a piece of reckless folly or quixotic generosity, but it was truly nothing more than an act of simple justice, and one which Englishmen may remember with unmixed satisfaction. We then restored to Holland, our ally at Waterloo, a colony which had formerly been hers, and which we had recovered from the common foe. While the French armies overran the Netherlands, the British fleets took possession of the Dutch colonies in Asia, Africa, and America, until it could be said that the Dutch flag remained flying where on the globe, save over the factory of Desima in Japan. The restoration of Java provided the nucleus of a new colonial people, which has since spread gradually over the whole Malay language-pelago, and although the outlying possessions are now governed as the dependencies of Java, and are still comparatively unproductive, their vast extent and great mineral resources must eventually give them a very high value and importance.

The term "Dutch," used in England to denote Hollanders and in America to denote Germans, is not applied by the Hollanders to themselves, their proper designation being "Netherlanders." Isolated in Europe by the fact that their language is spoken by a few millions only, and is little known beyond their own limits, the Netherlanders carry political modesty to excess, and are only too ready to efface themselves, and to take rank as a small nation, almost apologetic for their great Oriental empire. But the modern Batavians possess certain imperial characteristics in common with the two chief nations of conquerors and administrators, the Romans and the English; in particular they practise towards the religion of their subjects a policy of complete toleration, thereby obviating what is perhaps the most serious difficulty in governing alien races. Wherever the Portuguese landed in the East they at once proceeded to build a church; when the Dutch came they established a factory. The Portuguese churches are now picturesque ruins overgrown with tropical vegetation; but the Dutch factories, like those of our own East India Company, have developed into an empire. When the Hollanders wrested from the Portuguese the command of the Eastern seas, they substituted for the Holy Inquisition and Jesuit Propaganda a system of complete religious impartiality, from which they have reaped no small advantage—originally as mere traders, subsequently as rulers of a powerful state. It is true that a hard and fast line is drawn between Europeans (and persons assimilated with them) on one side and Asiatics on the other. It may be said generally that the profession of Christianity is sufficient to acquire for any one European privileges (with exemption from native jurisdiction), which are thus enjoyed even by persons of African blood.

At first sight this may appear inconsistent with the principles of religious liberty and equality, for which Netherlanders, in the course of their history, have done and suffered so much. It is, however, a necessary result of carrying those principles into practice where law and religion are so completely intertwined as they are in the East, especially in Mussulman communities. In Java a vast majority of the inhabitants are subject to Mahometan law, of which the priest is the chief interpreter, founded as it is upon the Koran. If a Christian is to enjoy religious equality, it is clear that he must be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Mahometan tribunals, and this, accordingly, has been done. No privileged religion is recognised in Netherlands India; but so far as possible the free exercise of peculiar laws and customs is vindicated on behalf of every religious sect. The population is therefore divided into two classes, very unequal in numbers: (1) Europeans, including other Christians, and numbering only a few thousands—these are subject to European jurisdiction only; (2) inlanders or natives, including all Mussulmans, and heathens, such as Buddhists or Hindoos, and numbering more

than twenty-four millions. This division of the population into two classes is enacted in the code specifying the constitution of Netherlands India ; it cannot, therefore, be altered except by the legislative authority of the King and States-General of the Netherlands.

In Dutch India the principle of governing with the aid of native co-operation is carried out with respect to all the Asiatic races ; and in this matter the British Indian authorities might learn a useful lesson. As regards the Mussulman people of Java proper, the conquerors have been able to utilise the machinery of government which they found in operation on taking possession. All the other Asiatic races, who are found chiefly in the cities of the sea-coast, are subordinated to their own recognised chiefs, and these are responsible to Government for the maintenance of order. The Chinese officers bear the titles of major, captain, or lieutenant ; they are usually men of wealth and position, exercising personal influence over their countrymen, and are treated with marked consideration by the European authorities. The Arabs also have their captains and lieutenants, and there are official chiefs of the Malays, the Buginese, the Bengalis, and the Moormen, these last being Mussulmans from continental India.

Vaccination appears to work successfully in Java, as persons marked with small-pox are rarely seen, and nearly a million are annually vaccinated or re-vaccinated in the island. Now it is precisely in carrying out schemes conducive to the health and comfort of the people, but contrary to their prejudices, such as vaccination, that valuable assistance may be expected from men who understand the people, and combine social influence with official prestige, as do these native chiefs.

Besides all those named, a new race is gradually arising—the offspring of Chinese fathers and Javanese mothers ; these half-castes are superior in appearance to either parent, and bear a certain resemblance to the people of Japan.

In the minds of the Hollanders the name of “India” does not denote Hindostan especially, but includes also the whole of the great Malay archipelago ; and they are always careful to use the terms “British” or “Continental” India when they wish to distinguish our dominions from their own insular empire, to which has been given the appropriate name of “Insulindo” (Island India). When comparisons are drawn between the modes of administration in British and Netherlands India, there is displayed on either side a certain disposition to believe that things are better managed in the one than in the other ; but the knowledge possessed by individuals of the language and administrative systems in both countries is seldom sufficient for the formation of a correct judgment upon their relative merits and of Java. If the Government of British India were to follow the

example of the Dutch, and to send a few selected civilians to study minutely on the spot the working of the rival systems, as regards the collection of the revenues, the employment of natives in the public service, the construction of public works, &c., it would be found that we have quite as much to learn as to teach in the management of a great Asiatic dependency.

There are in the world only two States which are constitutional at home and imperial abroad ; and those two are Great Britain and the Netherlands. The spectacle of a free European nation ruling with beneficent despotism over a subject Asiatic population, nearly seven times as numerous, is exhibited in the first place by England, and is repeated exactly by Holland upon a smaller scale. It is a remarkable fact that the most important British statistics have only to be divided by ten, in order to be made applicable to the Dutch with approximate accuracy in every detail. Thus, at the last census the population of the United Kingdom was returned at 31,513,442, that of the United Provinces at 3,579,529. The average annual revenue received at the British Exchequer during the last sixteen years has slightly exceeded £70,000,000 ; that of the Netherlands (exclusive of the Indian contribution) appears to have been as nearly as possible £7,000,000. In 1874 the National Debt of Great Britain was £727,993,605 ; at the same date that of the Netherlands was £77,276,673. When we turn from Europe to Asia the proportions remain substantially unaltered, except in one important particular. The total population of British India, including the feudatory States, was, according to the census of 1872, close upon 240,000,000 ; while that of the Dutch East Indies was at the same date a little over 24,000,000. As regards the so-called European troops of the Netherlands Colonial army their numbers may seem disproportionately strong, being returned at 12,310, when we had less than 70,000 European soldiers, all told, throughout our Indian empire. But the disproportion is apparent rather than real, for while our Europeans are all British soldiers, the Dutch "European" companies ought rather to be styled "Christian" companies, including, as they do, men of every race and colour who profess Christianity. In fact, less than two-thirds of the rank and file are genuine Netherlanders, so that the usual proportion is here approximately maintained, and there are about ten British soldiers in Hindostan for each Dutch soldier in Netherlands India.

But now we come to a matter in which a great divergence appears from the proportion hitherto maintained between the two empires. During the seven years ending in 1874 the average annual revenue of British India amounted almost exactly to £50,000,000, while the revenue of Java and Madura, which may be called the "Regulation Provinces" of Netherlands India, has for a similar period averaged

120,000,000 guilders, or £10,000,000 annually. The revenue of Java is thus equal to one-fifth of that of all British India, although its population is barely one-tenth, being as 18,000,000 to 190,000,000. Moreover, we find that in British India the expenditure has for many years (with the exception of 1866, 1871, and 1872) largely exceeded the revenue, while there has been invariably in Java an annual surplus, amounting in 1864 to 35,000,000 guilders. The surplus has indeed dwindled considerably of late, but this diminution is due, not to any failure in the revenues of Java, which are larger than they were ten years ago, but to the increased cost of governing and protecting an empire which has grown in area with rapidity too great for the due development of its resources. The dependencies of Java in the East Indies have twelve times her area, and only one-third of her population. Java is now the queen of the archipelago, but she has not a monopoly of fertile soil, nor of mineral wealth, in which last particular she is far surpassed by other islands. When the resources of the vast islands of Borneo, Sumatra, and New Guinea have been developed even partially, Java may lose her exalted pre-eminence, but she will also be relieved from her present burden of paying for the administration of poorer neighbours.

Thus in every detail except Indian finance, the parallel holds good between the two nations, English and Dutch, so closely related in blood and language, so long the allied champions of civil and religious liberty, so long also maritime and commercial rivals, and now the only European states ruling over great empires within the tropics. The United Kingdom has far outstripped the United Provinces in population and power, and the two countries have long ago ceased to be rivals; but Holland continues to play her part bravely on the world's stage, and in proportion to her natural resources administers possessions and bears burdens fully equal to those of England. The case with which she does both (two-thirds of her debt are held at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) shows still superabundant energy and credit, and leaves little sting in the taunt sometimes directed against England, that she is tending to become a second Holland. The Dutch have succeeded after an arduous struggle in establishing their complete supremacy in the island of Sumatra, larger than the United Kingdom or Italy, where Atjeh (Acheen) was the last remaining native state of importance. This is not an occasion, however, for raising the much abused cry of "British interests in danger." Great Britain can feel neither alarm nor jealousy at the successful progress of the Netherlands, a smaller epitome of herself. We have dealt hard measure to the Dutch upon a good many occasions in history, and even the recent annexation of the Transvaal Republic has been to them a somewhat distasteful

transaction, as placing a community of Dutch origin under a foreign flag. But the independence of the Netherlands is to Great Britain a matter of the deepest interest, and prosperous as the Belgian kingdom undoubtedly is, its establishment as a separate state may be regretted on the ground that it has rendered more difficult the future maintenance of that independence. If the great manufacturing and coal-producing provinces of Belgium were now able to share the benefits and the burdens of colonial empire with their northern neighbours, a great additional security against foreign aggression would be enjoyed by all, and the United Netherlands would be a power capable of making its independence respected and its alliance desired.

It is naturally the wish of Englishmen that the constitutional states of Europe should not be swallowed up by the great military powers, and it is clearly to their interest that the splendid maritime resources of the Scandinavian countries or of the Netherlands should not pass into the hands of any nation likely to become a maritime rival. Upon this point Englishmen are sensitive to a degree, which is justified by the fact that the security of the British islands and the maintenance of our colonial empire alike depend upon our maritime supremacy, and would not long survive its decay. The nation which for the time being appears to menace this supremacy is certain to be regarded as our "natural enemy," whether it be Spain, Holland, France, or Russia, and the time may not be far distant when even Germany will be so regarded. Certainly a Pan-Teutonic empire, extending from the Little Belt to the Adriatic, and possessing the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea from Dantzic to Antwerp, is a more formidable vision of the future, and one more capable of realisation, than any conjured up by those whose nightmare is Slavism. The German provinces of Austria gravitate willingly towards the united Fatherland; but the same cannot be said of the Teutonic Netherlands, proud of their distinctive dialect and independent traditions. Still, many Netherlanders apprehend that absorption in the Germanic empire will be their ultimate fate. Such an event would confer upon a nation, already possessing irresistible military strength, the elements of naval power together with a ready-made Oriental empire. It is at least a possible event, and would threaten our Asiatic dominion with the most serious danger to which it can be exposed, the presence of a formidable maritime rival in Asiatic waters. Whether Java and the rest of Netherlands India would benefit by a change which would abolish the trade monopoly of Holland, and throw open the extensive markets of Central Europe to the coffee, sugar, and spices of the Malay Archipelago, is a consideration not likely to affect the settlement of the matter to any important extent.

The two special characteristics of Dutch administration in Java are the culture system, and the employment of native chiefs in the public service. The culture system was established by General Van den Bosch in 1832, at a period of chronic deficit and threatened insolvency, and resulted in a regular annual surplus. During the generation which witnessed the conversion of a heavy annual deficit into a surplus of three millions sterling, the population of Java doubled itself. The system which produced these astonishing results required the compulsory cultivation by the people of certain valuable products, to be delivered at a low fixed price to the Government, who sold them in Europe at an enormous profit. The products so cultivated were those calculated to command the highest prices in the home market, and included originally coffee, sugar, tea, tobacco, indigo, pepper, and cochineal. After a time, it was found expedient to limit the employment of forced labour to the cultivation of coffee and sugar only, and by a recent Act of the Netherlands legislature the compulsory production of sugar will cease in 1890. The profits made by the Government upon this system are so great, that two-thirds of the Java revenue, *i.e.* nearly seven millions sterling, are annually derived from the sale of colonial produce. Formerly the coffee which each cultivator was bound to deliver was all grown upon special plots of public land, often at a distance from the village, to the great inconvenience of the people. Now the Government coffee is chiefly cultivated by each man at his own door, within the village limits, and as the fixed price payable on delivery has been considerably raised, little pressure is necessary in order to insure the cultivation; indeed, I was assured by one of the principal Dutch coffee-planters, that a slight additional increase in price would fairly compensate the villager. The material condition of the Javanese peasant has improved under the culture system, which involves no serious hardship in its present modified form; he is obliged to work, no doubt, when he would prefer to be dozing; but he obtains with little trouble a crop which enables him to clear off all his Government dues. He has a sure market for his coffee, and although the price fixed may be rather low, it is payable on delivery; whereas if he were free to dispose of his crop as he pleased it might be discounted and made over, before it was gathered, to the Chinese money-lenders, to whom the Javanese is only too ready to mortgage his future earnings.

On the other hand the operation of the culture system, under which a percentage is received by high officials upon the products saleable in Europe delivered by them into the Government stores, has a tendency to reduce the cultivation of rice in certain districts, and has even produced at times a serious scarcity. Instructions were consequently issued to all residents in charge of provinces to send in

monthly reports to Government of the amount of rice exported and imported inter-provincially, as distinguished from the rice exported out of, or imported into, the island of Java. The published reports show how little reliance can be placed upon statistics collected by persons interested in obtaining a particular result. Internal traffic only is included in these tables, and the aggregate exports and imports ought therefore to balance each other, but the provinces altogether return many thousand pikols¹ of rice as exported in excess of the amount returned as imported. It was the interest of the native officers in each residency to make it appear as if their particular province produced a surplus of food, and these self-contradictory returns have been adduced by opponents of the Colonial Government to show that official reports in Java are apt to state merely what may seem agreeable to the authorities at home.

Although salt and opium are the only Government monopolies recognised by the Dutch in Java, the culture system has given them, for more than forty years, a practical monopoly of the most valuable colonial products, and has been the mainspring of their financial prosperity. Another successful stroke of policy has been their maintenance in working order of the whole machinery of internal administration, just as they found it under the Mussulmans, while they secured, through the supervision of European officers, such checks and amendments as were deemed sufficient. The title of Resident, which is borne by the principal Dutch official in each province, remains unaltered from the time when it was used to denote a representative of the European paramount power at the court of a native prince. The ruling princes, with a few exceptions, have disappeared, but the whole hierarchy of their subordinates remains, and all administrative functions, so far as natives are concerned, are intrusted to them only. A province or residency, containing on an average nearly a million of inhabitants, is divided into several regencies, each of which is governed by a native Regent, having under him a host of minor officials, known as Dhemang, Djaksa, Wedana, Mantrie, &c. The Regent invariably is a man of high birth, and frequently is a member of the princely family who once ruled over his district, so that he enjoys a large amount of prestige and influence apart from his authority as a Government officer. In each regency is stationed a European Assistant-resident, whose instructions are to treat the Regent with the consideration due from an "elder brother" towards a "younger," and who has under him a certain number of European "kontroleurs." The duties of the assistant-resident and his young Dutch subordinates are simply those of control and supervision, except where Europeans or quasi-Europeans are concerned.

(1) Pikol = 133 lbs.

The advantages claimed for this system are that it supplies public servants thoroughly known by and knowing the people, they being controlled in their turn by men of high culture, with European ideas of justice and public duty. Economy in salaries is one result of a system which enlists in the Government service the willing aid of all ranks, even the most exalted, among the Javanese. Although Dutch officials receive lower emoluments, besides enjoying far less leave of absence than members of our Indian Civil Service, still it is impossible in any tropical country to secure the services of highly educated Europeans, except at rates more than adequate to command the very best native talent in the market. The dignity and privileges attaching to the Government service, and the hope of one day being promoted to its higher offices, render it a career eagerly sought after by native gentlemen of position, who are ready to fill the lower grades at merely nominal salaries. But fixed salaries form only a portion of the emoluments of a Javanese chief in the public service; he receives also a percentage on the amount of taxes collected and coffee delivered by him, besides the arbitrary power, which he still possesses in spite of recent enactments, over the labour of the cultivators. And herein seems to lie the practical weakness of this theoretically excellent system, viz., in the imperfect nature of the control which it enables the Dutch officials to exercise over the Javanese. How far it is possible to protect the poorer classes of Asiatics against their immediate superiors, even by the most efficient European supervision, may be open to question, but the Dutch system in this respect certainly seems to require amendment. The local European officials in Java possess no direct authority over the regents and other native functionaries; nor do they incur direct responsibility on their behalf, as they would if the natives were their own immediate subordinates. The assistant-resident of a division is indeed the "elder brother" of the regent, takes precedence of him as president of the "landraad," or local council, gives him general directions as to collection of taxes, repairing of roads and bridges; but if complaints or accusations are made against the regent to the assistant-resident he can only hold an inquiry and report upon the case, through the resident, to the central Government in Batavia, with whom all real power rests, and who can dismiss without explanation or appeal any official, however exalted. Should a *kontroleur* have reason to complain of the conduct of a native functionary in a subordinate rank, and should he fail to obtain satisfaction from the offender's native superiors, the case would have to be carried upwards until it reached the supreme Government from lack of power in the assistant-resident, or even the resident, to deal with it, except in the way of a report.

In British India, on the other hand, native officials are in every sense subordinate to the collector or assistant-collector, who is

responsible for their conduct, and has power to dismiss them, subject to an appeal, which may be carried even up to the Secretary of State. It is clear that such an arrangement affords a more efficient control than that of the Dutch, where native functionaries have been guilty of corruption or oppression, although the ultimate court of appeal may be the same in both cases. In Netherlands India the Europeans and natives may almost be said to constitute two distinct services, working together as naval and military forces do upon a joint expedition; the senior service takes precedence of the junior, and has more gold and silver upon its umbrellas of state, but in its own department, that of native affairs, the junior is not directly responsible to the senior service, which can only appeal to an authority supreme alike over both. Now it is alleged that the central Government punish or remove high native officials with extreme reluctance, and regard with disfavour those who bring charges against them, however well authenticated such charges may be. If there be truth in this accusation, and if the omnipotent authorities in Batavia are not willing to do justice strictly and impartially against their own native employés, it is upon them, and not upon the Dutch provincial officers, that the real blame and responsibility must rest. Unless the European assistant-residents and kontrolleurs are encouraged and supported in any efforts they may make for the protection of the helpless villagers, they will be sorely tempted to let things alone, to live on pleasant terms with their Javanese colleagues, and to report that all is as tranquil or contented in the provinces as it appears superficially to be. Even with the best intentions, and with absolute power at his back, any European in dealing with Asiatics must often find himself utterly unable to protect persons who will in no way take their own part. The first difficulty is to induce them when injured to make a complaint, and the next is to prevent them from withdrawing it when they are confronted with the oppressor against whom they have ventured to complain. This must not be forgotten in considering the present subject, seeing that the Dutch are accused, not of actively oppressing the Javanese, but of failing to protect them against their own chiefs.

It may well be that a mistake has been committed in bestowing upon native chiefs in Government pay such a position of dignity and emolument as enhances the natural awe of their subjects, and overshadows that of the Europeans, their nominal superiors. If the idea has got abroad in Java that the native chiefs are regarded as indispensable to the administration, and that the Government can hardly be induced to displace them whatever may be their conduct towards their subjects, it is most important that such an idea should be immediately dispelled. Regents strong in the favour of the para-

mount power are secure against revolt, and are in a position to oppress their people more grievously than independent chiefs could venture to do, and, therefore, for their oppressive acts the paramount power is responsible.

The accusations made by political opponents against the Government of Netherlands India can scarcely fail to have a certain basis of truth, for they are founded upon the statement that men are liable to act in an indolent and selfish manner, preferring their own ease and interests to the welfare of those beneath them. Authority is concentrated in the hands of the Governor-General and his ministers, who have been hitherto accustomed to govern after a secret and irresponsible fashion, free from the control of independent criticism. Under such a system it was only natural that abuses should spring up, and that internal reformers should be regarded as troublesome innovators, while reform from outside was altogether excluded. But changes have recently taken place, and many reforms have been effected; the old policy of concealment and monopoly has been modified, if not abandoned, and public opinion, as expressed in the home and colonial press, now counts for something in the administration. India attracts now so much attention in the Dutch Chambers as to create alarm in some quarters lest parliamentary pressure may become too important a factor in Indian affairs, and lest ignorant interference may do more harm than can be compensated by good intentions alone. One important advantage the Dutch appear to have gained by giving the most influential classes among the Javanese a direct interest in the maintenance of the existing régime. While the regents with their numerous grades of subordinate officers hold positions in no way inferior to those held by them under native sovereignty, and while they conduct the internal administration in the judicial and revenue departments, they have little inducement to desire the expulsion of the Dutch from Java. One of the most serious defects in our own Indian rule is that it offers no satisfactory career, civil or military, to an educated native gentleman of rank and distinction, and although it encourages the development of a cultivated class, it provides no field for their energies. Such a class cannot fail to become a source of embarrassment, if not of actual danger, unless we manage to utilise the natural leaders of the people, as the Dutch have done. We have now, however, governed British India for so long a time without native co-operation, except in the inferior grades, that we are in a very different position to the Dutch, whose most influential and high-born subjects have never lost the habit nor the desire of serving the powers that be, while ours would have to learn what they have not practised for generations.

The Dutch for their part have been content to govern their sub-

jects in accordance with native ideas, and in making their Oriental conquests have talked very little about the duty of a great Christian nation to convert and civilise ignorant barbarians. They have made no attempt to introduce a national system of education, they even discourage the study of Dutch and other European languages, and they do not profess to regard a native as in any way a political equal. But if their ideal of government is not very exalted, they have fairly fulfilled it, such as it is. They have given to Java peace, prosperity, and religious toleration, with security of person and property; and after paying for the maintenance of all these blessings they consider themselves entitled to appropriate to their own uses the surplus revenue. They do not pretend to govern Java for the benefit of the Javanese alone, and they claim for their own people a portion of the wealth which they have there created. But it may be doubted whether the trade monopoly and the "batig slot," or favourable balance paid by Java to Holland, do not inflict a greater injury on the enterprise and energy of the home country than on those of the colony itself.

After all, the worst fault of the Dutch Government in Java seems to be a habit of putting an unduly favourable aspect upon affairs, of saying peace when there is no peace, and of making optimistic reports to the home authorities. In the words of Max Havelaar: "The Government of Netherlands India likes to write to its masters in the mother-country that everything is going on as well as can be wished. The residents like to make the same announcement to the Government. The assistant-residents, who themselves receive hardly any other than favourable reports from the kontrolleurs, send in their turn no disagreeable tidings to the residents." According to the same author it is well understood that the Government regard with special favour those officials who never trouble them with complaints or vexatious reports as to the conduct of the native functionaries, and he says it has become proverbial that the Government will dismiss ten European residents rather than one native regent, and that reasons of state are always to be found for sparing a chief who may have acted oppressively towards the people under his jurisdiction. If such be really the policy of the Government it may be expected that subordinates will prove either unable or unwilling to do otherwise than carry it out, and that there will be no effectual appeal for the Javanese against the rapacity and tyranny of their chiefs.

It is laid down in the constitution and regulations of Netherlands India that the special duty of European officials is the protection of the natives, and from the Governor-General downwards all are bound by oath to "protect the native population against oppression, ill-treatment, and extortion." This oath is probably not kept by all to

the very best of their ability, but at least the charge of pecuniary corruption is not brought against the Dutch Civil Service; this distinguished and honourable body of men being blamed only for lack of energy and courage in denouncing injustice in which they themselves have no share. Still it is the condemnation of the judge when the guilty are absolved, and an omnipotent Governor-General must be held responsible for the shortcomings of his subordinates as well as his own.

The antiquities of Java are of the highest interest, they belong principally to an early period in the history of the island, if not to a prehistoric period, and none of any importance exist that are not of a date prior to the Mahometan conquest. Buddhism as a religion has now no votaries in Java, except strangers from distant China, while Brahmanism has been expelled from the great island where it once reigned supreme, although still holding its own in the little island of Bali, eastward of Java. Mahometanism is the religion professed for three centuries by ninety-nine per cent. of the Javanese, but these centuries have not produced a single edifice or work of art to tell their tale to posterity. Mosques, palaces, and tombs in other lands are the enduring monuments of Mahometan wealth, energy, and architectural skill, but in Java these are wanting alike in beauty of form, richness of material, and solidity of structure. This is especially remarkable in the case of imperial and royal tombs, which are in Hindostan the most magnificent and permanent of all Mussulman edifices, and in Java are mere wooden booths, without painting, carving, or any other decoration. Very different are the massive temples and colossal statues of Boro Boedoer, Mendoet, and Brambanan, where the extinct religions of Hindostan have raised monuments that still defy the injuries of time, and have escaped the hand of the iconoclast. In moist tropical climates the most formidable destroyer of buildings is the vegetation, which forces asunder and throws down the largest blocks of masonry, and has inflicted no little damage upon the Hindoo ruins of Java; most literally does "the wild fig-tree split their monstrous idols." The Government has not failed to take some measures for the protection of these ancient monuments, and although more might be done with advantage, the most remarkable temples are cleared of vegetation, and the images of Buddha now run little risk of losing their heads either through Mussulman hatred of idolatry or Christian love of mischief.

The law with reference to treasure-trove is eminently calculated to preserve for the public benefit such curiosities as are discovered in Netherlands India. All precious objects found upon Government land (including nearly all the country) are duly credited to the finder, who receives either the full value of each article, or else the

article itself, in case the Government do not care to acquire it; all ancient monuments situated upon Government soil are the property of the public, and the public officials are responsible for their protection. Antiquities which belong to private owners may not be removed from Netherlands India without the permission of the Governor-General; if so removed, the Home Government enjoy the right of pre-emption for the public museums. This last regulation applies to works of art, such as statues and sculptures, but does not include coins or medals. All finders of valuable articles are bound to give notice at once to the public authorities, who have the right of pre-emption; but as the full estimated value must be paid, the temptation to concealment is removed, and the destructive effect of our own barbarous law of treasure-trove is avoided, while the interests of the public are maintained. Until within the last two years only one-half of the value was payable to the finder; but as it was stated on competent authority that valuable antiquities had been lost to the public in consequence, a resolution was passed by the Governor-General placing the law in its present satisfactory state. Although care is thus taken of curiosities when found, Dutchmen do not exhibit the same energy as Englishmen in exploring or discovering picturesque and interesting localities, and are wonderfully fond of the steamy flats near the sea to the neglect of hill sanatoria. The European troops are quartered principally in the low country, and the splendid military hospital of Batavia loses half its utility from not being at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea, which in so moist a climate is considered to be the most salubrious height. The present War Minister is in favour of following the British example, and transferring a larger proportion of the Europeans to inland stations; but it is clear that Netherlanders have a weakness for level plains and canals, which remind them of home.

There are four Javanese princes still enjoying a certain degree of independence. The Socsoehoenan¹ of Soerakarta represents the Mahometan Emperors of Java, and is treated with the highest possible respect; but a fort garrisoned by European troops commands his capital and palace. A similar fort overlooks Djokjokarta, the capital of the Sultan, who is the second native sovereign. The two remaining princes are of inferior rank, and can hardly be regarded as independent; but each of them entertains a body of fairly disciplined troops. The legion of Pangeran Adipati Ario Mangkoe Negoro at Solo numbers nearly a thousand men, embracing all three arms of the service, and this prince, who is a remarkably enlightened and liberal-minded man, sent a contingent commanded by one of his sons to assist the Dutch in the war of Atjeh.

(1) The diphthong "oe" in Dutch is pronounced like "oo" in English.

Netherlands India is garrisoned by an army specially enlisted for that purpose, the national army of Holland not being liable to colonial service. The European portion of this force numbers about 12,000 men, and, theoretically, two-thirds of them are Netherlanders; but of late years an increasing proportion of foreigners has been recruited and sent out to India. In 1875 the foreign recruits outnumbered the Netherlanders as two to one; but the pressure of the war in Northern Sumatra was assigned as a reason for this divergence from an accepted principle of policy. Formerly, many Africans from the Dutch possessions in Guinea were enlisted for Indian service, and a certain number are still included among the so-called European forces. Europeans and natives are formed into separate companies and mixed battalions, the flank companies, all the officers, and a majority of the non-commissioned officers being European, but Christianized natives and half-castes are classed with the Whites. Many white soldiers marry Javanese women, and they are allowed to take their families with them wherever they go. The deck of a steamer bound for the seat of war presented a strong contrast to that of a British troopship in smartness and comfort, and the accommodation afforded to the European soldiers with their dusky helpmates and comrades was slender enough; but the gallant fellows did not seem to be dissatisfied, and the mixed battalions are apparently a success. When our own native army in India undergoes the reform which it so urgently requires, some useful hints may be taken from the Dutch, and they may in their turn learn from us how to dress European soldiers within the Tropics.

The Mahometan religion is professed by the Javanese; but the spirit of Islam has failed to take possession of this race, and the stranger in Java is astonished at the absence of outward and visible signs to indicate the popular faith of the country. In the centre of every town or large village is the "aloe-aloe," an extensive grassy lawn, shaded with lofty tamarind and "waringi" trees (*Ficus benjamicus*), and surrounded by the principal buildings, public and private, of the place. Among these is always conspicuous a pagoda-like edifice, which is the mosque; but few and far between are the worshippers there, while the public performance of devotional exercises, at fixed hours, irrespective of locality, a spectacle so familiar to the traveller in other Mahometan countries, is not practised by the Javanese. The only religious observance witnessed by us among the peasantry was the presentation of coins and flowers as offerings to certain Hindoo idols, relics of the ancient faith still occupying niches in the ruined temples of Brambanan. The Mussulman priest is an important functionary, and is recognised as such by the Dutch authorities, but less in a religious than in a civil capacity, as the learned expounder of Mahometan law. A

certain number of pilgrims proceed from Java to Mecca (in 1875 there were 3,428), and the white turban of a hadji may be seen here and there in the streets among the lacquered and gaily painted hats of Sunda or the peaked caps worn by the Javanese proper, but the probability is that it encircles the head of a Malay or an Arab. Some of the regents are said to be zealous followers of the Prophet, and strong objections are entertained by them against the admittance of unbelievers into mosques; but it must be remembered that the conquerors who introduced Mahometanism into Java were of Malay race, and that many of the present chiefs are descended from those fierce and fanatical vikings of the equator. It is, however, in the treatment of women, especially those of high rank, that Javanese fashions are most at variance with those of continental Asia and with general Mahometan custom.

The degree of emancipation enjoyed by Javanese ladies was strikingly illustrated during an interview most politely granted to us by the Sultan of Djokjokarta. Attired according to etiquette in full evening costume, although it was an early hour in the morning, we were conducted by the Dutch officer in command of the Sultan's horse-guards into the inmost court of the far-spreading "kraton," or palace enclosure, within which three thousand people reside. Except a few sentries, and one or two officials stripped to the waist in Javanese court fashion, not a man was visible in any of the squares through which we passed, and when we reached the audience chamber there sat his Highness, without courtiers or attendants; but, to our extreme amazement, six charming young ladies were seated in a row on his left hand. We scarcely ventured to look at them, unveiled as they were, but our Dutch friend, after introducing us to the Sultan, with whom we shook hands, quietly remarked, "Now you must shake hands with the princesses, with all of them; they expect you to do so."

Fresh from Indian durbars, where a mere allusion to the invisible occupants of the zenana would be a breach of decorum, we could hardly trust our eyes and ears; but each young lady held out her hand with a pleasant smile, and we were afterwards seated between the Sultan and his blooming family of daughters. Attendants, literally crawling upon the floor, now approached the august presence, bringing tea, which was dispensed to us by the royal damsels, almost as if we had been in an English drawing-room at five o'clock in the afternoon. Unfortunately our conversation was somewhat restricted, as the English idea could only reach the Javanese mind after undergoing four translations, either oral or mental, through the obliging Dutch captain, who interpreted in French and Malay. Meanwhile, the sound of music attracted our attention, and the Sultan courteously suggested that we might like to see a little more of his palace. We

found that the music proceeded from a large open pavilion, where the Queen, or principal Sultana, was engaged in superintending a dancing lesson. The pupils were the daughters of court dignitaries and nobles, more than twenty in number, all very young, and evidently taking the greatest pains in the performance of their graceful position drill.

The dancing was accompanied by singing and by the pleasing notes of the "gamelong," which may be described as the Javanese piano-forte, played by women seated on the floor, and producing a liquid melody peculiar to itself, and very different from the harsh discordance of Oriental music in general. The youthful figures of the girls in their bright and elegant drapery, their earnest faces and elaborate movements, together with the melodious orchestra, combined to render this by far the most pleasing nautch which I have yet seen anywhere in the East, although it was merely a private performance of beginners. The Queen was seated on the floor beside a low table, playing at cards with her maids of honour, and received us most graciously, inviting us to inspect everything, even to his Highness's private apartments, and in fact to make ourselves quite at home. The whole affair was like a scene out of *Alice in Wonderland* and we almost expected to be addressed by one of the Sultan's many large dogs, or the tame crested pigeons as heavy as hen-turkeys. We were three European gentlemen alone (for the Sultan did not accompany us) in a zenana, received by the inmates with friendly unembarrassed politeness, and allowed to wander at will through marble halls open on all sides to the light of day: there were no lattices, no veils, no guards, not even any *duciñas*, for all the ladies were young, and many of them very good-looking. To my companion, a member of the Indian Civil Service, thoroughly familiar with Indian habits and ideas, this kindly reception *en famille* by the Sultan of Djokjokarta was a new and surprising experience. In Hindostan, the Mussulman religion is professed by a small minority only; but Mussulman ideas as to the seclusion of women have a far more general acceptance, although quite foreign to Hindoo traditions and customs.

Travelling in the interior of Java is particularly agreeable; the roads are good, ponies are abundant, and light vehicles for posting are easily obtained. At all places of importance there are comfortable hotels, kept by Europeans and subsidised by Government. Without a subsidy such hotels could not possibly be maintained, as they are not used by the natives, and European travellers are rare: in the year 1875 only seventeen strangers are recorded as having obtained official permission to travel in Netherlands India. The Dutch officials, moreover, have the hospitable habits of Europeans in the East, so that it is not easy to see how the hotel-keepers make a

living; yet they seem to flourish, and in a country where Malay is the sole vehicle of communication with the people it is pleasant to find an Italian or German interpreter in one's host, who frequently is not a Netherlander.

The light posting carriages are drawn by four ponies, which are changed frequently, and keep up an excellent pace, where the road is tolerably level. At the hills bullocks or buffaloes are harnessed as leaders, and frequently, where the road descends into a deep ravine, the horses are removed, and a small army of men and boys with ropes attach themselves to the carriage, lowering it into the valley, and hauling it up again on the opposite side. The rivers are well bridged, and these steep inclines, which might be obviated by a little engineering skill at a moderate expense, are the only impediments to rapid locomotion upon the principal roads. The scenery is beautiful and varied, the people and their dwellings are most picturesque, and the total absence of caste enables a stranger, without fear of giving offence, to enter any of the numerous shops and refreshment houses, and partake, along with the natives, of fruit, sweetmeats, coffee, and various refreshing but not inebriating drinks. Everywhere around (especially in Sunda or Western Java) eye and ear are refreshed by the sight of fresh verdure and the sound of rushing streams; those who know what it is to ride all day under a vertical sun, without a blade of grass or a drop of water being visible for miles in any direction, can best appreciate the charm of driving along a good road with four stout Makassar ponies through this lovely garden of the tropics.

In order fully to appreciate the scenery and vegetation of Java it is well to ascend one of the volcanic cones in the western portion of the island, such as the Pangerango Mountain, where an elevation of 10,000 feet can be attained, and which presents a variety of botanical attractions such as can hardly be seen elsewhere. From base to summit the jungle is dense and luxuriant, but you climb gradually from palms, musaccæ and tree-ferns, through tall forest-trees festooned with creepers and epiphytous orchids, to the flora of a temperate climate, and the familiar forms of artichoke and strawberry, primula and plantago. Down the steep slopes tumble many streams, their temperature varying between the boiling point and icy coldness, and in the tepid spray of the hot cascades tree-ferns attain their greatest size, rivalling tall palms in height, and excelling them in the gracefulness of their feathery fronds. Near the top of the mountain trees diminish in size, but the undergrowth is still so thick that it is almost impossible to leave the path. The crater on the highest peak is extinct and overgrown with vegetation, but clouds of mephitic vapour rise from a huge crater somewhat lower, and spread desolation around; when the volcano is active, these vapours

reduce large tracts of forest to blackened skeletons, but nature soon repairs her own ravages in a climate like that of Sunda. Animals are rarely heard and yet more rarely seen in these dense jungles, but occasionally a troop of large monkeys may leap crashing from tree to tree, or a great hornbill may fly overhead on creaking wings, and near the summit the twittering of small warblers reminds one of Europe, almost as much as do the honeysuckle and St. John's wort. Large game, in the shape of rhinoceros, tiger, deer, wild bull and wild boars, is indeed abundant in the forests of Java, but is not easily dislodged in such cover, and tigers are more frequently destroyed with poison than in any other manner. The poison used is a decoction from the root of a tree, and has the effect of paralyzing the animal, which is usually found alive and helpless within a short distance of the poisoned carcase, and is then dispatched. If the tiger is dead when found the skin is sure to be worthless, but by this method splendid specimens are obtained when the track is taken up immediately. Wild pigs do much damage in the rice-fields, and the villagers use for scaring them an ingenious mechanical contrivance, which is worked by the water-power used in irrigation; there are two distinct species indigenous in Java, and they afford considerable sport, being shot with the aid of beaters and dogs.

Java is in perfection just after the rains, during the months of April and May, when the whole country, from the smoking craters of the interior to the swamps of the sea-coast, is clothed with a vegetation so luxuriant that the ruddy colour of the volcanic soil is only visible where a recent landslip has occurred; even precipitous banks are densely festooned with green, and so saturated is the ground with moisture that watercresses flourish on the steep face of roadside cuttings. In plain and valley every square yard of soil, except the village burial-ground, is cultivated and irrigated; magnificent crops of sugar-cane, rice, and indigo form a sea of verdure, out of which rise like islands numberless groves of bamboos, cocoa-nut palms, and fruit-trees. Concealed in these groves are the "dossas," or native villagers, and under their shade is usually cultivated the coffee, which "pays the rent." Some of the lower ranges have been denuded of trees, and display a certain amount of open pasture, but as a rule the mountains are covered with virgin forest, except where clearings have been made for plantations of tea, coffee, or cinchona. High above this fair scene a faint white cloud may be seen curling upwards from the apex of a lofty cone, indicating the volcanic energy that now slumbers beneath, but has broken out violently even within the last few years, and may do so again at any moment.

It may be asked whether the geological condition of Java is not a symbol of its political state, and whether a fair surface does not cover hidden fires in the hearts of the Javanese people. It may

be so, but not even a faint white cloud is visible to warn the stranger that such hidden fires exist. Everything externally is tranquil, and in the absence of all means of coercion, tranquillity may be accepted as a fair evidence of contentment. In the wide and populous district of the Preanger Regencies for example, there are no troops at all. A few European soldiers in civil employ and a few native policemen represent the power of the sword, and the most perfect order prevails throughout this beautiful province. The productiveness of the country appears to keep pace with the increasing population. The wants of the masses in all tropical countries are few and simple, and in Java these are amply supplied. While the masses thus enjoy comparative prosperity, those of rank and influence, who might otherwise be dangerous, are enlisted on the side of the Government by the possession or the prospect of honourable and lucrative employment. Besides, the Javanese are a gentle and submissive race, unaccustomed to the use of firearms, and could never be formidable as insurgents in a military sense,¹ although Englishmen in the East, who have not visited Java, sometimes assert that Dutch rule is so arbitrary and oppressive as to engender a spirit of chronic disaffection, and that the Javanese are watching for an opportunity to expel their tyrants and take shelter under the British flag; but I could see no evidence for such an opinion. Without pretending to investigate the inward desires or aspirations of the Javanese, and judging solely from external facts, I believe that the Dutch sovereignty is about as popular and as secure as the rule of a few aliens over a great subject population can ever be made, and that the country flourishes under it as well as a subject country can ever be expected to do.

Tokens of respect, savouring strongly of servility, are still shown in the more remote districts to all Europeans, as well as to high native officials, but the prestige of a white face, apart from gold or silver lace, is not so great in the neighbourhood of cities and railroads. On the approach of a superior it is incumbent on all natives to remove their hats, to dismount if on horseback, and if on foot to sit down upon the ground; those who wish to be particularly respectful will even turn their backs upon the great man, as if afraid to look him in the face. When the golden umbrella of the Dutch President passes along a crowded street, denoting the presence of the highest official of the province, a very singular effect is produced, the people sinking down before this conspicuous badge of office, and rising again behind it, like a field of ripe corn in a breeze. The Dutch authorities demand honour and precedence for themselves and other Europeans, but they also set an admirable example of urbanity

(1) A Dutch poem describes in glowing language "the last day of the Hollanders in Java," when the long-pent-up fury of the Javanese is to break forth.

and even of friendliness in general intercourse with natives. The absence of caste prejudice and religious fanaticism among the Javanese permits a considerable amount of sociability to arise between the two races, and the tone adopted by Europeans towards natives in Java is remarkably devoid of the arrogance and irritability by which in other countries it is too often characterized. It is a very unusual thing for a white man to strike or even to menace a native, and acts of violence, when they do occur, are severely punished. While I was in Batavia, a foreign ship's captain, accustomed, perhaps, to less impartial laws, was undergoing a considerable term of imprisonment for laying violent hands upon a native car-driver.

Perhaps the good-temper and urbanity characteristic of the Dutch in Java may be due partly to the general adaptation of their mode of life to the climate, in which respect they are more successful than our own countrymen, although they decline to adopt the "punkah." They rise early, and until the meal, known as "rijst-tafel," which takes place about midday, it is customary to appear in dresses adopted from the natives, and fashioned of the lightest and coolest materials in various colours. The dress of the ladies consists usually of a gaily-coloured skirt and a white jacket, with slippers on feet, and hair hanging loose or tied in a knot at the back of the head; and very becoming it is, as well as comfortable and cool. If the tight and multifarious garments of Europe have been assumed during the course of the morning, they are again discarded for the afternoon siesta. Until the cool of the evening no one is visible, and if an inexperienced stranger should attempt an afternoon visit, he will inevitably be received with the announcement, "Tidoer" (asleep). After sunset, refreshed with a bath and dressed in correct European costume, but without hats, ladies and gentlemen sally forth, driving and walking, this being the fashionable time for paying visits, which may, however, be postponed until after dinner. Should there happen to be moonlight, a drive may be taken even as late as midnight, or there may be an open-air concert in the grounds of a club, where the friends and families of the members are made welcome. The presence of children is a conspicuous feature at the opera and other evening entertainments, and is a natural result of the long repose during the heat of the day, indulged in by all, except a few whose business avocations are such as to prevent them from choosing their own time for work and relaxation.

Planters of tea or coffee in the hill country of Java have as agreeable a calling as any set of men that I have come across, and it would indeed be difficult to find any more kindly and hospitable, or more contented with the lot which has fallen unto them in such pleasant places. They lead active, independent lives, with continuous but not laborious occupation, being able at almost any season to take a

holiday for the sake of sport, society, or change of scene. The climate at high elevations is the most favourable to quality in coffee and tea, although heavier crops can be grown in the low country, and the same climate allows Europeans to keep their children around them, and to bring up the youngsters as well-educated, as merry, and almost as rosy, as if the peaks towering above them were the snowy Alps, and not the fiery Merapi or Gedeh. Labour can be obtained at moderate rates, while excellent roads and bridges facilitate the conveyance of produce to market. Over a docile and industrious population they exercise a patriarchal sway, although they are invested with no magisterial authority, and a planter is obliged to have recourse to a native official if he wishes to punish a refractory coolie. This is sometimes cited as a grievance by European gentlemen, but it seems, in combination with other circumstances, to promote most satisfactory relations between the planters and those whom they employ. The Javanese are a solemn and silent race, even as children, and it is pleasant to see their faces light up at the approach of the master of the plantation, as he passes along with a kindly word or a smile, ready to give a patient hearing to any desirous of addressing him. Joyous cries of "Toean! Toean!" (master) from the children furnish a tribute of popularity which is above suspicion; and upon one plantation, where we spent several pleasant days, even the absurd tameness of every sort of animal testifies to the rule of kindness governing the whole establishment.

But the amicable relations existing between masters and coolies are due, not only to the kindness of individuals, but also to the peculiar position occupied by planters in Java. They compete with the Government as producers of coffee, and are ready to pay good wages to free labourers; they are therefore the natural enemies of monopoly and forced labour, and deserve as such the title of "protectors of the poor," to which planters elsewhere can seldom lay claim. To the advice and influence of eminent Dutch planters are largely due the recent reforms introduced into the culture system of Java, and in particular the increased price now payable to the villagers for the Government coffee. It has been made a ground of attack against the colonial policy of the Dutch, that they discourage the construction of railroads and the settlement within their territories of independent capitalists, who would develop the resources of the country but might interfere with existing monopolies. Restrictions as to strangers residing in Netherlands India have been, however, relaxed of late years, and in 1875 one hundred and twenty-eight Europeans, ninety-seven of whom were Netherlanders, received official permission to settle in the country. Only in the North-Western Provinces do private individuals hold estates in fee-simple, but in other parts the Government will lease land to planters and settlers, and will relieve from compulsory gratuitous labour the people employed upon plantations. Coffee and sugar

have been hitherto the most valuable products of Java, but the motto "In te spero" has been adopted by a firm of very successful tea-planters, who base their hope chiefly on obtaining for Java tea a higher reputation than it enjoys at present in the London market. Should they succeed in accomplishing this, the cultivation of tea would rapidly develop; but the general climate and soil of Java are favourable rather to quantity than to quality, especially as regards tea and tobacco, in marked contrast to Hindostan, where both these plants attain the highest excellence.

The peculiar form of the island, and the easy communication by sea between the great centres of population, render an elaborate railway system unnecessary in Java, either for military or commercial purposes. Railroads have been constructed, running from the principal ports on the northern coast into the interior of the island, and linking Buitenzorg, the Governor-General's country residence, with Batavia, also Soerukarta and Djokjokarta, the capitals of the great native princes, with Samarang. These lines have been constructed with free labour by the Netherlands India Railway Company, to whom a concession has recently been made for very considerable extensions, with a state guarantee of five per cent. interest for forty years. At the same time the Government have purchased the Batavia and Buitenzorg railway (about forty miles in length), paying 5,000,000 guilders to the company. A state railway is in course of construction in the eastern districts of Java. Now it seems that the existing lines are precisely those most required for developing the resources of the island, and when the proposed extensions are completed the most important districts will all be brought into direct communication with the coast. At any rate, the revenues of the country have not hitherto been burdened with annual payments to European capitalists for large sums of money sunk in the construction of unprofitable railroads; Java pays tribute to Holland, but that tribute has not taken the form of guaranteed interest. Well-intentioned but ill-considered proposals for developing Asiatic resources by the aid of European capital have contributed not a little to embarrass the finances of British India, and the Dutch authorities in Java are also subjected to increasing pressure from home as to embarking upon similar schemes. The pressure, however, is less, and the power of resistance greater than in our own case.

Beyond all tropical countries Java seems to attract the love and admiration of strangers settling upon her shores, who speak of her as "nôtre Java bien-aimé," and are fond of describing her as "the finest island in the world." Swiss mountaineers are at one with lowlanders of Holland upon this subject, and even islanders from Britain can hardly express dissent.

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

MONSIEUR GUIZOT AT VAL RICHER.

August 28th.—We left Paris this morning for M. Guizot's place, Val Richer, in Normandy, about seven miles from Lisieux. Our road ran through a pretty, well-peopled country. The only considerable town that we passed was Evreux; the cathedral, as seen from the station, looked fine.

Val Richer stands on a small plateau in a park surrounded by forests partially cleared. The population of the district is thin and diminishing; there are seldom more than two, or at most three, children to a marriage. All the peasants are small proprietors; their cottages, and generally an enclosure of eight or nine acres, enough to feed a couple of cows, belong to them. About fifteen acres are supposed to be necessary to support a family; and, as few have so much, the proportion of persons who work as day-labourers for the larger occupiers is considerable. The ordinary wages are forty sous a day; in harvest fifty sous. The whole population is about 360, of whom 90 are electors; that is to say, males above twenty years of age. The conscription hits from two to three every year, but few serve. Every family tries to set aside annually a sum to produce the *rachat* as the son attains twenty. At present that is 2,000 francs: during the war it rose to 2,600. Of the children who attain twenty, more than half are unfit for service; so that it is very rarely that the same family can have to buy off more than one son. They live well, eat meat once a day, and inhabit cottages quite as good as those in the best parts of England—cottages costing from £80 to £100 to build. Some built by M. Guizot cost more.

The plan of this house is simple but uncommon. The garden front is about 150 feet long: the hall is in the centre, on one side the dining-room and orangery, on the other the library and drawing-room. Each of these last rooms has through lights, and occupies the whole breadth of the house, the library being a passage-room to the drawing-room. On the first floor a corridor runs the whole length, into which the bedrooms open: they all look west, except those at each end, which look north and south. The library and drawing-room, the corridor, and most of the bedrooms, are full of books. M. Guizot's sitting-room and bedroom are over the orangery. On the east, or garden front, stand, in the summer and autumn, a range of fine orange-trees, about 300 years old, presented to M. Guizot by the purchaser of the Château de Rosny, the residence of Sully. They cannot stand the winter out of doors, and if the temperature falls below 28° Fahrenheit, the orangery must be warmed.

The farm consists of about six hundred acres, of which about half are in wood. The park contains about twenty acres, prettily tossed about. When M. Guizot purchased it twenty-four years ago it contained only three trees; now it is well wooded. He planted a straight chestnut avenue to walk and read in.

In the *vacherie*, a large and airy room, we saw fourteen cows. They leave it only during the nights of summer, but are perfectly healthy.

We have coffee at eight, breakfast at half-past eleven, walk out at half-past three, dine at seven, drink tea at half-past nine, and separate at a quarter after ten. M. Guizot rises between half-past five and six. The children, remarkably nice and well-behaved, breakfast and dine with us, leaving the drawing-room at about nine.

August 29th.—I walked with Guizot over the park and the farm.

He asked me if I had seen Thiers, and what were his views. I explained them.

"I agree," he said, "with Thiers that Louis Napoleon now wishes for peace; but I do not think that he would dislike war, if he thought, as he did when he began his Russian and his Austrian wars, that the chances were greatly in his favour. He certainly made proposals to the Prince Regent of Prussia which would have led to war with you. Perhaps he was not sorry that they were rejected, and that he could say to himself and to us that a continental war was impossible, and that he had nothing to do but to enjoy himself in peace.

"I fear that his visit to Baden was a failure, socially as well as politically, that the sovereigns thought him dull and uninteresting. I do not wonder at it. I have seen him seldom; but on one occasion he detained me for some time. His mind seemed to me to be neither full nor inventive, to have few acquired ideas, and to be incapable of originating any. His manners are exceedingly good, simple and kind, and yet dignified.

"I differ also from Thiers as respects Savoy. I believe that Louis Napoleon never intended to release Victor Emmanuel from the engagement made at Plombières in 1858 to give Savoy in exchange for Lombardy. But he cannot do anything frankly and directly. If the bargain had been avowed at the beginning of the war, or even if it had not been disavowed, Europe would have taken it more quietly. In itself the thing is good; it gives us a frontier which separates us completely from Italy, and prevents our having any pretence to interfere in the affairs of the Peninsula.¹

"Italy," he continued, "will never be really united. If Garibaldi

(1) M. Guizot's belief that Italy never could be really united was shared by Mr. Senior and by most of the politicians of that day; yet no one could have been more glad than Senior when, later on, he saw the possibility of his predictions being false.—

attack Venetia, what is called 'the Italian cause' is lost. He will be beaten, the old sovereigns will be restored, and Austria will recover her influence. If Garibaldi do not attack Austria, and Italy is left to herself, she will fall in pieces. I know how difficult it is to make a new king, for I have helped to make one. It is ten times as difficult to make a new kingdom. All Europe tried to make a new kingdom of the Netherlands. All was in its favour, a common origin, contiguity, rich and well-instructed populations, and common interests. Yet in fifteen years it split up. The very configuration of Italy is opposed to unity.

"I cannot excuse Palmerston and Lord John Russell for countenancing the deciding by universal suffrage what shall be the political relations of the States of Central Italy.

"Direct universal suffrage is one of the most mischievous legacies of 1848. Even in the wildest times of our first Revolution, it never was employed. If a nation has to choose its sovereign, surely the decision ought to rest with its educated classes. The return of the dukes, with constitutions guaranteed if necessary by England and France, and the imposing reform on the Pope, was the only useful solution of the Italian question. True wisdom almost always employs compromises and half measures. Revolutions are relentlessly logical, and Palmerston's politics, though conservative at home, are revolutionary abroad."

August 30.—We took a long walk with M. Guizot and M. and M^{me}. de Witt among the woods towards the little church and parsonage of La Roque, and returned by its old feudal château.

At about a mile from home, on the outskirts of M. Guizot's property, we passed a plateau partially cleared, on which were scattered several houses, most of them miserable and almost roofless.

"That," said M. Guizot, "is a colony which fixed itself there many years ago, when much less of the forest was cleared. The land is poor, and they got it cheap. Whence they came we do not know, their names are unlike those of their neighbours; it is only among one another that they intermarry, or rather consort, for they seldom contract regular marriages, they never frequent the church, and seldom are baptized. They have large families and live wretchedly on the produce of their little farms, and on what they can steal. Sometimes they will work for wages, and labour vigorously, but it is only for two or three days. They are recruited from the bad characters of the neighbourhood. It is a sort of Alsatia, or the Asylum of Romulus."

We found the curé in a neat little house. He is the son of a peasant, a man of simple, easy manners, but with no pretensions to the rank of a gentleman. I was struck by the absence of books.

"Probably," said de Witt, "he has only his breviary, and perhaps

the Vulgate; though it is not certain that he has that. I was in a priest's house the other day, and wished to look at his vulgate, but he had lent it five years before to a neighbouring priest, and had not got it back."

"How then," I asked, "does he spend his evenings? He must not smoke, and he must not go to the cabaret, and he must not play at cards."

"He has an aunt," said de Witt, "who lives with him. He gets up early, he works in his garden and in his little field, he visits his people, for he is an excellent priest, and in the evening he reads his breviary and dozes."

"Besides that," said Mdme. de Witt, "he sholls beans—perhaps makes nets. By six or seven o'clock in winter he is in bed."

"And when does he get up?" I asked.

"In winter," she answered, "as soon as it is light, which it is by seven."

"So that he is twelve hours in bed?" I said.

"That," she answered, "is the life of most of our peasants. They light no candles. They talk or meditate, or smoke by firelight for an hour after sunset, but pass the bulk of the dark hours in bed."

"Does the curé ever dine with you?" I asked.

"Once a year," said Guizot. "If you were here in October you would be present at a dinner which I give to my two curés and my two maires."

"At Tocqueville," I said, "M. and Mdme. de Tocqueville dined once a year with their curé."

"Our curé," said Guizot, "gives no dinners, at least in that sense of the word: though I know that he has given away his own dinner to a poor traveller. His whole income consists of this house, garden, and paddock, and about £80 a year; but it is quite equal to his wants."

"Has he to give much in charity?" I asked.

"Little in money," answered Guizot, "sometimes in kind—bread or other victuals. There is little destitution here. Out of a population of three hundred and sixty not above four or five require assistance."

We looked into the church. It is powdered, as all the country churches are.

"In this department," said Guizot, "the sale of the Bible is prohibited. The prohibition is illegal, but no one thinks it worth while to resist."

"I know several persons," I said, "who are anxious for martyrdom. I will try to get one of them to come here and hawk Bibles."

"Pray do," said Guizot. "Send us Borrow if you can. The

prefect will certainly put him into prison. I will appeal, carry the question if necessary from court to court, and bring him out, not only a martyr, but triumphant. I should like to see the 'Bible in France.'

"The Gallican Church," continued Guizot, "committed a great mistake, I may almost say a great crime, when it persecuted and destroyed the Jansenists. If they had been tolerated they would have rendered in France, to a certain extent, the service rendered in England by the Dissenters. They would have kept the established Church awake. The hierarchy would not have become mere men of fashion, and the curés ignorant. They would not have lost their hold on the higher classes.

"They would not, indeed, have done to us all the good that the Puritans did to you, for they would not have given us liberty.

"It is possible that if it had not been for the Puritans Charles I. would have triumphed. It seems to me almost certain that the general relaxation of morals and depravation of opinions under Charles II., would have destroyed or corrupted your free institutions, if the Puritans had not been there to preserve the traditions of morality and freedom."

"How came your Church," I said, "once so independent, to become Ultramontane?"

"It was the effect," he answered, "partly of the first Revolution, and partly of the Concordat. During the Republic and the Directory, the clergy, attacked by the Government and by the mob, fell back on Rome for consolation and support. 'The world was not their friend, nor the world's law.'

"In their own country they were persecuted, and hated, or despised. They transferred their allegiance to the Pope.

"Napoleon, by the Concordat, by making the Pope, by his own power, without the consent of the bishops, dethrone bishops and suppress sees, gave the sanction of the temporal power to the Pope's autocracy. Napoleon was the destroyer of the Gallican liberties, and the real re-creator of Ultramontanism."

"Could it not be checked," I asked, "by a proper selection of bishops? The Government is omnipotent. The Pope consecrates whomever it chooses. Could it not appoint only men of Gallican opinions?"

"Up to the present time," he answered, "the Government has not considered whether its candidates were Gallican or Ultramontane. It has looked out only for its friends, or for quiet men who would not give it trouble. I hope that in time it will correct this neglect, and give us Gallican bishops. It will not be easy, however, to find good candidates. But the people care little about the question.

"If we had many Dissenters, many Protestants, or even Jansenists, we should have zeal and belief. There are both at Nismes, and

in the other Protestant districts. But in this country the peasants, unexcited by dissent, are indifferent. They are not unbelievers, but they are not believers. They do not think about religion. If you were to ask them about any of the details of their faith, you would find them ignorant. The subject never occurs to them. They go to church from habit, for they do not understand the service; they respect the curé, ask his advice in their difficulties, and would resent any injury or disrespect of which he was the object. But their faith, such as it is, influences little their conduct."

The little château of La Roque is moated, defended by towers and by a barbican, and seems to be in the state in which it was five hundred years ago. The lords of La Roque and the abbés of Val Richer were generally at war. M. Guizot has a pardon granted by Henry IV. to the seigneur of La Roque for having treacherously killed the abbé. The château was bought some years ago by a rich Rouen manufacturer, who uses it as a shooting-box for three or four weeks in the year.

Six châteaux have been bought in this country during the last ten years. Two have been bought by Protestants, one by a Jew, and one by a Greek, a Fanariote.

August 31.—It rained all day. After dinner we had a fire. Guizot stood before it and talked of some of the eminent men whom he had known. He began by the English, and put Lord Aberdeen as a diplomatist at the top.

"The great fault," he said, "of the English statesmen is, that they speak only with reference to their English hearers, and act only with reference to English interests or English opinion. Lord John Russell favours the expulsion of the Italian sovereigns, because they are under Austrian influence, and Austria is unpopular in England. Peel called our conduct in Otaheite 'an outrage,' in order to please the missionary public, without reflecting that the use of such language by the leader of the House of Commons was a much greater outrage than the dismissal of an English missionary from an island under French protection.

"Now Aberdeen never fell into this fault. He was a citizen of the world. He knew the interests and the feelings of foreign nations, and consulted them. He never cut knots, he untied them. He never lost his temper. Though he could not bear contradiction in the House of Lords, he was tolerant in his cabinet. He has often said to me, 'We had better talk no more on this question to-day, or we may render it insoluble. A week hence, when we have both thought it over, we will recur to it.' Three times during his ministry there were questions which menaced a quarrel. They were Otaheite, the right of search, and Morocco. If Peel had been then Minister of Foreign Affairs they would have led to one. On the other hand, if I had had to negotiate in 1840 with

Aberdeen, the Eastern Question would have been amicably arranged. Syria would have been quiet under Mehemet Ali, Mehemet Ali and his successors would have been put under restrictions which would have prevented the misgovernment of Egypt, and the calamities which followed the rupture of the *entente cordiale* would have been averted."

"A great improvement," said M. de Witt, "has recently been made in the management of international quarrels. Instead of going to war, we make preparations. If we offend you, you build ships. If you annoy us, we arm Cherbourg, or we case with steel some frigates. *L'honneur est satisfait*, not by killing some hundred thousand men, but by wasting some millions of money. It is expensive, but far less expensive than war."

"In my time," said Guizot, "this expedient had not been thought of. Nor were we able to silence the tribune. There was always a danger therefore that the violent language of your chamber, meeting the violent language of ours, might produce an explosion. Peel, as leader of the House, gave us great trouble. If he had been Foreign Minister I doubt whether peace could have been preserved, in the state of French feeling and of French liberty which existed from 1841 to 1846.

"Other nations hate war, and treat it as a calamity to be avoided as long as it is avoidable. France actually likes it. It is an amusement, which she is sometimes forced to refuse herself, but it is always with regret. She submits to peace with the reluctance with which you submit to war. This renders the situation of a French minister who has any sense exceedingly difficult. In proportion as his policy is peaceful, it is unpopular. It is called, and in one sense it is, anti-national.

"No one," he continued, "can doubt Palmerston's talents or knowledge. He is admirable in discussion. He sees with the utmost clearness the point that is before him. He seizes with sagacity the best means for carrying it, but he sees only one thing at a time. His policy, therefore, is narrow and insulated, and sometimes inconsistent. His mind wants keeping.

"In this respect he is the opposite to Talleyrand. Talleyrand saw with admirable sagacity what were the great interests of his government; he pursued them with vigour, and adhered to them with obstinate tenacity, but he sacrificed to them, with a facility which was almost ostentatious, all triumphs of mere vanity, and even all interests which, though real, were subordinate. He was always ready to exchange pawns for pieces. If Palmerston has set his heart on taking a pawn, he will sacrifice a rook for it.

"Another fault of his policy is its irritability. He picks up every straw of offence that lies in his path. If a man did so in private life he would quarrel with his wife once a week, and with his valet once a day.

"He resents a fillip as if it were a stab, and fires a ninety-eight pounder against a wasp's nest. If the house of a Gibraltar Jew, who never possessed £1000, is plundered, he asks for £30,000 of indemnity, and blockades the Piræus to extort it."

"I must defend Lord Palmerston," I said, "as to the Pacifico and Finlay affair. A mob, headed by the son of a Greek minister, had plundered Pacifico; the king himself had robbed Finlay. Otho, with childish obstinacy, refused any reparation whatever. He would not let the claims made against him be even inquired into."

"What was Lord Palmerston to do? He was forced to take Pacifico's story, because the king would not discuss the matter. He was forced to employ force, because the king would not hear argument. And he sent an overwhelming force in order to save the king's honour, by rendering resistance impossible."

"Well," said Guizot, "I am not enough acquainted with the details to discuss with you the Greek affair, but you must admit that Palmerston is generally blamed for it."

"Yes," I said, "for the very reason that makes you blame him, that the details are not known."

"You will not defend," he answered, "Palmerston's revolutionary foreign policy?"

"The conduct," I answered, "of many foreign governments has been such that nothing short of revolution can reform them. I do not see how Palmerston could avoid feeling this, or, feeling it, and knowing that it was felt by all the Liberal party in England, how he could avoid expressing it. And he has done no more. I am inclined to think that France has favoured revolutions among her neighbours quite as much as England has."

"That is true," said Guizot, "as respects the French people. With the exception of that of the eighteenth Fructidor, which was the beginning of military despotism, our early revolutions were useful. They did enormous harm, but it was overbalanced by still greater good. In our minds, at least until 1848, revolution was associated with reform, with liberty, and with progress, and above all, with the downfall of what we most hate, aristocracy. We expect every insurrection among our neighbours to produce justice and liberty and equality."

"We are exposed too, far more than you are, to the influence of refugees. They are generally harmless with you, they do not speak your language or understand your feelings or your institutions, they cannot enter your public service. You are *penitus toto divisi orbe Britannii*. They find England dear, foggy, and unsympathetic, and quit it. With us they are almost at home; we adopt them and we employ them."

"How do you account," I asked, "for the insertion in the *Moniteur* of the addresses of the Colonels in 1858?"

“Louis Napoleon,” answered Guizot, “meant to intimidate you. It was a strange blunder for a man who had lived in England. But the effects were excellent. It opened your eyes. If he had said nothing you would have passed the Conspiracy Bill, and have still trusted him as your faithful ally.

“In 1830,” he added, “Spain encouraged the Legitimist conspirators. Bourmont was just within the frontier. The Duchesse de Berry was to join him. I brought the Spanish Government to its senses by giving to the Spanish refugees, Mina, Valdez, Isturiz, and their party, full liberty to conspire against it. Ferdinand was alarmed. He knew that he was hated, despised, and, what is worse than all for a sovereign, distrusted. He implored us to discountenance all conspiracies in France against him, promising to repress all in Spain against Louis Philippe.”

September 1st.—We talked this morning at breakfast of Lamartine.

“Never,” said Guizot, “was nature more prodigal, and never were her gifts more abused. He began with eloquence, imagination, courage, beauty, birth, fortune. All have been destroyed by his want of self-command. He never can resist the immediate gratification of his vanity. He has wasted his fortune in ostentatious hospitality and almsgiving; he boasts that he is *la providence* of all his neighbours. He falsifies the facts of history, in order to introduce claptraps and theatrical effects; he falsifies its spirit to please, to inflame, and to deceive the ignorant mob of readers. His policy, when a member of the Provisional Government, was all vanity. He hoped that the Republicans and the bourgeoisie would unite to make him president. I cannot read his Girondins.”

“When Lamartine,” said C. de Witt, “was in power, he used to jot down indiscriminately hints for his poems and hints for his administration. In a paper containing among other things a list of prefects was found the word ‘David.’

“M. David therefore appeared in the *Moniteur* as prefect, and Lamartine’s secretary came to him to ask M. David’s address. Lamartine was sorely puzzled. The name certainly was there, but he could not tell why. At last he recollected that he had put it down as a memorandum of some allusion to King David, to be introduced into a ‘meditation.’ So a notice appeared in the *Moniteur* nominating A. B. a prefect in the place of M. David, ‘*appelé à d’autres fonctions.*’”

“Has Lamartine any children?” said M^dc. de Witt.

“None,” said Guizot. “The paucity of children to a marriage in the higher classes is such, that it very much diminishes the chances, at all times small, of seeing an eminent man succeeded by an eminent son. Scarcely any of the great men of the Revolution left sons of any merit. Lanjuinais is the best that occurs to me. He is a man of sense and integrity, but would not be distinguished if he were

not the son of the Conventionist. Carnot was nothing; Thibaudau's son was clever, but a *mauvais sujet*. The regicide Thibaudeau was one of the most respectable members of the Convention."

"I knew him," I said, "and liked him. He was proud of his English, and once said to me, 'It is nonsense to say that Frenchmen cannot pronounce t h; I can say "dat" as well as you can.'"

"This paucity," continued Guizot, "would facilitate the reconstruction of an aristocracy. The rich families remain rich, or rather increase in riches, for their numbers diminish and the value of their properties increases."

"You will obtain," I said, "indeed, you have, a rich upper class: but a real aristocracy, that is, a body of men uniting political importance to hereditary fortune, is scarcely compatible with the reign of universal suffrage."

"That is true," he said. "Though you have as yet escaped universal suffrage, the lowering the suffrage by your reform has destroyed the aristocratic character of your Government. You could not now, as you did from 1793 to 1815, hold on, through military failures, financial difficulties, and commercial distress, until the long-deferred success arrived. You could not, as we did from Henri IV. until Louis XIV., pursue for one hundred years one un-deviating policy. Your reformed House would not stand more than a very few years of ill success. I have no doubt that your home Government is better than it was under Pitt, or under Pitt's followers. An unreformed parliament would not have given you poor-law reform, or municipal reform, or free trade. But it would have given you greater statesmen, and a firmer and a wiser foreign policy."

"Your next fall will be into what will be virtually universal suffrage—for it will place power in the hands of the uneducated majority, and it signifies little whether they are sixty per cent. or ninety-nine per cent. of the electors. And a parliament elected by universal suffrage will never be moderate. It will always oscillate between servility and revolution. With us it is servile: with you it will be revolutionary."

"Your present semi-radical House has already forced you to break down the two great conservative powers in Europe—Russia and Austria. I admit that there was much to disapprove in both of them, and, from Russia, much to fear. Her people are in the semi-barbarous state which renders them the blind instruments of their sovereigns, and their sovereigns have often been semi-barbarians, violent, aggressive, and despotic. Under Nicholas she was the consistent obstinate enemy of all liberal institutions and liberal opinions. So is Austria, and though not covetous of territory, she is covetous of influence, and her influence is exerted in favour of despotism and against improvement. If you had weakened only one of them you

might have done well; or, if there had been no such country as France in the world, it might have been well to destroy the power of both of them.

"But France is a standing danger, sometimes to the freedom, sometimes to the good government of Europe. And what bulwarks have you now against her? Not Prussia. Her army, out of all proportion to her population or her wealth, is a militia. Our military men treat it with contempt. Sardinia, or by whatever name the new kingdom of Italy is to be called, is, at least for the present, powerful only for mischief.

"The Netherlands and Belgium could bring into the field 200,000 men—a force not to be despised: but they have no military reputation.

"Russia is *hors de combat*. Our troops have returned from Italy with a great respect for the Austrian soldiers. But they have enough to do to keep down Hungary and Venetia.

"Austria while intact, supported by Belgium and Holland, and, in case of need, by Prussia, was a check to the ambition of a French despot, or to the madness of a French republic, which was useful, I might say indispensable, to you and to ourselves. And you have done and are doing all that you can without actual war to break her up."

* *Sunday, September 2nd.*—Before breakfast Guizot read to us a sermon of Bourdaloue's, and Pauline de Witt a prayer: they both read admirably. Later in the day there was another service for the servants, most of whom are Swiss Protestants.

"The same sermons," said Guizot, "or even the same prayers, are not fit for us and for our servants and children. What suits us is only partially intelligible to them. What they can understand we think commonplace. Bourdaloue," he added, "is the first of our preachers. Massillon has too much ornament. The ornament is good, but a sermon deals with interests of such overwhelming importance, that the preacher ought not to appear to think of his style."

"Nor," I said, "ought any other speaker or author to appear to do so."

"Without doubt," said Guizot; "the less he shows that he does so the better. But when period after period is perfect, when every idea is presented clearly, vividly, and concisely, when after it has been exhibited at full length in a long sentence it is repeated in miniature in a short one, no one can fancy that the author was not thinking about his style. No one can believe that Tocqueville or Macaulay thought only of his subject, and nothing of himself. Now one might believe that Bourdaloue did this—at least a person not of the *métier*, a person who did not know from experience how difficult it is to write simply and naturally, might believe it."

M. Guizot talked at breakfast of the royal personages whom he had known.

"Louis XVIII.," he said, "has the reputation of constitutionalism, but it was not because he liked or even approved parliamentary government. He hated the charter; but he believed it to be necessary, and he submitted to it with a good grace. With better grace, indeed, than Louis Philippe, principally because he took less interest in public affairs. Louis Philippe's spirit was broken by the revolution. He worshipped Republicanism as some Asiatic nations do the Devil, as a maleficent Principle to be flattered and propitiated, but not to be resisted. Among his ministers, those whom he caressed most, such as Lafitte, and afterwards Thiers, were not those whom he trusted most or liked most. He used to call them by their simple surnames; he never did so to Casimir Perier, or to the Duc de Broglie, or even to me. He was not familiar with those whom he respected; or rather, he ceased to respect those who appeared to wish for his familiarity. He has been called false, but I never found him so. Though personally brave, he was politically timid; he preferred address to force; he always wished to turn an obstacle instead of attacking it in front. He has been called avaricious. That is another calumny. He did not like to waste his money, but he devoted it liberally to public purposes. Though never confident as to the future, he made no private purse. In 1848 he lost his head. When he went down into the Carrousel and found the National Guard crying, 'La réforme!' 'La réforme!' his presence of mind deserted him. He answered, 'Vous avez la réforme, Barrot est chargé de la préparer,' went back, and abdicated. If he had let Bugcaud act for him all would have been saved. Thiers was not a good counsellor in extremity. I do not believe that he wants courage, but his imagination disturbs his judgment. His real place is in the tribune. In the streets he loses his presence of mind; in the cabinet he always preferred *une politique de variété à une politique de raison*. I was forced to return to France in 1840 to prevent his engaging us in a war in order to give Syria to Mehemet Ali. A thing quite right and useful, but not useful peculiarly to France; not more worth a war than the giving Lombardy to Piedmont was. And even in the tribune, although a first-rate debater—clear, simple, ingenious, and persuasive—he had two great faults. First, he was too long: he repeated himself too often. Every speaker must repeat himself, since in every assembly some attend at one time and some at another; but Thiers abused this privilege or this necessity. His other fault was the want of order. There was no principle of arrangement in his speeches. The end might have been at the beginning, and the beginning at the end. This made it difficult to answer him, because it was difficult to remember him. In order to recollect his speech it was necessary to reconstruct it."

"Was Mde. Adelaide," said my daughter, "a superior woman?"

"Morally," answered Guizot, "not intellectually. She had good sense, but it was commonplace good sense. Such too was the character of Louis Philippe's mind. He had sagacity and knowledge of mankind, but he was fitter to decide between different counsels than to suggest. This similarity led to the opinion that Mde. Adelaide had great influence over him. She appeared to have influence, because they generally took the same view of a question.

"He was an admirable causer; perhaps too good, for his pleasure in talking often made him lose time, and sometimes made him indiscreet.

"He did not, like most royal persons, assume to lead the conversation. He let it take its course. You might suggest topics, you might even ask him questions.

"Queen Christina," he continued, "was one of the cleverest sovereigns that I have known. No one taught me so much about Spain. She judged persons and things with great intelligence and impartiality."

"Another very able man is the King of Wurtemberg."

"Twenty years ago," I said, "Prince Woronzoff told me that he considered him the best general that Germany then possessed."

"He is quite as remarkable," said Guizot, "as a statesman, at least as a theoretic statesman. He used to complain to me of his nullity in practice. 'You,' he said, 'because you are a subject, can be a minister. You can affect the destinies of France, and through France those of the world. What can a poor little King of Wurtemberg do? He cannot be a minister, and if he were to affect to play the independent sovereign he would be laughed at. The Bund will not allow him to have a foreign policy, or even a domestic policy. Of all institutions for misgovernment the Bund is one of the worst. It renders the German sovereigns powerless for good, and irresistible for evil.'"

"You knew Metternich," I said, "and you knew the Duke of Wellington. Which do you put the higher as a statesman?"

"The Duke of Wellington," he answered, "beyond all comparison. Metternich was dexterous; he was skilful in his dealings with other diplomatists. But he knew nothing of the people. The explosion of 1848 found him not only unprepared, but unsuspecting."

"A few days," I said, "before the Austrian revolution of 1848, Lord Hardinge, on his return from India, spent some days with him in Vienna. 'See,' he said, 'the results of my policy. While the other thrones of Europe are tottering Austria is not even threatened.' One of the first persons whom Lord Hardinge met on his arrival in London was Metternich, who in his flight had preceded him."

"He said to me," said Guizot, "in 1847, that he was not aware that he had ever made a political mistake.

'Illi mors gravis incidit
Qui notus nimis omnibus
Ignotus moritur sibi.'

His wit," he added, "was chiefly antithetical. He said of you, 'Les Anglais ont plus de bon sens qu'aucune autre nation. Et ils sont fous.'"

"That," I said, "was like Talleyrand's praise of English education—'C'est la meilleure en Europe, et elle est détestable.'"

"What struck me most in the Duke of Wellington," said Guizot, "was his wonderful good sense and sagacity. He had not a spark of imagination, but he did not want it. It was not necessary to him, as it is to other men, to supply the defects of perception. He was not forced to conjecture; he could see every part of his subject."

"Whom do you consider," I said, "as your best general?"

"Trochu," he answered.

"Lamoricière, MacMahon, and Changarnier are all good. But Lamoricière has never been tried against civilised soldiers; he has encountered only Arabs, Cabyles, and Emeutiers. MacMahon is an admirable general of division, but those who have served with him doubt his fitness to command 150,000 men, and, unhappily, that may now be considered as the normal force of an army. Changarnier is like Harpagon's cook. He wants large appliances. He requires 100,000 men to do what Napoleon would have done with 50,000."

"Trochu was the favourite scholar and *aide de camp* of Bugeaud. When he was only a captain, and a very young one, Bugeaud wrote to me to propose to raise him, over the heads of hundreds of his seniors, to the rank of chef de bataillon. It is the most important step in the service. 'I should not ask it,' he said, 'if I were not sure that I am preparing a maréchal for you.'"

"Why were *you* consulted?" I said. "You were not Minister of War?"

"No," he answered, "but I was leader of the House. The nomination was sure to be attacked, and I had to defend it."

After breakfast we begged Madame C. de Witt to show us some of her father's orders. She brought down three—the Golden Fleece, the Elephant, and a Chinese order. The last, it seems, is the greatest. The owner of it wears a blue button and ranks immediately after the emperor. It consists of a collar of amber beads, with a sort of brooch of jasper and a jasper tassel.

Guizot's collar of the Golden Fleece is the one which was worn by Philip II. of Spain. It is of gold and enamel, and finely worked. It confers grandeeship, but whether hereditary or not Guizot does not know. Queen Isabella wished to make him Duke of San

Antonio. When he refused the dukedom she sent to him the Murillo which ornaments his apartment in Paris.

Guizot's pictures at Val Richer are modern. His mother, by Ary Scheffer, and the Queen of the French, by Winterhalter, are the best, and are both very good. A remarkable one is an equestrian portrait of Mehmet Ali. He had not the common Mussulman objection to being painted, and sent this picture to Guizot after the Syrian affair in 1840.

We walked in the afternoon over the wooded hills overlooking the Abbey.

We talked of Hebrew poetry.

"The first people who wrote sensibly were the Hebrews. All other Asiatic literature is childish. From them common sense passed to the Greeks."

"I have always," I said, "considered Egypt as the parent of civilisation."

"Yes," said Guizot, "in point of time. But the Egyptians, though rich, refined, and civilised, while all the rest of the world was barbarous, do not appear to have had any valuable literature. Their characters were too cumbrous to be much used in books. They are essentially lapidary. Their cosmogony was as wild as that of the Hindoos. Their worship was still worse; it was the most degraded fetishism. I do not think that we owe much to the wisdom of the Egyptians, though Moses is said to have studied it. There are no Coptic words in Greek; it is a branch of Sanscrit. Greek language and art came from the Assyrians and Phœnicians. Some of the Basques appear to be Phœnicians. They use words which are to be found in the *Penulus of Plautus*.

"The use of characters easily written and easily read seems to be necessary to a high degree of literary cultivation. The want of such characters has kept stationary the Chinese. The complexity of their characters probably was one of the causes which arrested the progress of the Arabs, an exceedingly intelligent race, who yet have contributed little to literature. The Carthaginians, great as they were in commerce and in arms, and using Greek characters, must have had poets and historians. The irrecoverable loss of their language is a great misfortune."

The conversation went from Hebrew to Italian.

"There is much modern Italian poetry," said Guizot, "of great merit, of which you know nothing. Even Macaulay, who knows everything, was little acquainted with it."

"Was his knowledge of French literature," I said, "great?"

"Greater than that of almost any Frenchman," said Guizot. "He told me once that he knew only three perfect works—*Mme. de Sévigné's Letters*, the *Lettres Provinciales*, and *Molière's great plays*."

"I never," I said, "read the second part of Faust."

"It is not worth reading," he answered. "The meaning is not easily made out, and is seldom worth making out. Goethe, like many other Germans, fell in love with his own creations and his own ideas, and dwelt on them till he wore them out. The second part of his *Wilhelm Meister* and the latter part of his *Wahlverwandschaften* are scarcely readable. The best German poems are the ballads.

"I am a great novel reader," he continued, "but I seldom read German or French novels. The characters are too artificial, there are too many forced situations, and the morality is generally detestable. My delight is to read English novels, particularly those written by women. *C'est tout une école de morale*. Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Mrs Gaskell, and many others, almost as remarkable, form a school which in the excellence, the profusion, and the contemporaneousness of its productions resembles the cloud of dramatic poets of the great Athenian age.

"It is remarkable," he continued, "that while you are great in some of the imitative arts, you fail in others which are closely connected with those in which you excel. Your painters are good. Your architects, with a few great exceptions, are detestable.

"Your dramatic writers are not first-rate, but they are respectable. Your actors do not approach mediocrity. Young Kean is very bad. Macready was worse, and yet he had a high reputation.

"The greatest living tragedian is Madame Viardot. Her acting in Gluck's *Orfeo* is perfect. She has more real passion than even Rachel. And yet Rachel was very great. Rachel's exquisite tact and powers of imitation showed themselves by her conduct in society. She was ill-educated, she was ill-conditioned, was already grown up, and, as one would suppose, with manners not only formed but fixed when she was first introduced into good company. She must have known that she was not respected, that she was tolerated only as a show. One can scarcely imagine greater disadvantages. And yet her manners were perfect. They were dignified and graceful, yet unrestrained.

"I much preferred her to Ristori, particularly as a reciter. Ristori is too vehement. She rages and gesticulates before it is proper, and more than it is proper.

"Rachel began quietly and slowly, and gradually rose to passion, as the audience became *passionné*. In the evenings too on which she was to recite she was composed, almost reserved, from the time that she entered the room. She did not jump, as Ristori does, from gay badinage or fierce politics to passionate declamation.

"We study Molière," he continued, "rather less than we used to do—less than you do Shakespeare. I do not think that four lines

from Shakespeare could be quoted in the House of Commons without being detected. But when I quoted in the Chamber of Deputies these lines—

‘ Je sais tous les hommes,
Les uns parcequ'ils sont méchans et malfaisans,
Et les autres pour être aux méchans complaisans,’

the House did not find out that it was Molière, or even that it was verse. They accused me of abusing the House. And I doubt whether I appeased them by telling them that it was a quotation from the *Misanthrope*.”

In the evening, *nonobstant* Sunday, the children danced.

September 3rd.—We went before breakfast to see the school. It is mixed, and contains, when full, about sixty children, but, as this was the first meeting after the vacation, not above twenty were present.

I desired a boy to sketch on the black board a map of France. He made a fair outline, and put in correctly all the towns which I mentioned to him.

“We pay more attention,” said Guizot, “to the geography of France than to that of Palestine, to French history than to Jewish history, and to modern French history than to that of Clovis or Pepin. Your practice, I believe, is different.”

The schoolmaster is a pleasing, intelligent young man. He has a neat house, built—as was the school—by M. Guizot, and an income of about £60 a year. With this he is content. His chief want is that of society. There is no medical man or notaire in the village. He is far more cultivated than the farmers, or even the curés; but they must be his associates.

The children looked healthy.

“We have no manufactures,” said Guizot. “The difference in health between our agricultural and our manufacturing villages is striking.

“There are two communes between me and Pont l’Evêque which adjoin. They differ little in soil or in air, or in the number of their inhabitants, but one is purely agricultural, the other is chiefly manufacturing. Each furnishes in time of peace, every year, fourteen conscripts. In order to get fourteen youths fit for service twenty-eight ballots are necessary in the agricultural commune, and sixty-four in the manufacturing one. Of those who draw the lot of service among the manufacturers fifty are rejected as unfit, for fourteen among the agriculturists.”

“Even the rejection,” I said, “of fourteen out of twenty-eight seems a large proportion.”

“It is not large,” he answered, “for France. The majority of the young men who, as entering their twenty-first year, become

subject to the ballot, are unfit for service. And if our wars continue, that proportion will increase. The mere occupation of Algiers is a drain on our able-bodied population. For many years it required a garrison of one hundred thousand men. It now requires sixty thousand. If, as is probable, we take in Tunis, it will again require one hundred thousand. We are always in danger, too, of having to conquer Morocco. Even our present African empire is almost as great a burden to us as India is to you. If we are forced, as you were forced, to make further conquests, it may become a still greater burden.

"Avarice, or rather cupidity, created the germ of your distant empire; vanity created ours. And the ignorance and perverseness of semi-barbarous neighbours may oblige us, as they obliged you, to extend it. Africa has given us good soldiers, and India has given you good generals. There the advantages to the dominant countries cease, though I hope that the conquered countries will be better governed under Christians than they were under Mussulmans."

"You expect," I said, "to see Tunis French. What is Constantinople to be?"

"It cannot remain Turkish," he answered. "The attempt to preserve the integrity of the rotten Turkish Empire is an attempt to resist nature. Such an attempt, when made by two such nations as France and England, may be persevered in for years. The longer it lasts the greater will be the waste of men and money, and diplomacy; but it must eventually fall. The Turks must be driven across the Bosphorus. We cannot occupy Constantinople, nor can you; we are both resolved not to let Russia have it. All Europe would refuse to put it under Austria, even if Austria were mad enough to wish for it. It cannot be independent; it must, therefore, be Greek; the capital of a Greek empire, to which you will be wise enough to cede your troublesome and useless protectorate of the Ionian Islands."

"The Ionians," I said, "will not be gainers by such a cession."

"Of course," he answered, "they will be worse governed by the Greeks than they are by you; but a people had rather be ill governed by its fellow-countrymen than well governed by foreigners. In Algeria we have put an end to the civil wars of the tribes, we have made the country safe, we distribute impartial justice, its produce has enormously increased in quantity, and also in price. Never was a conquered country more benefited by its conquest. Yet it requires the constant presence of a French army, and the constant vigilance of the Bureaux Arabes to prevent an insurrection more extensive than your Indian mutiny, and quite as vindictive."

On the evening of the 3rd of September we left Val Richer after a most agreeable and instructive visit. M. Guizot is never greater or more amiable than in his own family.

N. W. SENIOR.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE capture of Plevna, which took place on the 10th of the month, has been followed by the diplomatic activity which might have been expected. Of course, the exact order of this activity is not known to the outside world, but there can be no reason to suppose that peace is very close at hand. Austria and Germany have satisfied themselves how much or how little they have to fear from Russia, and see no reason to interrupt the due chastisement of Turkey. The incident which most affects England is the calling of parliament together at a slightly earlier date than is usual. Whatever may prove to be the object of such a step—whether to ask for money for increased forces, or for purchase of a piece of territory, or for ratification of a war policy, or to discover what policy will satisfy the country—we may see at least that it tends to check any hopes of a successful issue to negotiations for a peace. Whatever else may happen, that is certain. It will naturally raise the expectations of the Porte, and harden the disposition of Turkey to remain impracticable. This, of course, has been the uniform tendency of the action of the English government. The rejection of the Berlin Memorandum in the spring of 1876 persuaded the Turks that England would be on their side sooner or later, and did more than anything else to embolden Turkey in her resistance to all subsequent Notes and Protocols. It is true that in November Lord Derby gave public and official warning to Turkey that if “the Porte by obstinacy or apathy opposes the efforts which are now making to place the Ottoman Empire on a more secure basis, *the responsibility of the consequences which may ensue will rest solely with the Sultan and his advisers.*” But the Porte never believed this. And now, at the moment when the consequences which Lord Derby implied have ensued, and are presenting themselves with a directness that cannot be resisted, the English government is doing, or gives itself the air of doing, something which will again make the Turks think that, after all, they will escape the consequences of their obstinate refusal of all practical proposals of reform a year ago.

Now we have never denied that the Eastern situation is one on which an English politician may or must look with a vigilant and interested eye. We have treaty engagements connected with it. We are greatly responsible for the prolonged existence of the government which is responsible for the present war. We are one of the powers whom that government a year ago defied. And we have material interests which perhaps one contingency in the course of

the war might seriously affect. The question how far those interests are really engaged is open to dispute. But beyond that lies the other question whether the risk to those interests has been, or can be, demonstrated to be grave and immediate enough to justify us in threatening Russia and ourselves with war. This is not proven nor provable.

The case of the war party is based upon the transformation of a certain number of hypothetical contingencies into assured certainties. We are urged to act as if certain doubtful possibilities were positive actualities. From this or that hypothetical premiss they draw a categorical conclusion, and thence they advance at a single stride to the most terrible of practical measures. Thus—If Russia establishes herself at Constantinople, it may endanger the supremacy of the British fleet in the Mediterranean; it may loosen our hold on the Suez Canal; it may shake our prestige in India; it may compel us to go to war with Russia one day:—*argal*, let us go to war at once. There is not a step of the whole argument that is not open to doubt in the mind of a clear-headed man, even if he should happen to have alarmist leanings. Why should our naval supremacy be imperilled? We have a bigger fleet than all the other fleets of the world put together, and Russia neither has nor is likely to have either money or skilled men for a fleet one-fifth of the strength of ours for an indefinite time to come. Who does not remember the commotion about the Russian navy, every time that a naval constructor went to St. Petersburg, and yet the first precaution taken by the Russian government after the declaration of war was instantly to hide this formidable navy out of the way. Again, if one thing is more certain than another to draw Russia away from the direction of India it is the possession of Constantinople. Nothing else could so engage all her interests and concentrate all her resources and energies. From a weak oriental power, she would straightway become a weak western power. Next, the presence of Russia in the Bosphorus would be a blow to our prestige in India. We are getting rather tired of the mysterious forebodings of one school of Anglo-Indians. They look gloomy, and mutter unfinished sentences about "things getting talked about in the bazaars," &c., &c. If Russia speaks above a whisper, we are warned that the Indian Empire is in danger. It is as terrible as in the days of Figaro:—*"Je broche une comédie dans les mœurs du sérail. Auteur espagnol, je crois pouvoir y fronder Mahomet sans scrupule; à l'instant un envoyé . . . de je ne sais où se plaint que j'offense dans mes vers la Sublime Porte, la Perse, une partie de la presqu'île de l'Inde, toute l'Égypte, les royaumes de Barca, de Tripoli, de Tunis, d'Alger et de Maroc, et voilà ma comédie flambée, pour plaire aux princes mahométans, dont pas un, je crois, ne sait lire, et qui nous meurtrissent l'omoplate, en nous disant: Chiens de Chrétiens."*

And yet all these apprehensions are as problematical as any that ever haunted the bosoms of the military and naval clubs. One half of the Indian officials will tell you that the other half are all wrong, and that the Indian Mahometans, though friendly to Turkey as an old-fashioned power as against the vulgar pushing Western, will not stir a finger. And at any rate we have this indisputable fact, that twenty years ago we had scarcely saved Turkey from her enemy, and burnished up our prestige again by the Crimean War, when the value of our prestige, and the deep conciliatory effect of our making ourselves the champions of the Mahometan power, were immediately shown by the outbreak of the Indian Rebellion. However this may be, what man of sense will say that the disputed and denied possibility of lessened prestige in India is a reason for inflicting upon ourselves the certain calamity of war? If the prospective injury were undoubted instead of being full of doubt, even then war would be a thrice and four times questionable step. How extravagant then is it to talk of war to frighten or please the famous bazaars, when it is so infinitely open to question whether the bazaars would be either frightened or pleased after all. Is a cobweb thread of such assumptions as this to hold the bloody head of War? And the master assumption is the slenderest of them all. Russia is not at Constantinople, and even if the Emperor thinks it necessary to go there for temporary occupation, there are a score of irresistible causes why he cannot stop there. For one of them, we may quote the well-known saying of the diplomatist to the Czar Nicholas, *The road to Constantinople lies through Vienna*. With Austria and Germany on her flank, Russia at Constantinople would be the weakest power in Europe, and of this her statesmen are perfectly aware. The presence of British forces at Gallipoli or in the Bosphorus could not make her a whit less likely to stay at Constantinople than she is now.

These are only one set of illustrations. The speeches of the deputation to Lord Derby would furnish several more. Although Lord Derby's reply to Lord Stratheden and his wise friends was made at the end of last month (November 28th), it is worth while to recapitulate one or two of his points, because in the Babel of the political discussion of the time these points are incessantly recurring. 1. *The Euphrates Valley Railway*. "I cannot, for my own part, think that the true line of communication between England and India lies through the Euphrates Valley. I believe so long as we have the Suez Canal uninterrupted and undisturbed we have a communication sufficient for all purposes." And to those who have found out that a straight line from London to Calcutta runs through Erzeroum, Lord Derby might have recalled that such a line would also go through Vienna and one or two other great cities which are not exactly either under British jurisdiction nor

in the hands of weak powers. 2. *Trebizonde and the Suez Canal.* "With regard to the gentleman who told me that the Suez Canal would be endangered if the Russians were to get to Trebizonde, I must say that is a proposition which, although I do not negative it off-hand, still appears to me to be somewhat difficult of proof."

3. *Afghanistan and the Indian Mahometans.* "Again, another gentleman remarked that if the Afghan people turned against us there was a danger of their being joined by the whole Mahometan population of India. I do not think there is imminent danger of that, and I believe that those who are more conversant with Indian subjects than, perhaps, we are in this room, would back me up in that opinion. Unfortunately we had an Afghan war some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and I do not think on that occasion there was the slightest feeling of sympathy shown in favour of the people of Afghanistan by our own Mahometan fellow-subjects in India. We have had sundry troubles in that quarter on the frontier; but there has been no evidence that any particular sympathy was felt for them by the millions of Mahometans who inhabit India."

4. *Constantinople.* "I do not think Constantinople is in that immediate danger in which it seems to be considered by some of those who have addressed me to-day. I think they have very much underrated the difficulties which the Russian armies have, and which they will continue to have, before them. But upon that point I can only again refer you to the language held by us as to the conditions of our neutrality at the beginning of the war. From the opinions then expressed we do not intend to deviate in the slightest degree on one side or the other."

If every one of the propositions that have been mentioned represented accomplished facts, it would still be doubtful whether we should be doing our best to counteract the alleged mischief by going to war. The theory of the alarmists seems to be that England must somehow be protected, not against the risk of destruction, but against the risk of attack. No nation in the world enjoys immunity from the latter risk. Every nation has weak points in frontiers, resources, military system, if some other particular nation should choose to make the attempt. No nation cried out more indignantly than ourselves against France for raising the very same pretensions in 1870 which our alarmists are raising now. The Chauvinists said: It is not enough that our people are prosperous, strong, contented; they cannot be secure so long as we have a great empire across the Rhine; they cannot be strong unless Germany is weak and Italy is weak. Our impartiality enabled us to see with admirable penetration the folly of such a position. No country is, or ever can be, absolutely and eternally safe against every possible contingency. To enter upon a war with the aim of placing your country in such a position that

no other power could reach her, is to fight for a foolish chimera. It is to call down at once a shower of evils, which could only have come at the worst, and might possibly never have come at all. A nation is strong, not because she is secure against every hypothetical attack, but because her policy is not provocative of attack, and because her resources and organization will enable her to meet attack. France, for instance, is, under her present system of policy, recovering a position of unsurpassed strength. The United States are strong. But neither France nor the American Union is invulnerable nor omnipotent. And it is omnipotent invulnerability that our alarmists insist upon as the one condition of safety. They will never get what they want. No nation complies with that condition. If some of our journalists were to banish themselves to New York, they would within a month begin a series of bitter and passionate articles to demonstrate the appalling insecurity of the Eastern seaboard, the grave perils of a descent from Canada, and the scandalous betrayal of American interests by leaving San Francisco open to the aggressions of a fleet of junks from China.

Unhappily we have dangerous classes in England who give a credulous ear to incoherent apprehensions which they would laugh to scorn if they saw the same in the people of any other country. In every foreign disturbance it has been the same. "I recollect perfectly well the American war," said Lord Derby the other day, "and how a considerable section of the public were extremely anxious that we should take part in that, and endeavour to put an end to the struggle. I recollect the Franco-German war, and how some organs of public opinion, and some public men also, expressing what was thought by them to be the real feeling of the country, contended that England was eternally disgraced and lowered in the eyes of the world because we did not take part in that war. With regard to both one and the other of those cases I venture to say that the great majority of the public of this country would now be of opinion that if we had intervened in either of those wars we should have committed a great blunder, and involved ourselves in unnecessary calamities. There is a strong inclination on the part of a large section of the public to rush into a contest when they see one going on—no doubt with a natural and honourable sympathy for the weaker side—but without sufficiently reckoning the cost to themselves or the country. We all recollect how a minister some years ago undertook a great war for the sake of prestige; and he said he went into it with a light heart, but he did not come out of it with a light heart—neither he, nor his master, nor his country. But for my part, believing that unless a war is necessary it is a crime, I think we ought to be most careful to do and to say nothing that may tend unnecessarily to bring it about." Lord

Derby might have strengthened his case by adding that there were people who would have gone to war about Schleswig-Holstein, and who would have gone to war rather than submit the Alabama Claims to arbitration. Now and at all times we have not one but an unlimited quantity of Emile Olliviers.

There is probably more incoherent matter talked in Pall Mall in any given afternoon just now, than has ever been heard on any spot on the earth's surface since man first entered the social union. The gulfs between premiss and conclusion have never yawned so wide. The conclusion that we are in for it, that we must fight, that we must take something, is invariable, but the versions are different, and the fact of their being self-contradictory is no objection. Russia is an aggressive power; therefore, in the interests of the public law of Europe, England must take Egypt, Cyprus, and perhaps Jerusalem, to say nothing of advancing to Herat and some other places beyond the north-west frontier of India. The Russians are badly led, they are hardly a match for the Turks, and a force from India under Lord Napier of Magdala would have made short work of General Loris Melikoff; their money is all gone; they will have a revolution; their strength is sapped by administrative corruption; *therefore* England must make haste into war before this mighty and despotic military empire, this colossus with boundless resources, shall have rivetted its yoke on the eastern world. Prince Bismarck is bent on weakening Russia, so that he may be free of apprehensions of an alliance between her and France, but he does not wish her to be too weak lest Austria should in consequence become too strong; and Prince Bismarck is plotting with Belgium, and dreaming of annexing Holland; *therefore* England, if she has any regard for her own interests and honour, will do exactly what the evil minister wishes, by plunging headlong into a war with Russia. One might fill pages with this strange delirium. Is there another country in Europe where you could find a member of a legislative body capable of saying anything so amazing as was said at a meeting the other day, to wit, that Ghazi Osman behind the trenches of Plevna was fighting the battle of the Church of England!

Mingled with this incredible mass of self-contradiction, incoherency, and *non-sequitur*, are all sorts of *misères* in the way of personal gossip. Official journals go out of their way to assure us that the relations between the Queen and the Prime Minister are most cordial. Well. Lord Beaconsfield is not the first statesman of his own stamp under whose roof the Queen has broken bread. The new volume of the *Life of the Prince Consort*—published at this particular moment, it would seem, in the pure spirit of mischief—gives to the visit to Hughenden a companion picture in the more famous visit to Saint Cloud. Lord Beaconsfield would not be the first of the Sovereign's

hosts who had plunged a great country into war for an idea, and under the plea of protecting its interests had endangered its existence by a policy of havoc.

But let us put away those idle and degrading reminiscences. The English are their own masters. It is not for the decorative elements of the government to play with the destinies of the great army of industry, masters and men, directors and workers: to draw us inch by inch into a policy that will make the gloomy position of our laborious population gloomier still, that will make the prospects of commerce and manufacture even more cheerless than they are, that will load the springs of industrial activity with the burden of new debt; and all for what? No responsible statesman has yet told us for what. No responsible statesman has yet laid before the nation a fully reasoned and intelligible account of what we have to gain, and how we are to gain it, by abandoning our neutrality. Can it really be pretended that the great empire on which the sun never sets has its real base, not in the industry and skill of its population, in the uprightness of its rulers, in the vast wealth that the toil and thrift of ages have accumulated, in the steady-eyed self-possession of the strong man armed keeping his house—but in the crazy and tumble-down offices of the Ottoman Porte? Does the vast pyramid of British rule really rest on such an apex as that?

It is deeply instructive to those who need instruction as to the true elements of strength and power in nations to read the violent language used by the Prince Consort about the attitude of Prussia during the Crimean War. Prussian neutrality is denounced much as English neutrality is denounced by our own alarmists to-day; it is revolting; it will certainly end in the effacement of Prussia as one of the great Powers; and so forth. The Prussian sovereign of that date was no wise statesman, and the reasons for his abstinence from the Crimean war were not the best that could have been given. But nobody will deny that that abstinence was wholly and completely justified by the results, as is our own abstinence from the half-dozen wars into which we should have been plunged within the last twenty years if we had followed the restless counsellors who cannot rise to the height of perceiving that a nation may be strong in patiently nursing her resources, and great in being silent. M. Guizot both said and did a great many foolish things, but he spoke at any rate one wise word when he said to Mr. Senior, that the maintenance of the Turkish Empire might be persevered in for years, but "the longer it lasts, the greater will be the waste of men, and money and diplomacy, and it must fall." Even the war-party admit this; yet they have no solution of their own, no constructive policy, no germ nor hint of such a policy, but only the futility of a war to avoid the inevitable.

The cause of reaction has seldom been plunged into such an abyss of humiliation as has for the moment swallowed up the conspirators against the French Republic. No words need be wasted in telling over again the odious story of the Broglie Plot, its cunning, its lawlessness, its criminality, its fatuous poverty of resource. People admit that they may almost be grateful to its contrivers for giving Europe so unexpected a chance of measuring the growth of France in political sense, and of measuring the abject incapacity of her internal enemies even for managing their own sinister trade. Frenchmen themselves, who have suffered all the bitterness of the fight, can hardly be expected as yet to take this philosophic view of what they have so perversely been made to undergo. Furious strife between neighbours, anger among friends, fierce schism in families, the vigils of long dubitation, the agony of apprehension,—the evils of all these things, even after the danger seems to have come to an end, are not effaced in a moment. The effects of the nightmare will long survive the awakening. The tension of the struggle has been as severe as any in history, where there has been no resort to actual force, and perhaps our generation will never know how near France has been to a violent subversion of civil government since the October elections. At one moment even the scornful optimist of the *République Française* must have expected the stroke. Or it may be that what looked like the preparation for a crime, was in truth never at any time anything worse than an infatuated blunder: Few people are now in the humour to call the Marshal by the name that he richly deserves. George the Third was almost heroic and farsighted compared with Marshal Macmahon, and we can only regret that the abuse of severity by triumphant parties in France in 1793, and at some other times, makes it inexpedient to revive slumbering memories by an impeachment of the whole band. If ever the betrayers of the commonwealth merited a lesson, these are the men. But it is perhaps enough to leave the Duke de Broglie to the gnawing despair of ambitious impotence, and the Marshal to the Eumenides of his drawing-room. The shooting-butts at Satory are only for treason among the lower classes.

The description of the final scene of surrender is almost incredible, although it has been officially contradicted. Still more incredible is the gossip about Prince Bismarck's interference. Such a story was in any case sure to be invented, but it will not be to the interest of French faction to pretend to believe it. It is a needless humiliation to the Marshal. The notion of the destinies of a great people being in the hands of this unfortunate personage is overwhelming. That the bearer of the very greatest and loftiest title in Europe should have to make open confession that he has been dragged headlong and blindfold into a conspiracy

against the welfare of the country, that he did what he was bidden, and said what he was told to say, and that he never knew the meaning either of the speeches that he repeated or of the papers that he signed or of the policy that he passed off as his own—it is pitiable. M. Thiers was certainly no hero. Those who have read his *Conversations* in these pages may take his measure—a kind of infernal Imp-Statesman, as he has been called, engendered by Machiavelli on the Vivandière of the Regiment, and with the blessing of Satan on the union, for it was his nimble tattoo on the literary kettledrum that marched France to Sedan. But Thiers would never have plunged into such an adventure as that of the Sixteenth of May without definite ideas as to the military means at his disposal. It was not so much his respect for constitutions, as his knowledge that he had no military power to fall back upon, that led to his prompt resignation of the presidential office on another famous day of another May. The Marshal and his friends either made a miscalculation, or else went to war without first sitting down to make any calculation at all. They invited a whole host of functionaries to fight in their ranks, promising on their honour that they would all stand or fall together. And now the author of all the turgid manifestoes and imperious messages and general orders, which have humiliated the people of France for six months, not only eats his own words, but, reaching a singular climax of baseness, deserts both his own principles and the men who were credulous enough to believe that he meant what he said. He remains, but they sink. M. Gambetta then is proved to have been right all along in making light of common apprehensions as to the Marshal, ever since the intriguers of 1873 placed him in the presidential chair.

But this is not to say that since the Sixteenth of May those have not also been right who have maintained that nothing can be done until the Marshal has been got rid of, and that therefore the present ending of the crisis is less satisfactory than if the Marshal had chosen the other alternative, and instead of submitting had resigned. Of course nobody says that now measures of any kind ought to be taken to drive the President to resign. The object now must clearly be to work as well with him as circumstances will allow until the peaceful expiry of his term. In 1879 one-third of the Senate is to be renewed, and if that be satisfactorily accomplished the Republicans may perhaps breathe freely. But a man must be very sanguine who feels quite sure that in the interval there may not descend once more a bolt from the clear sky. There may be a truce, but there can be no secure peace under the existing conditions. It is very easy to blame the Left for not having made things easier for M. Dufaure's former ministry; for having acted like a party in opposition instead of a government party. They were not a govern-

ment party. They had an instinctive feeling of it then, and the Marshal's semi-confession of the Duke de Broglie's intrigues shows how right they were. They are not a government party now, for they can never be sure that the same cabal that plotted behind the back, first of M. Dufaure and then of M. Jules Simon, will not be plotting next week behind the back of M. Dufaure over again. And this is the reason why it would have been better for France and the Republic if the Marshal had resigned and been replaced by M. Grévy. We do not forget that though the Republicans had a great majority at the elections, there is a minority that is much too great to be ignored. Whether the Conservatives amount to rather more or rather less than a third of the constituencies, is no matter. It is certainly too powerful both in numbers, connections, and resources, to be dealt with roughly. With so new a majority and with opinion so sensitive and so easily liable to turn, there is always a danger of momentary shocks, and no doubt the retirement of the Marshal would have been a shock. There would have been a crisis, but the crisis would have been surmounted, and it would have been surmounted once for all. As it is, there is still a crisis to come two years hence. Meanwhile, however, there is the good side of the present quieter solution. Moderate Conservatism and its friend Fear would perhaps have been excited at the withdrawal of the President, though onlookers perceive that his humiliating effacement is in many important respects, so far as their objects are concerned, not very different from withdrawal. It is a severe trial to the more logical and energetic spirits among the Liberals to have to give decisive weight to this Moderate Conservatism. But they seem to have mastered themselves. The conviction has spread that Republicanism can never again be worse than a withdrawing tide. It moves forward again by the very nature of things, and the assurance of this may well fortify those of whose political hopes it is the centre, in courses of patience and firmness. The majority of Frenchmen have at last come to believe that the Republic is compatible with all that men prize under the names of security and order; they are now waiting for the end of the Septennate for a chance of seeing the belief verified. The remarkable thing, as every one sees, is, that this has been no mere triumph of the fiery and energetic genius of Paris, but that the whole country has done its part, for the first time since the First Empire.

This is not a matter that concerns France alone. Her neighbours have at least as good reasons as France herself to rejoice over the acquisition by her people of a firm, orderly, and reasonable political temper. When we reflect how much Europe has suffered from the military humours of France, we see what a gain it must be for Frenchmen to show themselves masters in political faculty. The

triumph of Republicanism is not exactly the same thing as the triumph of European peace, but it is the next thing to European peace.

The battle of the Republic is long and slow, no doubt. But how momentous an issue! Even for one great country in Europe to have shaken off now and forever the last trappings of hereditary monarchy, will mark no common or secondary advance in the moral history of mankind. There is no Republican party in England—nor for that matter was there any Republican party in France twelve months before the overthrow of Louis XVI., nor in the American Colonies ten years before the Declaration of Independence. It might even be said that there has been within the last few years a certain recrudescence of Courtiership in this country. The many persons concerned would perhaps do well not to trust too much to the depth or sincerity of this momentary reaction. Loyalty to the Crown will be found to be rather for ornament than use. It will still be a relief for self-respecting citizens here to see France at any rate definitely putting an end to all this, and marking the Chief Magistrate as the greatest of the servants of the nation, and in no sense whatever anything but a servant, though a very august one, so long as he or she discharges the functions of his office with loyalty. The civic spirit of a great Republic next door to us will make the conventional loyalty of mere ceremonial monarchies seem the very meaningless thing that it really is.

December 22, 1877.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Jewish Messiah. By JAMES DRUMMOND. Longmans.

"A critical history of the Messianic idea among the Jews from the rise of the Maccabees to the closing of the Talmud."

The Independence of the Holy See. By Cardinal MANNING. C. Kegan Paul & Co.

Democracy in Europe: a History. By Sir THOMAS ERSKINE MAY. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

An investigation, from a moderate Liberal point of view, "of the fortunes of Democracy and political liberty, throughout the history of Europe," including the Classical period.

New Ireland. By A. M. SULLIVAN. 2 vols. Low and Marston.

A review, partly in an autobiographical form, of the circumstances which have transformed the Ireland of O'Connell into the Ireland of the Home Rulers.

Physiography. By Professor HUXLEY. Macmillan & Co.

An introduction to the study of nature. The substance of this admirably useful and interesting volume was delivered in the form of lectures nine years ago to one of the younger audiences at the Royal Institution.

English Rule and Native Opinion in India. By JAMES ROUTLEDGE. Trübner & Co.

Notes of an Anglo-Indian journalist.

Stock Exchange Securities. By ROBERT GIFFEN. George Bell and Sons.

An application of the laws of economical science to the fluctuations of public securities.

On the Action of Examinations, considered as a means of Selection. By HENRY LATHAM. Deighton, Bell & Co.

Evidence respecting the effects of competitive examinations.

Lessing, his Life and Writings. By JAMES SIMS. 2 vols. Trübner & Co.

A careful collection of the principal facts relating to Lessing, with a running critical exposition.

The Life and Letters of the Hon. Charles Sumner. Edited by E. L. PIERCE. Vols. 1—2. Low and Marston.

These volumes bring Sumner's biography down to his entrance upon political life in 1845. The most interesting part is his correspondence from England and the Continent in 1838-39.

The Country of the Moors. By EDWARD RAE. John Murray.

An account of a journey from Tripoli in Barbary to the city of Kairwan.

Sir Robert Walpole: a Political Biography. By A. C. EWALD. Chapman and Hall.

Virtually a revised abridgment of Archdeacon Coxe.

History of the English People. By J. R. GREEN. Vol. I. Macmillan & Co.

The first volume of a re-casting on a larger scale of Mr. Green's *Short History*. It carries us down to the Wars of the Roses.

The Life of Edward William Lane. By STANLEY LANE POOLE. Williams and Norgate.

The biography of a great Orientalist, whose career presented many almost unique features of literary interest.

A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century: from the Papers of Christopher Jeaffreson. Edited by J. C. JEAFFRESON. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

The familiar correspondence of an English country gentleman of the time of James II., who was also a planter in the West Indies.

Among the Spanish People. By HUGH JAMES ROSE. 2 vols. Bentley.

A Protestant clergyman's reminiscences of his intercourse with the Spanish peasantry.

• *Green Pastures and Piccadilly.* By WILLIAM BLACK. Macmillan & Co.

• *Five Years' Penal Servitude.* By ONE WHO ENDURED IT. Bentley.

Hugues de Lionne, ses Ambassades en Italie, 1642—1656. Par J. VALFREY. Didier; Barthès and Lowell.

Contains interesting details respecting Mazarin's endeavours to procure from the Pope the imprisonment of Cardinal de Retz.

Tours et Bordeaux: Souvenirs de la République à outrance. Par LEONCE DUPONT. Dentu; Barthès and Lowell.

A lively narrative, inspired by intense animosity to the Republic.

Questions de Droit Maritime. Par ALFRED DE COURCY. Cotillon; Barthès and Lowell.

Le Trésor artistique de la France. Sous la direction de PAUL DALLOZ. Barthès and Lowell.

A splendid publication, remarkable for the application of the recent invention of photochromy.

• *Le Costume Historique.* Recueil publié sous la direction de M. A. RACINET. Barthès and Lowell.

"Types principaux du vêtement et de la parure."

/ *Molière et Bourdaloue.* Par LOUIS VEUILLOT. Palmé; Barthès and Lowell.

Clerical retaliation for *Tartufe*.

/ *La Cour et l'Opéra sous Louis XVI.* Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN. Didier; Barthès and Lowell.

A review of the relations of the Court with Gluck, Salieri, and other eminent musicians of the period. .

/ *Le Haschisch. Contes en Prose, Sonnets et Poèmes Fantaisistes.* Par ANTOINE MONNIER. Willem; Barthès and Lowell.

/ *Les Persécutés.* Par ERNEST DAUDET. Plon; Barthès and Lowell.

Two short stories, respectively entitled "Severino Realti" and "La Baronne Miroël."

Giovanni Boccaccio: sein Leben und seine Werke. Von MARCUS LANDAU. Cotta; Williams and Norgate.

A compact biography, chiefly from the literary point of view.

/ *Briefe an Schiller.* Herausgegeben von J. URLICH. Cotta; Williams and Norgate.

Letters principally on literary subjects, and for the most part belonging to the last ten years of Schiller's life.

Georg Forster's Briefwechsel mit S. T. Sömmering. Herausgegeben von H. HETTNER. Vieweg; Williams and Norgate.

A correspondence extending over the last twelve years of Forster's life, and full of personal and scientific interest.

/ *Die Deutsche Sociale Demokratie: ihre Geschichte und ihre Lehre.* Von FRANZ MEHRING. Schunemann; Nutt.

A history and criticism of German Socialism from a hostile point of view.

Die sittliche Weltordnung. Von MORIZ CARRIÈRE. Brockhaus; Williams and Norgate.

A vindication of the moral order of the universe.



THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CXXXIV. NEW SERIES.—FEBRUARY 1, 1878.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

THE Russian armies have crossed the Balkans at every point at once. They have occupied Adrianople, and the Turks are concentrating their whole forces at the capital. This position, which could always be supplied by sea, and whither Asia Minor could send successive reinforcements of hardy soldiers, would probably hold out far longer than Sebastopol, for it could in the same way arm its bastions with naval guns, and without infinite trouble it would be impossible for the Russians to bring so far siege pieces able to silence the heavy metal borrowed from the iron-clads. But it is doubtful whether the Turkish government is energetic enough for a defence of the heroic kind, and we may well believe that the cosmopolitan and disunited population of the capital would not lend itself to a resistance which would require considerable fortitude, and perfect concord of opinion. On what conditions will the Russians make peace?

It is not difficult to guess the answer; indeed the terms have been already indicated with much precision in a publication which seems to be inspired at once by the ideas of the Slav party at Moscow, and by those of the Court of St. Petersburg. The independence of Servia and Roumania is to be recognised. The Bulgarians are to have an autonomous government with a Christian prince, under the suzerainty of the Porte. The territory of Montenegro is to be enlarged. Bosnia is to be placed in more or less immediate dependence on Austria. In Asia the Russians will claim at least the places actually conquered; for they cannot, say they, be justly condemned to re-take Kars every twenty years. Proposals will also be made for the free passage of the Dardanelles, and for the handing over of Crete to Greece, notwithstanding that hitherto Greece has spent more eloquence than powder, and has done more talking than fighting. Evidently Russia will ask nothing important

in Europe. She cannot annex Roumania which has contributed so much to the success of her arms, and, without the annexation of the Principalities, how can she plant her foot beyond the Danube? Besides, the whole Germanic race would rise in indignation at the passing into Slavonic hands of its blue Danube.

With what eyes will the great Powers regard these terms of peace? First of all, Germany can find nothing to object to in them. From the beginning she has never ceased to urge Russia onwards, and has supported her at every moment. And why? We must first take count of the personal sentiments of the Emperor William, who is anxious to discharge punctually his debt of 1870. Next there comes the general interest of Germany with which Prince Bismarck concerns himself. The further advances Russia makes in Asia, the less strength she has applicable to Europe, and the greater is her need for the support of Germany. The annexation of uncivilised countries such as Khanates of yesterday and the Armenian districts of to-day is no accession of strength for Russia, any more than the possession of Algeria has been an accession of strength to France. It is rather a cause of weakness, and the acquisition of a vulnerable point. It costs money, it costs men, and, as the war of 1870 has proved, it has not even the advantage of forming good troops and good officers, for the habit of fighting with a very inferior enemy induces forgetfulness of the tactics necessary for contending with an equal. Chess players know that nothing is worse for skill than to play often against "muffs." It is certain, therefore, that Germany will give unqualified support to the conditions of peace which Russia demands.

The position of Austria is more complicated, for the simple reason that this geographical expression—Austria—comprehends three nationalities whose interests are different and often conflicting. The Magyars are ardently, and indeed violently, anti-Russian, because they fear—not without reason—that the creation of new Slav states in the Balkan peninsula will give to the Slav element a great predominance in the basin of the Danube, and will consequently deprive them of the hegemony which they hold in that region, and which they owe not to their number, for they are greatly in the minority, but partly to their energy and political aptitude, partly to the division of the various Slavonic groups. It is, however, manifest that neither Count Andrassy nor even M. Tisza will lend himself to the Turcophile passion of his countrymen. The Austrian Slavs—the most numerous of the three nationalities—ardently desire the emancipation of their brethren in the Balkans, and Prague illuminates for the victories of the Russians just as Pesth does for the victories of the Turks. But the Slavs, who fill the army and the civil service, have, it is true,

no voice in the councils of the Government. As for the Germans, they are divided in Austria just as they are in Germany. Those whose inspiration is drawn from popular sentiment and instinct of race, are extremely hostile to the Russians, but others who are guided by the political views of the day and the policy of the Government will hear nothing of any project of opposition to Russia. The Government itself, which in fact is entirely master of the situation, exactly because of the divided inclination of its subjects, will in all probability remain faithful to the principle of the triple alliance, and will see in the Russian demands nothing of a nature to affect Austrian interests unfavourably. The alliance of the three emperors is in fact the salvation of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and has to be accepted as a necessity. To understand this it is enough to have been a close spectator of the fermenting disturbance and the constant possibilities of danger which the latent hostility of Russia quite recently kept up in the Slavonic populations of Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, Hungary, Croatia, and Carinthia. The security afforded to Austria by its reconciliation with Russia was so thoroughly understood that the Austrian Funds rose considerably as soon as, by the good offices of the Emperor William, the sovereigns of the two remaining empires had shaken hands. It is too evident that Austria cannot separate her policy from that of Germany, for the hostility of the latter power would instantly menace her very existence. Nor is it at all probable that she could undertake in concert with England a war in favour of the Turks, which would bring upon her the combined forces of Germany, of Italy, and of Russia, between which powers an understanding has been believed to exist ever since the beginning of the Eastern crisis. Italy cannot do without the friendship of Germany, because the moment may come when she would have to defend herself against the clerical reaction with France at its back; and this danger has been seen too close and too recently for the Quirinal to forget it. What help could England bring to Austria in battles of which Bohemia and Galicia would be the scene? All the available troops of Great Britain would be wanted at Constantinople, and the English iron-clads could hardly sail to the defence of Vienna. It seems evident, therefore, that Austria has no interest in abandoning the triple alliance, which gives her safety and comparative repose, to enter into an English alliance which would profit her nothing.

Besides, the Russian conditions cannot much inconvenience her. The annexation of a portion of Armenia, the opening even of the Dardanelles, are no concerns of hers. The establishment of new Slavonic principalities beyond the Danube may be extremely disagreeable to the Hungarians, but Austria could receive from it nothing but advantage, for these states would accept Austrian protection far

more willingly than that of Russia, and the commerce of Austria would profit largely.

The annexation of Bosnia to Austria is a geographical and humanitarian necessity. Geographical, for it is absurd that Dalmatia, a narrow strip of coast studded with ports once important and now languishing, should be separated from the territory extending behind it by an arrangement which is fatal to herself, because her harbours, hemmed in by a line of custom-houses, receive hardly anything from the interior, and fatal to Bosnia, because her access to the sea is barred, and the founts of life, prosperity, and civilisation, which commerce would bring to her, are stopped. It is humanitarian also, for in Bosnia, to keep the peace between Moslem and Christian, there is need of an authority at once foreign and strong. In Bulgaria the question is simpler. The Moslems are Turks by race, and will emigrate and disappear little by little. In Bosnia the Moslems are Slavs of the same race as the Christians. They are numerous, they are holders of the land, and hence their territorial attachment is strong, and they are not likely to quit the district. Under these conditions, the problem of establishing an independent government is almost insoluble. Annexation to Austria means, for the country, order, justice, prosperity, roads, access to the sea, and reunion with that coast from which it should never have been severed.

The interest of Austria is then clearly this: to abide by the triple alliance; to permit the creation of autonomous principalities nominally vassals of the Porte, but soon to fall under Austrian influence; to place in Bosnia an Austrian archduke; and to establish a Zollverein between Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia, in order to connect with the districts of the interior the Dalmatian ports of Zara, Sebenico, Spalatro, Ragusa, and Cattaro.

The attitude of Austria could only become warlike, if in addition to England she could count on France, and if she judged Russia sufficiently weakened to be only a slight assistance to Germany, which would then be one to three. The expressed intention of Prince Gortschakoff to make peace alone with Turkey produced a disagreeable impression on the cabinet of Vienna, and it is possible that the idea might have occurred to it of quitting the triple alliance for another, should France lend herself to the project.

Now, although France maintains scrupulously her policy of reflection and even of self-effacement, this policy must not be taken too literally. France has become once more a power of the first order, and she is infinitely stronger than at the time when under Napoleon III. she was the arbiter of the destinies of the continent. She has an army more numerous, better exercised, disciplined, and

furnished, animated also by a far higher moral feeling. She is richer, too; her budget is fairly balanced. She has more than two milliards in coin at the Bank, and a metallic currency better supplied than that of all the other countries of the continent put together. The famous war-treasury of Prussia is nothing in comparison with this. The one thing which she lacks is good generals, and above all some one special chief, one head capable of managing everything, and to whom all would from the beginning be ready to pay blind obedience. Nothing is more essential than this at a period when armies are assembled in a week, and when a campaign is decided in a month. There is no time now for deliberating or for making war, as of old, by consultation.

Could England count on France to fight Russia? As a fact the French nation has all along been very indifferent to the Eastern Question. In the first place it had enough to do to escape the clerical absolutism which was within an ace of re-establishing its hold. Again, if democratic sentiment is on one side inclined to sympathize with the emancipation of the oppressed Rayahs, on the other side it has no sympathy with Russian autocracy. As may easily be seen, from the articles on foreign policy in the *Journal des Débats*, the Constitutionalists are anti-Russian and urge England to action. The *République Française*, the organ of M. Gambetta, speaks in the same sense. Only a short time ago the same party would have made advances to Russia in order to detach her from her German alliance; but, considering her now as definitely committed to Berlin influences, they have naturally turned against her. Yet the French people have often regretted the Crimean war, which cost them so much in men and money, and which made only the melancholy return of securing the throne for their master Napoleon III. How often have Frenchmen said, "You will not catch us pulling the chestnuts out of the fire again for our English friends"! Undoubtedly Russia is the natural ally of France. Situated at the two extremities of Europe, these two powers alone are in a position to make each other ample concessions. Napoleon I. and Charles X. both saw this. Both wished to make a Franco-Russian alliance the instrument for effecting a complete re-adjustment of the map of Europe. Napoleon's project failed, because he wished to take all and give nothing. The plan¹ of Charles X. was frustrated by the peace of Adrianople and the revolution of 1830. Such combinations cannot fail to emerge sooner or later, for they arise from the nature of things.

Meanwhile the wind does not blow from this quarter. It would appear that the idea of an alliance between France, Austria, and England has found favour in more places than one. It would even

(1) This plan was found in the secret archives of the Tuileries when they fell into the hands of the members of the Government of National Defence in 1871. We borrow

seem that the object of M. Gambetta's journey to Rome was to explore the ground, and to see whether in the case of common action on the part of London, Paris, and Vienna, Italy would not interfere with Austria, and would abstain from combining with Germany and Russia. King Victor Emanuel—it may be remembered—received Gambetta cordially, and it seems certain that he gave assurances of the neutrality of Italy.

The action of England may be thus stated: To achieve a solid result, she must manage to drag with her into war France, which is naturally little disposed to it. For this purpose she must promise her compensation, or look on quietly while she takes it, even were it such as made Lord John Russell recoil at the time of the Danish war. England would thus play the odious and abominable part of precipitating the whole of Europe into a general war, which would be the most terrible battle-royal of this century, and which, according to the side to which victory inclined, would imperil the existence either of Belgium or of Holland.

Happily, the French ministry is composed of prudent men, whose love of peace is sincere, first because peace is an excellent thing in itself, secondly because it is by means of peace that France secures grandeur and recovery. They are all animated by a common desire. M. de Freycinet, who has just introduced a bill for improving and completing the system of railways, is anxious to increase the power of his country by favouring the development of all its industrial resources. Every one is working and preparing for the Exhibition. M. Waddington is in every sense of the word a man of worth, a true servant of the public weal, devoted to his country, without forgetting the general interests of humanity, so that M. Fournier, who has just

the text from *Financial Opinion*, which declares it to be published for the first time. Its tenor, however, was already known:—

“Project for an eventual reorganisation of Europe presented to and adopted by the Council of King Charles X., September, 1829.

“M. de Polignac presented this project during the war between Russia and Turkey.

“Continental alliance against England. Intimate alliance of Russia and France. A Christian kingdom at Constantinople.

“For France: Belgium. The Rhenish provinces to be erected into a kingdom under a Dutch prince.

“For Russia: the Moldo-Wallachian provinces and a third of Asia Minor (two million inhabitants), and more if necessary in the same territorial sense (*sens territorial*).

“For Austria: Servia and Bosnia.

“For Prussia: Holland and *la Saxe Royale*.

“For Saxony: the country between the Rhine and the Maine.

“The King of Holland to be placed on the throne of Constantinople, with the title of the King of Grecca.

“The Turks to be driven into Asia and Africa and put under the rule of the Pacha of Egypt.”

The “project” bears this endorsement:—“The peace of Adrianople having been concluded before the opening of negotiations on this project, it was not presented to Russia.”

been designated ambassador at Constantinople, said of him recently, "I have never yet seen such honest worth arrive at such a degree of authority." It is hard to believe that a ministry so devoted to the public good could expose the convalescence of France, thus happily assured, to the doubtful chances of a general war, in order to defend a bad cause and to contribute to the maintenance in slavery of peoples in whose favour all Europe has spoken. Republican France in alliance with England for the purpose of sustaining the most detestable government of Europe, is a spectacle which we may hope to be spared. No vital interest engages her in the Eastern conflict. As a Mediterranean power, what she in common with Italy has to desire for the development of her commerce is to see the population of the Balkan peninsula growing in numbers, improving its agriculture, availing itself of the natural resources of its admirable country, that so it may furnish its contribution to the swelling capital of the exchange of nations. The Republicans have accused the men of May 16 of leading the country into war. It was one of their strongest grievances, nor did any other influence the electors more. Now that they have gained power, how could they plunge their country into the very condition which but a few days since they so vehemently condemned? An Italian journal, the *Secolo* of Milan, which holds the first rank among those which defend above all things and before all things the cause of peace and liberty, has accurately summed up in the following terms the sentiments of Italian and of French patriots: "The Eastern Question is simply a question of justice and humanity. What ought to prevail is not the interests of Turkey, nor of Russia, nor of Germany, nor of England. Our duty is to deliver the oppressed, to free the enslaved, to restrain the oppressor."

This rapid review of the interests and views of the Great Powers leads us to believe that if England makes war for the Turks she will be completely isolated, and that she will have against her throughout Europe the opinion of all friends of justice and liberty. Doubtless, as Lord Beaconsfield said a year ago, laying his hand hot on his sword but on a money-chest, "England is rich enough to afford a war,"—which would give promotion to her officers. But who would suffer? It would be industry, commerce, and the working-classes. A war against the enfranchisement of the Eastern Christians would be at the same time a war against the workers of England and the Continent, already impoverished by the crisis which has lasted for three years. In the first place this war would be odious; in the second it could have no lasting result; in the third it could only injure the interest in which it was undertaken. It would be odious; for it would be made not against the Russians only, but against the Roumanians, the Servians, the Bulgarians, the Cretans, the Greeks;

that is to say, against all those peoples so long oppressed, in whose favour the whole of Liberal Europe has for half a century raised its voice. Recently, at Constantinople, Lord Salisbury earnestly demanded guarantees in favour of the Christians, and Lord Derby himself has declared that the reforming promises of the Porte were of no value. So that England would make war in direct opposition to those ideas of humanity and progress which she had just defended with so much persistence, that she was on the point of recalling her ambassador because his words were disregarded. Such a war would be as monstrous as that which she all but declared against the Northern States of the American Union which had just abolished slavery, and in favour of the Southern States which were bent on maintaining it.

But, it is said, the Russian Government is despotic, its administration is corrupt, Poland is oppressed. All this is beside the question, for there is no talk of handing over the Balkan peninsula to Russia. Is it right and just that the Christians of Turkey should be relieved of the exactions and iniquities of a government which England herself has declared detestable? Is it not certain, as England herself has said again and again, that the only means of thus relieving them is to sanction their autonomy? This, Englishmen cannot deny, for they have maintained it in speeches, in despatches, in diplomatic instructions. How could they now, when the reform which they have demanded is on the point of being obtained, take up arms to support those by whom this reform has been steadily refused? How could they sacrifice the gold and the blood of the English people to defeat a humane undertaking which they themselves for three years have, in concert with all Europe, been engaged in promoting?

Nor could even the most successful war bring about any durable result. Let us suppose that England is completely victorious. Let her have beaten the Russians, at the head of the Bashi Bazouks and the Circassians who burn women and assassinate children, side by side with all the barbarians of Asia Minor. Let her, at the same time, have crushed the Servians, the Roumanians, and the heroes of Montenegro. Let her iron-clads, in concert with those of the Sultan, have burned Eupatoria, Odessa, all the Russian seaports of the Black Sea, and even—as in 1854—those of Finland. Suppose that the Russian armies have been driven beyond the Danube, that the Germans have not come to the help of their allies, that the cruisers of the enemy have not destroyed a portion of the English merchant navy, thus favouring American competition by raising the premiums of insurance. Let England have found nothing to stop her, let the Emperor Alexander, like his father Nicholas, have been driven in one campaign to beg for peace, the conditions of which England is

free to dictate. What are those conditions to be? In the face of Europe, in the face of the nineteenth century, it is impossible to re-establish the Crescent at Bucharest or at Belgrade. The character of the *protégés* of England would make England herself shudder at the idea of handing over to them the provinces which have freed themselves from her detestable yoke. She could not increase the power of Turkey; she would not think of annexing to herself any portion of Russia whatever. Perhaps she would rigorously restore the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris. And what then? Economic forces would go on acting. The Turks are good soldiers; they have showed it once more, as they showed it of old. But their numbers and their resources are waning; they will soon have disappeared. It is a mistake to say that Plevna has shown the vitality of Turkey. To fight well is not to work well, or to govern well, or to create produce and capital; nor, when it becomes impossible to rob others, is there any other means of subsistence than work. When the evils of war have ceased, the Bulgarians will rebuild their villages, and, in spite of violence and exaction, will till their lands. They will multiply, they will grow rich, and in twenty years they will assert their independence more energetically than they have asserted it to-day. The Russian finances would be in a deplorable condition; the State might even be wholly or partially bankrupt. But that would not prevent the Russian people from setting foot once more on the upward path. It has already showed itself stronger than in 1854; in 1900 it will be stronger still. A quarter of a century hence, the situation would reappear, with the difference that the Turks would be less numerous, the Rayahs more impatient, the Russians more powerful. The result of an Anglo-Turkish victory would be as null and void as the result of the Crimean war.

Thirdly, the effect of the war would be simply injurious to the interest in which it was undertaken. I can understand well enough that Englishmen are not anxious to see Russia mistress of Constantinople, though I think the alleged dangers are much exaggerated. But what is the means of preventing her from coming there? So long as belief in the future of the Ottoman power was possible, the means lay in supporting this power. But illusions on this point must now be over. In spite of the bravery of the Turkish soldier, the Turkish Empire is steadily declining, and will not rise again. The decline is of old date, it is uninterrupted; it may be considered as a historic law, and politicians who care for facts only should not forget a fact so decisive as this. Another barrier must therefore be sought in the establishment of Christian States, as strong and as independent as possible, under the protection of Austria and England. It is certain that if these States did not need the support of Russia against the Turks they would have no desire

to exchange their liberty for Russian rule. As soon then as it is proved that the Ottoman power is broken, the interest of England is to replace it as quickly and fully as possible by a league of Christian States, which would become the allies of the Western Powers. If, on the other hand, England hinders their formation, and helps to keep Christian peoples under Moslem yoke, she will throw them into the arms of Russia. The result of war would therefore be to destroy the single barrier which, in the future, could defend Constantinople. The less is left to the Turks, and the more completely their subjects are freed, the better for the purposes that England has at heart.

The policy of the English Cabinet has produced a most deplorable effect on the Continent, has occasioned the severest judgments and provoked sneers of the bitterest and most disagreeable kind. It has always seemed as if England wished to succour the Turks and did not dare. The vacillations and inconsistencies of the English Cabinet arise simply from the fact that it sees clearly on the one hand the impossibility of pursuing the ancient policy of supporting Turkey at all hazards, and that on the other hand it dares not frankly adopt the new policy which bids it replace a worn-out and broken barrier by another whose elements have the future before them. Now there can be nothing worse than an attempt to pursue at once two inconsistent lines of conduct. Putting aside all humanitarian considerations, when it is once proved that the Turks have lost the art of governing their European provinces without the periodical provocation of European interference, the Turks should be put aside as completely as possible. Half measures will not do, we must be logical and apply vigorously the only possible remedy. Let Greece have all the territory where the Greek race predominates. Let autonomous Bulgaria have all which the Bulgarians inhabit. Let a new wall be built with new stones, since the old has crumbled. This is the true interest of England. The more territory remains subject to the vicious government of the Turks, the more centres of insurrection, and consequently the more excuses for interference, are kept up, the more hold also is given to Russia, for to her the Slavs, while oppressed, will always turn. None more than England should desire the complete transformation of Turkey, for the more radical that transformation is, the more influence will England and Austria exert.

The continental friends of England have been bitterly grieved at the tergiversation and the apparent weakness of the English cabinet. It might have stopped the war at its beginning, by insisting forcibly, if needful, on the acceptance of the reforms drawn up by the conference. On the day when England destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino, and helped to create Greece, she dealt the death-blow to the

Turkish empire. This path once entered on, should have been followed up. All last summer the cabinet kept affirming its neutrality; but its wishes were evidently for the Turks. Thus, on the one hand, it encouraged them to resistance, and on the other it seemed to lack courage to come to the aid of those who were encouraged to resistance, by its almost undisguised moral support. Inconsistent and pusillanimous policy! a policy which satisfies no one, and exposes England to the laughter of Europe. So disgusted—it is said—is the Sultan with this double-faced conduct that he is ready to throw himself into the arms of Russia, and it is perhaps to prevent this that the English cabinet has recently assumed a more decided attitude. But here again it is taking the wrong way to accomplish its end, unless that end is a general war. The demand for money made to Parliament by Lord Beaconsfield is the one thing likely to bring Russia to the walls of Constantinople. If the Turks felt themselves alone, they would make peace. If on the other hand they think they may count on England in case—as the Queen's speech hints—of the prolongation of the war, they will not yield. Unless therefore it is desired that the struggle should be indefinitely prolonged, the Russians will have to go and seek peace, if necessary, under the walls of Constantinople. Is it because he knows that this would rub the British public the wrong way, and augment the chances of the war party, that Lord Beaconsfield is willing to push matters to such an extremity? What, then, has England to fear from the conditions of peace which Russia demands? Is it the retention of Constantinople, or of Bulgaria? Obviously there is no question of this, for more reasons than one. Is it the Russian demand for the free passage of the Dardanelles? If so, where would be the danger? In twenty years Russia has not succeeded in creating a navy able to try the chances of battle with a single Turkish ship. How then could she be able to endanger the maritime supremacy of England? But perhaps the annexation of Kars and Erzeroum, beyond the sources of the Euphrates, will threaten the passage of the Isthmus of Suez? The danger here is again of the most fanciful character. But if it were not, its only consequence would be to force England to establish herself in Egypt. As to this point, Mr. Gladstone, in his answer to Mr. Dicey, has clearly proved two things. The first is that, until a future so far off as to defy calculation, Russia would not be able to endanger the passage of the Canal, and that if she did, there would still remain the Cape route, longer by a fortnight only. The second is that England has already so many responsibilities, and so many vulnerable points all over the world, that it would be folly, indeed madness, to increase the number. I am for my part thoroughly convinced that in our days the possession of colonies is a source of weakness rather than of strength to the mother-

country, and I think that Mr. Lowe is right in maintaining that even the loss of India would nowise diminish the power and greatness of England. I have always considered the voluntary cession of the Ionian Isles to Greece as one of the wisest as well as one of the most honourable acts of English policy. But in the case of Egypt there is, unfortunately for England, a logical and humanitarian necessity to which she will have sooner or later to submit. Fortunate are small countries such as Switzerland and Belgium, which, like worthy middle-class citizens, have nothing to do but to let their life flow on in peaceful obscurity. But great nations, like great men, have a mission to fulfil which they must accept as a duty. If they refuse it, they are punished. It is not for nothing that England has set the world the example of constitutional liberty, has scattered over the four quarters of the globe her swarms of Anglo-Saxon descent, and has undertaken to govern two hundred millions of subjects. Greatness has its obligations, *honores onera*. The country which has done so much for the civilisation of the whole human race cannot satisfy herself with growing rich, with heaping up gold in the hands of her magnates, and slumbering on the pillows of contented opulence. Instinctively the people will seek more work, and if the cravings for action be not satisfied it will turn to discontent and unwise exertion. Whence arises at this moment in England the secret disquiet, the pugnacious disposition which nothing justifies, in the eyes of sensible and reflecting men? Simply because the people is experiencing an unsatisfied desire of expansion. If the present war comes to an end without further complications, by the acceptance in whole or in part of the conditions imposed by Russia, the bulk of the nation will thereupon experience a vague but deep sentiment of humiliation and loss of consequence which may be in the future the cause of actions very far from reasonable. Moreover, Egypt deserves to be enfranchised much more than Bulgaria, for, as Sir George Campbell and Mr. Dicey have shown irrefutably, the Fellahs are much more unhappy than the subjects of Turkey. I shall long remember the painful impression which I experienced when I saw on the banks of the Nile, on the most fertile soil of the world, the most laborious and sober of workers reduced to a state of utter poverty; and yet since then their condition has become even worse. I know no spectacle in the whole world more abominably revolting than that of the unfortunate Fellahcen despoiled under the bastinado of the fruit of their labour, even of their lands watered, from all time, with the sweat of their brows, and thus to pay interest to European financiers who have made capital out of the Khédive. I am afraid of speaking too strongly, and I would rather borrow expression for my ideas from the eloquent speech which Sir Charles Dilke has recently delivered at Chelsea:—

"As for Egypt, there was much to be said for the view that our route to India should not be in the hands of a Power so exposed to frequent war as Turkey. The alternatives were the independence of the Khédive or annexation to Great Britain; for it was clear that we had passed the point of tolerating its annexation by any other European Power. The independence of Egypt meant the continuation of the present infamous government of that country; the continuation of personal rule. That foreign despotism, brutal and corrupt, rested upon the slavery of the whole Egyptian people. In these days of danger the Khédive thought it prudent to put about the report that he had reformed. He had sent away his opera troupe; he no longer gambled in his own Government securities; he had made a treaty for the suppression of the slave trade. The wretched Fellaheen, once beaten by the Khédive's officers to extort from them illegal exactions, in addition to the grinding illegal tax, in the name of the Khédive, were now beaten for the same purpose by the same officers in the name of Mr. Goschen. That was the improvement. The Khédive had abolished the slave trade near the Mountains of the Moon at the very moment when he was converting the whole population of the fertile delta of Egypt into slaves."

From the humanitarian point of view, what a benefit, what a conquest it would be! Mr. Stanley has returned, bringing from his wonderful expedition the news that the Congo is the grand route to the interior of Africa. Only a great power can prevent this discovery from opening the road to the introduction of the slave trade, and from letting loose all the calamities which follow thereon. Soon English missionaries will start in this direction. Other pioneers of civilisation will plant themselves on Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, and will advance northwards on the Zambesi by way of the Transvaal, now united to the Cape. If English capital and the English spirit of enterprise could penetrate freely into Egypt, a railway would soon unite the Mediterranean to the two great lakes which bear the names of Albert and Victoria, as if to show to whom they ought to belong one day or another. Thus slavery would be finally abolished, and the whole of Africa, traversed from side to side by the currents of civilisation, would for the first time form part of the human family. This immense and decisive conquest over barbarism would be accomplished without the loss of a drop of blood, and at a twentieth or a fiftieth of the cost in money which would be incurred in one year of a Russian war. The road to India would then be secured in a manner far other than that in which the most decisive victory over the Russian armies would secure it—a victory which would never prevent the eighty millions of Russians from becoming a hundred millions before a generation is past.

No doubt if England has her hands too full already, we should be willing to reserve for France this part of pioneer in the task of civilising Africa. Unfortunately, as her population does not increase, France cannot send swarms abroad, and besides, her position in the continent makes it necessary for her to keep all her children for home defence, and to avoid any scattering of her forces. The work

can only be accomplished by England. The adventurous spirit of her travellers, her merchants, and her missionaries, attracts her in this direction, and her insular position gives her full liberty of action. England has already too many interests in Egypt to be able to shirk the duty of extending thither her protection, and sooner or later it will inevitably be done.

I will now briefly sum up the points which I have endeavoured to prove. If England desires to make war with Russia she will be isolated, and therefore, even if victorious, she will obtain no solid result. If, on the other hand, she draws with her Austria and France, that means a general war, with all its horrors and with a great re-adjustment of the map of Europe, in one way or another involving anyhow loss of independence to the smaller free nations; and all this in order to prevent the annexation to Russia of some petty townships of no importance whatever to the general interest. This prospect is so abominable that it can hardly be really contemplated. The whole of Europe in coalition cannot hinder the march of the economic laws, in virtue of which the Turks little by little must make way for the Christians. In ten, twenty, or thirty years, the situation of to-day will reappear, with the difference that the Russians and the southern Slavs will have gained and the Turks have lost in number, while adversity and the natural desire of freedom will give new vigour to Pan Slavist ideas.

Since the power of Turkey is regularly and hopelessly declining, the evident interest of England is to substitute for a rotten and decomposing barrier another formed of young and promising material. The quicker, the completer the transformation, the better for English interests. Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Greece, must be enlarged; Bosnia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, must be enfranchised. If England and Austria would take these young states under their protection, they would be completely subject to the influence of the two powers. If they should be given back to Turkey, it is to Russia as a matter of necessity that they will look for deliverance.

Should Russia obtain by the treaty of peace the passage of the Dardanelles or a slice of territory in Armenia, and should England—most prematurely—consider the Isthmus of Suez menaced, as a consequence, the expedient which would be most efficacious, most economical, most in conformity with the general interests of humanity, would be, not war, but the establishment in Egypt, placed under English protection, of a garrison sufficient to defend on the spot the free navigation of the canal. There is therefore no conceivable circumstance which could oblige England to take up arms.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

WILLIAM HARVEY.

ON the coming First of April, three hundred years will have elapsed since the birth of William Harvey, who is popularly known as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

Many opinions have been held respecting the exact nature and value of Harvey's contributions to the elucidation of the fundamental problem of the physiology of the higher animals; from those which deny him any merit at all—indeed, roundly charge him with the demerit of plagiarism—to those which enthroned him in a position of supreme honour among great discoverers in science. Nor has there been less controversy as to the method by which Harvey obtained the results which have made his name famous. I think it is desirable that no obscurity should hang around these questions; and I add my mite to the store of disquisitions on Harvey, which this year is likely to bring forth, in the hope that it may help to throw light upon several points about which darkness has accumulated, partly by accident and partly by design.

Every one knows that the pulsation which can be felt or seen between the fifth and sixth ribs, on the left side of a living man, is caused by the beating of the heart; and that, in some way or other, the ceaseless activity of this organ is essential to life. Let it be arrested, and, instantaneously, intellect, volition, even sensation, are abolished, and the most vigorous frame collapses, a pallid image of death.

Every one, again, is familiar with those other pulsations which may be felt or seen, at the wrist, behind the inner ankle, or on the temples; and which coincide in number and are nearly simultaneous with those of the heart. In the region of the temples, it is easy, especially in old people, to observe that the pulsation depends on the change of form of a kind of compressible branched structure which lies beneath the skin, and is termed an artery. Moreover, the least observant person must have noticed, running beneath the skin of various parts of the body, notably the hands and arms, certain other bluish-looking bands which do not pulsate, and which mark the position of structures somewhat like the arteries, which are called veins.

Finally, accidental wounds have demonstrated to all of us that the body contains an abundance of a warm red fluid—the blood. If the wound has traversed a vein, the blood flows in torrents from its interior, in an even stream; if it has involved an artery, the flow

takes place by jerks, which correspond in interval with the pulsations of the artery itself and with those of the heart.

These are facts which must have been known ever since the time when men first began to attend to and reflect upon the every-day course of nature, of which we form a part. I doubt not, also, that butchers, and those who studied the entrails of animals for purposes of divination, must very early have noticed that both the arteries and the veins are disposed in the fashion of a tree, the trunk of which is close to the heart and connected with it, while the branches ramify all over the body. Moreover, they could not fail to observe that the heart contains cavities, and that some of these communicate with the stem of the arteries and some with the stem of the veins. Again, the regular rhythmical changes of form, which constitute the beating of the heart, are so striking in recently killed animals, and in criminals subjected to modes of punishment which once were common, that the demonstration that the heart is a contractile organ must have been very early obtained, and have thus afforded an unintentional, experimental explanation of the cause of the pulsation felt between the ribs.

These facts constitute the foundation of our knowledge of the structure and functions of the heart and blood-vessels of the human and other higher animal bodies. They are to be regarded as parts of common knowledge, of that information which is forced upon us whether we desire to possess it or not; they have not been won by that process of seeking out the exact nature and the causal connection of phenomena, to the results of which the term science may properly be restricted.

Scientific investigation began when men went further, and, impelled by the thirst for knowledge, sought to make out the exact structure of all these parts, and to comprehend the mechanical effects of their arrangement and of their activity.

The Greek mind had long entered upon this scientific stage, so far back as the fourth century before the commencement of our era. For, in the works attributed to Aristotle, which constitute a sort of encyclopædia of the knowledge of that time, there is evidence that the writer knows as much as has been mentioned, and he refers to the views of his predecessors. Two thousand two hundred years ago the sciences of anatomy and physiology existed, though they were as yet young and their steps tottered.

Aristotle's description of the heart is often cited as an example of his ignorance, but I think unjustly. However this may be, it is certain that, not long after his time, great additions were made to anatomical and physiological science. The Greek anatomists, exploring the structure of the heart, found that it contained two principal cavities, which we now call the ventricles, separated by a

longitudinal partition, or septum: the one ventricle is on its left, the other on its right side. It was to the fleshy body which contains the ventricles that the ancients restricted the title of "heart." Moreover, there is another respect in which their terminology was so different from that of the moderns, that, unless we recollect that the facts may be just as accurately stated in their fashion as in ours, we are liable to fall into the mistake of supposing that they are blundering.¹ What they speak of as the auricles of the heart, we term the appendices of the auricles; and what we call the auricles are, for the ancients, on the right side, a part of the great vein or vena cava, and, on the left side, a part of the arterial system—the root, in fact, of what they termed the *arteria venosa*. Thus they speak of the auricles as mere appendages, or dilatations, situated upon the arterial and venous trunks respectively, close to the heart; and they always say that the vena cava and the *arteria venosa* open into the right and left ventricles respectively. And this was the basis of their classification of the vessels, for they held all those vessels which, in this sense, open into the right ventricle to be veins, and all those which open into the left ventricle to be arteries. But here a difficulty arose. They observed that the aorta, or stem of the arteries, and all the conspicuous branches which proceed from it to the body in general, are very different from the veins; that they have much thicker walls and stand open when they are cut, while the thin-walled veins collapse. But the "vein" which connected the right ventricle and the lungs had the thick coat of an artery, while the "artery" which connected the left ventricle and the lungs had the thin coat of a vein. Hence they called the former the *vena arteriosa*, or artery-like vein, and the latter, the *arteria venosa*, or vein-like artery.

The *vena arteriosa* is what we call the pulmonary artery, the *arteria venosa* is our pulmonary vein; but in trying to understand the old anatomists it is essential to forget our nomenclature and to adopt theirs. With this precaution, and with the facts before our mind's eye, their statements will be found to be, in the main, exceedingly accurate.*

About the year 300 B.C. a great discovery, that of the valves of the heart, was made by Erasistratus. This anatomist found around the opening by which the vena cava communicates with the right ventricle, three triangular membranous folds, disposed in such a manner as to allow any fluid contained in the vein to pass into the ventricle, but not back again. The opening of the

(1) We say that the heart, in man and the higher animals, consists of two auricles and two ventricles; and that each auricle has an appendix in the form of a pouch. * We term the vessel which arises from the right ventricle the pulmonary artery, because it supplies the lungs with blood. Those vessels which bring away the blood from the lungs to the left auricle, we call the pulmonary veins.

vena arteriosa into the right ventricle is quite distinct from that of the vena cava; and Erasistratus observed that it is provided with three pouch-like, half-moon-shaped valves; the arrangement of which is such that a fluid can pass out of the ventricle into the vena arteriosa, but not back again. Three similar valves were found at the opening of the aorta into the left ventricle. The arteria venosa had a distinct opening into the same ventricle, and this was provided with triangular membranous valves, like those on the right side, but only two in number. Thus the ventricles had four openings, two for each; and there were altogether eleven valves, disposed in such a manner as to permit fluids to enter the ventricles from the vena cava and the arteria venosa respectively, and to pass out of the ventricles by the vena arteriosa and the aorta respectively, but not to go the other way.

It followed from this capital discovery, that, if the contents of the heart are fluid, and if they move at all, they can only move in one way; namely, from the vena cava, through the ventricle and towards the lungs, by the vena arteriosa, on the right side; and, from the lungs, by way of the arteria venosa, through the ventricle, and out by the aorta for distribution in the body, on the left side.

Erasistratus thus, in a manner, laid the foundations of the theory of the motion of the blood. But it was not given to him to get any further. What the contents of the heart were, and whether they moved or not, was a point which could be determined only by experiment. And, for want of sufficiently careful experimentation, Erasistratus strayed into a hopelessly misleading path. Observing that the arteries are usually empty of blood after death, he adopted the unlucky hypothesis that this is their normal condition, and that during life, also, they are filled with air. And, it will be observed, that it is not improbable that Erasistratus' discovery of the valves of the heart and of their mechanical action strengthened him in this view. For, as the arteria venosa branches out in the lungs, what more likely than that its ultimate ramifications absorb the air which is inspired; and that this air, passing into the left ventricle, is then pumped all over the body through the aorta, in order to supply the vivifying principle which evidently resides in the air; or, it may be, of cooling the too great heat of the blood? How easy to explain the elastic bounding feel of a pulsating artery by the hypothesis that it is full of air. Had Erasistratus only been acquainted with the structure of insects, the analogy of their tracheal system would have been a tower of strength to him. There was no *primâ facie* absurdity in his hypothesis—and experiment was the sole means of demonstrating its truth or falsity.

More than four hundred years elapsed before the theory of the motion of the blood returned once more to the strait road which

leads truthwards; and it was brought back by the only possible method, that of experiment. A man of extraordinary genius, Claudius Galenus, of Pergamos, was trained to anatomical and physiological investigation in the great schools of Alexandria, and spent a long life in incessant research, teaching, and medical practice.¹ More than one hundred and fifty treatises from his pen, on philosophical, literary, scientific, and practical topics, are extant; and there is reason to believe that they constitute not more than a third of his works. No former anatomist had reached his excellence, while he may be regarded as the founder of experimental physiology. And, it is precisely because he was a master of the experimental method, that he was able to learn more about the motions of the heart and of the blood than any of his predecessors; and to leave to posterity a legacy of knowledge, which was not substantially increased for more than thirteen hundred years.

The conceptions of the structure of the heart and vessels, of their actions, and of the motion of the blood in them, which Galen entertained, are not stated in a complete shape in any one of his numerous works. But a careful collation of the various passages in which these conceptions are expressed, leaves no doubt upon my mind, that Galen's views respecting the structure of the organs concerned were, for the most part, as accurate as the means of anatomical analysis at his command permitted; and that he had exact and consistent, though by no means equally just, notions of the actions of these organs, and of the movements of the blood.

Starting from the fundamental facts established by Erasistratus respecting the structure of the heart and the working of its valves, Galen's great service was the proof, by the only evidence which could possess demonstrative value, namely, by that derived from experiments upon living animals, that the arteries are as much full of blood during life as the veins are, and that the left cavity of the heart, like the right, is also filled with blood.

Galen, moreover, correctly asserted, though the means of investigation at his disposition did not allow him to prove the fact, that the ramifications of the vena arteriosa in the substance of the lungs communicate with those of the arteria venosa, by direct, though invisible, passages, which he terms anastomoses; and that, by means of these communications, a certain portion of the blood of the right ventricle of the heart passes through the lungs into the left ventricle. In fact, Galen is quite clear as to the existence of a current of blood through the lungs, though not of such a current as we now know traverses them. For, while he believed that a part of the blood of the right ventricle passes through the lungs, and even, as I shall show, described at length the mechanical arrangements by which he supposes

(1) Galen was born in the year 131 A.D., and died in or about the year 201.

this passage to be effected, he considered that the greater part of the blood in the right ventricle passes directly, through certain pores in the septum, into the left ventricle. And this was where Galen got upon his wrong track, without which divergence a man of his scientific insight must infallibly have discovered the true character of the pulmonary current, and not improbably* have been led to anticipate Harvey.

But, even in propounding this erroneous hypothesis of the porosity of the septum, it is interesting to observe with what care Galen distinguishes between observation and speculation. He expressly says that he has never seen the openings which he supposes to exist, and that he imagines them to be invisible, by reason of their small size and their closure by the refrigeration of the heart, after death. Nevertheless, he cannot doubt their existence, partly because the septum presents a great number of pits which obviously lead into its substance as they narrow, and, as he is so fond of saying, "Nature makes nothing in vain;" and, partly, because the vena cava is so large, in comparison with the vena arteriosa, that he does not see how all the blood poured into the ventricle could be got rid of, if the latter were its only channel.

Thus, for Galen, the course of the blood through the heart was—on the right side, *in* by the vena cava, *out* by the vena arteriosa and the pores of the septum; on the left side, *in* by the pores of the septum and by the arteria venosa, *out* by the aorta. What now becomes of the blood which, filling the vena arteriosa, reaches the lungs? Galen's views are perfectly definite about this point. The vena arteriosa communicates with the arteria venosa in the lungs by numerous connecting channels. During expiration, the blood which is in the lungs, being compressed, tends to flow back into the heart by way of the vena arteriosa; but it is prevented from doing so, in consequence of the closure of the semilunar valves. Hence, a portion of it is forced the other way, through the anastomoses into the arteria venosa; and then, mixed with "pneuma," it is carried to the left ventricle, whence it is propelled, through the aorta and its branches, all over the body.

Galen not only took great pains to obtain experimental proof that, during life, all the arteries contain blood and not air, as Erasistratus supposed; but he distinctly affirms that the blood in the left ventricle and in the arteria venosa is different from that in the right ventricle and in the veins, including the vena arteriosa; and that the difference between the two lies in colour, heat, and the greater quantity of "pneuma" contained in arterial blood. Now this "pneuma" is something acquired by the blood in the lungs. The air which is inspired into these organs is a kind of aliment. It is not taken bodily into the venosa arteria and thence carried to the left ventricle

to fill the arterial system, as Erasistratus thought. On the contrary, Galen repeatedly argues that this cannot be the case, and often refers to his experimental proofs that the whole arterial system is full of blood during life. But the air supplies a material kindred to the "pneuma," out of which and the blood the "pneuma" is concocted. Hence, the contents of the arteria venosa are largely composed of "pneuma," and it is out of the mixture of this with the blood which filters through the septum, that the bright "pneumatic" blood found in the arteries, and by them distributed over the body, is formed. The arteria venosa is a channel by which "pneuma" reaches the heart, but this is not its exclusive function; for it has, at the same time, to allow of the passage of certain fuliginous and impure matters which the blood contains, in the opposite direction; and, it is for this reason, that there are only two valves where the arteria venosa enters the ventricle. These not fitting quite tightly, allow of the exit of the fuliginous matters in question.

Modern commentators are fond of pouring scorn upon Galen, because he holds that the heart is not a muscle. But if what he says on this subject is studied with care and impartiality, and with due recollection of the fact that Galen was not obliged to use the terminology of the nineteenth century, it will be seen that he by no means deserves blame, but rather praise, for his critical discrimination of things which are really unlike.

All that Galen affirms is that the heart is totally unlike one of the ordinary muscles of the body, not only in structure, but in being independent of the control of the will; and, so far from doubting that the walls of the heart are made up of active fibres, he expressly describes these fibres and what he supposes to be their arrangement and their mode of action. The fibres are of three kinds, longitudinal, transverse, and oblique. The action of the longitudinal fibres is to draw in, that of the circular fibres to expel, and that of the oblique fibres to retain, the contents of the heart. How Galen supposed the oblique fibres could execute the function ascribed to them, I do not know; but it is clear that he thought that the activity of the circular fibres increased, and that of the longitudinal fibres diminished, the size of the cavities which they surrounded. Nowadays we term an active fibre muscular; Galen did not, unless, in addition, it possessed the characters of voluntary muscle.

According to Galen, the arteries have a systole and diastole (that is, a state of contraction and a state of dilatation), which alternate with those of the ventricles, and depend upon active contractions and dilatations of their walls. This active faculty of the arteries is inherent in them, because they are, as it were, productions of the substance of the ventricles which possess these faculties; and it is destroyed when the vital continuity of the arteries with the heart is

destroyed by section or ligature. The arteries fill, therefore, as bellows fill, not as bags are blown full.

The ultimate ramifications of the arteries open by anastomoses into those of the veins, all over the body; and the vivifying arterial blood thus communicates its properties to the great mass of blood in the veins. Under certain conditions, however, the blood may flow from the veins to the arteries, in proof of which Galen adduces the fact that the whole vascular system may be emptied by opening an artery.

The two ventricles, the auricles, the pulmonary vessels, and the aorta with its branches, are conceived by the Greek anatomist to be an apparatus superadded to the veins, which he regards as the essential foundation and the most important part of the whole vascular system. No portion of Galen's doctrines has been more sharply criticised than his persistent refusal to admit that the veins, like the arteries, take their origin in the heart, and his advocacy of the view that the *fons et origo* of the whole venous system is to be sought in the liver. Here, however, I must remark, that it is only those who are practically ignorant of the facts who can fail to see that Galen's way of stating the matter is not only anatomically justifiable, but that, until the true nature of the circulation was understood, and physiological considerations overrode those based upon mere structure, there was much more to be said for it than for the opposite fashion.

Remembering that what we call the right auricle was, for Galen, a mere part of the vena cava, it is impossible not to be struck by the justice of his striking comparison of the vena cava to the trunk of a tree, the roots of which enter the liver as their soil, while the branches spread all over the body. Galen remarks that the existence of the vena portæ, which gathers blood from the alimentary canal, and then distributes it to the liver, without coming near the heart, is a fatal objection to the view of his opponents, that all the veins take their rise in the heart; and the argument is unanswerable, so far as the mere anatomical facts are concerned.

Nothing could have appeared more obvious to the early anatomists than that the store of nutriment carried by the vena portæ to the liver was there elaborated into blood; and then, being absorbed by the roots of the venous system, was conveyed by its branches all over the body. The veins were thus the great distributors of the blood; the heart and arteries were a superadded apparatus for the dispersion of a "pneumatized," or vivified portion of the blood through the arteries; and this addition of "pneuma," or vivification, took place in the gills of water-breathing animals and in the lungs of air-breathers. But, in the latter case, the mechanism of respiration involved the addition of a new apparatus, the right ventricle,

to insure the constant flow of blood through these organs of 'pneumatization.'

Every statement in the preceding paragraphs can be justified by citations from Galen's works; and, therefore, it must be admitted that he had a wonderfully correct conception of the structure and disposition of the heart and vessels, and of the mode in which the ultimate ramifications of the latter communicate, both in the body generally and in the lungs; that his general view of the functions of the heart was just; and that he knew that blood passes from the right side of the heart, through the lungs, to the left side, and undergoes a great change in quality, brought about by its relation with the air in the lungs, in its course. It is unquestionable, therefore, that Galen, so far, divined the existence of a "pulmonary circulation," and that he came near to a just conception of the process of respiration; but he had no inkling even of the systemic circulation; he was quite wrong about the perforation of the septum; and his theory of the mechanical causes of the systole and diastole of the heart and arteries was erroneous. Nevertheless, for more than thirteen centuries, Galen was immeasurably in advance of all other anatomists; and some of his notions, such as that about the active dilatation of the walls of the vessels, have been debated by physiologists of the present generation.

No one can read Galen's works without being impressed by the marvellous extent and diversity of his knowledge, and by his clear grasp of those experimental methods by which, alone, physiology can be advanced. It is pathetic to watch the gropings of a great mind like his around some cardinal truth, which he failed to apprehend simply because he had not in his possession the means of investigation, which, at this time, are in the hands of every student. I have seen learned disquisitions on the theme, Why did the ancients fail in their scientific inquiries? I know not what may be the opinion of those who are competent to judge of the labours of Euclid, or of Hipparchus, or of Archimedes; but I think that the question which will rise to the lips of the biological student, fresh from the study of the works of Galen, is rather, How did these men, with their imperfect appliances, attain so vast a measure of success? In truth, it is in the Greek world that we must seek, not only the predecessors, but the spiritual progenitors, of modern men of science. The slumbering aptitude of Western Europe for physical investigation was awakened by the importation of Greek knowledge and of Greek method; and modern anatomists and physiologists are but the heirs of Galen, who have turned to good account the patrimony bequeathed by him to the civilised world.

The student of the works of the anatomists and physiologists of modern Europe in the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth

centuries, will find that they were chiefly occupied in learning of their own knowledge what Galen knew. It is not strange, therefore, that they were overpowered by so vast a genius, and that they allowed themselves to be enslaved by his authority, in a manner which he would have been the first to reprove. Vesalius, the great reformer of anatomy, had a bitter struggle to carry on Galen's work, by showing where he had erred in expounding the structure of the human body, on the faith of observations made on the lower animals; but it was not till the middle of the sixteenth century, that anything was done to improve on Galen's physiology, and especially to amend his doctrines concerning the movements of the heart and of the blood.

The first step in this direction is very generally ascribed to Michael Servetus, the unhappy man whose judicial murder by slow fire was compassed by John Calvin; he being instigated thereto by theological antagonism, intensified by personal hatred; and aided and abetted in his iniquity by the Protestant Churches of Switzerland. The whole story has recently been clearly and fully told by Dr. Willis,¹ and I refer to it only for the purpose of remarking, that the name and fame of Calvin's victim would probably have been as completely obliterated as his persecutor intended they should be, had it not happened that one or two copies of the '*Christianismi Restitutio*,' the attempted publication of which was the immediate cause of Servetus's death, were saved from destruction.

Servetus was undoubtedly well acquainted with anatomy, inasmuch as he was demonstrator to Joannes Guinterus in the School of Paris, where he had Vesalius for his colleague; and, in his later years, he practised as a physician. Hence it is not wonderful to find that the '*Christianismi Restitutio*,' although essentially a furrago of scatterbrained theological speculations, contains much physiological matter. And it is in developing his conception of the relations between God and man, that Servetus wrote the well-known passages on which many have asserted his claim to the discovery of the course of the blood from the heart, through the lungs, and back to the heart; or what is now termed the pulmonary circulation.

I have studied the passages in question with great care, and with every desire to give Servetus his due, but I confess I cannot see that he made much advance upon Galen.² As we have seen, Galen said that some blood goes to the left side of the heart from the right side

(1) Servetus and Calvin, by R. Willis, M.D., 1877.

(2) I cannot but think that Dr. Willis's natural affection for his hero has carried him too far when he says, "Had his Restoration of Christianity been suffered to get abroad and into the hands of anatomists, we can hardly imagine that the immortality which now attaches so truly and deservedly to the great name of Harvey would have been reserved for him." But within six years of Servetus's death, the doctrine of the pulmonary circulation did get abroad through Realdus Columbus, without the effect supposed.

through the lungs, but that the greater part traverses the septum. Servetus appears, at first, to declare that all the blood of the right side goes through the lungs to the left side, and that the septum is imperforate. But he qualifies his assertion by admitting that some of the blood of the right ventricle may transude through the septum, and thus the question between him and Galen becomes merely one of degree. Servetus cites neither observation nor experiment in favour of the imperviousness of the septum; and the impression upon my mind is that he really knew no more than Vesalius had already published, but that the tendency to headlong speculation, which is so characteristic of the man, led him to rush in where his more thoughtful colleague held back.

Whatever may be thought of the moral claim of Servetus to be regarded as the discoverer of the pulmonary circulation, there is no reason to believe that he had any influence on the actual progress of science.¹ For Calvin dealt with all the packages of the edition of the 'Christianismi Restitutio' he could lay hands on as he had served their author, and it is believed that only a few copies escaped the flames. One of these, in the National Library of France, is the very book used by the counsel for the prosecution, whom Calvin prompted, at Geneva; another is in Vienna. The public had no access to the work until it was reprinted, more than two centuries afterwards.

The first author who declared, without any qualification, that the septum of the ventricles is imperforate, and that all the blood of the right ventricle traverses the lungs and (except so much as may be retained for the nutrition of these organs) passes to the left ventricle, was Realdus Columbus, professor of anatomy in the famous school of Padua. The remarkable treatise, 'De Re Anatomica,' of this able anatomist, was published in 1559, or only six years after the death of Servetus, of whose notions there is no evidence that Columbus had any cognisance. Moreover, Columbus, as able an experimenter as he was a skilful dissector, deals with the question in a very different way from Servetus; so that, from his time; the existence of the pulmonary circulation, in the modern sense, may be said to have become established. Ambrose Paré, the great surgeon, writing in 1579,² refers to the course of the blood through the lungs as notoriously the discovery of Columbus. And I think not only that Realdus Columbus is entitled to the whole credit of this very considerable advance upon Galen's views; but that he is the only physiologist, between the time of Galen

(1) The arguments adduced by the learned and ingenious Tollin ("Die entdeckung der kreislaufs durch Michel Servet," 1876) on the other side, will hardly bear close scrutiny.

(2) The Works of Ambrose Paré, translated by Thomas Johnson, 1691, p. 97.

and that of Harvey, who made any important addition to the theory of the circulation.

The claim which is put forward on behalf of the celebrated botanist, Cæsalpinus, appears to me to be devoid of any foundation.¹ Many years after the publication of the work of Realdus Columbus, who was professor at the most famous and most frequented anatomical school of the time, and who assuredly was the last man to hide his light under a bushel, Cæsalpinus incidentally describes the pulmonary circulation in terms which simply embody a statement of Columbus's doctrine; adding nothing, and, to his credit be it said, claiming nothing. Like all the rest of the world since venesection was invented, Cæsalpinus noticed that the vein swells on the side of the ligature away from the heart; and he observes that this is inconsistent with the received views of the motion of the blood in the veins. If he had followed up the suggestion thus made to him by the needful experimental investigation, he might have anticipated Harvey; but he did not.

Again, Cannani discovered the existence of valves in some of the veins in 1547; and Fabricius rediscovered them, and prominently drew attention to their mechanism, in 1574. Nevertheless, this discovery, important as it was, and widely as it became known, had absolutely no effect in leading either the discoverers or their contemporaries to a correct view of the general circulation. In common with all the anatomists of the sixteenth century, Fabricius believed that the blood proceeded from the main trunk, or vena cava, outwards to the smallest ramifications of the veins, in order to subserve the nutrition of the parts in which they are distributed; and, instead of being led by the mechanical action of the valves to reverse his theory of the course of the venous blood, he was led by the dominant theory of the course of the blood to interpret the meaning of the valvular mechanism. Fabricius, in fact, considered that the office of the valves was to break the impetus of the venous blood, and to prevent its congestion in the organs to which it was sent; and, until the true course of the blood was demonstrated, this was as likely an hypothesis as any other.

The best evidence of the state of knowledge respecting the motions

(1) "Videmus Cæsalpinum eadem de sanguinis itinere per pulmonem, atque de valvularum usu qua Columbus ante docuisset proponere; causas vero sanguinis movendi juxta cum ignarissimis noscivisse; motus cordis atque artioriarum perturbasse; sanguinem e dextro cordis ventriculo per pulmonem in sinistrum ventriculum deferri, nullo experimento sed ingenii commento probabili persuasum credidisse. De venis ab injecto vinculo intumescensibus aliena omnino dixisse; alimentum auctivum e venis in arterias, per oscula mutua vasorum sibi invicem commissorum, elicatum invita experientia docuisse."

Not one of the ingenious pleaders for Cæsalpinus has yet, in my judgment, shown cause for the reversal of the verdict thus delivered by the learned biographer of Harvey in the edition of his 'Opera Omnia,' which was published by the College of Physicians in 1766.

of the heart and blood in Harvey's time is afforded by those works of his contemporaries which immediately preceded the publication of the '*Exercitatio Anatomica*,' in 1628.¹ And none can be more fitly cited for this purpose than the '*De Humani Corporis Fabrica, Libri decem*,' of Adrian van den Spieghel, who, like Harvey, was a pupil of Fabricius of Aquapendente, and was of such distinguished ability and learning that he succeeded his master in the chair of anatomy of Padua.

Van den Spieghel, or Spigelius, as he called himself, in accordance with the fashion of those days, died comparatively young in 1625, and his work was edited by his friend Daniel Bucretius, whose preface is dated 1627. The accounts of the heart and vessels, and of the motion of the blood, which it contains, are full and clear; but, beyond matters of detail, they go beyond Galen in only two points; and with respect to one of these, Spigelius was in error.

The first point is the "pulmonary circulation," which is taught as Columbus taught it nearly eighty years before. The second point is, so far as I know, peculiar to Spigelius himself. He thinks that the pulsation of the arteries has an effect in promoting the motion of the blood contained in the veins which accompany them. Of the true course of the blood as a whole, Spigelius has no more suspicion than had any other physiologist of that age, except William Harvey; no rumour of whose lectures at the College of Physicians, commenced six years before Spieghel's death, was likely in those days of slow communication and in the absence of periodical publications to have reached Italy.

Now let any one familiar with the pages of Spigelius take up Harvey's treatise and mark the contrast.

The main object of the '*Exercitatio*' is to put forth and demonstrate, by direct experimental and other accessory evidence, a proposition which is far from being even hinted at, either by Spigelius, or by any of his contemporaries or predecessors; and which is in diametrical contradiction to the views respecting the course of the blood in the veins which are expounded in their works.

From Galen to Spigelius, they one and all believed that the blood in the vena cava and its branches flows from the main trunk towards the smallest ramifications. There is a similar consensus in the doctrine, that the greater part, if not the whole, of the blood thus distributed by the veins is derived from the liver; in which organ

(1) The whole title of the copy of the rare first edition in the library of the College of Physicians runs, "*Exercitatio Anatomica de motu cordis et sanguinis in animalibus. Gulielmi Harvæi, Angli Medici Regii et Professoris Anatomia: in Collegio Medicorum Londinensi. Francofurti, sumptibus Gulielmi Fitzeri. Anno MDCXXVIII.*" The dedications, of which that to Charles I. is pasted in, as if it had been an afterthought, extend to p. 9; the Proœmium to p. 19; while the *Exercitatio* itself occupies pp. 20 to 72 inclusively. There are two plates illustrative of experiments on the veins of the arm.

it is generated out of the materials brought from the alimentary canal by means of the vena portæ. And all Harvey's predecessors further agree in the belief that only a small fraction of the total mass of the venous blood is conveyed by the vena arteriosa to the lungs and passes by the arteria venosa to the left ventriclë, thence to be distributed over the body by the arterics. Whether some portion of the refined and "pneumatic" arterial blood traversed the anastomatic channels, the existence of which was assumed, and so reached the systemic veins; or whether, on the contrary, some portion of the venous blood made its entrance by the same passages into the arteries, depended upon circumstances. Sometimes the current might set one way, sometimes the other.

In direct opposition to these universally received views, Harvey asserts that the natural course of the blood in the veins is from the peripheral ramifications towards the main trunk; that the mass of the blood to be found in the veins at any moment was, a short time before, contained in the arteries, and has simply flowed out of the latter into the veins; and, finally, that the stream of blood which runs from the arteries into the veins is constant, continuous, and rapid.

According to the view of Harvey's predecessors¹ the veins may be compared to larger and smaller canals, fed by a spring which trickles into the chief canals, whence the water flows to the rest. The heart and lungs represent an engine set up in the principal canal to aerate some of the water and scatter it all over the garden. Whether any of this identical water came back to the engine or not would be a matter of chance, and it would certainly have no sensible effect on the motion of the water in the canals. In Harvey's conception of the matter, on the other hand, the garden is watered by channels so arranged as to form a circle, two points of which are occupied by propulsive engines. The water is kept moving in a continual round within its channels, as much entering the engines on one side, as leaves them on the other; and the motion of the water is entirely due to the engines.

It is in conceiving the motion of the blood, as a whole, to be circular, and in ascribing that circular motion simply and solely to the contractions of the walls of the heart, that Harvey is so completely original. Before him, no one, that I can discover, had ever so much as dreamed that a given portion of blood contained, for example, in the right ventricle of the heart may, by the mere mechanical operation of the working of that organ, be made to return to the very place from which it started, after a long journey through the lungs and through the body generally. And, it should

(1) See the comparison of the veins to the canals for irrigating a garden in Galen, "De Naturalibus Facultatibus," vol. iii. cap. xv.

be remembered, that it is to this complete circuit of the blood, alone, that the term "circulation" can, in strictness, be applied. It is of the essence of a circular motion that that which moves returns to the place from whence it started. Hence, the discovery of the course of the blood from the right ventricle, through the lungs, to the left ventricle was in nowise an anticipation of the discovery of the circulation of the blood. For the blood which traverses this part of its course no more describes a circle, than the dweller in a street who goes out of his own house and enters his next-door neighbour's does so. Although there may be nothing but a party wall between him and the room he has just left, it constitutes an efficient *défense de circuler*. Thus, whatever they may have known of the so-called pulmonary circulation, to say that Servetus, or Columbus, or Cæsalpinus deserves any share of the credit which attaches to Harvey appears to me to be to mistake the question at issue.

It must further be borne in mind, that the determination of the true course taken by the whole mass of the blood is only the most conspicuous of the discoveries of Harvey; and that his analysis of the mechanism by which the circulation is brought about is far in advance of anything which had previously been published. For the first time, it is shown that the walls of the heart are active only during its systole or contraction, and that the dilatation of the heart, in the diastole, is purely passive. Whence it follows, that the impulse by which the blood is propelled is *a vis à tergo*, and that the blood is not drawn into the heart by any such inhalent or suctional action, as not only the predecessors, but many of the successors of Harvey imagined it to possess.

Harvey is no less original in his view of the cause of the arterial pulse. In contravention of Galen and of all other anatomists up to his own time, he affirms that the stretching of the arteries which gives rise to the pulse is not due to the active dilatation of their walls, but to their passive distension by the blood which is forced into them at each beat of the heart; reversing Galen's dictum, he says that they dilate as bags and not as bellows. This point of fundamental, practical as well as theoretical, importance is most admirably demonstrated, not only by experiment, but by pathological illustrations.

One of the weightiest arguments in Harvey's demonstration of the circulation is based upon the comparison of the quantity of blood driven out of the heart, at each beat, with the total quantity of blood in the body. This, so far as I know, is the first time that quantitative considerations are taken into account in the discussion of a physiological problem. But one of the most striking differences between ancient and modern physiological science, and one of the chief reasons of the rapid progress of physiology in the last half-century, lies in the introduction of exact quantitative determinations into physiolo-

gical experimentation and observation. The moderns use means of accurate measurement, which their forefathers neither possessed nor could conceive, inasmuch as they are products of mechanical skill of the last hundred years, and of the advance of branches of science which hardly existed, even in germ, in the seventeenth century.

Having attained to a knowledge of the circulation of the blood, and of the conditions on which its motion depends, Harvey had a ready deductive solution for problems which had puzzled the older physiologists. Thus the true significance of the valves in the veins became at once apparent. Of no importance while the blood is flowing in its normal course towards the heart, they at once oppose any accidental reversal of its current, which may arise from the pressure of adjacent muscles, or the like. And, in like manner, the swelling of the veins on the further side of the ligature, which so much troubled Cæsalpinus, became at once intelligible, as the natural result of the damming up of the returning current.

In addition to the great positive results which are contained in the treatise which Harvey modestly calls an 'Exercise;' and which is, in truth, not so long as many a pamphlet about some wholly insignificant affair; its pages are characterized by such precision and simplicity of statement, such force of reasoning, and such a clear comprehension of the methods of inquiry and of the logic of physical science, that it holds a unique rank among physiological monographs. Under this aspect, I think I may fairly say that it has rarely been equalled and never surpassed.

Such being the state of knowledge among his contemporaries, and such the immense progress effected by Harvey, it is not wonderful that the publication of the 'Exercitatio' produced a profound sensation. And the best indirect evidence of the originality of its author, and of the revolutionary character of his views, is to be found in the multiplicity and the virulence of the attacks to which they were at once subjected.

Riolan, of Paris, had the greatest reputation of any anatomist of those days, and he followed the course which is usually adopted by the men of temporary notoriety towards those of enduring fame. According to Riolan, Harvey's theory of the circulation was not true; and besides that, it was not new; and, furthermore, he invented a mongrel doctrine of his own, composed of the old views with as much of Harvey's as it was safe to borrow, and tried therewith to fish credit for himself out of the business. In fact, in wading through these forgotten controversies, I felt myself quite at home. Substitute the name of Darwin for that of Harvey, and the truth that history repeats itself will come home to the dullest apprehension. It was said of the doctrine of the circulation of the blood

that nobody over forty could be got to adopt it; and I think I remember a passage in the *Origin of Species*, to the effect that its author expects to convert only young and flexible minds.

There is another curious point of resemblance in the fact, that even those who gave Harvey their general approbation and support sometimes failed to apprehend the value of some of those parts of his doctrine which are, indeed, merely auxiliary to the theory of the circulation, but are only a little less important than it. Harvey's great friend and champion, Sir George Ent, is in this case; and I am sorry to be obliged to admit that Descartes falls under the same reprehension.

This great philosopher, mathematician, and physiologist, whose conception of the phenomena of life as the results of mechanism is now playing as great a part in physiological science as Harvey's own discovery, never fails to speak with admiration, as Harvey gratefully acknowledges, of the new theory of the circulation. And it is astonishing, I had almost said humiliating, to find that even he is unable to grasp Harvey's profoundly true view of the nature of the systole and the diastole, or to see the force of the quantitative argument. He adduces experimental evidence against the former position, and is even further from the truth than Galen was, in his ideas of the physical cause of the circulation.

Yet one more and a last parallel. In spite of all opposition, the doctrine of the circulation propounded by Harvey was, in its essential features, universally adopted within thirty years of the time of its publication. Harvey's friend, Thomas Hobbes, remarked that he was the only man, in his experience, who had the good fortune to live long enough to see a new doctrine accepted by the world at large. Mr. Darwin has been even more fortunate, for not twenty years have yet elapsed since the publication of the *Origin of Species*; and yet there is no denying the fact that the doctrine of evolution, ignored, or derided, and vilified in 1859, is now accepted, in one shape or other, by the leaders of scientific thought in every region of the civilised world.

I proposed at the outset of this essay to say something about the method of inquiry which Harvey pursued, and which guided him throughout his successful career of discovery.

It is, I believe, a cherished belief of Englishmen, that Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, and sometime Lord Chancellor of England, invented that "Inductive Philosophy" of which they speak with almost as much respect as they do of Church and State; and that, if it had not been for this "Baconian Induction," science would never have extricated itself from the miserable condition in which it was left by a set of hair-splitting folk, known as the ancient Greek philosophers. To be accused of departing from the canons of the

Baconian philosophy is almost as bad as to be charged with forgetting your aspirates; it is understood as a polite way of saying that you are an entirely absurd speculator.

Now the *Novum Organon* was published in 1620, while Harvey began to teach the doctrine of the circulation in his public lectures, in 1619. Acquaintance with the 'Baconian induction,' therefore, could not have had much to do with Harvey's investigations. The 'Exercitatio,' however, was not published till 1628. Do we find in it any trace of the influence of the *Novum Organon*? Absolutely none. So far from indulging in the short-sighted and profoundly unscientific depreciation of the ancients in which Bacon indulges, Harvey invariably speaks of them with that respect, which the faithful and intelligent study of the fragments of their labours that remain to us, must inspire in every one who is practically acquainted with the difficulties with which they had to contend, and which they so often mastered. And, as to method, Harvey's method is the method of Galen, the method of Realdus Columbus, the method of Galileo, the method of every genuine worker in science either in the past or the present. On the other hand, judged strictly by the standard of his own time, Bacon's ignorance of the progress which science had up to that time made, is only to be equalled by his insolence towards men in comparison with whom he was the merest sciolist. Even when he has some hearsay knowledge of what has been done, his want of acquaintance with the facts and his abnormal deficiency in what I may call the scientific sense, prevent him from divining its importance. Bacon could see nothing remarkable in the chief contributions to science of Copernicus, or of Kepler, or of Galileo; Gilbert, his fellow countryman, is the subject of a sneer; while Galen is bespattered with a shower of impertinences, which reach their climax in the epithets "puppy" and "plague."¹

I venture to think that if Francis Bacon, instead of spending his time in fabricating fine phrases about the advancement of learning, in order to play, with due pomp, the part which he assigned to himself of "trumpeter" of science, had put himself under Harvey's instruction, and had applied his quick wit to discover and methodise the logical process which underlaid the work of that consummate investigator, he would have employed his time to better purpose; and, at any rate, would not have deserved the just but sharp judgment which follows; "that his [Bacon's] method is impracticable cannot I think be denied, if we reflect, not only that it never has produced any result, but also that the process by which scientific truths have been established cannot be so presented as even to appear

(1) "Video Galenum, virum angustissimi animi, desertorem experientie et vanissimum causatorem. . . . O canicula! O pestis!—Temporis Partus Masculus!"

"Canicula" has even a coarser meaning than "puppy."

to be in accordance with it." I quote from one of Mr. Ellis's contributions to the great work of Bacon's most learned, competent, and impartial biographer, Mr. Spedding.¹

Few of Harvey's sayings are recorded, but Aubrey² tells us that some one having enlarged upon the merits of the Baconian philosophy in his presence, "Yes," said Harvey, "he writes philosophy like a Chancellor." On which pithy reply diverse persons will put diverse interpretations. The illumination of experience may possibly tempt a modern follower of Harvey to expound the dark saying thus: "So this servile courtier, this intriguing politician, this unscrupulous lawyer, this witty master of phrases, proposes to teach me my business in the intervals of his. I have borne with Riolan, let me also be patient with him; " at any rate, I have no better reading to offer.

In the latter half of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, the future of physical science was safe enough in the hands of Gilbert, Galileo, Harvey, Descartes, and the noble army of investigators who flocked to their standard, and followed up the advance of their leaders. I do not believe that their wonderfully rapid progress would have been one whit retarded if the *Novum Organon* had never seen the light; while, if Harvey's little 'Exercise' had been lost, physiology would have stood still until another Harvey was born into the world.

There is another point in reference to method on which I desire to contribute my mite towards the dissipation of a widespread popular delusion. On the faith of a conversation reported by Robert Boyle, Harvey is said to have declared that he discovered the circulation of the blood by reasoning deductively from the disposition of the valves of the veins. On this I may remark, firstly, that the words imputed to Harvey by no means warrant this conclusion; secondly, that if they did, the statement could not be true, because we have Harvey's own evidence to the contrary; and thirdly, that if the conclusion were warranted by the words reported, and were not contradicted by Harvey himself, it would still be worthless, because it is impossible to prove the circulation of the blood from any such data. What Robert Boyle says is this:—"And I remember, that when I asked our famous Harvey, in the only discourse I had with him (which was but a while before he died), what were the things that

(1) General Preface to the Philosophical Works, vol. i. p. 38.

(2) Aubrey says: "He had been physician to the Lord Ch. Bacon, whom he esteemed much for his witt and style, but would not allow to be a great philosopher. Said he to me, 'He writes philosophy like a L^d. Chancellor,' speaking in derision. . . . He was very communicative, and willing to instruct any that were modest and respectful to him. And in order to my journey dictated to me what to see, what company to keep, what bookes to read, how to manage my studies: in short, he bid me go to the fountaine head, and read Aristotle, Cicero, Avicenna, and did call the *Nectarique*"—something almost as bad as "canicula": the little swarthy, black-eyed, choleric man.

induced him to think of a circulation of the blood? he answered me, that when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed, that they gave free passage to the blood towards the heart, but opposed the passage of the venal blood the contrary way: he was invited to imagine that so provident a cause as nature had not so placed so many valves without design; and no design seemed more probable, than that since the blood could not well, because of the interposing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent through the arteries and return through the veins, whose valves did not oppose its course that way."¹

I have no doubt that it may be quite true, that Harvey was "induced" to "think of a circulation of the blood" by considering the disposition of the valves of the veins; just as Cæsalpinus might have been led to the same thought; and then might have found out the true state of the case, if he had taken the hints which Nature gave him, and had used the proper means of investigation in order to discover whether those hints were valuable or worthless. Harvey must have learned the views of his master Fabricius; and it is likely enough that to his acute mind Fabricius's explanation of the functions of the valves seemed rather lame. But, as a matter of fact, Harvey did not reason out the circulation from the datum of the valves. On this point his own words, in the passage which contains the fullest account of the considerations which led him to the doctrine of the circulation, leave no doubt whatever:—

"Thus far I have spoken of the passage of the blood from the veins into the arteries," and of the manner in which it is transmitted and distributed by the action of the heart; and thus far some, perhaps, moved by the authority of Galen, or of Columbus, or by the reasonings of other authors, will agree with me. But when I proceed to what remains to be said concerning the quantity and the origin of the blood thus transmitted (though it is highly worthy of consideration) it will seem so new and unheard of, that I not only fear injury to myself from the envy of a few; but I dread lest I make all mankind my enemies. So much does custom, or teaching once accepted and fixed by deep roots, weigh with all; and such is the influence of the venerable opinion of antiquity. However this may be, now that the die is cast, my hope lies in the candour of lovers of truth and of learned minds. Indeed, when I thought often and seriously upon how large the quantity [of transmitted blood] is; upon my dissections of living animals (for the purposes of experiment) and the opening of arteries and the many considerations arising therefrom; as well as upon the magnitude and the symmetry of the ventricles of the heart and of the vessels which enter and leave them (since nature makes nothing in vain, so

(1) A Disquisition about the Final Causes of Natural Things.—Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 427.

(2) In the preceding chapter (vii.) Harvey has been discussing the passage of the blood through the lungs, supporting his views, among other arguments, by the authority of Galen and of Columbus; and it must be remembered that he termed the pulmonary artery *vena arteriosa*, and the pulmonary vein *arteria venosa*. Wherefore he properly speaks of the passage of the blood "from the veins into the arteries."

great a size proportionally would not be given to these vessels without an object); and upon the elaborate mechanism of the valves and fibres, and of the rest of the structure of the heart; as well as of many other things; and when I long turned over in my mind, what might be the quantity of the transmitted blood; in how short a time its transmission might be effected; whether that quantity could be supplied by the juices of the food ingested; I came at length to the conclusion that the veins would become collapsed and empty, while the arteries, on the other hand, would be ruptured, by the excess of blood poured into them; unless there were some road by which the blood could at length run back from the arteries into the veins and return to the right ventricle of the heart. So I began to think whether there was a kind of motion as it were in a circle; this I afterwards found to be true." ¹

In all this very full and interesting account of the course of Harvey's inquiry, it will be observed that not one word is said about the valves of the veins. The valves of which he speaks are those of the heart, which had been known, as I have pointed out, ever since the days of Erasistratus.

Finally, I venture to affirm that Harvey did not deduce the circulation from the disposition of the valves of the veins, because it is logically impossible that any such conclusion should be deduced from such premisses. The only conclusion which is warranted by the presence of valves in the veins is, that such valves will tend to place a certain amount of obstacle in the way of a liquid flowing in a direction opposite to that in which the valves are inclined. The amount of obstacle, from mere impediment to absolute barring of the way, will depend upon the form and disposition of the valves; upon their inertia, or stiffness of motion, in relation to the force of the current of liquid; and, above all, upon the firmness or yieldingness of the walls of the tube to which they are attached. The valve which hermetically closes the passage through an iron pipe may be of no use in an india-rubber tube. Therefore, unless the action of such valves as exist in the veins were carefully tested by experiment on the living animal, any conclusions that might be based upon their presence would be of doubtful value, and might be interpreted either in the sense of Fabricius, or in that of Harvey.

Moreover, supposing that it could be proved that, in those veins in which valves exist, the blood can move only in one way, what is to be said about the numerous veins which have no valves? And, unless we already know upon experimental grounds that the walls of the cavities of heart contract in a certain definite order; that the arteries are full of blood and not of air; and a number of other important facts which can only be experimentally determined; what good is it to know that there are valves in the veins? There are valves in the lymphatics as well as in the veins, and yet any one who concluded therefrom that the lymph circulates after the manner of the blood would make a woeful mistake.

(1) Gulielmi Harveji. *Exercitationes Anatomicæ. Exercitatio I. cap. viii. ed. 1650.*

The fact is that neither in this, nor in any, physiological problem can mere deductive reasoning from dead structure tell us what part that structure plays, when it is a living component of a living body. Physiology attempts to discover the laws of vital activity, and these laws are obviously ascertainable only by observation and experiment upon living things.

In the case of the circulation of the blood, as in that of all other great physiological doctrines, take away the truths which have been learned by observation and experiment on living structures, and the whole fabric crumbles away. Galen, Columbus, Harvey, were all great vivisectors. And the final ocular demonstration of the circulation of the blood by Malpighi, seven years after Harvey's death—the keystone of the fabric he raised—involved an experiment on a living frog.

This experiment can be performed on a demonstrably insensible animal. Nevertheless, any English subject who repeats it, in these days, may be subjected to fine or imprisonment, as a common malefactor, whenever the chances of political strife give the Home Office to some minister of less knowledge, less justice, and, above all, less firmness in resisting open and underhand pressure, than the present Secretary of State for the Home Department.

I do not think the present is a fitting occasion for the discussion of the burning question of vivisection. My opinions on the subject have been formed and expressed under a due sense of responsibility, and they have not been, and are not likely to be, affected by the preposterous misrepresentations and unseemly abuse which they have evoked. The good Harvey, in one of his fits of cholera, I suppose, said that "man was but a great mischievous baboon,"¹ and yet, for twenty years, he kept silence and, at the end, answered Riolan with quite angelic mildness. I can imitate his silence, if not his mildness; and therefore I have nothing further to offer on this subject. It may be that those are right who say, perish the human race, rather than let a dog suffer. It may be that those are right who think that a man is worth a wilderness of apes, and that he who will not save human life when he could do so, by sacrificing a hecatomb of animals, is an accomplice in murder.

But without touching upon this debateable ground, I may be of some use in cleansing the ground of mere rubbish. I submit two points for your consideration. The one of these is the unquestionable fact that physiology is based upon experiment and can only grow by experiment; and that the discovery of the true motion of the blood, which is one of the cardinal doctrines of that science, and a doctrine the truth of which is implied in the diagnosis and the treatment of nine diseases out of ten, has been made in no other

(1) Aubrey.

way than by reasoning on the data supplied by repeated and multiplied vivisections.

The other is a mere suggestion, which, perhaps, may be dictated by a want of power on the part of a man who is growing old, to adjust himself to a changing world. The great mark of senility, I believe, is to be a "laudator temporis acti." But, as Harvey says, "the die is cast, and I put my faith in the candour of the lovers of truth and of learned minds."

I have had occasion to remark that the science of former days was not so despicable as some think; and that, however foolish undue respect for the wisdom of the ancients may be, undue disrespect for it may be still more reprehensible. Now I fancy that a candid mind will admit it to be within the limits of possibility, that the like may apply to the public opinion and the moral sense of former ages.

Harvey was the favoured friend of his sovereign, the honoured Nestor of his profession, the pride of his countrymen. If he lived now, and were guilty of serving mankind to the same extent and in the same way, so far from any such marks of favour reaching him, he would find himself to be a mark of a different kind—a mark, I mean, for immeasurable calumny and scandalous vituperation; and, though his professional brethren would surely pay him all honour, so far from being the pride of his countrymen, a goodly number of them, of all grades in the social scale, would be spending a world of energy in the endeavour to give him the legal status of a burglar.

I venture to ask you to consider seriously whether, under these circumstances, it is quite so certain, as some seem to believe, that the public opinion of the England of Harvey's day—that time when Englishmen could hurl back a world arrayed in arms against them, because they feared neither to suffer, nor to inflict, pain and death in a good cause; that age within which Shakspeare and Milton, Hobbes and Locke, Harvey and Newton, Drake and Raleigh, Cromwell and Strafford, embodied the powers of our race for good and evil in a fashion which has had no parallel before or since—was absolutely contemptible when set against that of this present enlightened and softly nurtured, not to say sentimental, age.

Maybe it is; possibly the world is entering upon a phase in which the recognised whole duty of man will be to avoid the endurance, or the infliction, of physical pain, whatever future alleviation of misery may be its consequence, however great the positive benefit to mankind which may flow thereupon. If so, "Finis Physiologiæ." When that time arrives, there will be an end to all progress in our knowledge of the laws of life, to all advance towards rational medicine. And, if I do not greatly err, these are not the only things which the logical outcome of such premisses will have abolished. Crime must go unpunished—for what justification is there for

“torturing” a poor thief or murderer except the general good of society? The “voice of the sluggard” will not “be heard to complain,” for no one will dare to “torture” him by disturbing his slumbers. There will be no means of transport, and nothing to ride, except steam-engines and bicycles, for the “torture” involved in the training and in the labour of beasts of draught and burden will be insufferable. No man will think of eating meat, though it may be proper for him to serve as meat to other creatures; for what right can men have to “torture” fleas by the administration of insecticide powder, merely for the benefit of mankind? Sport, I need not say, will have been abolished, and war will have followed it; not so much because war is fraught with evil for men, but because of the awful “torture” which it inflicts directly upon horses and mules, to say nothing of the indirect dyspeptic sufferings of the vultures and wolves, which are tempted by our wickedness to overeat themselves.

As I have confessed, I find myself to be regrettably out of harmony with many worthy and enthusiastic people among my contemporaries; and perhaps the prospect of the coming of the New Era, in which these things shall be, does not affect others as it does me. To say truth, I am rather glad to think that the species can hardly be perfected thus far, in my time. I must distinctly admit that I should be loath to be obliged to exist in a world, in which my notions of what men should be and do will have no application. As the old Norseman said, when the choice between Heaven with the new generation, and Hell with the old, was offered him, “I prefer to be with my ancestors.”

T. H. HUXLEY.

KAFIR LAND.

As I have just returned from South Africa the readers of the *Fortnightly* may perhaps be interested in learning what I have heard there respecting the Kafirs,—as to the country which they inhabit, as to the disturbance which unfortunately still exists, and as to the general manners and condition of the people.

There have hitherto been five Kafir wars,—wars which have been very troublesome to the Cape Colony, very costly to Great Britain, and in which there has been spilt the blood not only of many fighting Englishmen, soldiers and volunteers, but the blood also of non-combatants. It should however be borne in mind on behalf of the Kafirs that they have never massacred or violated women, and that they have always spared children. The first of these wars was begun in 1811, and the last of them was concluded in 1853. This is not the place for a history in detail of the occurrences; but it should be known that they were of such a nature as to require that there should always be, on the shifting frontier between the Colonists and the Natives, a set of what I may call fighting farmers,—men who would understand that they would have to hold their own by their own prowess. In 1834 for instance there came a horde of 10,000 fighting Kafirs spreading themselves over the land on which these frontier farmers had settled themselves,—“pillaging and burning the farmhouses, murdering all who dared to resist, and carrying off all the booty they could lay their hands on. In one week 40 farmers were murdered, 450 farmhouses burnt, 4,000 horses, 100,000 head of cattle, and 150,000 sheep carried off.”¹ Such was the life to which the Europeans on the borders of Kafir Land were subjected.

It would however be most unreasonable to hate the Kafirs, almost unreasonable to blame them for what they did. From time to time we made treaties with them,—not probably thinking that we should bind them by treaties, but thinking probably that we might in this way approach nearest to some manner of binding them. The Kafirs of course broke the treaties. The very nature of the obligation which was intended to be put upon them was ridiculous to them. The Kafir had to be civilized before he could see that there could be virtue in keeping a promise made to an enemy. To his thinking the right was clearly on his side, and the wrong-doing on ours. He had been there before us. We were taking from him his land. He did not want our civilization; but when we took his land it was natural that he should take our cattle.

(1) I quote from Silver & Co.'s *South African Guide*, a work which may be trusted with safety by those who want to learn the circumstances of South Africa.

The question of right and wrong between the savage possessor of uncultivated land, and the civilized seekers after new homes is very troublesome to the conscience of the just man, and painful to the heart of the philanthropist. And yet is there any one who can look back upon English history for the last hundred and twenty years and say that Englishmen have done wrong in occupying the lands upon which now stand the happy homes of so many thousand Britons, so many Irish, so many Germans;—we may add so many Americans? How would the progress of the world have been stayed had we been stopped from emigrating by the feeling that we had no right to take from others the lands which belonged to them? Are we to imagine that justice and philanthropy would have demanded that there should be no New York, no Chicago, no Montreal, no Melbourne, no Sydney, no Auckland? And the philanthropist, when he thinks of South Africa, may find for his wrung heart a balm which is not afforded him by the history of the countries in which stand those thriving cities. In America, Australia, and New Zealand the native tribes have perished or are perishing. In South Africa the Kafirs are more numerous than ever, and very much better off than they were before we visited them. Though the Kafir in his ignorance may wish that we were gone, he would be a Kafir terribly reduced in circumstances if we could go and take away with us all that we have conferred upon him. The Kafir who has clothes to wear and meat to eat, who earns 2s. 6d. a day and is perfectly secure, would not be a happy man were he to find himself again subjected to the superstition and cruelty of his old Priests and Chiefs.

In those Kafir wars it was absolutely necessary that we should hold our own,—what we had once made our own,—or that we should pack up our portmanteaus and quit South Africa altogether. That kind of tyranny which we imply when we talk of “prestige” is a necessity of the position in dealing with savage races. One has to dominate many, and can only do so by assuming something of the godlike. The philanthropic heart of Lord Glenelg, who was unfortunately Colonial Secretary when the third and greatest of the Kafir wars was brought to an end in 1836, would not allow this, and he insisted upon having the Kafirs treated as though they had been in the right, the Kafirs having by his own acknowledgment been the aggressors. “The Kafirs,” he said, “had had ample justification for the late war.” That he was altogether wrong in this has, I think, been acknowledged by all Colonial authorities since; but it is only necessary for us to consider now what would have been our duty, what the necessity of our position, had we continued to act as though he had been right. We could only have packed our portmanteaus and have gone,—leaving the Kafir tribes to destroy each other as they had been doing before we came.

It is hardly necessary to say that that was out of the question. In spite of Lord Glenelg we held to what we had taken, and continually pushed forward our borders. At first, no doubt, the idea was,—and the effect,—that in pushing ourselves forward we should push back the Kafirs. But this did not last long. People in large numbers are not easily moved, nor was there any reason for such movement. There were, indeed, very strong reasons against it. In the first days of the mingling of European frontier-farmers with Kafir people, the European abominated the Savage, and would fain have been rid of him altogether. It was not long before he found that he could best prosper in the world by teaching the Kafir to work for him. The frontier-farmer still hates the Kafirs as a race, though he often becomes very fond of his own individual Kafir servant, putting implicit trust in the man. But his cry now is, not that the man should be abolished, driven back behind this or the other river,—but that he should be made to work. The man does work,—not so regularly as he might do, spasmodically perhaps,—whereas his employer wants to have him from Monday to Saturday and from daybreak to sunset, like the patient overwrought rustic British labourer. It is a comfort to have one's work done regularly, just at the appointed time. The nonchalance of the Kafir, who, having enough for his wants, won't come just when the land is fit for the ploughing or the grain for the gathering, is annoying. But in a fashion,—in a fashion that is daily becoming more regular, more European,—he does work. He, and his brother natives, are the workmen of South Africa. They do all the work. They clean the shoes, they drive the horses, they cook the dinners, they wash the clothes, they carry the loads, they hew the wood and draw the water, they plough the land, they reap the corn, they tend the cattle,—and they find the diamonds. It would not at all have answered our purpose in South Africa to drive the Kafirs before us. It was essential that we should keep the Kafirs among us ;—and we have done so.

And yet my readers will have heard of Kafir Land as being a country belonging peculiarly to the Kafirs and inhabited by them. And there is, or at any rate there was till the other day, a district to which the name of Kafaria Proper had been given, in which the Kafirs have been supposed to be independent, and where they have lived with very little European interference. Whether this can yet be said to exist as an independent Kafir country I cannot at this moment say, because we do not know the exact condition of affairs. The disturbance still existed on the 1st of January, up to which date we have news from Capetown. It is to be hoped that by this time there will be no longer a Kafir in arms against us in these parts, and, in that case, I think it probable that Kafaria Proper will no

longer be "proper" to the Kafirs. We shall have found it necessary to annex at any rate a considerable portion of it, in order that the Kafirs in those parts may have to work and live quietly as they do elsewhere.

If my reader have at hand a map of South Africa, let him look to it. He will there find, near the easternmost part of the southern coast of the continent, where it trends up northwards in a sloping direction, the river Kei. Up to the river Kei the Cape Colony has for some years past been extended. West—that is on our side—of the river Kei there is a district called British Kafaria,—which once existed, for a year or two, as a separate British colony under that name, but which is now the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony. The land is thickly inhabited by Kaffirs, by Kaffirs who are subjects of the Queen, by Kaffirs who work in the towns, and earn wages on the railway at the rate of 2s. 6d. a day, who plough and reap,—but a portion of whom are still regarded as possible enemies. The real fear to the eastern or frontier Colonist is from these men,—who are British subjects,—rather than from those over the river, who are not as yet subjects, but who, I hope, have been now subjected. In the year 1876 there was such a "scare," as it is called in the Colony, that many farmers left their farms and went into the towns. Some fortified themselves. Some few sold their stock at depreciated prices. There was in fact a scare lest "The Gaikas" should rise. Who are the Gaikas I will endeavour to explain to my readers just now. At present it will suffice to say that they are Kafirs living to the west of the Kei, subjects of the Queen, but subjects who have been supposed to be ripe for rebellion. But the Gaikas did not rise in 1876. Nor indeed had they risen in 1877 till the last week of the year. We now learn by telegrams from Madeira,—and by an announcement in Parliament founded on these telegrams,—that they have at last risen.

The further or eastern side of the Kei River, which is called Kafaria Proper in the latest published maps of South Africa, has been also named the Transkeian Territory, and the late fighting has been on this land over the Kei. Here have lived various tribes in a region which has never yet been claimed as British soil. The district runs up to the sea, and is bounded on the north by Natal. I fancy that some who have enquired a little into the circumstances of South Africa, but only a little, imagine that all this district is subject to the well-known Chief Kreli, who is the head of the Galekas, and who has ostensibly been our enemy in the late fighting;—but this is by no means the case. Kreli, after having been deposed in the last Kafir war, in 1853, was driven from his territory to the west of the Kei, and allowed to settle himself with those of his tribe who followed him to the east of the river; but he had assigned to him only a small

portion of what is called *Kafraria Proper*. His land lies, or did lie, along the sea up as far as the *Bashee River*, a district of about forty miles,—and receded back from the river, in some places as far, in some perhaps a little farther. Here he has dwelt since 1853; and though he has always been regarded as the chief of a tribe, more savage and more likely to be aggressive than any other tribe now left, from that date up to the autumn of 1877 neither he nor his tribe were troublesome to us.

Kreli is Chief of the *Galekas* on the east of the *Kei*, and *Sandilli* is Chief of the *Gaikas* on the west. These people as I have said are cousins. The names which the tribes use are never very old, and are generally taken from the name of some Chief who has made himself more than ordinarily potent. Then as various Chiefs come up in the same tribe they split themselves off into various tribes. The *Gaikas* and *Galekas* are sometimes called *Amayosas*, having been so named from *Xosa*, a chieftain who reigned over all the *Kafir*s of that ilk. Among his descendants was one known as a great chieftain in our early wars whose name was supposed to be *Ngquika*,—so I have found it spelt whenever he is spoken of in the history of the period. We hear for instance that the first treaty made with a *Kafir* was between him and Lord Charles Somerset, who was Governor of the Cape in 1817,—and that this *Ngquika* encountered the hostility of other *Kafir*s because of this treaty. But the orthography,—if the spelling be in truth correct,—has been held to be so abominable that the word *Gaika* has been substituted for it. *Sandilli*, who is *Ngquika*'s son by his "great wife," is the Chief of this tribe and lives not far from *King Williamstown*, among the British settlers. There was another son, *Macomo*, much older, but not born of the "great wife,"—and who was therefore only a subsidiary Chief, though he was in fact a *Kafir* of much more note than *Sandilli*. At some period before his death the *Kafir* Chief selects which among his wives shall be held to be his great wife,—being generally guided in his choice by the rank of the women; and the eldest son of that wife is his heir. *Galeka* was another and an older Chief, also descended from *Xosa*,—and was the great-grandfather of *Kreli* with whom we are now fighting.

The name of *Kafir* has become with us almost generic, signifying a nation of eastern South Africa. We have indeed learned to distinguish the *Kafir*s and the *Zulus*,—who are, however, not distantly related, whereas other tribes whom we call *Kafir*s, such as the *Basutos*, are by family and original position very far removed from the *Kafir*. The real *Kafir*s of to-day are the *Gaikas* and the *Galekas*,—to whom may be added the *Tembus* or *Abatembus*. Of them, however, an English reader is likely to hear little and shall hear nothing further from me here. The *Gaikas* and *Galekas* with their Chiefs

Sandilli and Kreli are perhaps of sufficient interest just at this moment to justify my present description.

The reverence felt for a Chief among the Kafirs is so great that no misconduct on the part of the man suffices to obliterate it, though the man's influence will be great or small according to his own capacity and vigour. Sandilli the Chief of the Gaikas is a cripple and a drunkard, who apparently does nothing for his tribe, who is neither English nor un-English, and of whom it may probably be said that his own personal desires are limited to brandy. During this late disturbance he has always been within reach of British magistrates, and has, apparently, been forced by dread of them to use his influence for peace. From first to last it has been said that the Gaikas would rise and join the Galekas. Though the farmers of the frontier have not unnaturally been alarmed, though many of them have, I fear, latterly left their homes, though there has been much stealing of cattle in which the Gaikas have been concerned, the Gaikas, who are a more numerous people than the Galekas, had not as a body taken up arms against the British at the close of 1877. What they might have done had Sandilli been active, no one can say. There are other Chiefs,—lesser Chiefs than Sandilli, but still Chiefs. None of them had joined the Galekas at the close of last year.

King Williamstown is nearly in the centre of the country occupied by the Gaikas. It is a considerable town, the head-quarters of the Cape Colony Mounted Police, and is the place at which the British troops maintained in the Eastern Province of the Colony for the protection of the frontier are stationed. When I was there in August last I was invited to meet certain Kafir chiefs and to hear what they would say to me. It was proposed that Sandilli should come,—but he did not come himself, sending some twenty members of the Royal Family in his stead. At the head of these was one Siwani, a near cousin, who acted as spokesman. There was an interpreter, as Siwani did not speak English;—but none of the others took any part in the conversation. The interview was held in the street, before the door of the house in which I was living, and the royal scions stood around while Siwani, through an interpreter, answered the questions which I put to him. I endeavoured, of course, to obtain from him some expression of contentment with things as they were;—but I am bound to say that I failed altogether. Siwani told me that the only wish the Kafirs had was that the English people should go away. The English were altogether evil, and the poor Kafirs were simply tormented. Even he, Chief as he was, received but very light respect from the English. And, though he had induced the men of his tribe to work on the railway, he, Siwani, had received no head money, as had been promised to him. Then he asked for tobacco; and when I gave

him half a crown with which to purchase tobacco he expressed himself as being very well pleased with me personally. He was dressed in ragged British clothes, as were the other Princes. When, in the course of my questions, I asked him whether he did not think that a benefit had been conferred upon his people in regard to European apparel, he told me that he and his cousins had been obliged to put on trousers that day because they had been ordered to come in and see me.

This certainly was not satisfactory in regard to the dignity or wisdom of Kafir Chiefs,—but it had its auspicious aspects. If such are Gaika Chieftains, can the British Colonists have much to fear from them? It may be said, no doubt, that it is not the Chiefs who fight. But it has been the Chiefs, or more usually the immediate surroundings of the Chiefs, who have instigated the tribes to fight. The people themselves have begun to learn that they have more to fear from their Chiefs than from the British,—and much less to get. They do not desire war simply for the sake of war. Dimly there is coming in upon them the knowledge that their own Priests and their own Chiefs have subjected them to worse torments than they have suffered from us;—that by their own Chiefs their property, if they can save property, is subject to confiscation, whereas we do not confiscate. In a dim way they have begun to learn that British law is safer and juster and more pleasant than Kafir law; and that the Christian religion, though it may be wholly unintelligible to them, does not afflict them with witch-finders and sorcerers. I do not doubt but that a Chief active and warlike might have stirred up all the Gaikas to join the Galekas. I do not doubt but that a set of warlike Princes round the Chief might have induced the Chief to use his influence. But with Chiefs so demoralized as are those of the Gaikas, I think it very improbable that the Gaikas would do much fighting. When Siwani with an ugly grin asked me for tobacco, and the other Chieftains stood grinning round, I thought it improbable that they would become active enemies. At that time the present war, if it is to be called a war, had not been commenced. From its commencement the great fear was that the Gaikas would join the Galekas. If they have risen now, they have only done so when the Galekas are already beaten.

But the Galekas have been fighting for many months. Their martial ardour has not at any rate been as yet quelled by brandy, tobacco, or trousers. Why should the Galekas be different from the Gaikas? As I have said before, the Galekas have been driven away in front of us from land to land, so that they have never lived among us and with us, as the Gaikas have done. The philanthropist will say, "True, alas! for we have not demoralized these poor Galekas by our brandy!" To which I will add,—“Nor have we comforted them by the payment of regular wages.”

It is often said of our dealings with savage races that they learn our vices, but copy none of our virtues. We all know that to be vicious is much pleasanter and much easier than to be virtuous. That a black man should more readily learn to drink than to love his neighbour as himself is natural. But the philanthropist who thinks that the drinking of brandy is the only civilization which we have carried among the Kafirs, does not look at the matter all round. I endeavoured a page or two back to give a catalogue,—a very imperfect catalogue,—of the different employments to which the Kafir now turns himself in South Africa. It is because he does the work there spoken of, and not because he drinks that he has become a different man from his still savage brother on the other side of the Kei River.

And it is because the Galeka does not earn wages, that he has been willing to fight. In the whole tribe of the Galekas there are but 66,000 persons, among whom it is reckoned that there are 11,000 fighting men. On the further or eastern side of the Kei,—the same side as the Galekas,—there are altogether 500,000 natives, Kafirs, and others, among whom there are computed to be 80,000 warriors. The Galekas, therefore, even in this Transkeian Territory, are only a small minority. But among all the majority, including the tribe of Pondos which reckons 200,000 souls, no one has attempted openly to assist the Galekas. No assistance at all has been given unless it be that Kreli has been allowed to hide himself in some tribes,—or perhaps the sons or cousins of Kreli. The enemies with whom we have been fighting possess a tract of country not bigger than an English county, and have among them,—or had among them when the fighting began,—11,000 fighting men. Such an army, knowing its own country, prone to hide itself among hills and ravines, capable of existing where Europeans would starve, may, no doubt, cause much trouble before their permanent subjection be accomplished, but can hardly be cause for permanent alarm.

I will now explain why the Galekas have been foolish enough to go to war with us. It is I think very far from being the case that old Kreli has brought this about by his personal ambition, or that it has come from any desire for revenge against the British Colonist. In every native tribe the Chief may be regarded as one party, and the people as another;—but there is generally a third party. Those whom I somewhat grotesquely but not the less truly call the Royal Family are by no means always in accord with the Chief. A Chief of a tribe is paramount;—but let one man be ever so paramount, he will ~~be~~ ^{be} totally be subject to some influence from those around him. Kreli is now an old man, over seventy, and has sons and grandsons and other younger members of the blood royal around him, who are too strong for him; and it is under their dictation that the poor old

man has been made to fight and run about, hiding himself now here and now there,—in a manner very disagreeable even to a savage king in his old age.

But neither had Kreli, nor the Royal Family, nor the tribe any idea of fighting with the Cape Colony when the disturbance began. And now I must introduce the reader to another tribe who in these days are called Fingos. Fingo, in Kafir language, means a dog, and the Fingos were dogs, or slaves, belonging to the Kafirs till the English came and rescued them. The Fingos under some other, though I know not what, name originally lived in the land we now call Natal. Here they were conquered and, in Kafir phraseology, were altogether eaten up by the then great King of the Zulus, one Chaka, who among Natives in Eastern South Africa has in this century been the most powerful of all the chieftains. He overran Natal, eating up everything before him. Some of these Fingos probably became amalgamated with the Zulus. Such was the mode of disposal of the people when one tribe ate up another. Many would be slaughtered, some would be assimilated, and some would run away into other lands and mix with other tribes. In this way a large number of these conquered people took refuge among the Kafirs, underwent the name of Fingos, and became the Kafirs' dogs. They were in all respects slaves, and were found in that condition by us in some of our Kafir wars. Among other conditions which we imposed upon the conquered Kafirs was that of relinquishing these slaves. We took the Fingos out from among them bodily, and settled them in semi-tribal independence on lands here and there which had, of course, been taken from the Kafirs. Some of them were placed in the district round Fort Peddie. Readers who may think it worth while to look at their maps will find Fort Peddie west of the Kei, between the Keishamma and Great Fish River. Here they are still to be found;—but the land here being insufficient for their wants, a considerable body of them was subsequently moved across the Kei River, and settled in a region bordering that occupied by their old masters the Galekas. They are north of the Galekas, but so close to them that constant intercourse is not only possible but unavoidable. It may be easily understood that when the Cape Colony or the Home Government, in the exercise of a most praiseworthy philanthropy, determined to find homes for these people where they should be no longer slaves, there was a difficulty in finding a country in which they might maintain themselves in unobjectionable independence. If they could have been taken altogether away from the Galekas it would have been better;—but, even as it was, the two tribes lived alongside of each other for forty years without any serious outbreak.

And the Fingos prospered greatly. They had probably learned

to work under compulsion, and now were industrious for themselves. They became the proprietors of oxen and waggons, and went into trade. Altogether they rose in the world, and must generally have been a thorn in the side of the Galekas. They were better fed and better clad, and man for man had more land for their support. They were the special friends of the Englishmen, and no doubt boasted a little of their condition. The Galeka would always remember that the high-going Fingo had not long ago been his dog. But the Galeka remembered also that the Fingo was living under the protection of British law, and that if he touched a Fingo he touched an Englishman. And so they lived cheek-by-jowl for many years, not loving each other much, but still with such outward signs of good neighbourhood as a knowledge of an adequate police force near at hand produces, in the lack of better feeling, between many people besides the Fingos and the Galekas.

That there was some outward show of amity between them is proved by the circumstances which led to the fighting. There was to be a Fingo wedding in August last, and certain Galekas were invited to join the festival. They came as guests, but in the midst of the beer-drinking by which the nuptials were celebrated, some angry words were spoken, and the Galekas so behaved themselves that they were turned out;—dismissed with ignominy from the festival by men who had once been their slaves. They went away, but returned in numbers, armed;—and in this way a war between the two tribes was commenced. This was the beginning of the disturbance. The Galekas at this time were no more resolved to renew their fighting with their old British enemies than they had been for any period during the last fifty years. But, in the heat of the moment, they did determine that they would no longer endure the assumed superiority of the despised Fingo. The Fingo, in their idea, was not a fighting man, and should be made to understand that his commercial pride was subject to a fall.

Had they been allowed to fight it out, the Galekas would in all probability have eaten up the Fingos. The Fingos in those parts are about 45,000 in number, whereas the Galekas are 66,000. The Fingos may have 7,000 fighting men, while the Galekas have 11,000. And there is more of the warrior about the Galeka than the Fingo. But the Fingo is a British subject, and it was necessary that he should be protected by British arms. It was thus that we have been brought into the trouble;—for this reason that our Governor at the Cape has had to shift his residence from his pleasant home at the Capital and live for some months past amidst the din of arms at King Williamstown; for this reason that our troops have been hurried away from Cape Town into Kafraria; for this reason that the intolerable burden has been thrown upon the Home Government of

sending out more troops to South Africa at the moment in which we are all aghast at the idea of increased military expenditure at home ; and for this reason that we have to fear that there will be ill-feeling in our own Colony between the Colonial Parliamentary Ministers and the Imperial Executive,—as there was in New Zealand during the latter period of the Maori wars. We may trust to the good sense of Sir Bartle Frere to prevent the recurrence of such bitterness as existed then ;—but I fear that even that will hardly suffice to save us from that discord which must arise when a Prime Minister who is responsible only to his own Parliament,—the Prime Minister of a Colony which must ultimately pay the bill,—has to be coerced in the management of affairs and the spending of the money by executive authority from the Colonial Office at home.

It was thus that the war began. Here the mice fall out, and the result is a most disagreeable mountain. It must be understood that for some months, all through September, October, and November, the British troops were not employed on any active service. They were kept at King Williamstown, so that the Gaikas should know that the land was not left open for them to ravage ; and the mounted police belonging to the Colony with a considerable force of volunteers,—all under the control of the officers commanding the mounted police,—were sent across the river to deal with the Galekas. They were not very numerous as compared with the Galekas. I believe that there were never more than 400 of the mounted police at one time in arms in the Trankcian district. But the Fingos were our allies, and were in considerable numbers. The Galekas were no doubt more numerous than the Fingos and Britishers combined, and were better men of war than the Fingos ;—but then the Britishers were British.

The beginning of the misfortune was in the breaking down of the solitary field gun which was taken into the first action. Seven shots were fired and then the gun broke down. Frightened by this to them unintelligible disaster, the Fingos ran away. Encouraged by this to them unintelligible success, the Galekas pressed on. A body of mounted police were surrounded, some of whom lost their horses. Then five of the police and one of their officers were killed. It was this unfortunate success which first taught the Galekas to think that the time had at last come in which they might drive their white enemies out of the land, and once more make a dog of the wretched Fingo.

From all this the idea that becomes most clearly fixed on the mind of the observer is the conviction of the necessity of maintaining the prestige by which rather than by force of arms the civilized have to maintain their rule over the uncivilized. Not for our sakes,—not for our sakes chiefly, is this essential. When one man has

to dominate ten,—a hundred thousand ten hundred thousand, the few are unworthy of their position unless in all that they do they first study the interests of the many. It is a trouble and an expense to us to send out troops; it is a sorrow that a few of our gallant men should fall in so inglorious a contest; it is a grief to us that those frontier-farmers who are our cousins should lose their cattle and be disturbed in their homes;—but it is worse than all this that those wretched Kafirs should be hounded on to fighting by the young royalties of their tribe, that they should perish by hundreds under our guns, and by thousands from want among their own retreats,—and all because their idea of our omnipotence has for a moment been marred by an accident.

After the misfortune of the gun there was a good deal of little fighting,—of fighting which seems to us to be very little while we are reading of the terrible sufferings of the Turks and Russians,—in all of which we with our Fingos were more or less successful. In November last the great object was to catch Kroli,—as indeed I believe it is at present. What we are to do with him when caught has not been declared. I myself think that it would be better that he should not be caught,—that there should be no further searching after the old Chief among Transkeian tribes, and that he should be left in his hiding place,—as was Te Kooti, the last of the fighting Maoris, whom we finally agreed to ignore and forget after having spent half a million of money in a vain attempt to catch him. We certainly shall not be so extravagant in our efforts in the Transkeian district; but I do not see why we should expend any money in the object if the fighting Galekas have in truth been reduced. We should have to keep Kroli in some sort of honourable durance; and he would be, as is Langalebalele, another little Napoleon at another little St. Helena.

But, it will be said, the Galekas are not yet reduced. It is true that though we all thought in South Africa that the war had been brought to an end during the last part of November, we were greatly annoyed and surprised by being told early in December that there was still great cause for alarm and absolute need for fresh troops. I do not know what was the feeling at the Colonial Office when Sir Bartle Frere's appeal was received; but I do know that we were taken very much aback when we heard at Capetown that it had been made. Trusting as I do in the man, to his constancy and prudence, I am the last to say that it was unnecessary. He was near to the Galekas, and no doubt weighed with the utmost care all that he saw and all that he heard. I believe that when the fresh troops which have been sent shall have reached their destination, they will not find a Galeka in arms against British authority. But even should it be so, that would be no evidence that an application for further assistance was not wise when it was made.

Beyond that question as to the future fate of Kreli should we succeed in catching him, there is a further question as to Kreli's land. This has been in part answered by a proclamation which was issued in November last. This proclamation shows that at any rate on the 13th November, the Government of Cape Colony, including the Governor and his ministers, thought the disturbances had well nigh been brought to an end. It runs as follows, and bears the above date; "Application will be received by the Honourable the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works for grants of land in the westernmost portion of Galekaland, formerly known as Kreli's country, between the Cogha and Kei rivers, from those willing to settle in that country. The condition of the grants,—which will be limited in size to 300 acres,—includes immediate settlement and bona fide occupation: and may be ascertained," &c., &c. From this it will be seen that the executive of the Cape Colony was quite prepared as to what it would do with Kreli's land, let the difficulty as to Kreli himself be what it might. Perhaps they were counting their chickens a little before they were hatched, but I have not the slightest doubt but that the hatching will come out right at last. We shall annex Galekaland. And though Galekaland is but a small part of the Transkeian district, it is the only part that requires much annexing. A considerable portion is held by the Fingos, who are already our own subjects. There are the Tembus, or Amamtembus, an unimportant tribe of Kafirs with whom I promised not to trouble the reader again, among whom dwell British magistrates. Up in the north there is a tribe of Griquas or Bastard Hottentots living on what is now called Adam Koks land,—a people all but, if not quite British subjects, and in no way connected with the Kafirs. There are small semi-tribes of Basutos,—who are all British subjects,—of Bomvanas, Pandomisi, and others who are submissive and obedient,—and there is the great tribe of the Pondos, numbering 200,000 men, who are not at all given to fighting, and who are reputed to be at the present moment obedient to the influence of one Mrs. Jenkins, the widow of a missionary, who lives among them and instructs their Chief as to how they may live so as not to provoke the wrath of their great British neighbour. Among all these people none have joined the Galekas. None of their Chiefs have sent out their warriors. It may be that Kreli has taken refuge among the Bomvanas. If so the Bomvanas will assuredly be annexed.

In a few months one side of the Kei will probably be almost the same as the other. On each the Kafirs will live under the control of British magistrates. Among the Gaikas, who as I have explained are all British subjects, their old customs are not abolished. Round huts and red clay are not forbidden by any law, and can only be made to give way to better things by example and practice. But

polygamy is illegal. The Kafir, however, is still allowed to marry as many wives as he can buy. And, among themselves, theft is controlled,—or left uncontrolled,—according to their own laws. So also is violence, short of murder. Cases of murder, which are very uncommon, would be dealt with among the Gaikas by the Colonial police. Other offences would be noticed by the Kafir Chiefs in accordance with their own customs.

A mistaken idea as to Kafir marriages has I think prevailed here in England. I have heard it stated that wives are bought and sold, and that they are therefore slaves. They are bought certainly, and as that which is bought must have been sold, the words have a seeming truth about them. But in fact the wife is never sold, and cannot be sold. She is sold as a girl,—but is not saleable when she is a wife. And when sold as a girl she is not sold as a slave was sold when slaves were saleable. For no price would a father sell his daughter to a husband deemed to be unsuitable in rank. The future husband gives so many cattle for his wife,—cattle being the Kafir's wealth,—instead of taking so much with her as is the case with us. The girl would feel herself disgraced to be married without such transfer of cattle. The practice is very bad,—abominable in its results. The old men have the wealth, and therefore the old men got the women,—leaving none for the young men. The natural results of such a practice I need not explain. But this practice of buying wives is not a practice of buying and selling such as it is sometimes described to be. Nor are the wives slaves,—unless an English wife is also a slave. She is sworn to obedience;—and is I think, as a rule, quite as obedient as the Kafir wife. My reader must condescend to think of a labourer's cottage when he draws the parallel in his own mind,—and not of his own drawing-room with servants in the kitchen beneath it. The labourer's wife looks after the labourer's children, cooks the food, washes the clothes and does whatever is done about the place, while the man is away earning wages. It is so with the Kafir. Instead of working for wages, he fights and goes after game. The idea of the Kafir woman's slavery has become prominent with us because, instead of washing clothes, she has had to hoe the garden. Now that the Kafir is approaching civilization he has a bigger garden, which he ploughs. This the woman is not called upon to do. Readers may perhaps be glad to know that the Natives of the Cape Colony possessed among them no less than 9,179 ploughs in 1875. The Kafir wife is not a mean person in her own hut. I think therefore that it is hardly fair to say that she is a slave. But, if she is the wife of a Chief, she is one among many, and when young herself has become the wife of an old man, and, too probably, has not been a true wife.

Theft, violence, adultery, seduction, rape, and all other breaches of Kafir law are punished by fines, the fine going to the person

injured. And the fine is great or small, not according to the enormity of the offence, but in accordance with the amount of injury and with the rank of the person injured. The idea therefore is retribution and not punishment. If the delinquent cannot pay, his family has to pay for him. The children and cousins of a chief are not to be punished for stealing, nor if they are found stealing may they be roughly handled. In one tribe some years since there were so many royal thieves that the Chief, at the earnest request of his nearly ruined subjects, confined the privilege to his own children. Rebellion against the chief is the only crime punished by death;—but the Chief if he wishes to rid himself of a subject, or the powerful subject of an enemy, can manage to do so by the assistance of the witch-finder. The witch-finder declares that such a one is causing injury to the tribe, afflicting the tribe with sickness or other misfortune, and then the wretch so pointed out is tortured to death. Witch-finding, however, is not allowed by the English, and is becoming rarer every day.

We have had various wars with the Kafirs, and are now at war with them,—unless as I think probable the war is by this time over. But we have never yet had a war with our much more numerous and powerful neighbours the Zulus. Though we have been in Natal for more than thirty years,—where 20,000 Europeans live with 320,000 Zulus around them, and with the nation of the altogether independent Zulus on their borders, we have never yet had a quarrel with them. It is a fact which cannot but cause us great surprise, when we remember all our troubles with the Kafirs, and remember also that there have been great kings in Zulu-land, more warlike, more powerful, and I think more cruel than any Kafir Chiefs. No Kafir chief has been bloody as Chaka, cruel as Dingaan who was Chaka's brother, or powerful as Cetywayo, their nephew, who now reigns in Zulu-land. The Dutch in Natal fought with Dingaan and were almost exterminated by him,—but since we have come thither there has been no fighting. It has been my intention in this paper to speak of the Kafirs rather than the Zulus, but I cannot conclude my remarks without alluding to the latter people, because the Zulus are now causing us considerable disturbance in the Transvaal. It is supposed that the Zulus know well what the Galekas are doing and will seize their opportunity.

The fear has originated, not in any knowledge of communication between the Zulus and the Kafirs, but has come from a belief that Cetywayo, the Zulu king, has at present ground of his own for quarrel with the English. We have annexed the Transvaal, taking it from the Dutch whom the Zulus certainly hated. Between the Dutch of the Transvaal and the Zulus there were differences as to boundaries which had led to quarrelling, and would have led to fighting had the Dutch Republic remained. Our friendship with Cetywayo was supposed to be so firm, and his respect for Sir

Theophilus Shepstone,—who annexed the Transvaal and is now its governor,—was undoubtedly so great, that we thought that those differences which were much between the Dutch and the Zulus, would be nothing between us and the Zulus. It appears that they are not quite nothing. It is difficult to concede to a 'Savage,—as Cetywayo still is. The very fact that anything is conceded begets a belief that the concession has come from impotence. The idea of the invincibility of British will must be maintained. And yet Cetywayo and the Zulus want the land which they believe to be their own, and which they were determined to occupy in spite of the Dutch.

In such a condition of things it is impossible that there should not be something of a quarrel. In Sir Theophilus Shepstone, England has a most trustworthy servant who knows the ways and weaknesses and capability of the South African natives, better than any European alive, or who ever lived. I do not myself fear but that he will succeed in settling the matter without fighting with his old friend Cetywayo. The King of the Zulus knows his own present independence and all that he might lose. He has also clearer ideas than any Kafir of the majesty and power of Great Britain. He too may be driven on by the Indunas, or councillors, around him to make claims, and to endeavour to support them by entering in upon the land claimed,—but he will at last be too wise to reject the terms which Sir Theophilus will offer to him. As to any communication between him and the Galekas, I think there is as yet no trace of a connection. It is because the natives of South Africa cannot combine that our rule over the tribes has been possible.

In the mean time, looking as we are bound to look, to the good that we can do to these people, rather than to the extension of our own dominion, we ought to rejoice greatly at their readiness in adapting themselves to the great European institution of daily work and weekly wages. At Kimberly, in the Diamond Fields, twelve thousand Natives, gathered from all parts of South Africa,—Zulus, Fingos, Kafirs, Bechuanas, and Hottentots,—are at this moment earning 10s. a-week and their diet, and are receiving their wages every Saturday with as much regularity as English farm-labourers. The English traveller, let him go where he will in South Africa, will find that the work of the country is done almost exclusively by coloured hands. It is so at King Williamstown on the frontier; it is so at Capetown, many hundred miles from the frontier; it is so at Kimberly; it is so in the still Dutch Republic of the Orange Free State, and it is so in the Transvaal. This being so, I think we may congratulate ourselves on the civilization we have carried with us, and that we may endure without much complaint this last little Kafir war with which we are afflicted.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

LORD MELBOURNE.¹

IF it is desirable that there should be a faithful and accurate record of the men who have held all but sovereign rule over the British empire, Mr. Torrens' book will be a welcome addition to our political literature. Apart from any interest in individual character, such writings are integral parts of our history, and the personal biography is necessarily supplemented by much collateral information and diverse aspects of public men and things. In this case the work has not been done a day too soon. Lord Melbourne's generation has passed away, and, unlike his great and only-surviving colleague, he is not primarily associated with any of the enduring memories of his time. The story of the liberation of Catholics and Dissenters from political disqualifications, of the abolition of the Slave-trade and the extinction of Slavery in our colonies, of the mitigations of our Penal Code, of the extension and organization of National Education in England and Ireland, of the Poor Law Amendment and similar social reforms, of the Tithe-Composition and analogous ecclesiastical accommodations to the spirit of the age, and, above all, of the expansion of constitutional rights, Parliamentary and Municipal, to the mass of the people, can be fully told without the occurrence of his name. And yet by perfectly legitimate means, without the possession of any doubtful privilege or the exercise of any objectionable power, he rose to the highest offices of the State, and may be distinguished as the last Gentleman Minister of England. His successors have each had some other distinguishing attribute. Sir Robert Peel was identified by birth and inclination with the commercial growth and middle-class interests of his country. Lord John Russell had his decapitated ancestor and his genealogy of traditionary politics. Lord Palmerston combined an English frankness in his treatment of affairs with an Irish light-heartedness of temperament that might have made him a demagogue if he had not been a statesman. Lord Derby had the wondrous faculty of speech, without which he would probably have devoted his life to sport and local management; and of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield it is enough to say that their remarkable careers owe nothing to social accidents and little to personal bearing.

The wealth of the Lamb family came from no territorial estate, but was due to the individual talents and exertions of two of its members. Mr. Peniston Lamb was a legal practitioner in the earlier

(1) *Memoirs of Lord Melbourne.* By W. M. Torrens, M.P. London: Macmillan and Co.

part of the last century, who accumulated a large fortune by equity-drafting and pleading below the bar, which he left to his nephew Matthew, who followed the same profession, which he combined with the still more profitable occupation of agent to the Salisbury and Egmont estates. The Lambs were settled in Southwell, in Derbyshire, and they were intimate with the Cokes of Melbourne, an historic race also of legal origin, one of whom was member for Cambridge University in the first parliament of Charles I., rose to be Secretary of State, and was saved from the worst consequences of the Civil War by having been thrust out of his office by a Court intrigue. His descendant became Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Anne, and lives in elegant fiction as the Sir Plume of "The Rape of the Lock." Mr. Matthew Lamb, after his succession to his uncle's fortune, won the hand of the courtier's daughter, who, by the death of her only brother unmarried, became heiress of Melbourne. But before this accession of property, he had already purchased from Sir Thomas Winnington the pleasant residence of Brocket Hall, which became the family-seat and the scene of the good company of successive generations. It ultimately devolved on the present Lord Cowper, and is now the residence of his brother Henry, the intelligent member for Hertfordshire.

There was nothing in this genealogy or estate to distinguish its representative towards the end of the last century from other country-gentlemen of good position, had he not had the advantage of marrying a lady of singular personal attractions and social talents, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a Yorkshire baronet, who seems to have at once acquired a command of the very exclusive, accomplished, and fastidious society, which at that time dominated in London life, and in which social and political influences went together. Under these auspices, no one was surprised when Sir Peniston Lamb became Baron, and shortly after, Viscount Melbourne, and formed part of the first Household of the Prince of Wales. Sir Matthew had been a contemporary and friend of Sir Stephen Fox, an intimacy which was cemented by the purchase of his town-house, now the front of the Albany, after he had restored the "brave old house at Kensington" sufficiently to inhabit it. This naturally brought about close relations with the leading Whig families, and it was chiefly into their companionship that the young Lady Melbourne was thrown, though the society at Melbourne House had not the exclusive political character that some of the Whig houses assumed, and which increased with the party-feeling that was intensified by the events and antipathies of the French Revolution.

* The domestic life of Lady Melbourne's earlier days is transmitted to posterity in a happy association that may last as long as there exist representatives of our best English School of Painting: the colours may fade, the skill of the burin may be an extinct art, but in

some form or other the eyes of men will for generations to come recognise with pleasure the young mother and child—the first-born Peniston—and the three children, Peniston, William, the subject of this memoir, and Frederick—in the “Maternal Affection,” and “Affectionate Brothers,” of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

William Lamb went from Eton to Cambridge, where he took no especial honours, but won the declamation-prize at Trinity College, an ordinary distinction, which resulted in an incident curiously illustrative of the political men and manners of the time. Mr. Fox, in pronouncing in the House of Commons an eulogy on Francis, Duke of Bedford, concluded with, “a beautiful passage from the speech of a very young orator,” an extract from William Lamb’s academic discourse. What parliamentary leader of our days would go out of his way to perform such an act of considerate good-nature, to gratify a family in which he felt a strong personal interest? There was nothing original in the passage itself, but a common-place nicely worded. The tone and subject of the essay, on “The Progressive Improvements of Mankind,” deserve a certain notice from its date, so close to the period when the events of France had driven some of the best and noblest sympathisers with the cause of humanity to despair—when Charles Fox’s praying to his “dear boy” Lord Holland, “still to have faith in liberty,” had been a cry in the desert—when the closest ties of political amity had been severed, and the sense that the good cause had gone down weighed upon the hearts of men. But the hopeful ardour that characterizes this Essay testifies not only to the larger and more tolerant spirit of a society unaffected by the gloom of Burke and the panic of Windham, but to the sanguine and genial temperament of the writer. One ordinary observation, indeed, attracted my attention in reading Mr. Torrens’ extract—“The mass of mankind can be amended only by experience, and experience can only be acquired by time,”—for I well remember Lord Melbourne, in his later days, replying to some one who had said that So-and-So would be benefited by his experience, “No, no; nobody learns anything by experience: everybody does the same thing over again—*mutatis mutandis*.” Such are the lessons of life!

He was admitted to the bar in 1801, and went once to the Lancashire Sessions; but the death of his brother Peniston in 1805 altered his prospects, and in the same year he married Lady Caroline Ponsonby, cousin of the rising Mr. Grey, and his sister Emily was engaged to Lord Cowper; he thus became enrolled into the family-compact, of which he spoke as a considerable political embarrassment during the formation of one of his ministries: “Damn the Whigs! they are all cousins!” His entrance into Parliament was contemporaneous with Mr. Fox’s accession to power, and had that statesman lived and successfully compromised with the opposition of the king to Catholic concession, he

would probably have soon come into office, and prosecuted his career with a fair field and abundant favour; but the kindly master who had called public notice to his academic oratory was not there to hear and applaud his serious efforts, and it was under the lead of the man with whom he was destined to co-operate in a great political revolution when they had both far passed the meridian of life, that he made his maiden speech. He moved the Address to the Crown in December, 1806, and the year after seconded the motion of censure on the succeeding Government for pledging themselves not to incommode the king further on the Catholic question. The latter speech is a clear and powerful statement of a constitutional principle, reading nowadays as very elementary, but no doubt at that time regarded as uncertain and debateable. It was well asked by him, "How ministers could at once act up to what they believed to be for the good of the country, and withhold their advice from the Crown upon any occasion, however important and indispensable—how could they keep their oaths as Privy Councillors, when they sank their responsibility as ministers?" But the majority of the House thought otherwise, and the party which took that pledge governed England for near a quarter of a century.

I have often thought that the fidelity of the Whig party to this matter of the equality of political rights to their fellow-countrymen in communion with the Church of Rome, has never been justly appreciated. Take it altogether, it is the most steadfast and purest protest for liberty of thought on record. There was nothing in the position or character of the Catholics of England to excite any especial interest. Their nobility, though personally popular, as in the case of "Jockey of Norfolk," were politically insignificant. The creed which excluded them from the rights of Englishmen was the very same for the maintenance of which the king had been driven from the throne, and an alien prince made sovereign of England by the Whig party themselves; for a century a conspiracy had existed for the establishment of a Catholic dynasty, bursting out into two rebellions, and only ceasing with the extinction of the race. Nor was anything to be gained in popular favour. On the contrary, the notion of the justice and policy of exclusion from political rights on account of ecclesiastical opinions and practices was thoroughly familiar to the English mind, and the counter-doctrine of the independence of religious thought only existed and fructified in a few superior intelligences as the philosophy of the eighteenth century. The French Revolution, in its orgy of liberty, had persecuted the Catholic clergy with the energy of the Inquisition, and the newly-united Kingdom of Ireland was looked upon as rescued from the papist ferocity of '98. Notwithstanding all this, the Whig party did for the work of individual liberty of

conscience all that, and more than, the Legitimists of France have done for the passion of affectionate Loyalty, or the English Dissenters for the maintenance of the rights of private Conscience. This tolerance of the intolerant cost some of the wealthiest and most powerful Houses of our Nobility, and the highest intellects in the political arena; the loss of all the honours and emoluments of public life for nearly a generation of men, and when at last their persistence and self-sacrifice had triumphed, the result of the victory was so unsatisfactory, the failure to weld the Catholics into one national unity so palpable, that, when some one was reviewing this phase of our history in Lord Melbourne's presence, he said, "The worst of it is that the fools were in the right."

There is much forgetfulness of this disposition of the country in the continual accusation brought against the Regent, that he did not call on his personal companions and political associates to form a government, as soon as the restrictions on his position were removed, and he became the virtual sovereign of the realm. Even with the limited constituency that then existed, it is very doubtful whether the authority of the Crown itself could have carried Catholic Emancipation. But the rooted objections of the reigning family were in accordance with popular prejudice, and had the old associates of the Regent been placed in office, they would inevitably have been turned out on the first dissolution. They could not with honour have left the great subject of controversy an open question, as Lord Liverpool could do with perfect consistency; for with men like himself and Mr. Peel, it was a matter of policy, not of principle; and thus it was inevitable that all the well-meant attempts at coalition, which it appears from Lord Grey's correspondence were repeatedly made by the Regent, should have entirely failed in their object. It is indeed well that that deed of justice was consummated even at what appeared the eleventh hour, for the spirit that resisted the Occasional Conformity Act of James II. is still dominant among us, showing itself in determined opposition to all historical and ritual developments in the Church, in the indignation at the supposed Papal Aggression, in the defeat of every scheme of Concurrent Endowment or higher Catholic education in Ireland, in the fact that there is not a single Catholic representative in Great Britain, and that no amount of personal ability or influence has given, or would give, a Catholic a seat in the Cabinet. Under the suffrage of the Reform Bill, and still more with the present extension, Catholic Emancipation could only have been won at the imminent risk of a Civil War.

The mild and tolerant Opposition, almost confined to this topic, that prevailed during the whole of Lord Liverpool's administration, was very agreeable to the temperament of William Lamb. With one of

its members he was on terms of more than intimacy. There may, therefore, have been some bias of personal inclination in Mr. Canning's words in January, 1817, when, in reply to his speech on Mr. Ponsonby's amendment to the address, he alluded to him as "an honourable gentleman who never spoke without making a deep impression by his eloquence and ability." The speech, though well reported, hardly justifies such eulogy, especially as it is the best of his efforts at that time, as given in these volumes. It has, however, an indirect interest as showing the state of his mind at that time, on the demonstration of popular opinion which had been provoked by the prevalent distress. After vindicating the right of the people to petition for any lawful object they thought connected with their interests, privileges, or well-being, and expressing his reverence for popular meetings which were regularly and quietly conducted, he goes on to speak with much severity of all riot and disturbance. "Tumult for liberty and right was not only dangerous and destructive, but was a liar and never kept its promises: it led in the end, through scenes of anarchy and blood, to a political tyranny or military despotism—the more fatal in its nature, and the more hopeless in its consequences, from the circumstance that the people were taught to seek refuge under its protection from the more appalling evils of insecurity and confusion." In the autumn of the following year occurred the disaster of Peterloo Fields, near Manchester, and the public excitement in consequence caused Lords Sidmouth and Eldon to announce severe measures of repression. But before they were taken into consideration, Lord Althorp moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the state of the country, with a view to ascertain the cause of the discontent and distress which had led to the recent manifestations of a desire for organic change, and among the speeches of that debate occur the first words of Mr. Lamb on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. "He was apprehensive that coercive measures in the present state of the country must prove injudicious, and was afraid that more meetings like that of Manchester might be expected, if something was not done to conciliate and tranquillise the public mind. A measure, he understood, was to be brought forward by an honourable friend of his, the object of which was to effect a reform in Parliament. He should be ready to support it if he thought its provisions were good. He had hitherto objected to the plans of the advocates for Parliamentary Reform, because he thought them not calculated to effect their object, and tending to degrade rather than to improve the representation of the people." But that question had to wait many a day.

With the redress of economical abuses, which in parliamentary history are mainly identified with the persevering and ultimately

successful, but altogether unrewarded, efforts of Joseph Hume, and which were tepidly supported by the Whig party, Mr. Lamb showed no especial sympathy; indeed, he was complimented by Mr. Canning as not regarding retrenchment as an unmixed good, taking into account the pain and loss it might inflict on individuals. This consideration for the feelings of others he never lost during his own administration of public affairs, and it found expression in an answer to some one who offered his opinion that the retaining of power in 1840 was doing the party more harm than good—"Nobody supposes I want to stay—do they? But I must think of the poor fellows who will have to put down their broughams,"—a sentiment which will sound very loose and unpatriotic in these more conscientious days. It is therefore not surprising that Lord Liverpool should have offered subordinate office to Mr. Lamb, nor, to those who knew his idiosyncrasy, was it surprising that he declined it. "If I am anything in politics," he once said, "I am a leader." Not, indeed, that he underrated purely administrative work; but he knew that he had no need of any such apprenticeship, as he proved in his Irish Secretaryship and in the Home Office. The late Sir James Graham was wont to advise any young man in whom he saw capabilities for a high and responsible position not to accept any inferior post, if he had a safe seat and the prospect of a successful and continuous parliamentary career. "The House of Commons," he used to say, "is the best school for official life: a man who takes a leading part in its business, who watches its temper with observation, and who uses it for the acquisition of friends and acquaintances, wants nothing more to fit him for any place he can get. I went straight from it and St. James's Street to the Admiralty, was in the hands of the clerks for a fortnight to learn the routine, and was my own master ever after."

There are however men to whom the mere transaction of public business is grateful in itself, and who rather shrink than otherwise from the superior and more responsible functions of State. They like the occupation and its interests for their own sake, and want nothing more. Of this there is a remarkable example in that generation—Mr. Wilson Croker, who, while performing the modest functions of Secretary of the Admiralty, became in his own way a political power, and who said, when he left his public life, that "he retired as from a feast from which he had derived all the satisfaction of which his nature was capable." But William Lamb knew he had a future, and knew how to wait. He lived, indeed, in a society which fully accorded with his talents and inclinations, of which Melbourne House in its prime had been one of the chief resorts, and of which, during his maturer life, Holland House was the centre. Literary not learned, speculative not philosophical, sympathetic not enthusiastic, this

form of high life was the last survival of the spirit and bearing of the eighteenth century, and it is well that its leaders have passed away before they had to confront a state of manners where civility has lost its gaiety and humour is transmuted into frivolity.

But much as he gave to and received from Conversation, William Lamb did not depend on it for occupation. Besides his political interests, he was a systematic and various reader; and all these habits went well together, for in his younger days it had been the fashion not only of politicians, but of men-about-town, to read. Beau Brummel was a good scholar, besides being a man of much natural wit, and an apt quotation in Latin, French, or English was then the best contribution to a dinner-party. Down to its close, the visitors of Holland House were supposed to be familiar with their own and French literature, though German probably came to them through translation and was hardly good company. But even here Mr. Lamb was distinguished for his general knowledge and quaint way of producing it. He had had, in common with Lord Henry Petty and Lord John Russell, the peculiar training in mental inquiry which was then thought of some value to a future politician; and Lord Lauderdale had introduced him to Professor Millar—the author of the *Historical View of the English Government*, which now rests on our ancestral shelves, to use the words of Charles Lamb, with Whiston's *Josephus* and the lettered backgammon-board,—as “the only person I have yet recommended to you of whom I think I could with any safety say that you will have real comfort and satisfaction in having him as a pupil.” It is not recorded whether this anticipation was fulfilled, but the winters of 1779-80, spent in Glasgow, left their mark on William Lamb's tastes and tendencies. It seemed to superficial people strange that, with the very secular education he had had, and what was then thought the over-free thought that prevailed among his habitual associates, he should take so much interest in Theology. Sydney Smith used to recount how he carried off Jeremy Bentham in triumph from Holland House to Kensington Church, and drilled him through the novel experience of service, and there is no doubt that ecclesiastical considerations were then and there very much at a discount, though there was no ribaldry or even indecorum on such topics. But Lamb's interest in those subjects had a deeper basis. It is a necessity for really humorous minds not to rest content with second-hand authority, but to trace all serious conclusions to their sources, and to recognise the immense effects that have followed the development of the religious faculties of mankind too earnestly not to desire to get at the root of the matter. In the case of Christianity it seemed to him that the early writers of the Church must have stimulated, and in many cases generated, certain doctrines, and he was happy in a sufficient retention of the original languages as the means of con-

sulting and analysing its most valuable documents. Nor could he keep the feeling of religion out of his calculations of the public welfare. At his own table, in 1840, he said, "The Whigs have always neglected two great powers in their estimate of public opinion: the Church of England and the Pope." And he supplemented this remark by a reminiscence, which had a curious application to the conduct of his colleague, Lord John Russell, not many years after, on the advent of Cardinal Wiseman: "Not that I have any reason to speak well of the present Pope; he was very rude to me. I wrote to Aubin, asking him to give a Cardinal's hat to an Irish bishop who had been of great use to us in the management of the country, but he took no notice whatever of my request." This Mr. Aubin was the recognised but unaccredited representative of the English government to the Court of Rome, a delicate office filled in our days with so much ability by Mr. Odo Russell, but which has been discontinued since the fall of the Temporal Power. The Pope was Gregory XVI.

There are many public men in whose biography the relation of the circumstances of their domestic life would be superfluous and even discordant, but the character of Lord Melbourne would not be faithfully delineated were his altogether omitted. They have besides acquired a kind of after-notoriety from the journals and notices of the period. Mr. Torrens has not had the advantage of any confidential communications from the family, and thus has been free to use what materials he could get, and he has done this with discretion and kindly feeling. From what the public has known of Lord Melbourne's relations to the other sex, it is evident that he required for his satisfaction something more than ordinary womanly companionship, and that in selecting a partner for life he ran the risk that must always attend the desire for the deeper affections and the higher sympathies. In the autobiography of the most notorious courtesan of the time, she mentions that one of Lamb's brothers offered to introduce him to her. "Perhaps he will supplant you," she said. "No fear of that," replied the other; "William will never fall in love with you." All that knew Lady Caroline Ponsonby agree in her charm of manner, grace, vivacity, and real talent, marred, however, by an excessive love of admiration. Her early childhood had been passed with an invalid mother abroad, and her education, after she was sent to Devonshire House to be brought up with her youthful cousins, is thus described by herself in a letter to Lady Morgan:—"We had no idea that bread-and-butter was made; how it came we did not pause to think; but we had no doubt that fine horses must be fed on beef. At ten years old I could not write. My cousin Hartington loved me better than himself, and every one paid me the compliments shown to children likely to die. I wrote bad, spelt bad, but made verses what they all

thought beautiful. I preferred washing a dog or polishing a piece of Devonshire spar, or breaking-in a horse, if they would let me. All my childhood I was a trouble, not a pleasure, and my temper was so wayward that Lady Spencer told Dr. Warren to examine me. He said I was neither to learn anything or see any one for the fear the strong passions and violent whims found in me should lead to madness, of which, however, he said there were as yet no symptoms. I differ." In this account there is probably the exaggeration that characterized all Lady Caroline said and did, but there is enough to show how perilous was her union with a susceptible, tender-hearted man. With a husband of a severer type she might have been tamed into an orderly state of mind, though not without much suffering; but it soon became apparent that she must be a constant anxiety and a discord in the life of William Lamb; and when their only son passed from a childish promise of superior intelligence to a condition of gradually increasing incompetency, a cloud settled on his house, which even his happy temper could not remove.

The name of Lady Caroline figures in a scandalous chronicle that seems to have a special attraction for mankind—the Loves of the Poets. Had we possessed Lord Byron's Journal—which we might have done, as I have been assured by the only surviving person who has read it, without any outrage on public decency or anything worse than a caustic picture of the London of his time—there would assuredly have been an amusing description of this romantic passion, in which he could hardly be said to have participated. Mr. Torrens does not insert the traditional but undoubtedly authentic story of her stabbing herself with a supper-knife at some entertainment where he did not respond to her attraction, and, while he gives a very modified version of her following him about in male attire, represents the whole connection as an outburst of æsthetic vanity. It is certain that Lord Byron's relations with Melbourne House depended far more on its maturer owner than on the younger inmate; and, besides, it was there that he met the cousin whom he unfortunately married. For this untoward alliance Lady Melbourne was mainly responsible. In Lady Caroline's journal the first insertion respecting Byron is "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know," qualities probably the most attractive to her idiosyncrasy. She afterwards speaks of him as altering the character of the amusements at Melbourne House or Whitehall, where they practised the recently introduced dances of waltzes and quadrilles. "There was nothing so fashionable, but Byron contrived to sweep them all away." The repugnance of Byron to these social attractions, as was manifested in his verse, probably came from his own lameness, of which he was always morbidly thinking, but the circumstance that he was able to affect the habits of such a

house shows that considerable regard must here have been shown to his tastes and inclinations. With true discrimination, Mr. Torrens suggests that the affinity between the poet and his admirer was the self-idolatry which was predominant in both—in the man who was all for himself, in the woman who wished the man to be all for her. No doubt in her own way the poor lady's passionate declamations in prose and verse had a sincerity of which his replies were entirely deficient, even up to the two last forms of the romance, her novel of *Glenarvon* and his lines to her on quitting England (if, indeed, they were ever intended for her, as she and her friends believed) :—

“ Farewell ! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avails on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.”

To her husband, whatever might have been his disposition, the mere publicity of the affair must have been profoundly painful, and there is little wonder that the incompatibility of the parties should have resulted in a project of separation. His family were especially urgent on the matter, and, in fact, looked on it as a happy release. But there seems a good foundation for the anecdote that when the lawyer came to arrange the terms, he found Mr. Lamb with his wife on his knee, feeding him with small bits of bread-and-butter. By this time, indeed, he must have been deeply impressed with the necessity of yielding to the inevitable, and thus seems to have made no further attempt at any legal measures. The domestic tragedy of wife and child went on darkening his life till hers ended in a paroxysm of gratitude and affection in 1839, and his only child's just after attaining manhood, in physical comeliness and mental decay.

By the time, therefore, that Mr. Lamb attained any political eminence he was practically alone in life. He accepted the Irish secretaryship from Mr. Canning in 1827, and retained it till Mr. Huskisson's irresolution drove himself and his friends out of office. Of this period, which is in truth the touchstone of Lord Melbourne's administrative capacity, Mr. Torrens is a most explicit historian. He has had full access to any papers that could be supplied by the family of Lord Montecagle, and by the representatives of the man who, above all others, influenced his political fortunes, Henry Lord Lansdowne. The circumstances were not unfavourable ; the Emancipation of the Catholics was evidently drawing nearer and nearer, and the uncertainty of many public men was only waiting for some event which should give them an excuse for closing this weary controversy. That came before long in O'Connell's election for Clare County, when George IV. showed himself, as indeed it seems

to me he always did, a constitutional sovereign, who, however positive in his predilections, gave way when he found that his ministers and his people were agreed.

From the vantage-ground from which we now look on the history of the Protestant Church in Ireland, it appears astonishing that resistance should have been made by the Tory party to every measure which tended to mitigate its annoyance and arrogance to the Irish people. The dearest friends of the Establishment could have done nothing better to insure its continuance than to substitute any other mode of tithe-collection than that which brought before the Catholics the daily sense of the exaction of tribute to an alien Church. Yet it was only after long and repeated efforts that a satisfactory Tithe-Composition Act was passed, and no attempt was made even to redistribute the revenues of the Church in any equitable proportion to the wants of the Protestant population itself. It was otherwise with the Appropriation Clause, which afterwards decided the fate of a Government. Let us not press hardly, as has been frequently done, on the Liberal party for abandoning that ground after they returned to power in 1830; for, in truth, even the fall of the Establishment itself has failed to decide that question, and the appropriation of the surplus of the revenues of the Irish Church is still a problem of the future. Mr. Gladstone himself had to give up his ingenious solution of transferring it to Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums, and was glad to leave the difficulty to his successors.

There was a certain Irishry (as Irishmen then were) in William Lamb's character, and during his time there was a clear improvement in the relations between the Irish Office and the leading classes. He was amiable and accessible to all the world, but what could he do with the lawyers when he found only one county-court judge in this country professing the ancient faith, and when Lord Mannors persisted in denying to O'Connell, then practically at the head of the bar, any professional precedence? What could he do with the Civil Service, when he had to suspect that his own letters were opened, and only hoped they might not be sent to his wife; and when a noble friend of his own and of the Government protested against a measure facilitating the recovery of debts on the ground that if it passed "all poor gentlemen who happen to be in difficulties must fly the country"? What could he do with the expression of public opinion, when, on discovering the subsidies that were regularly given to the Irish Press and proposing to abolish them, Plunket laughed loudly and said, "This is Utopian"? What could he do with patronage, when his friend Lord Clare wrote violent and offensive letters to himself and the Lord Lieutenant, because he did not give a living to a man of no particular character, whose father had the largest benefice in the diocese, and when he was obliged to think it a

triumph of liberal opinion to appoint, for the first time, a Catholic to be a Lunatic-Commissioner? It is certainly no wonder that William Lamb left Ireland very disheartened as to the effects that Catholic Emancipation would produce when it came at last, and with little faith in Concurrent Endowment, and with no belief in a possible scheme of National Education.

During Mr. Lamb's residence in Ireland his wife became seriously ill, and there is a pathetic correspondence in which the great Reconciler obliterates the painful past. She writes to him, "I never met with such affection and kindness as from all persons of both our families; but what pleased me the most was your dear letter saying you loved and forgave me." He left Ireland to be with her at the last, and returned to it no more. In the summer of 1828 his father died, in his eighty-third year, and there seems to have been a question of his becoming First Lord of the Admiralty, when the Canningite experiment of the restoration of the ancient dignity in the person of the Duke of Clarence had lamentably failed. In his first appearance in the House of Lords he was successful, for a competent judge remarked, "He speaks like a great man," but he characteristically damaged his position by vindicating his brother Frederick's diplomatic conduct against the government of which he himself had been a member.

The frequent and often rapid changes of opinion with regard to the capacity and character of public men, which Mr. Greville allowed himself to insert in his Journal, while damaging to his own powers of judgment, are interesting testimonies of the estimate of the day. Thus his views of the members of Lord Grey's administration in the autumn of 1830—"Graham too idle, Melbourne too inconsiderable, Auckland too ignorant"—may have reflected the notion of the moment. But before a month has elapsed, he writes that "the only minister who has had anything to do is Melbourne, who has inspired all those about him by a sudden display of activity and vigour, expert and diligent transaction of business, for which nobody was prepared, and which will prove a great mortification to Peel and his friends, who were in hope he would do nothing, and let the country be burnt and pillaged without interruption." His Irish experiences were thus probably of use in his dealings with the agrarian disturbances in Hampshire; but somehow or other they had not taught him to insist upon such a policy in Ireland as should make Catholic Emancipation a reality. Mr. O'Connell, who by professional standing alone might well have been Attorney-General, was not even offered a silk gown, and was provoked into a Repeal agitation, followed by an arrest of doubtful legality. It would be wrong to infer from Lord Melbourne's general amicability that he was without his dislikes and even antipathies, and he seems

fully to have shared the repugnance of the leading Whigs to the great Agitator. Immediately after Emancipation O'Connell had been invited to Holland House, and some attempts at social conciliation were made, but, on whatever side the fault lay, they entirely failed. Even when later negotiations were going on to place him in the highest judicial offices, and which were very nearly successful, there was no real friendship between the parties. As an example of this ostracism, Mr. Torrens records that Lord Lansdowne mentioned that after Lord Melbourne's second administration, his friend, Mr. Thomas Grenville, the retired politician and bibliophile, had written to him, regretting that he was obliged to give up visiting at Lansdowne House for fear of meeting O'Connell, and I myself remember when Lord Morpeth, about 1841, gave a fête at Chiswick, chiefly for the purpose of showing civility to the Irish members, that many of his personal friends declined to go to it for the same reason, though one lady of high position told me she did so, not on political grounds, but "because the man would not fight."

The part that Lord Melbourne took in the Reform Bill was an evidence of his largeness of view when he applied his mind to a great question. Notwithstanding the inclination he had shown in 1819, he had never been regarded as desiring any organic change in the representation of the people, and therefore when the question was once launched and the details came to be considered, his colleagues must have been surprised when on the debatable point of the amount of the franchise he pronounced in favour of a low figure. "Unless we have a large basis to work upon, we shall do nothing." "Lord Althorp," says Sir Denis Le Marchant, in his admirable biography, "and Lord Durham, on the other hand, would have consented to a £15 or £20 franchise, if accompanied by the ballot, which brought on them the shrewd remark of the Lord Chancellor, that the Bill would thus create more nomination-boroughs than it destroyed." As at the beginning, so at the end of the great struggle, Lord Melbourne was for doing the thing thoroughly if at all, and he did not shrink from the determination to create sufficient Peers to carry the Bill. But he was unable to profess any cordiality or earnestness in the whole matter, which would account for Greville's description of his general attitude at the time: "his lazy, listening, silent humour, disposed to hear everything and to say very little;" "his sense of the weakness of the government, and his expression of belief that there was no strong feeling in the country for the measure."

And this relaxation of interest was probably not confined to himself in the Cabinet; for the distrust as to the effects of their own measure was very much that of their opponents, who asked, "How the king's government was to be carried on?" Lord Durham's pertinacity, even, perhaps, his unmannerly treatment of his chief,

whom he accused of lukewarmness, and which on one occasion was such that Melbourne said "if he had been there, he would have knocked him down," may not have been without its use; and the foundation of the ill-will between Lord Brougham and his colleagues was evidently laid in those discussions. But Melbourne's consideration in council must have considerably augmented for him to have been designated, as he was, for the Premiership on the resignation of Lord Grey. The King, in sending for him, had no doubt been actuated by the hope that he might form a coalition-government, and had desired him to put himself into communication with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Stanley. The supposition that Lord Melbourne would and could have done this, is evidence of the King's estimate of his political moderation, and belief in the comparative weakness of his party ties. But the firmness of his reply must have undeceived the Sovereign, who, in permitting him afterwards to form his own administration, made little concealment that he yielded to necessity.

There were, in truth, two men in his Cabinet whom Lord Melbourne must have felt the country and the party might have preferred to himself, if they had been willing to take the lead, Lord Althorp and Lord Lansdowne. But the repugnance of Lord Althorp to the position, both then and afterwards, was unsurmountable. Such interests as he had were departmental, and they were by no means strong. It was a simple fact that he disliked office, and the sacrifice of time and private occupations, which is so often a phrase or a bait for applause, was with him a plain reality. Lord Lansdowne was a very different man—essentially a public man in all senses of the word and in all interests of human existence, able and ready to lead, not only in political, but in the best walks of social and intellectual life. And yet when the Premiership was within his grasp, and it was so more than once, he quietly let it go by. Perhaps it came too late. If it had followed in a continuous line, such as Lord Henry Petty began, he might have accepted it as the legitimate termination of his career. But, whatever the motive, no doubt the effect, as far as his own repute was concerned, was greater than would have followed on any successful Administration. As it was, Lord Lansdowne held for the last thirty years of his life a unique position in this country. He was not only the man who might have been Prime Minister had he so willed, but he remained the natural leader of his party in the House of Lords, the necessary member of every Liberal Cabinet, even when he held no office; he was the simplest host of the most noble mansions, the intelligent patron of letters and art who became the familiar friend, the frequent and welcome guest of the plainest as of the most lordly houses, the man who has left the largest gap in the London world, and whose name is a synonym, both here and in foreign lands, of all

on an intimation from the jury to the judge that it was hardly necessary, he gave way, and the verdict was given without the jury leaving the box. Had witnesses been called for the defence, it would have been shown that during the whole period of the incriminating suppositions Mrs. Norton was dangerously ill, and had seen only her family and her doctors. It is seldom that accusations of this kind do not leave some stains behind: this one damaged neither party. It produced an indignant disclaimer from Lord Melbourne's political opponents against the rumour that any one of them had assisted in or sympathized with the attack, and the friendship between the statesman and the accomplished lady continued unbroken till his death. Her loss, after many years of literary distinction, is fresh in our memory, and that of the distinguished man-of-letters whose name she afterwards bore, has, within the last few weeks, been felt as a national calamity. Had the charge been proved the ministry would have been broken up, for we are far from the days when the minister Duke of Grafton used to go to Newmarket in a chaise with Miss Parsons and his little son, who lived to tell the story to men now living—and that with Junius looking on!¹

There came to Lord Melbourne towards the end of his life one of those happy opportunities of being at once powerful and useful, of combining the best self-satisfaction with a sense of accomplished duty, such as rarely fall to the lot of public men. By the accession of the youthful Queen to the throne he found himself in a position in which the best faculties of his mind were called out and his affections found the highest and purest exercise. He was *in loco parentis* to a young Sovereign to whom he could impart the fruits of his experience and the deductions of his reason with all the advantages of manner and form, to which he owed so much of his success in life. How well that work was executed the history of our institutions has recorded and will record, and how completely it was acknowledged and appreciated by the pupil and the Sovereign there has been no

(1) Among the notable persons whom Lord Melbourne had met in Mr. Norton's salon at Storey's-Gate was young D'Israeli, just defeated in an attempt to get into Parliament for Wycombe. Unlike the Whig statesmen, who have habitually taken little interest in the fortunes and ambitions of aspirants outside their circle and connection ("we are not private-tutors, like Sir Robert Peel," I recollect one of them saying), Lord Melbourne entered at once into the immediate disappointment, and still more into the undiminished confidence of the remarkable youth. Mr. Torrens tells the story with some details that have an air of improbability. I believe the accurate version to be that in the course of conversation Lord Melbourne asked Mr. D'Israeli if he would like to be a Private Secretary to a Minister? and that he replied, "that he would rather be a Minister himself; indeed, he meant to be Prime Minister some day." Instead of expressing any ridicule or anger at this audacity, the actual Premier talked over the difficulties of the enterprise and the improbability of success. It was afterwards, when the death of Lord George Bentinck left the opposition without a head, some one coming into Lord Melbourne's room, said, "The Tories have taken D'Israeli for their leader," and the veteran replied, "Have they? Then the fellow will do it after all."

want of royal words to tell. In the decline of his physical power of self-control he could not speak on the subject without the deepest emotion, often with tears of love and loyalty. And no doubt the essentials of the character with which he had to deal were just those which appealed the strongest to his admiration and sympathy. He would say, "She is the honestest person I have ever known; the only difficulty was to make her see that you cannot always go straight forward, that you must go roundabout sometimes."

There was, too, no doubt much comfort in the management of public affairs with a Sovereign who not only trusted him, but whose first political inclination went with him. The associations of Kensington Palace, of the Duke of Sussex—the favourite uncle—all tended to agreement with the policy and desires of a liberal government. The ladies whom the accidents of political life then drew round the throne were endowed with the qualities which might attract and secure the affections of any young person; and when, after a short period, the destiny of the government of England turned upon the changes in a royal Household, there was no angry sense of Court intrigue or back-stair influence, but a fear of possible future unpleasant complications. It was felt to be a very natural incident, yet Lord Melbourne in later times expressed his regret at its issue, and it is very possible that, but for his extreme dislike to give even momentary annoyance to the Queen, he would have advised some such compromise as was afterwards effected. It was in truth the Whig party that suffered the most from the prolongation of a weak and disregarded Ministry. No one can recall without regret those divisions in the House of Commons when a majority varying from one to three was secured by an unscrupulous Whip; when dying men were wheeled into the House and awoke from unconsciousness by the cries of an indignant Opposition; and when the closeness of every vote made fairness a party offence and parliamentary independence impossible.

No sketch of Lord Melbourne's administration would be complete that did not include his relations to the Church. How much importance he attached to them in a party view I have already mentioned; but his inclination to theological study coloured all his nominations with a distinct personal intention. I suppose he is the only Prime Minister who not only read, but severely judged and criticized, the writings of every divine he thought of promoting.¹ The great controversies which have since so severely agitated the Church of England were then in their infancy. Tractarianism was brooding at Oxford. The German neologists, in their most innocent

(1) I remember that when I sent to Sir Robert Peel my *One Tract More*, kindly noticed by Dr. Newman in his *Apologia*, he promised to read it, but said that with regard to the series his *vestigia* would be *retrosum*. And he had been member for the University of Oxford.

inceptions, were interesting Thirlwall and frightening Rose at Cambridge. The London University was looked on askance as the possible, nay, probable, nursery of free and heretical thought. Lord Melbourne's opinions, naturally sceptical by habit of mind and eighteenth-century reading, were kept straight by Rastian principles, and he would no more have raised a man to a high place in the Church of England whom he thought might undermine its doctrines, than he would an engineer at Chatham who might blow up the docks. He was therefore much annoyed at the remonstrances of the two Archbishops against his appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford. He thought him the best metaphysical head among the divines, and had appointed him solely for that reason. Telling the story afterwards, in relation to episcopal discontent at some other similar appointment, he said, "I always had much sympathy with Saul, and think he was a very fine fellow; he was bullied by the prophets just as I have been by the bishops, who would, if they could, have tied me to the horns of the altar and slain me incontinently." He would have defied any outcry against Dr. Arnold, whose sermons he much admired, but he did not quite like his management of Rugby, thought him crotchety, and especially objected to his recommendation of the use of the crucifix, not in itself, but as coming from him. It was otherwise with Thirlwall, in whom he seems to have taken a considerable interest, of which the object was entirely unconscious. In 1837, at the time of the nomination of Dr. Stanley to Norwich, he had carefully read the Translation of Schleiermacher's Essay on St. Luke, with the Introduction which opened out what was then a new view of the composition of the Gospels, and had referred it to the Bishops of Ely and Chichester, who expressed a want of confidence in its orthodoxy. A short time after, when another vacancy occurred, he sent the book to Archbishop Howley, who judged it with scholarly good sense and a deeper view of its meaning and tendency. Dr. Thirlwall's ecclesiastical career had been subject to some curious accidents. After his differences with the then Master of Trinity College, on the subjects of the admission of Dissenters and the attendance in college chapels, he was willing to accept any reasonable preferment, but nothing turned up which the Government could offer him. When Lord Melbourne's first ministry broke up, Lord Brougham said he thought he had provided fairly for all who had deserved well of the Whig party in the Church, with the exception of Sedgwick and Thirlwall. The next morning came the vacancy by death of a stall at Norwich, which the great geologist took and died in, and of the living of Kirby-Underdale, in Yorkshire (not in the gift of Trinity College, as Mr. Torrens has said, but of the Chancellor), by the suicide of the incumbent. This Thirlwall accepted, and was there quietly residing

and writing his History of Greece, when Lord Melbourne's offer of the bishopric of St. David's unexpectedly arrived. He at first determined to decline it, having made arrangements to take a tour in Greece, but changed his mind by the time he arrived in London. He found Lord Melbourne in bed surrounded with theological works, including the Benedictine folios of the Fathers, who handed him the Schleiermacher with the Archbishop's comments, and said, "Had he objected I would not have appointed you." Greville mentions the superiority of Lord Melbourne's knowledge whenever such subjects of conversation occurred at Holland House, but Mr. Allen's implication of him in his own religious disbelief probably rested on little foundation.

Mr. Torrens records Lord Melbourne's discontent at not being invited to take part in Lord John Russell's Government. I remember hearing M. Guizot remark that no statesman in England seemed to consider himself too old to return to office, whereas in France most men were well content to put *Ancien Ministre* on their cards. But he soon regained his equanimity, received old acquaintances at Brocket, paid visits at Castle Howard and Panshanger, and passed away quietly surrounded by family and friends.

To the political student this Life is of especial interest as a type that cannot occur again in our constitutional history. It belongs to the predominance of a class especially affected to politics, and which rarely and unwillingly admitted an intruder within its borders. A man in our day endowed with the faculties, character, and temper of Lord Melbourne would, under the same circumstances, be sought after in society, would acquire consideration among his friends, and possibly considerable local influence, although he must be certain to be often misunderstood, and must make up his mind to be misrepresented. With the same good sense, moderation of opinion, and agreeable diction, he might gain the attention of the House of Commons in quiet times, and, notwithstanding the carelessness of his manner, be regarded as an effective administrator by those who could look below the surface. But the higher prizes and powers of our polity would not be for him. Other talents than he could command, other means than he would care to employ, other forces than he might wish to evoke, are now demanded by the temper of the time and the developments of our national life. But we should not be the less grateful for this pleasant reminiscence, and be content to take it without further criticism or comparison.

The printing of the speeches and extracts in these volumes in a uniform type with the narrative is a very commendable innovation; but a better reference to dates in the text is much to be desired, and the modern practice of placing them at the top of each page might be adopted with considerable advantage to the reader.

THE CHRISTIAN "CONDITIONS."

THE November number of the *Contemporary Review* contained an article by Canon Westcott entitled "The Resurrection of Christ: a New Revelation." Proceeding as it does from the Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, this utterance may be regarded almost as an authoritative exposition of orthodox views; and being characterized, like everything which comes from the pen of Canon Westcott, by remarkable ability and persuasiveness, it may at least be taken for granted that the apologetic case is stated with adequate completeness. Canon Westcott rightly considers that "it is greatly to be regretted that those who enter on the examination of religious questions do not in every case state distinctly the postulates which underlie their reasoning," and his article professedly is less an argumentative reply to recent works impugning the reality of the Resurrection, than a statement of the "conditions" under which "the Christian enters on an examination of the evidence for the Resurrection." The article, therefore, though not without argument, is expository rather than demonstrative; but it is also combative, and affirms that "a general view of the Christian position, apart from other advantages, will show that some of the attacks directed against it are based upon misconception." For the rest, by openly declaring that "the three final assumptions," which form for Christians "the presuppositions of all religious controversy," being incapable of "proof," "lie beyond the region of debate," Canon Westcott seems almost to warn off direct discussion, and to take his stand upon the lofty altitude of a claim—"that every one who has attained to the maturity of self-knowledge recognises them as true." Although to demur to this obviously involves the conclusion that a doubter has not attained to this maturity, I shall not hesitate to encounter it; and I propose freely to examine the "conditions" set forth in this article, and the consequences which are said to follow them. The subject is of such vast importance, that this contribution should not be allowed to pass without consideration, and whilst it may be salutary to submit the conclusions of complacent "self-knowledge" to a little criticism, it cannot be otherwise than desirable to estimate rightly the nature of the Christian "presuppositions," and to ascertain their value as the basis of the Christian hope.

The conditions to which Canon Westcott refers are stated as follows:—

"Three final assumptions are made everywhere throughout the Bible. It is assumed (1) that God is, and that He is righteous and loving; (2) that man was made in the image of God; and (3) that man has fallen. It is taken for

granted that these statements correspond with man's constitution, and that he is directly conscious of their truth. They lie beyond the region of debate. It is indeed possible to show not only that they fall in with what we can observe, but that the sum of experience illustrates and confirms them. Still, if they be denied, argument is useless. No 'proof' can establish the existence of a Heavenly Father, the God of conscience, and not 'the Absolute Being' of ontology. No 'proof' can show beyond contradiction that we can hold intercourse with Him, the finite with the Infinite. No 'proof' can demonstrate that that which is to lift us up must be outside us and above us. But we claim that these ultimate facts are given in germ, in consciousness. We claim that every one who has attained to the maturity of self-knowledge recognises them as true. They form for us the presuppositions of all religious controversy."¹

Canon Westcott goes on to say: "Several important conclusions follow immediately from these assumptions." A number of events, according to him, consequently "become probable." All of this, however, may be reserved for future consideration. The remark is at once suggested, that if the assumptions here made really are beyond the region of debate, and if argument regarding them is useless, it would be labour in vain to discuss them further. It is perhaps the safest course thus at once to relegate doubtful propositions to the protection of that maturity of self-knowledge which recognises them as true. Is any assumption, however, beyond the region of debate? Certainly not. There is no supposition which cannot be subjected to the test of reason, and shown to be either legitimate and in accordance with true principles, or illusive and untenable. In the present instance, a claim is made that these assumptions "correspond with man's constitution, and that he is directly conscious of their truth," and, further, that "these ultimate facts are given in germ, in consciousness." These are assertions which are obviously very far from being beyond the region of debate. Again, it is affirmed that "it is possible to show not only that they fall in with what we can observe, but that the sum of experience illustrates and confirms them." Argument as to this allegation, for instance, can scarcely be considered "useless;" and if observation and experience testify against them instead of illustrating and confirming them, as is asserted, the presuppositions might be recognised to be very debatable indeed. Every assumption must be justified or abandoned.

The presuppositions before us, however, seem to me to labour under a fatal disadvantage. Any one who intelligently considers Canon Westcott's article will at once perceive that, although "three final assumptions" are said to constitute the conditions, these assumptions, instead of leading on to establish conclusions, in reality expand merely into further assumptions as incapable of proof as themselves. We shall see this more clearly as we proceed. The three presuppositions leave us as much as ever dependent upon mere conjecture

(1) *Contemporary Review*, Nov., 1877, p. 1071.

and unsustained hypothesis. It is, to say the least of it, unfortunate when "conditions" must absolutely be laid down, before the evidence in any case can be examined. It is still more unfortunate when those conditions involve suppositions which are incapable of proof. With this general remark, I now proceed to consider the three assumptions and the conclusions which they are said to justify.

Although it was Canon Westcott's express purpose to state as clearly as he could the requisite conditions, it is to be regretted that he did not do so with still greater fulness and precision. Very little examination of his statement is sufficient to show that his three presuppositions are reduced to their barest expression, without sufficient explanation and definition to be readily intelligible to unpractised readers. The same remark, we shall see, applies to the mode of confirmation in consciousness to which he appeals. The first assumption is: "That God is, and that He is righteous and loving." In the course of his exposition, we learn that this assumption involves the idea that God is a "Heavenly Father, the God of conscience, and not 'the Absolute Being' of ontology;" "that we can hold intercourse with Him, the finite with the Infinite;" and that "God is the Father of men;" "the good Creator." We are further, happily, enabled to elucidate Canon Westcott's meaning from another of his works, *The Gospel of the Resurrection*, of which the article before us is, to a large extent, a condensed paraphrase. In this work he says: "Christianity, therefore, as the absolute religion of man, assumes as its foundation the existence of an Infinite Personal God, and a finite human will. This antithesis is assumed and not proved."¹ An Infinite Personal God, therefore, is the Being represented by the first assumption. I shall endeavour to illustrate the nature of this representation from unexceptionable sources.

The Bampton Lectures of the late Dr. Mansel, *On the Limits of Religious Thought*, furnish the interpretation which is required. Dr. Mansel, who was a disciple of Sir William Hamilton, endeavoured to apply the principles of the Hamiltonian philosophy to theology. His immediate purpose in these lectures, as probably most readers will remember, was to clear the ground for the examination of Christian evidences, by showing "that so far is human reason from being able to construct a scientific theology, independent of and superior to revelation, that it cannot even read the alphabet out of which that theology must be framed."² Dr. Mansel first sets himself to show the futility of our conception of the Absolute and

(1) *Gospel of the Resurrection*, 3rd. ed., 1874, p. 19 f.

(2) *Bampton Lectures*, 5th ed., 1870, p. 43.

Infinite, which, from whatever side we view it, he says, appears encompassed with contradictions.

Omitting all the earlier details of his argument, I shall quote a few sentences in which Dr. Mansel states the results of reasoning concerning an Infinite Personal God. He says :

"The various mental attributes which we ascribe to God, Benevolence, Holiness, Justice, Wisdom, for example, can be conceived by us only as existing in a benevolent and holy and just and wise Being, who is not identical with any one of his attributes—in one word, in a *Person*. But personality, as we conceive it, is essentially a limitation and a relation. Our own personality is presented to us as relative and limited; and it is from that presentation that all our representative notions of personality are derived. Personality is presented to us as a relation between the conscious self and the various modes of his consciousness. There is no personality in abstract thought without a thinker: there is no thinker, unless he exercises some mode of thought. Personality is also a limitation; for the thought and the thinker are distinguished from and limit each other; and the several modes of thought are distinguished each from each by limitation likewise. If I am any one of my own thoughts, I am limited by that very difference, and each thought, as different from another, is limited also. This too has been clearly seen by philosophical theologians; and, accordingly, they have maintained that in God there is no distinction between the subject of consciousness and its modes, nor between one mode and another. 'God,' says Augustine, 'is not a Spirit as regards substance, and good as regards quality; but both as regards substance. The Justice of God is one with His Goodness, and with His Blessedness; and all are one with His Spirituality.' But this assertion, if it be literally true (and of this we have no means of judging), annihilates Personality itself in the only form in which we can conceive it. We cannot transcend our own personality, as we cannot transcend our own relation to time: and to speak of an Absolute and Infinite Person is simply to use language which, however true it may be in a superhuman sense, denotes an object inconceivable under the conditions of human thought."¹

In the four previous editions the last phrase reads: "To which no mode of human thought can possibly attach itself." In altering this expression, Dr. Mansel introduced into an opening Summary of the Argument a protective definition of the terms *conceive*, *conception*, &c., as used by him: "They always imply an apprehension of the *manner* in which certain attributes can coexist with each other, so as to form a whole of complex notion."² We may believe that, without being able to *conceive how*. We shall presently refer to the misuse of the term Belief, but here it will suffice to point out that in order to justify this alteration, Dr. Mansel should properly have omitted all the main argument of his lectures. It is obvious, from his own showing, that the conception of an Infinite Personal God is as much "encompassed with contradictions" as the philosophical conception of the Absolute and Infinite, which he tears to tatters. A few pages back, to quote a few lines from one out of many passages, Dr. Mansel says, "In assuming the possibility of an

(1) Bampton Lectures, p. 59 f.

(2) *Ib.* p. xi. note c. For a true distinction in the use of such terms, compare *Spencer*, *Principles of Psychology*, 2nd edit., 1872, § 427, p. 408.

infinite object of consciousness, I assume, therefore, that it is at the same time limited and unlimited;—actually something, without which it could not be an object of consciousness, and actually nothing, without which it could not be infinite. Rationalism is thus only consistent with itself, when it refuses to attribute consciousness to God."¹ We can have nothing to do with the eccentricities of individual belief, but the representation that anything is at the same time square and circular, limited and unlimited, conditioned and unconditioned, finite or personal and infinite, is philosophically and rationally both inconceivable and unbelievable.

The assumption of an Infinite Personal God would thus seem to be definitively and finally disposed of. Although, as will have been observed in the foregoing passage, theologians have no objection to philosophy so long as it suits their views, Dr. Mansel's philosophical argument is sacrificed to the necessities of his peculiar theology, and he immediately proceeds to maintain that we should be far from justified, even on philosophical grounds, in denying the personality of God. It might have been supposed that, having demonstrated that "to speak of an Absolute and Infinite Person is simply to use language which denotes an object inconceivable under the conditions of human thought," Dr. Mansel would have concluded that it is consequently futile to use such language. Far from it. The lame and impotent conclusion at which he arrives, by a process of reasoning to which I shall presently refer, is the very reverse. He says:

"It is our duty, then, to think of God as personal; and it is our duty to believe that He is infinite. It is true that we cannot reconcile these two representations with each other; as our conception of personality involves attributes apparently contradictory to the notion of infinity. But it does not follow that this contradiction exists anywhere but in our own minds: it does not follow that it implies any impossibility in the absolute nature of God. The apparent contradiction, in this case, as in those previously noticed, is the necessary consequence of an attempt on the part of the human thinker to transcend the boundaries of his own consciousness. It proves that there are limits to man's power of thought; and it proves no more."²

In proving that, it effectually condemns such abortive attempts to transcend them.

However startling and untenable the conclusions here stated may be, Canon Westcott does not hesitate to adopt them. Indeed I have merely endeavoured to find an unimpeachable interpreter, and to state the views of Canon Westcott in the words of Dr. Mansel. A few lines from his *Gospel of the Resurrection* will illustrate this. Canon Westcott says:

"But though we appeal to the individual consciousness for the recognition of the truth of the assumptions which have been made, the language in which one term of the antithesis is expressed requires explanation. We speak of God

(1) Bampton Lectures, p. 61.

(2) *Ib.* p. 63.

as Infinite and Personal. The epithets involve a contradiction, and yet they are both necessary. In fact the only approximately adequate conception which we can form of a Divine Being is under the form of a contradiction. For us personality is only the name for special limitation exerting itself through will; and will itself implies the idea of resistance. But as applied to God the notions of limitation and resistance are excluded by the antithetic term infinite. For us again infinity excludes the conception of special action: it belongs to the nature and not to the manifestation of being. But as applied to God it is necessarily connected with action and with phenomena, because it is only through these that personality, so far as we observe it, can show itself. Thus it follows that by speaking of God as Infinite we simply mean that none of the deductions which can be drawn from corresponding attributes or powers, or the uses of power in man can be transferred to him. It would be false, for instance, to argue from the usual sense of terms employed that what He 'does' or 'purposes' is in itself bound by time or space. And on the other hand by speaking of Him as Personal we wish to express that He rules and creates as if it were by will, with a purpose towards which all things are guided. So only can we guard against the representation of God as the Absolute simply, whether the Absolute be regarded as the Unchangeable which lies beneath the changing phenomena of the world or as the sum of all that 'is.'¹

We may, however, disregard this curious attempt to explain what "we simply mean" by the use of "language which denotes an object inconceivable under the conditions of human thought." As Dr. Mansel remarks, "we may attempt to conceive a space enclosed by two straight lines and it is not till after the effort has been made that we become aware of the impossibility of the conception. And it may frequently happen, owing to the use of language as a substitute for thought, that a process of reasoning may be carried on to a considerable length, without the reasoner being aware of the essentially inconceivable character of the objects denoted by his terms."²

The admission, then, being so fully made that the assumption of an Infinite Personal God is "to use language which denotes an object inconceivable under the conditions of human thought," what extraordinary reasons can be adduced to show that it is at the same time "our duty to think of God as Personal, and it is our duty to believe that He is Infinite"? But first let us ask what is affirmed by such language? and what is denied when the representation of an Infinite Personal God is denied? Obviously, as no mode of human thought can possibly attach itself to such language, nothing intelligible is either affirmed or denied. The phrase signifies as little as a square circle, or a circular square; in fact, it means absolutely nothing. The object of affirming it, therefore, is not very apparent. Can it ever be our duty to affirm what is unthinkable? The moment we analyze the language it becomes evident that not only does it not express any intelligible idea, but, further, that no conception can possibly be formed of that which we think

(1) Gospel of the Resurrection, p. 21 f.

(2) Bampton Lectures, 4th ed., 1859, p. xviii.

we intend to represent. The description may pass current in popular theology, the language of which is always vague, the ideas indistinct, and the sense fluctuating and uncertain, but it is a mere bundle of contradictions with nothing but artificial coherence.

But what are the reasons given to show that it is our duty to think thus of the Unknowable? Dr. Mansel's first reason appears to be :

"We dishonour God far more by identifying Him with the feeble and negative impotence of thought which we are pleased to style the Infinite, than by remaining content within those limits which for His own good purposes He has imposed upon us, and confining ourselves to a manifestation, imperfect indeed and inadequate, and acknowledged to be so, but still the highest idea that we can form, the noblest tribute that we can offer."¹

Dr. Mansel, however, had just shown that to speak of an Infinite and Absolute Person is not to be content within the limits imposed upon us, but to use language which denotes an object inconceivable under the conditions of our thought. It may be dishonouring to identify God in some other way indicated, but is that the only alternative? Is there any necessity to resort to "feeble and negative impotence of thought," on the one hand, or to self-destructive contradictions and unintelligible terms, on the other? "Personality, with all its limitations," says Dr. Mansel, "though far from exhibiting the absolute nature of God as He is, is yet truer, grander, more elevating, more religious than those barren, vague, meaningless abstractions in which men babble about nothing under the name of the Infinite."² By his own showing, however, it is as much babbling about nothing to speak of an Infinite Personal God. In any case, all this is mere special pleading against an obnoxious term, but does not in the least justify the use of the other. We come to a further reason a few lines lower down.

"It is by consciousness alone that we know that God exists, or that we are able to offer Him any service. It is only by conceiving Him as a Conscious Being that we can stand in any religious relation to Him at all; that we can form such a representation of Him as is demanded by our spiritual wants, insufficient though it be to satisfy our intellectual curiosity."³

Our spiritual wants seem to be easily satisfied if they demand no more than a representation of a Supreme Being, which we know to be in itself an irreconcilable contradiction conveying no conceivable meaning to the human mind. In the proclaimed incapacity of reason to construct a scientific theology, or even to "read the alphabet out of which that theology must be framed," is there any propriety in constructing a theology, or adopting one, which impotently pretends to tear away the veil from the Unknowable, and presents it under unimaginable forms to mankind? On the con-

(1) *Bampton Lectures*, 5th ed., 1870, p. 60 f.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 61.

(3) *Ib.*, p. 61 f.

trary, I must maintain that duty does not require us to do anything so foolish. We may not be able to think of an object at all as it is, but nothing can justify so vain an attempt to transcend the limits of human thought as to represent that which we cannot conceive, in terms to which no mode of human thought can possibly attach itself. If the exigencies of belief in the contents of a supposed revelation did not demand it, so illogical a course would never have been either suggested or attempted.

It would seem scarcely necessary to proceed further with this side of the first assumption, but a few words must be said regarding some of Canon Westcott's reasoning.

"It is taken for granted," he says, "that these statements correspond with man's constitution, and that he is directly conscious of their truth. . . . We claim that these ultimate facts are given in germ, in consciousness. We claim that every one who has attained to the maturity of self-knowledge recognises them as true."¹

These remarks are somewhat indiscriminately applied to all the three assumptions, but I think I am not wrong in supposing that Canon Westcott at least includes the representation of an Infinite Personal God amongst the ultimate facts which are given in germ in consciousness. Now can it rightly be maintained that the assumption of an Infinite Personal God is an ultimate fact of consciousness? In briefly considering this claim we must carefully avoid drifting into the mazes of metaphysical discussion, and, indeed, several of the weightiest and most conclusive arguments against it must be left unadvanced, from the circumstance that space cannot be afforded for the establishment of the postulates. I shall here again call in Dr. Mansel to elucidate the claim before us. He says:

"As a religious and moral being, man is conscious of a relation, of a personal character, distinct from any suggested by the phenomena of the material world,—a relation to a supreme Personal Being, the object of his religious worship, and the source and judge of his moral obligations and conduct. To adopt the name of God in an abstract speculation morely as a conventional denomination for the highest link in the chain of thought, and to believe in Him for the practical purposes of worship and obedience, are two very different things; and for the latter, though not for the former, the conception of God as a Person is indispensable. Were man a being of pure intellect, the problem of the Unconditioned would be divested of its chief difficulty; but he is also a being of religious and moral faculties, and these also have a claim to be satisfied by any valid solution of the problem. Hence the question assumes another and a more complex form. How is the one absolute existence, to which philosophy aspires, to be identified with the personal God demanded by our religious feelings? Shall we boldly assume that the problem is already solved, and that the personal God is the very Unconditioned of which we were in search? This is to beg the question, not to answer it. Our conception of a personal being, derived as it is from the immediate consciousness of our own personality, seems, on examination, to involve conditions incompatible with

(1) *Contemporary Review*, Nov. 1877, p. 1071.

the desired assumption. Personal agency, similar to our own, seems to point to something very different from an absolutely first link in a chain of phenomena. Our actions, if not determined, are at least influenced by motives; and the motive is a prior link in the chain, and a condition of the action. Our actions moreover take place in time; and time, as we conceive it, cannot be regarded as an absolute blank, but as a condition in which phenomena take place as past, present, and future. Every act taking place in time implies something antecedent to itself; and this something, be it what it may, hinders us from regarding the subsequent act as absolute and unconditioned. Nay even time itself, apart from the phenomena which it implies, has the same character. If an act cannot take place except in time, time is the condition of its taking place. To conceive the unconditioned, as the first link in the chain of conditioned consequences, it seems necessary that we should conceive something out of time, yet followed by time; standing at the beginning of all duration and succession, having no antecedent, but followed by a series of consequents. . . . Thus, then, our two lines of thought have led us to conclusions which, at first sight, appear to be contradictory of each other. To be conceived as unconditioned, God must be conceived as exempt from action in time: to be conceived as a person, if His personality resembles ours, He must be conceived as acting in time. Can these two conclusions be reconciled with each other; and if not, which of them is to be abandoned? The true answer to this question is, we believe, to be found in a distinction which some recent critics regard with very little favour—the distinction between Reason and Faith; the distinction between the power of *conceiving* and that of *believing*. We cannot, in our present state of knowledge, reconcile these two conclusions; yet we are not required to abandon either. We cannot conceive the manner in which the unconditioned and the personal are united in the Divine Nature; yet we may believe that, in some manner unknown to us, they are so united."¹

The distinction here referred to, as is well known, was introduced by Sir William Hamilton, who, by a confusion of ideas connected with the use of the term Belief, which has been clearly exposed by Mr. John Stuart Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, restores as belief what he has been forced to exclude as knowledge. In his celebrated criticism of M. Cousin, Sir William Hamilton distinctly combats and denies that God is apprehended by direct intuition or immediate consciousness.² On the contrary, he maintains that the mind can only conceive and consequently know the limited and the conditionally limited. "*To think is to condition*," he says, "and conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought." After, in reiterated terms, insisting upon the obvious conclusion that the human mind can never under any circumstances rise above the finite, Sir William Hamilton deduces the following moral:

"We are thus taught the salutary lesson, that the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence; and are warned from recognising the domain of our knowledge as necessarily co-extensive with the horizon of our faith. And by a wonderful revelation, we are thus, in the very consciousness of our inability to conceive aught above the relative and finite,

(1) Mansel, *The Philosophy of the Conditioned*, 1866, p. 12 ff.

(2) *Discussions on Philosophy*, 3rd ed., 1866, p. 12 ff.

inspired with a belief in the existence of something unconditioned beyond the sphere of all comprehensible reality."¹

To this he adds a note, which, although well known, I may be forgiven for again quoting :

"True, therefore, are the declarations of a pious philosophy: 'A God understood would be no God at all;' 'To think that God is, as we can think Him to be, is blasphemy.'—The Divinity, in a certain sense, is revealed; in a certain sense is concealed: He is at once known and unknown. But the last and highest consecration of all true religion, must be an altar—*Ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ*—*'To the unknown and unknowable God.'*"²

It is somewhat curious to find the philosophy which proclaims these conclusions, and the apologists who fondly cling to its skirts, immediately proceeding to commit such "blasphemy" by expanding the mere "belief in the existence" of an undefined "something unconditioned beyond the sphere of all comprehensible reality," into a Personal God, whom they only think to be as they can think him. As has frequently been pointed out, they no sooner pronounce God to be inconceivable than they declare what he must be and what he cannot be, and display an intimate knowledge of his attributes, which is scarcely veiled under affected admissions of ignorance.

It is unnecessary for me to discuss Sir William Hamilton's singular distinction between knowledge and belief, by which he converts belief into "consciousness in its last analysis," and gives it higher authority than cognition. As I have already mentioned, it has been well established that this has been effected by a mere confusion of terms. "In common language," says Mill, "when Belief and Knowledge are distinguished, Knowledge is understood to mean complete conviction; Belief, a conviction somewhat short of complete; or else we are said to believe when the evidence is probable (as that of testimony) but to know when it is intuitive, or demonstrative from intuitive premises. We believe, for example, that there is a Continent of America, but know that we are alive, that two and two make four, and that the sum of any two sides of a triangle is greater than the third side. This is a distinction of practical value; but in Sir William Hamilton's use of the term it is the intuitive convictions that are the Beliefs, and those which are dependent and contingent upon them compose our knowledge."³ Whatever name be assigned to it, however, our present business is

(1) Discussions on Philosophy, 3rd ed., 1866, p. 15. (2) *Ib.*, p. 15, note.

(3) Mill, An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, &c., 4th ed., 1872, p. 77 f. Dr. Mozley says: "When reason draws conclusions which are in accordance with experience, which have thus their parallels in the facts which we are conversant with in the order of nature, and in common life, then reason is called reason: when reason draws conclusions which are not backed by experience, and which are not paralleled by similar facts within our ordinary cognizance, then reason is called faith."—Bampton Lectures, 3rd ed., 1872, p. 79.

to ascertain whether there is any validity in the claim that the representation, an Infinite Personal God, is "an ultimate fact of consciousness." Now what constitutes an ultimate fact of consciousness? How is one to be recognised and tested? Sir William Hamilton will not permit any fact to be assumed ~~as~~ a fact of consciousness which is not "ultimate and simple," or "primary and universal," and to be of this character he requires that we should not be able to "reduce it to a generalization from experience;" it must possess "the character of necessity." "It must be impossible not to think it. In fact by its necessity alone can we recognise it as an original datum of intelligence, and distinguish it from any mere result of generalization and custom."¹ The criterion of an ultimate fact of consciousness, then, is the necessity of thinking it. "Their proof that we must always from the beginning have had the belief is the impossibility of getting rid of it now."² Now the claim we are discussing may be summarily refuted by showing that it does not stand the test which is accepted, inasmuch as there is so little necessity of thinking it that the assumption has been utterly rejected by most of the greatest thinkers, and their dissent will not be much affected by Canon Westcott regarding them as men "whose powers are imperfect," with whom he declares it to be "as vain to reason on religion as to reason on the phenomena of light with a blind man."³ Apologists can scarcely constitute their own minds the sole standard, and because they suppose that they themselves think so, assume a general necessity of thinking it. It is obvious that this necessity must not be partial, but must be universally felt, and not be the result, perhaps, of incorrect interpretation of consciousness on the part of a class. So far is the negation of the proposition of an Infinite Personal God from being inconceivable, that the representation itself is admitted to be a use of language which denotes an object inconceivable under the conditions of human thought. In reality, it is the assertion rather than the negation of the proposition which is inconceivable. If it be tested by considering the counter proposition—God is infinite, but not a Person—the result is at once unfavourable to the claim, for the confessed contradiction of the assumption is removed by omitting the inconsistent limitation. The universal consent of mankind cannot be quoted in favour of the alleged ultimate fact of consciousness, for the idea of an infinite Personal God, it can be shown, is but the result of slowly evolved theological development. It is undeniable that, so far as historical and philological data go, polytheism has everywhere been the earliest and most widely prevalent form of religion. Monotheism

(1) Hamilton, *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, 1877, i. p. 269 f.

(2) Mill, *Examination, &c.*, p. 182.

(3) *Gospel of the Resurrection*, p. 20.

has only been slowly and gradually attained by a system of reasoning which demonstrated that this view is more consistent with recognised phenomena of nature than polytheism. Throughout the earlier ages of the world, in fact, monotheism was conspicuous by its absence; and it first makes its appearance amongst men in a manner anything but characteristic of an ultimate fact of consciousness. The monotheism of the people of Israel is represented in the Bible as an isolated phenomenon on the earth, and their belief in one infinite personal God, material and anthropomorphic as it was, could only be maintained in faint and fluctuating activity by constant miracles wrought on their behalf. The natural craving of the national heart, notwithstanding, was after the plurality of gods of other peoples. No one who studies even the elements of the Science of Religion can fail to see that this assumption receives no support from the past history of our race; and even at the present day the religion of at least as great a number of mankind as profess Christianity is described by a distinguished scholar as "Buddhism ignoring all feeling of dependence on a higher power, and therefore denying the very existence of a supreme Deity."¹ If it be replied that the belief in an Infinite Personal God is held by the more civilised and educated part of mankind, I answer: Precisely, the idea has come by education and transmitted habit, and is not in the least an ultimate fact of consciousness.

Moreover, the alleged fact of consciousness is not only not ultimate and simple, but its complexity, and the consequent invalidity of the claim, are apparent on the smallest examination. The proposition not only contains the representation of a supreme Being, but it exhibits the marks of elaboration in the double description of the mode of his existence. It is not "an ultimate fact of consciousness," but simply an inference from certain observed phenomena. The very terms in which the representation is advanced by Dr. Mansel, notwithstanding his protest, is evidence of this assertion. Guarded as his expressions may be, the fact cannot be disguised that the conception of an Infinite Personal God is nothing but an abortive attempt to combine the supreme Being of philosophy with the "personal God demanded by our religious feelings." Dr. Mozley, in his well-known Bampton Lectures on miracles, candidly admits that this conception of the Deity was obtained from revelation, and he proceeds to argue:

"But although the conception of the Deity has been received through the channel of the Bible, what communicates a truth is one thing, what proves it is another: the truth once possessed is seen to rest on grounds of natural reason. The theory of a blind plastic nature might account for some imaginable world, but does not account for this world. *For we naturally attribute to the design of a personal Being, a contrivance which is directed to the existence of a personal Being;*

(1) M. Müller, *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, 1873, p. 243 f.

*if an elaborate bodily organization issues in the life of myself—a person—I cannot avoid concluding that there is at the bottom of it the intention of a personal Being that I should live. From personality at one end, I infer personality at the other; and cannot suppose that the existence which is contrived should be intelligent and moral, and the contriver of it a blind irrational force."*¹

This is a very different story. We have no claim here that the idea of an Infinite Personal God is "an ultimate fact of consciousness": it is traced to the Bible, and it is justified as the natural inference from design. This has, indeed, been the main argument over since theology has existed. The doctrine "is made to rest upon grounds of natural reason." So long, however, as such arguments from design, however philosophically faulty they may be, can be advanced, it is perfectly inadmissible to claim the representation we are discussing as an ultimate fact of consciousness, and to deny that it is a generalization from experience. The assumption, in short, can historically be traced to the Bible, and philosophically to inferences from the phenomena of nature; and if any further evidence be necessary, it would be supplied by the very argument considered requisite to enforce a proposition which, if an ultimate fact of consciousness, would be self-evident to all men. This claim of Canon Westcott cannot stand any of the ordinary tests. It must necessarily be rejected, and when we come to consider its ulterior application, the futility of the theory will become still more apparent.

II.

The second and third assumptions need not detain us very long. They are: (2) "That man was made in the image of God;" and (3) "That man has fallen." They may conveniently be considered together. Now are we to understand that Canon Westcott seriously claims that such propositions as these are "ultimate facts given in germ in consciousness"? If he does not, he has certainly mixed them up, in a very singular and confusing way, as such, with the previous assumption, as may readily be perceived by any one who will refer to the quotation at the beginning of this article. He has, in such a case, protected their otherwise defenceless position, as being avowedly incapable of "proof," under a vague halo of philosophical assertion. If he does advance the claim, it is already disposed of. The first of the two propositions is obviously a mere historical statement; and still more clearly so is the second. The viciousness of the circle in which the reasoning moves scarcely requires demonstration: We are avowedly incapable of conceiving the Infinite, and to speak of an Infinite Personal God is to use language which denotes an object inconceivable under the conditions of human thought: notwithstanding, "from personality at one end, we infer personality at the other." God is thus first created in man's

(1) Bampton Lectures, 3rd ed., 1872, p. 76 f.

image, and then man is declared to be created in the image of God; and inasmuch as certain phenomena are observed in man which do not altogether accord with our views of the attributes of God, the third inference is made to account for them: "man has fallen." The whole theory is derived from Hebrew mythology, and is a mere theological figment.

Let us, however, obtain some fuller insight into the nature of the assumption we are examining; and this we may to some extent do from the articles of the Church, of which Canon Westcott is a distinguished member. I venture to assume that these articles may at least represent what was the doctrine of the Church of England, whether they do so any longer or not,—and it appears so difficult to obtain any authoritative exposition of its doctrines that this may be said without irony. The ninth Article reads as follows:

"Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk); but it is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit, and therefore, in every person born into this world, it deserveth God's wrath and damnation. And this infection of nature doth remain, yea in them that are regenerate; whereby the lust of the flesh, called in Greek *φρόνημα σαρκός*, which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the infection, some the desire of the flesh, is not subject to the Law of God. And although there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptized; yet the Apostle doth confess, that concupiscence and lust hath of itself the nature of sin."

In order more clearly to understand what is set forth in this article, I must briefly refer to the heresy of the Pelagians, which it directly condemns. Pelagius was a monk of British extraction, and about the beginning of the fifth century he promulgated the heretical views which are here alluded to. His opinions were adopted by Cœlestius, a monk of Ireland, who, endeavouring to take priest's orders at Carthage, was accused of heresy by Paulinus, a deacon of that church. At the instance of St. Augustine, Pelagius was accused before a synod of bishops at Jerusalem. There, and at Diospolis, he was acquitted without censure; but in the year 416 two councils, one at Carthage and another at Milevis, condemned the Pelagian opinions. I need not follow the fluctuating fortunes of the case, but may at once state that the tenets of the sect were finally condemned at the third general council at Ephesus.¹ The following are the doctrines of which Cœlestius was accused at the council of Carthage:

"That Adam was created mortal, and would have died whether he had sinned or not. That the sin of Adam hurt only himself and not all mankind. That infants new-born are in the same state as Adam was before his fall. That a man may be without sin and keep God's commandments, if he will."²

(1) E. Harold Browne, *An Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, 6th ed., 1864, p. 234.

(2) *Ib.*

Such are the opinions which are denounced in our ninth article.¹ The following are the decrees adopted, after much discussion of the article, by the Council of Trent :

"(1) That Adam by transgressing lost holiness and justice, incurred the wrath of God, death, thralldom to the devil, and was infected both in soul and body. (2) That Adam derived to his posterity death of body and sin of soul. (3) That sin, transmitted by generation, not by imitation, can be abolished by no remedy but the death of Christ, and that the merit of Christ is applied to children in baptism, as well as to adults. (4) That newly-born children ought to be baptized as having contracted sin from Adam. (5) That by the grace of baptism the guilt of original sin is remitted, and that all is removed, which hath the proper nature of sin," &c.²

It will be better to add the tenth article, on Free Will, which throws further light upon the assumptions before us.

"The condition of man after the fall of Adam is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and good works to faith, and calling upon God; wherefore we have no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us, when we have that good will."

This is an exposition, derived from a scarcely impeachable source, of the signification of part at least of the second and third of the presuppositions forming the conditions under which the Christian enters on an examination of the evidence for the Resurrection. "It is taken for granted that these statements correspond with man's constitution, and that he is directly conscious of their truth. . . . It is, indeed, possible to show not only that they fall in with what we can observe, but that the sum of experience illustrates and confirms them." If we do not recognise them as true, we have not, according to Canon Westcott, "attained to the maturity of self-knowledge." The account in the first chapter of Genesis of the creation and subsequent fall of Adam, and the consequent curse upon him and his posterity, and upon the ground he was to till, is a "Scripture proof" of the truth of the assumptions. Now, without pausing to wonder at the mode in which man is supposed to become "directly conscious" of the truth of such complex representations, I must at once inquire, Do these assumptions "fall in with what we can observe"? Does the sum of experience illustrate and confirm them? To few similar questions can

(1) Dr. Browne says: "The sentiments of Pelagius found considerable favour in his native island of Britain, and caused many and grievous troubles to the Church there" (p. 235). On the whole, considering the period, we may congratulate "his native island" upon the strong good sense which it even then exhibited. Unfortunately other influences succeeded in extinguishing the "heresy."

(2) *Ib.* p. 236. Dr. Harold Browne explains: "The point on which these decrees differed from the ninth article of our Church is in the entire cancelling of original sin in baptism" (p. 237).

experience reply by a more unhesitating and emphatic negative. As mere psychological and physiological statements, they are propositions which are contradicted by all the results of experience and all the conclusions of science. In these days, when the study of Evolution has become so general, no elaborate argument is required to refute the theory of the original perfection and subsequent degradation of the human race. Apart from the moral and philosophical aspects of the statement, such teaching is only possible in pulpits which ignore science and excommunicate common sense.

Equally grave are the consequences if we test such assertions by any moral or philosophical standard; but before doing so it is necessary to make a few preliminary explanations. I have already made much use of Dr. Mansel as an interpreter of the views we are considering, and I must again have recourse to his aid. Dr. Mansel maintains that "the legitimate object of a rational criticism of revealed religion is not to be found in the *contents* of that religion, but in its *evidences*."¹ Without pausing to point out the distinction in regard to the application of this principle, between a religion proved, and one merely affirmed, to be revealed—the mode by which Dr. Mansel arrives at this conclusion is somewhat as follows:—If we can form no positive notion of the nature of God as an infinite Being, we are not entitled to make reason the criterion of his qualities. If an Absolute Being be unknowable in himself, so are also the relative attributes which we ascribe to him. We cannot know what are "benevolence, holiness, justice, wisdom" as they are in God. He describes the idea that "we may maintain that the attributes of God differ from those of men in degree only, not in kind; and hence that certain mental and moral qualities, of which we are immediately conscious in ourselves, furnish at the same time a true and adequate image of the infinite perfections of God," as "the method of the vulgar Rationalism, which regards the reason of man, in its ordinary and normal operation, as the supreme criterion of religious truth."² This vulgar Rationalism, he says, "reasons somewhat as follows: All the excellences, it contends, of which we are conscious in the creature must necessarily exist in the same manner, though in a higher degree, in the Creator. God is indeed more wise, more just, more merciful than man; but for that very reason his wisdom and justice and mercy must contain nothing that is incompatible with the corresponding attributes in their human character."³ This is denounced by Dr. Mansel, but his theory has

(1) Bampton Lectures, p. 162.

(2) Bampton Lectures, p. 27. "Of course," as Mill pointed out, "'adequate' must have slipped in by inadvertence, since otherwise it would be an inexcusable misrepresentation." Canon Westcott speaks of "Infinite and Personal" as "the only approximately adequate conception which we can form of a Divine Being."—Gospel of the Resurrection, p. 21.

(3) Bampton Lectures, p. 29.

been too completely refuted by Mr. Mill¹ to require any elaborate argument here. It is obvious that when we ascribe perfect goodness, justice, mercy, and other qualities to the Supreme Being, we either mean the perfection of the human qualities which are called by the names of goodness, justice, and mercy, or we are using language which has no meaning at all. If we do not mean to ascribe these qualities to him, we must use other terms. If we do not know what we mean to say, perhaps silence might be preferable; but so long as we speak of goodness, justice, and mercy, we indicate specific qualities which we are entitled to reason about, and which "must necessarily exist in the same manner, though in a higher degree," in the Supreme Being, or must not be ascribed to him. "Hence,"—to continue and adopt the reasoning of vulgar Rationalism, as described by Dr. Mansel in the passage interrupted above:—

"Hence, if the certainty of man's knowledge implies the necessity of the events which he knows, the certainty of God's omniscience implies a like necessity of all things: if man's justice requires that he should punish the guilty alone, it is inconsistent with God's justice to inflict the chastisement of sin upon the innocent: if man's mercy finds its natural exercise in the free forgiveness of offences, God's mercy too must freely forgive the sins of his creatures. From the same premises it is consistently concluded that no act which would be wrong if performed by a man upon his own responsibility can be justified by the plea of a direct command from God. Abraham may not be praised for his readiness to slay his son in obedience to God's command; for the internal prohibition must always be more certain than the external precept. Joshua cannot be warranted in obeying the divine injunction to exterminate the Canaanites; unless he would be equally warranted in destroying them of his own accord."²

Within certain limits, Dr. Mansel admits that such reasoning may have a certain value, but he will not concede authority to reason, "as the last court of appeal in religious questions." Dr. Mansel, however, subsequently makes an admission which neutralises the whole of his reasoning upon this point. He says:

"The evidence derived from the internal character of a religion, whatever may be its value within its proper limits, is, as regards the divine origin of the religion, purely negative. It may prove in certain cases (though even here the argument requires much caution in its employment) that a religion *has not* come from God; but it is in no case sufficient to prove that it *has* come from Him."³

Reason is here obviously made the supreme judge in the only case that reason would probably ever attempt to decide. Dr. Mansel's protests substantially dwindle down to the very trite conclusion, that our inferences can never be so certain as to exclude all possibility of error.⁴

I may probably take for granted that Canon Westcott holds similar views, for he says with reference to miracles:

(1) *An Examination, &c.*, p. 124 ff.

(3) *Ib.*, p. 156.

(2) *Bampton Lectures*, p. 28.

(4) *Cf. ib.*, p. 167.

"For nothing external, no 'sign' has an absolute or irresistible force. Every alleged sign must be carefully interpreted and brought to a spiritual test. As a 'sign' of God it must be consistent with all that we already know of Him; and the same power which enables us in the first instance to recognise God, enables us also to recognise further manifestations of His nature and will."¹

Here we have, full-fledged, the inter-dependence of doctrine and miracle, which is so fatal to the latter as evidence, and reason is made the criterion of revelation. I shall not, however, dwell further on this point at present.

We may now return to consider the moral aspect of some of the assumptions under examination. The reasoning runs: Presupposing that there is an Infinite Personal God (who "is righteous and loving," be it noted); that man was made in the image of God, and that man has fallen; then it "becomes probable" that He will interfere with human affairs in the spasmodic manner supposed by ecclesiastical Christianity. I have shown how untenable these assumptions are from other points of view, but the case presupposed is not less repugnant from the side of morality. The three assumptions and those which follow them include, obviously, the creation of man immortal,—that is to say, not liable to die,—and free from all sin; his subsequent fall, by which he "lost holiness and justice, incurred the wrath of God, death, thralldom to the devil, and was infected both in soul and body;" that he derived to his posterity death of body and sin of soul; that sin, transmitted by generation, not by imitation, can be abolished by no remedy but the death of Christ; that newly-born children have contracted sin from Adam; that the condition of man after the fall of Adam is such that we have no power to do good works pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have a good will. They likewise comprise the institution of Hell, in which the helpless creatures of the righteous and loving God are to be tormented everlastingly, except the "few" who are saved by a process including the incarnation of the Son of God, one of the persons of a triune Godhead into which the "unknown and unknowable God" is defined, and the death of this Son—God himself—upon the cross, the innocent for the guilty. I omit such subsidiary episodes as the destruction of the originally perfect human race, become desperately wicked, with the exception of eight persons, by a flood. Dr. Mansel himself fully recognised the danger to such a system, if he admitted reason and "the moral faculty" to criticize and lead us to logical conclusions with regard to it; and this it was undoubtedly which influenced to a large extent the curious, though unconscious, deflection of reasoning apparent in parts of his Bampton Lectures. He says in the preface to the fourth edition:

(1) *Contemporary Review*, Nov., 1877, p. 1073.

"It is true that to our sense of moral obligation we owe our primary conception of God as a moral Governor; and it is also true that were man left solely to *a priori* presumptions in forming his estimate of the nature and attributes of God, the moral sense, as being that one of all human faculties whose judgments are least dependent on experience, would furnish the principal, if not the only characteristics of his highest conceptions of God. But here, as elsewhere, the original presumption is modified and corrected by subsequent experience. It is a fact, which experience forces upon us, and which it is useless, were it possible, to disguise, that the representation of God after the model of the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving is not sufficient to account for all the phenomena exhibited by the course of his Natural Providence. The infliction of physical suffering, the permission of moral evil, the adversity of the good, the prosperity of the wicked, the crimes of the guilty involving the misery of the innocent, the tardy appearance and partial distribution of religious knowledge in the world—these are facts which are no doubt reconcilable, we know not how, with the infinite Goodness of God; but which are certainly not to be explained on the supposition that its sole and sufficient type is to be found in the finite goodness of man." 1

Canon Westcott, therefore, must not attempt to enlist experience and moral consciousness in support of his assumptions, for "experience forces upon us" directly contrary conclusions, and equally so the highest conceptions of human morality. These are at one with science and philosophy in rejecting such explanations of the mystery of the universe, and in disallowing the presuppositions which form the "conditions" under which, according to Canon Westcott, "the Christian enters on an examination of the evidence for the Resurrection." Under these circumstances, the Christian is very much in the position of a mathematician who should insist on assuming that two and two make five, that two straight lines may enclose a space, or that all right angles are not equal to each other. With such premises it is scarcely probable that either could very satisfactorily demonstrate anything.

It can never be man's duty to abandon or to outrage the highest guide he possesses, Reason—in which term I include "the moral faculty"—and to affirm propositions which are either contradictory or unthinkable. I cannot think that any intelligent desires or aspirations can be satisfied with the dry husks of representations to which no mode of human thought can possibly attach itself, and which are little better than conscious illusions to pacify the mind. Those who inquire whether life be worth living if it be not fashioned precisely according to their favourite plan, must learn to submit themselves to the true and the possible, or must betake themselves to another and a better world—if they can find one. We must frankly accept the conditions of life as they are in reality, and we shall not improve them, nor improve life either, by wilfully blinding ourselves to the truth, or consciously disregarding the teaching of reason.

THE AUTHOR OF "SUPERNATURAL RELIGION."

] (1) Bampton Lectures, p. xiii.

(To be continued.)

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN my last paper¹ I dealt with a novelist who, while he is perhaps the *doyen* of French fiction at the present moment, is also the best living exponent of what may be called the academic style of novel-writing. M. Jules Sandeau is not an academician merely by style and title; he is one by nature and free choice. He has what may be considered as the special note of the academic character at its best, the acceptance, namely, of certain regular types and forms, and the endeavour to reach originality rather by delicately individualising the reproductions of these types than by striking out altogether new lines. The author to whom I now pass presents in many respects a strong contrast. The contrast does not lie in such accidental particulars as that M. Cherbuliez was not in existence when M. Sandeau's first novel was already published, or that the one was born in the heart of France and the other beyond her borders. It lies in the whole conception and way of going to work of the two men. M. Cherbuliez deals with nothing less than types; he is all for the individual, and it is a very curious discovery for the student of comparative criticism to find that this peculiarity of his is at the bottom of such objections to his work as have been made by French critics. He has sometimes been accused of *invraisemblance*, of affectation, of eccentricity, and the like, and the accusation must seem odd to those who know that it has not been brought against work which to English eyes deserves the charge infinitely more. But the explanation is not very far to seek. The critic looks for the plot or character under review in his bundle of types, and cannot find it; eccentricity is, therefore, proved at once. In the opposite case the animal, however strange in its proceedings, is seen immediately to be of a known species and admitted accordingly. Any one who wishes to see exactly what is meant may contrast Gilbert Savile in *Le Comte Kostia* teaching Stephane botany, with the estimable hero of Feydeau's *La Comtesse de Chalis* teaching his mistress modern history. But before making any more general remarks about M. Cherbuliez let us see how, as a matter of fact, he does go to work; and for this purpose let us take what is perhaps his most striking, if not his best, novel.

Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme, according to a favourite custom of M. Cherbuliez, is couched in the form of a narrative, not of the author, but of the principal character. Isabelle de Loanne writes the record of her experiences to a Jesuit priest who has long been her confidant and adviser, and who at the date of the opening of the

(1) *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1878.—“Jules Sandeau.”

book has gone as a missionary to Canada. These devices for securing an intimate, and at the same time reasonably *vraisemblable*, biography are not always particularly successful; but the sternest Protestant must admit that the institution of directors affords unusual facilities to the novelist in the endeavour. In this instance the Abbé has been something more to Isabelle than a mere confessor. She has lived up to the age of four-and-twenty—it is a favourite age with M. Cherbuliez by-the-bye—a sort of Robinson Crusoe existence in one of the valleys of the Jura. Her father and the Abbé have been her only companions, and the former, though devotedly fond of her, is perhaps fonder still of archæology, and gives up the greater part of his time to his library, his cabinets, and his excavations of the Roman remains in the neighbourhood. Thus the Abbé becomes to Isabelle what I shall let her tell in her own words:—

“It has been said that no one ever remained in the middle of a week. The worst of this, regarded as a consolation, is that no one is free from the obligation of beginning a fresh week. I found this out after your departure. The first few days which followed seemed to be endless. Your visits were indeed never very frequent, but they recurred at regular intervals. I hoped for them, I looked forward to them, they were the one event of my life. And then—do not be vexed—you did not, whatever you might think, come alone. There was always an invisible guest in your company, namely the world—the world in cassock it is true, but still the world. You know the news and you did not mind telling it. Never was piety better natured and more cheerful than yours, and though your order has always piqued itself on making religion agreeable, I doubt its holding your match. At the risk of provoking you I shall add that there never was a saint better instructed in the affairs of earth than you. You love it, poor earth! without giving heaven any cause for jealousy. What did we not use to talk of? Trifles never came amiss to us, for, with your pardon, you have a spirit of detail about you, and in this respect your reverence is a little feminine. Even the subtlest of mankind are wont to generalise everything and look with interest merely at the sum total; only women know the value of a detail.”

One may easily imagine the loss to a young lady of such a gracious pastor as this, and the small efforts which her excellent papa would make to supply the deficiency, or, indeed, to comprehend its existence. It so happens, moreover, that just at this moment good M. de Loanne has other matters of especial moment to occupy him. A Roman villa and a statuette which he decides to be a Nemesis have transported him to the seventh heaven. He conveys the Nemesis home, and spends the winter in looking at it and at two Greek vases, while his daughter plays Mozart to him; and occasionally in descanting like Mr. Roebuck on his unrivalled happiness. In vain Isabelle points out to him the danger of such talk in the very presence of Nemesis. He will not hear of it, and declares that the goddess has constituted herself a sort of guardian spirit to the house.

In the spring comes an event. The Baroness de Ferjeux, châte-

laine of a neighbouring country house, takes it into her head to visit it after some ten years' absence. She is Parisian or nothing, and, of course, resolves on disinterring the girl who has been leading so unnatural a life :—

“My dear, you are a wonder,” she used to say to me. “May I die if I could have thought of finding a girl of twenty-four like you in these horrible woods. I have tried to make you out, but it is no use. You are the oddest of mixtures, you pupil of an archæologist and a Jesuit ; you are neither Parisian nor provincial. You have not got the stamp of Paris, and yet one can't find out what is wanting. Do you know, I have a great mind to decide that you are an old statue—a Galatea, perhaps—which M. de Loanne has dug up in one of the hideous caverns that I was amiable enough to go and see, and where I ruined a most lovely muslin. The Lord have mercy on antiquaries ! but do tell me if you are quite sure you are alive. Will you swear it ? For my part I think if one scraped you, one would come to the marble. Don't be angry ; I don't mean to call you a fossil. You are an antique, a classic, and classics have no particular date,” &c.

It is unnecessary to say that the Baroness determines to marry Isabelle—not, she takes care to remark, that she has any very high idea of the institution of matrimony, but simply because no better has yet been devised, and especially because there is no other approach to the blessed estate of widowhood. Soon she becomes more definite, and remembers that she has a most admirable nephew, the Marquis Max de Lestang, who has sown all his wild oats and got rid of all his illusions, while he has preserved all his fortune and all his good looks, and is therefore in a state of ideal fitness for marriage. Isabelle, as is natural, first laughs and then gets angry ; the latter, more particularly, when the cunning Baroness has succeeded in making poor M. de Loanne very unhappy about his neglect of his paternal duties. But neither laughter nor ill-temper has any effect on the inexorable Madame de Ferjeux. The ideal marquis makes his appearance, and skilfully addressing himself to M. de Loanne's blind side by feigning archæological tastes, prevails victoriously. The courtship is admirably described, but as it is not the main subject of the book we must not delay over it. Suffice it that they are married, the Nemesis, which her father persists in regarding as Isabelle's guardian angel, forming part of the dowry, and being duly consigned to the Marquis's château in Dauphiné. After a honeymoon in England the pair go to Paris, and the situation becomes actual. During the honeymoon Isabelle la Sérieuse, as the Abbé has named her, has noticed that her husband, while apparently enamoured enough in all conscience, regards her a little too much as a *fait accompli*. She tells him as much one day, and he answers her more or less playfully ; but the conviction is left with her that he is by no means awake to the necessity of keeping and deserving what he has won. However, this only occurs to her now and then. They go to Paris, and her anxious chaperon, the

Baroness, is not at all satisfied with Isabelle's début. She gives herself no trouble to win the women's graces, and still less to ingratiate herself with the men, so that while a certain clique of artists goes into ecstasies over her, the general public feels itself snubbed, and revenges itself accordingly. Stirred up by Madame de Ferjoux's remonstrances, Isabelle takes the trouble to shine for one night; but the game seems to her so little worth the candle, that she proposes to her husband next day that they shall depart at once for the Dauphiné château. He assents, as he does to most things, though in secret he regards it as a confession of defeat, and, to the intense scandal of the Baroness, they leave Paris. The description of the site of the Château de Lestang is too good an example of M. Cherbuliez's descriptive powers to be omitted:—

"In the foreground, between two jutting hills crowned with wood, lay sloping fields planted with almond-trees, some of them in full flower, some stretching out their rosy bunches of buds ready to blossom. Below this came a wood of ilex studded with clumps of oak, which formed large blotches of copper red with their withered leaves; still farther the Berre rolling its green waves through an intricate course, whose banks made up a festoon of folds. Beyond it the huge plain of Grignan, bounded on the west by the Rhone, whose bed was indicated by silver grey haze, was dominated on the east by the hills of the Lance, their slopes reddened with oak-woods, their tops whitened with snow, and their hollows boldly scored with deep sweet purple shadows. On this plain, furrowed with long ranges of cypress, rose in a line the rock of Grignan, and to the right the mound crowned with the Tower of Chamaret, an ancient watch turret which, built in troubled times, had not yet met with its restorer, and which seemed to count the centuries as it guarded the plain. In the background rolled the *Loz* between its steep and poplar-crowned bank, a line of hills following it as it receded, and still farther yet another line, which in its turn gave place to the rounded hills of Valreas; all these heights followed the semicircle from east to west, rising gradually like the steps of a huge amphitheatre. At last, commanding the whole, soared the Ventour, with its hoary crest, 'even as,' say the Provençal poets, 'an ancient shepherd seats himself among the mountain pines and the beeches, and watches his flock of mountains spread at his feet.' Beyond and above all these heights floated white and red clouds that seemed pregnant with light, and far to the south-east, in the indentation of the Rhone, the tower of Chamaret threw its black profile on a sky of pearl shaded with orange and rose."

It is in this promising scene that the romance proper begins. For some time there is no sign of the rising of the *lune rousse*, and all goes well. It so happens, however, that Max has to go on business to Nîmes, and during his absence a mischievous neighbour takes occasion to inform Isabelle that her husband has formerly had a violent flirtation with a certain Madame Mirveil, who still abides in the neighbourhood. Of this she thinks at first very little. But her husband comes back in a very bad temper, and the first rays of the red moon begin to appear. Something more than a suspicion comes to Isabelle that he has renewed his correspondence with Madame Mirveil, and one night, finding him out of the house at a late hour,

she goes to his room. There she finds two letters unfinished, but open, one addressed to Madame Mirveil, the other to herself. The first, though written in a dubiously amatory style, establishes the fact of the relations between the two before the Marquis's marriage; the other contains a sort of monologue, in which M. de Lestang informs his wife of his views and intentions as a husband. He had been bewitched for a time, but his absence has relieved him of the spell. He has seen through her, and his great soul cannot endure anything he has seen through; she is only a feeble woman, after all, and he cannot endure febleness.

To do the Marquis justice, neither of these pieces of coxcombrery appears to have been ever intended to reach their address, but are written soliloquies composed according to a dangerous habit of his. However, it may be imagined what effect they produce on the reader. Fortunately she is no *femmelette*, and her indignant pity for her husband's folly almost equals her grief, and enables her to bear it. She wanders into the gallery where the Nemesis stands, determined to wait for her husband's return. It should be mentioned that the same indignant neighbour, who is also a lover of Madame Mirveil, has threatened to turn his bloodhounds loose on any nightly visitors to her, and that this has apparently excited M. de Lestang's childish propensity to being dared.

“Worn out with fatigue I sank upon a seat in front of the statue. I sat for some time without seeing her, but at last I mechanically raised my eyes. As I recognised her my anger which had changed into sullen misery blazed up again. Had she not served as go-between to myself and my calamity? But in a moment my wrath fell and I was softened. The goddess transported me into the scenes where she and I had dwelt together. Once more I saw Louveau: the smoke issuing from its roof, the court where my pigeons were waiting for me, my dog crouching at the threshold, the quiet valley fading away into the fog, the sad but friendly faces of its grey rocks, the stars rising over the pines, the hills which had long hidden me from the world, the hollow lanes and solitary by-ways where my idle dreams had so long wandered, and which had heard again and again my foolish sighs for the unknown. . . How thankless and blind I had been! How easily I had swallowed the treacherous bait! Why had my mad wishes thus summoned misfortune? It had come and I had rushed to meet it; it held its prey and would never quit it. The thought made me shudder as I heard afar off the baying of watchdogs. ‘Ah,’ cried I, clasping my hands, ‘if they bring him home wounded and bleeding perhaps I can pardon, but if he comes back successful and triumphant——’ I could go no further; my fancy had shown me something which held me dumb.

“Already the dawn was approaching and grey shadows were stealing over the sky. I began to distinguish vaguely the outlines of tree and hill, and the wild fury of the wind had dropped. Before the house steps were crunching the gravel and all my blood rushed to my heart. Soon a door opened, a rustling followed and a shadow advanced up the staircase. I rose and came forward, Max remaining motionless on the topmost step. I stopped two paces from him and looked at him steadily, as after a first start of surprise he leant on the balustrade and waited for me to speak. In his eyes I seemed to see insult and defiance. Then I tried to speak but my tongue froze, my limbs sank under me and I fell senseless on the floor.”

During an illness of several days, Isabelle has time to reflect on her course of action, and she decides upon it. As soon as she recovers, she seeks an interview with her husband, and instead of making a scene, as he has anticipated and perhaps wished, she very calmly tells him that she is well aware of his state of mind, and proposes a *ménage* on the eighteenth century model, the proprieties to be preserved, and each to go his or her own way whenever outward decency does not forbid. He endeavours to carry off the matter lightly, but she has much the better of him at the game of sarcasm, and he is obliged to consent. For some weeks they persist in a *tête-à-tête* of armed neutrality, and she can see perfectly well that the amusement of the endeavour—as to the success of which he evidently has no doubt—to overcome her defence, has become the chief object of his coxcombship's mind. The situation is as trying to her as it would be to any honest and loving woman, and to gain time she departs, as by agreement she is free to do, to visit her father. But my lord marquis has no notion of his amusement being thus interrupted, and summons her home under pretext of having invited a large number of summer guests. She returns at once, and acts the hostess to admiration, altogether astonishing her unstable husband and winning golden opinions from the visitors, who have no suspicion of the true state of affairs, though not a few of them endeavour, as in duty bound, to make love to her, and are by no means pleased at the snubs they receive. At length Max, seeing that others value what he has slighted, makes overtures of peace, which his wife, though still hopelessly in love with him, treats as they deserve; and finally, pushed to extremities, he proves to her that she is wrong in her suspicions of any postnuptial improprieties on his part with Madame Mirveil. She points out to him that this demonstration is rather late in the day, and in his vexation at the rebuff he loses his self-command and rushes off to Paris without paying her, as the compact requires, the compliment of informing her of his intention. She receives terrible descriptions of his doings there, and in a moment of lost self-command hurries off to the capital. But her good angel makes her witness of a conversation which sends her back to Dauphiné without any one being the wiser, and in Dauphiné she finds an unexpected consolation. She has been far too high-minded to resort to the expedient which is called in vulgar English a "shoc-horn," that is to say, to exciting jealousy as a reviver of love. But chance throws her in the way of a young man who has, to the intense disgust of his friends, decided on embracing the religious life, and who, like many such, is by no means certain whether an earthly or an unearthly Paradise is in reality what he wants. She takes him under her wing at first from pity, and everybody knows what the offspring of pity is. Max

returns, and though he renews his instances for an armistice, his manner of solicitation is a great deal too cynical to have any effect. Through the ill-nature of the same neighbour, he is made aware of the existence of the young man, and, as may be expected in such a nature, his cynicism is conquered at once. He becomes more and more pressing in his interviews with his wife, insisting, with an odd mixture of philosophy and foolishness, on the disadvantages of a pious lover. She still holds her ground, and at last, though her intercourse with the candidate for La Trappe has been strictly platonic, exclaims with sublime effrontery, "Et que savez vous, monsieur, si je ne me suis pas donnée ?" The effect on a forcible feeble nature is not to be doubted. He rushes off, quite forgetting the agreement, for his hunting-knife, and in warding it off Isabelle receives a slight wound. The incident nearly ruins her. Intent more upon saving her very harmless lover than upon common-place vengeance, she actually writes a letter proposing flight. But her better nature returns, and she withdraws it in time. Meanwhile her husband has recovered from his frenzy. He determines to go to America, where the civil war is raging, and to seek death there. In a letter in which coxcombry is for the first time absent, he tells her of his purpose, and avowing himself completely beaten and his theory of the universe upset, implores her to pause at least for his death before in any way committing herself. He awaits her answer at a neighbouring town. The answer may be easily divined. She has won the game, and her just pride no more interferes with her love. The religious youth receives an abrupt dismissal, which is perhaps a little hard on him, Isabelle throws herself into her husband's arms, and all is said. Not quite all, perhaps, for M. de Loanne, visiting the happy pair afterwards, decides that the Nemesis is not a Nemesis at all, but a Psyche—"Psyche, who would at any price know what she loved: who lost all and by good luck won all back again, thereby giving, it may be, a perilous precedent. And yet one never really possesses anything save that which one has run the risk of losing."

Little comment is necessary on this story. It is perhaps not very easy for Englishmen to sympathise with the Marquis Max de Lestang. His absolutely ludicrous theory of the feminine sex, excusable in an English undergraduate or a French *étudiant*, but certainly not in a man of thirty of either nation; his childish attempts to shake his wife's nerves by walking on rotten rafters, brandishing knives, and so forth; and his almost instant collapse when the tables are turned on him and his own forehead is menaced with the appendages which Amiens celebrates in the famous song, are despicable enough. But when it is remembered that the story is told, not by the author, but by the wife, the case is altered, and one

only feels a certain sentiment of regret that the foolish fellow should have had so infinitely better a wife than he deserved. As to the portrait of Isabelle itself, it is admirable. But it is, I think, quite easy to see that the whole conception of the book is foreign to the accepted types of French fiction. Judging by those types, Isabelle must indeed seem a monster. She has neither the virtues nor the vices of the average heroine; indeed, one cannot help secretly fancying that very few Frenchmen would care to have so masterful a spouse, even if they were thereby guaranteed from the danger with which it pleases them, in fiction, to represent themselves as constantly menaced. There must also appear to them to be something anarchic and of evil example in the complete rout and vanquishment of such a perfect romance hero as Max de Lestang. But this refusal of accepted types and rearrangement of the ordinary laws of fictitious justice is altogether characteristic of the author.

It would appear that M. Cherbuliez, probably under the influence of Goethe, began his career as a writer of books by publishing certain rather curious compounds between fiction and criticism. The earliest of these is *Un Cheval de Phidias*, in which, under the guise of conversations between the suite of an æsthetic but volatile French marquis who is visiting Athens, the question of the source of beauty in art, and more particularly in Phidias's sculpture, is treated. *Le Prince Vitale* handles in a somewhat similar way the knotty point of Tasso's madness; and *Le Grand Œuvre*, a later work, and one which has more of the fictitious element in it, entwines the history of an ill-starred attempt on the part of "M. Adams, Baronet d'Angleterre," to grow a wife for himself, with the discussion of various political and social matters. There is much that is good in all these, and in the last in particular a really brilliant abstract of English constitutional history occurs. But on the whole the sense of incongruity prevails. One feels that the butterfly coquetries of the Marquise are merely a bore in the discussion of the beauties of the Panathenaic charger, or else that the Panathenaic charger is quite out of place in a boudoir: and that the objection of a Georgian girl to marry her master is of no possible relevance to the theories of De Bonald and De Maistre. By his complete abandonment of the style, it is probable that the author came to feel this too. His first genuine novel, *Le Comte Kostia*, is, perhaps, still the greatest favourite with most people. It is very carefully and, in parts, brilliantly written, and shows considerable originality of design. The Count himself, a civilised demon, as he is called, is drawn powerfully enough; but the Russian aristocracy have not much reason to present a testimonial to M. Cherbuliez. *Miss Rovel* is a picture of Britannic eccentricity; and though it has the remarkable novelty—to a Briton—of most such pictures, it abounds in clever writing

and lively situation. *L'Aventure de Ladislas Bolski* is an interesting but a decidedly painful book. M. Cherbuliez has not Heine's bitter contempt for the *Polen aus der Polackei*, who at one time swarmed and swaggered all over Europe, but his portraits of his hero and his hero's father are admirable sketches of the fatal instability of the Polish character. Ladislas Bolski, who dreams from his childhood of adventure, his anxiety for it being only equalled by his anxiety to be well costumed when performing it; who subjects himself to fantastic self-tortures in order to convince his justly dubious friends of his trustworthiness by living for a month on raw carrots, and scalding his arm with boiling water; who obtains the mission which he covets, ruins his chance of effecting his purpose through mere featherheaded folly, and at last disgraces himself by an abject written apology to the Russian authorities—an apology which is obtained from him by the wiles of a Russian Dalilah—might be contemplated not without a certain feeling of amused contempt and pity. But the author has piled up the agony too high. Bolski's mother dies of grief and shame; the friend who had guaranteed his fidelity amputates his own hand as a forfeited pledge; and the unfortunate Ladislas, after drowning his Dalilah, goes hopelessly mad, writing his history in a short lucid interval. This is an ending with a vengeance; but it savours somewhat of a corrupt following of Titus Andronicus. A similar instance of bloodthirstiness may be found in *La Reranche de Joseph Noiré*, where the heroine having discovered a compromising secret relating to her husband, can find no better way of getting out of the difficulty than by inducing a socialist workman of her father's, who has long entertained a hopeless passion for her, to stab her and himself afterwards. *Surge, Carnifex!* is the exclamation which most naturally rises to one's lips after reading these two books, though both of them, especially the latter, are full of lively character-drawing, and skilful description. The Mirion household at Geneva is an interior not to be forgotten.

Prosper Randoce I may mention as a third book whose total interest, and especially whose finish, is not worthy of the powers displayed in its parts. On the other hand, *Paule Méré* is a novel to be very highly spoken of. It has, in contradistinction to those just mentioned, but few incidents, and depends entirely for its interest upon play of character. The unhappy loves of a girl whose pride and artistic sensibility clash with her affections, and of a man whose amiable disposition is tainted by a fatal instability and proneness to suspicion, form its subject, and it is, in my judgment, one of the best of its author's works. The two most recent novels, *Le Fiancé de Mademoiselle St. Maur* and *Samuel Brohl et Cie.*, hold a middle place in point of merit, the former being a little below, and the latter a little above, M. Cherbuliez's average—an average, it may be said, which would

be a good best for most novelists. *Le Fiancé de Mademoiselle St. Maur* is more after the plan of a commonplace novel than any of its fellows, being merely the account of a fatal passion for a brother's wife, but the treatment is good and original. In *Samuel Brohl et Cie.*, a clever knight of industry succeeds in investing himself with the personality of a deceased Polish count, and all but carries off an heiress by the trick. There is immense cleverness in this book; the way in which the adventurer not merely copies but actually assimilates the personality of his partner, being sketched with wonderful truth. The heroine, however, is not very comprehensible, and even a little repellent, and the other characters are unattractive.

The style of these novels has characteristics not dissimilar to those of their design. It has been accused of unnecessary *bizarrierie*, and it is possible even for a foreigner to see that there is occasionally some justification for the charge. Its most obvious fault is an excessive use of idiomatic and proverbial expressions, with which the pages positively bristle at times, and which sometimes give an air almost of vulgarity to the language. On the other hand at its best it is singularly good. The descriptive passage quoted already from *Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme* is a model of its kind, and it would be very easy to match it with a score more of the same sort. The dialogue, too, is generally excellent; and M. Cherbuliez has a very happy knack of disguising, and rendering inoffensive, the long, parabases or discourses on things in general, which appear to be indispensable in French novels, and which are very apt to weary an English reader. In brilliancy and epigram there is hardly anything left to desire. Indeed, a reader given to find fault at any cost might consider that there was sometimes almost too much of this, and might incline to connect it with the undue quaintness and allusiveness of style already noticed. A truer and a more charitable view would be that the unrest and occasional *clinquant* of the style are chiefly the result of exuberant thought, and invention which cannot be satisfied without a surcharge of ornament and detail. There are, in fact, few writers of fiction who are less avaricious of their material and their work than M. Cherbuliez, and this liberality in the bills of fare makes it not very easy to criticise them from any general point of view; one novel having perhaps a general character in common with its fellows, but little similarity in plan, personages, or style of arrangement. It would seem, indeed, sometimes, as if in his pursuit after interesting and novel situations and characters, our author had benefitted by a somewhat wider range of reading than is usual with his class, or was usual not so very long ago. He is, apparently, a good English and German scholar, and hence it is, perhaps, that he has done us the honour to introduce to a French audience those old favourites of the English public: the wicked governess, the father

who is mistaken for a lover, and the hero who wanders about at night and sees things that he is not intended to see. But whether his puppets have or have not previously appeared on any other stage, there is invariably a distinct and evident originality in his manner of setting them to work. His books hardly ever drag, and the critical reader of novels knows that this is a compliment which can very rarely be paid. They carry one along from beginning to end; and if the end is sometimes a little disappointing, that is a different and separate matter. I do not know whether it was from a study of English fiction or from his own mere predilection that M. Cherbuliez at one time preferred what may be called the indirect forms of narration, to the ordinary straightforward narrative of the supernaturally omniscient novelist. He then liked to let his heroine reveal her thoughts and experiences to a director, to make his hero write to sympathising friends, and so forth. It is not always easy to keep up the *vraisemblance* of these devices, but M. Cherbuliez has generally been victorious over the difficulty. One of his means of overcoming it, however, is scarcely in accordance with strict morality. His heroes and heroines are most reprehensibly given to caves-dropping. They are always in places where they have no business to be, to the great assistance of the plot possibly, but to the disturbance of the finer feelings of the reader, which are not appeased by their occasional apologies. However, the plot does march, and that after all is the main matter, doubtless. As a second example I shall take *Meta Holdenis*, a book of great interest, in which this caves-dropping fancy plays a remarkable part.

The hero, Tony Flamerin, is a French painter, a Burgundian by birth, and son of a wealthy retired cooper, who is naturally enough not too much delighted by his son's choice of a profession. However, he makes the best of it, and for some time stoically doles out to the prodigal the fortune which he has inherited from his mother. At last, when the greater part of this is gone, he sends for his son and lays the state of the case before him. An American uncle has, it seems, offered the young Raphael a place in his counting-house, on the very reasonable conditions that he shall learn English and German, and, as a sign of reformation, bring a wife with him to New York. On the other hand he himself declines to countenance his son's wicked consumption of his capital any longer by acting as his cashier, hands him over the balance, some five hundred pounds, and declares, with much frankness, that if he does not accept his uncle's offer he shall never have another penny during his own life. After a certain amount of kicking against the pricks, Tony makes a sort of compromise sufficient to restore his father to good-humour, and agrees to go and learn German in Germany, being secretly comforted by the thought that the study of German is not incompatible with

the practice of painting, and that there are worse galleries in the world than that of Dresden.

On his way to Geneva, the first stage of his journey, he meets with an elderly German who entertains him with conversation upon things in general, and in particular on the improvement of the lot of the suffering classes, the advantages of Kindergartens, and the absolute necessity of developing early in little girls the habit of moral reflection and a feeling for the ideal. Tony, though conscious that this conversation is a little over his head, is rather flattered by the assumption that it interests him, and before leaving the carriage promises to go and see his instructor, whose name is Benedict Holdenis, and who combines with the profession of social philosopher the practice of the hardware trade. At Geneva he meets an old friend, an American, of the name of Harris, and instead of making his way to Dresden, devotes his evenings to piquet with Harris, and his days to boating on the lake in the same company. One day when they have varied the amusement from boating to riding, it so happens that they stop to bait at a village inn:—

“At the other end of the arbour where we sat down was a table at which a whole family were picnicking. Standing up and facing me was a girl of about eighteen, evidently the eldest, who was engaged in carving a fowl. She had fastened a handkerchief on her head to protect herself from a sunbeam which shone right in her eyes through the leaves. The handkerchief was good in colour and attracted my attention; the face underneath it attracted it a good deal longer. Harris asked me what I meant by staring so at a fright, and I answered him that he did not know what he was talking about. The fright was a brunette of middle stature, with hair of a deep chestnut colour, eyes of the clearest and softest blue, real turquoise eyes, and a beauty spot on the left cheek. She could not be called beautiful or even pretty, for she had too broad a nose, a square chin, and a biggish mouth with rather full lips. On the other hand she had the charm which cannot be defined, a skin like a nectarine, cheeks like those fruits which one longs to bite, a singular expression and air of innocence, soft glances, an angelic smile, and a voice with music in it. Finally she carved her fowls to admiration.”

It must be an exceedingly dull person who does not perceive that the father of the damsel who is brought forward with these Wertherian surroundings is Herr Benedict Holdenis, and that the damsel herself is the Meta who gives name to the book. A general introduction, of course, takes place, and after M. Flamérin's scientific description of the handkerchief and its contents, it is not surprising to find him next day dining at the Holdenis's abode, idyllically denominated *Mon Nêl*, and containing a very large number of nestlings. Meta, whose house name is *das Mäuschen*, proves if possible more adorable on acquaintance. She sings ravishingly, and performs all sorts of household offices, while the excellent Papa Holdenis sanctifies the whole entertainment (which is duly concluded by family prayers) with an unceasing effusion of sentiments, in

which the purest morality is united to the most charming sensibility. The end of it is that this admirable man suggests that he shall himself officiate as Tony's German master, and the painter offering, with great ingenuity, to take Mdle. Meta's portrait, the two operations result in his passing every day a good many hours at *Mon Nid*.

"She was a most complaisant sitter and did not seem to be at all bored in my company. Her humour was serious and lively by turns; when she was grave she used to ask me about the Louvre or the history of painting; in her lively moments she would amuse herself by speaking German to me, and obliging me to repeat her words after her. The best of this was that it gave me an excuse to call her by her pet name of *Mäuschen*, which I used to drag into everything I said, because as it was a very hard word to pronounce, it was obviously the best possible practice for me. At the end of each sitting, as a reward, she would sing me the King of Thule. She did it with exquisite taste and when she came to the last lines

‘Dio augen thäten ihm sinken
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr’

her eyes used to fill with tears, and her voice, faint and quivering, seemed to die away. Such were our pastimes, but I personally had another, I used to look at her and ask myself whether my fancy for her was artistic or amorous; I was not very long in finding out. One morning when she had taken into her head the unlucky idea of plastering down her hair and hiding certain stray locks which used to float about her forehead, I lectured her on the subject, and pointed out that frigid correctness is the bane of art. She laughed, and with a sudden gesture shook down the whole of her thick hair which fell in a shower over her face. She remained for some minutes resting her elbow on her knee, with her sky blue eyes looking steadily at me, across the chestnut tresses. I told you before that one sometimes reads in the eyes of these German angels something not altogether angelic. I don't exactly know what these particular eyes said, but one thing I did perceive clearly, and that was, that it was not as an artist that I loved them."

The introduction into this Paradise of a snake, in the shape of an ancient but intrusive Baron Grüneck, at first only quickens Tony's amiable feelings. Matters seem to be coming to a crisis: the excellent Holdenis, who has managed to worm out from his visitor all his affairs, succeeds in obtaining from him the greater part of his small capital by pointing out how wicked it is to carry about money in a pocket-book, when he, Benedict Holdenis, would be only too happy to give ten per cent. for it. Tony is within an ace of making a regular proposal and setting off to New York with Meta, as a lively proof of his full submission to his uncle's wishes, when one morning he chances to behold unperceived his divinity contemplating with apparent satisfaction four words which she has seemingly just written. The four words are, *Madame la Baronne Grüneck*. He retires, and before he has recovered from this shock the excellent Holdenis suddenly becomes bankrupt, and the four hundred pounds are of course lost. The idea of being jilted by the daughter and cheated by the father at the same time, is altogether too much for Tony's hot

Burgundian head, and after a very short explanation with the one and none with the other, he goes off to Dresden in a pleasant condition of poverty and rage. The apparent end of the adventure is made by a letter from Geneva in which Meta encloses her jewels as part payment of her father's debt. They are of course far below the value at which the admirable Houldenis had estimated them, but the proceeding still strikes Tony as strange. He keeps one bracelet to meet his absolute necessities, and sends the rest back, a proceeding of very modified delicacy which rather characterizes M. Tony Flamerin. Then he sets to work seriously at his art, with the purpose of retrieving his losses. He has the luck to succeed, and, which is still more surprising, to forget Meta.

The chief instrument of his prosperity is a certain M. de Mauseerre, French Minister at Dresden. He is a diplomatist of many virtues and accomplishments, who not only lays the foundation of Flamerin's artistic fortunes but makes him his most intimate friend, and consults him among other things on a plan which with the best intentions he has formed for running away with a neighbour's persecuted wife. The painter's advice on the point is sensible enough, but has about as much success as advice in such a case would be likely to have, and M. de Mauseerre executes his project as far as the very ill-natured conduct of the husband, who altogether declines to fall in with the scheme and apply for a divorce, will let him. Half-a-dozen years pass in which Flamerin establishes his reputation as a painter, and M. de Mauseerre after spending some time in Italy establishes himself at his own estate in Franche Comté, having with some difficulty induced his neighbour, M. D'Arcei, husband of his daughter by a dead wife, not merely to overlook his escapade, but to receive the lady, who in a necessarily small circle enjoys brevet rank as Madame de Mauseerre. They have one small child, and for her the ex-minister is very anxious to find a suitable governess. With this rather incongruous commission he charges Tony, who is still his great friend and factotum, notwithstanding his artistic dignities and the fact that he has inherited a very pretty fortune from the old cooper, his father. In dying, the old man, who with plenty of respect for his son's successes has no particular opinion of his prudence, has given him some paternal cautions.

"He had entirely left off scolding me and had become almost affectionate; his intellect was still quite clear, and taking my hands in his he gave me some earnest advice, the wisdom of which seemed above the lowness of his estate. He kept repeating to me that our impulses are our greatest enemies, that the main point is to know how to govern one's self, that it is easy to gain but hard to keep, and that the discipline of the will is the only secret of durable successes and lasting happiness. One night while he was talking thus a cock crew hard by: 'Tony,' said my father, 'I have always loved the cock's crow, it proclaims the day and puts to flight the phantoms of the night. The sound is like a war cry, and it always reminds me that we ought to pass our lives in fighting

against ourselves. Whenever you hear the cock crow, remember that it was the only music your father cared for.'"

The next night, also at cock crow, the old man expires, and thus clenches his moral. To return to the thread of the story, Tony goes to Geneva to execute his commission, or to speak more correctly, to find out why a Genevese pastor, to whom M. de Mauzerre had originally applied, had failed to execute it, but the pastor very naturally replies that he hardly likes the responsibility of introducing a young woman to a *ménage* of such a kind, but the eccentric American, Harris, who turns up for the purpose, undertakes the duty, which Tony, not believing him to be serious, abandons willingly enough. When he has arrived at Les Charmilles, as M. de Mauzerre's habitation is called, some slight doubts occur to him and to his host as to the prudence of the arrangement, and a very short and practical epistle from Harris announcing that an incumbent for the post, of whose name, antecedents, and qualifications, he gives not the slightest intimation, is actually on her way, and will arrive shortly, does not relieve their anxiety. However, the carriage is sent, the mysterious governess appears, and turns out to be Meta Holdenis.

The young lady, who has been kept by the ingenious Harris quite as much in the dark as her quondam lover, settles into her place with great *savoir-faire*. She tames her rather rebellious charge at once, makes herself more or less useful and agreeable to the other inmates of the château, and half disappoints, half piques, M. Tony Flamerin by showing every sign of letting bygones be bygones, and of neither wishing for nor intending to give explanations of old times. Indeed she appears very much more bent on reforming her pupil and the household, which its mistress has hitherto pretty much allowed to govern itself, than on renewing old flirtations or encouraging new ones. To a man of Tony's temperament this is of course a provocation, and he proceeds at the end of a week or two to fancy himself once more violently in love with the girl whom he has very peaceably forgotten for half-a-dozen years. The inevitable explanation at last takes place, appropriately or inappropriately, in a cemetery, and Meta with great candour and ingenuity points out that she had always supposed Tony's sudden flight to be due to her father's ruin only, and that as for the unfortunate Madame la Baronne Grüneck, it had been written as a jest by one of her younger sisters. Being thus put completely in the wrong the artist makes a formal offer, but Meta, pointing out that she has some reason to complain of his impulsiveness, insists on his repeating it at the end of some two months, that is, on the first of September, when she will give him a decided answer. He at the same time explains to her, for the first time, the peculiar relation of her employers to each other, and does

not find it remarkable that it seems to give her cause for a good deal of reflection.

In a few days, however, it strikes him that Meta, always anxious to serve everybody, has suddenly become particularly anxious to serve M. de Mauseerre. She takes his daughter's place as his amanuensis. She almost saves his life by nursing him through a pleurisy. Meanwhile, Tony to pass the time and to transact some business, has gone to Paris, whence he is rather mysteriously recalled by Madame d'Arci. The day after his return he has full opportunity of understanding the reason, for he overhears a conversation between his beloved and her employer, which shows pretty clearly that the ingenious Meta has made up her mind that a widower with £8,000 a year, and only a left-handed wife, is better worth playing for than a bachelor artist without incumbrances. To make his suspicions sure he schools a gipsy fortuneteller who has been his model, and through the gipsy's lips warns Meta "not to course two hares at once." But he cannot make out exactly how this affects her.

On the 1st of September a picnic is organized by M. de Mauseerre to the neighbouring Lake Paladru, apparently for ordinary reasons, but really, as Tony's eves-dropping has informed him, to leave the rendezvous with Meta. However he succeeds in taking her for a sail alone on the lake, and there charges her point blank with the determination to make M. de Mauseerre marry her. She vouchsafes no direct reply, and while he is declaiming, one of the squalls so common in mountain lakes comes on.

"Meta raised her head, her half-open lips drank in the wind and her bosom swelled. 'I will say the King of Thule once more to you,' she said, 'listen.' And in her old voice she recited the lines which, thanks to her, I know by heart. Every moment the wind kept freshening, and a sudden squall striking the sail made it by turns flap the mast and strain it almost to splitting. The lake had changed from green to grey, it was floaked with foam and began to bristle as if in ill temper. At a sudden movement of Meta's the boat lurched sharply and shipped some water. 'Take care,' I said; 'if you don't we shall infallibly capsize.' She had now come to the last stanza—

'Er sah ihn sturzen trinken
Und sinken tief ins meer
Die Augen thäten ihm sinken
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr'

She repeated these four lines twice, and then she looked at me with a singular expression. She took her hat off, the wind played with her hair which floated over her forehead, her cheeks were in a blaze, and in the depths of the eyes which she bent upon me I saw strange madness dancing. 'Your gipsy lied,' she said; 'did she not predict that I should live a hundred years?' and in a lower voice she added, 'we were to have settled to-day whether we should pass our lives together. Since you will not live with me, I will die with you.' With these words she put the helm so violently down that the next moment the boat had its keel in the air and your humble servant had six feet of water over his head."

Of course Tony saves both himself and his eccentric companion. But the *coup*, whether premeditated or not, has its due effect, and while the two are being dried he discovers that he is again as deep in love as he has just been in water. Unfortunately or fortunately his remarkable tendency to eaves-dropping gives him cognizance of an interview between Meta and M. de Mauserre, in which the young lady appears to have entirely forgotten both the lake scene and the gipsy's caution, and in which the ex-diplomatist goes so far as to make her promise that she will not marry Tony without consulting him. On the return to Les Charmilles, this remarkable game of battledore and shuttlecock becomes still more exciting. Even Madame de Mausérre's indolence perceives what is going on, and on the other hand Meta's perverseness, or whatever it may be called, embroils the whole matter to an almost incredible extent, most skilfully rendered credible in the novel. At one moment she represents herself to Madame de Mauserre as a persecuted victim of her employer; at another she becomes the Meta of the lake again, and bewitches the indignant Tony back into submission; at a third she continues her old rôle with M. de Mauserre, and as a final effort even tries to make him believe in the existence of undue familiarity between Tony and Madame de Mauserre. This last ingenious stroke recoils upon her, his jealousy revives his old love, and the falsity of the charge being easily proved, sentence of banishment is pronounced unanimously on the intriguer.

But her last bolt is not even yet shot. Late on the night before she quits the Château, Tony hears a gentle knocking at his door, and Meta enters as a penitent. She develops a quite surprising faculty of justifying herself, and hints that all her encouragements of M. de Mauserre were merely intended to pique the jealousy and assure the love of the somewhat too light-minded Tony. As he greets this explanation with a mixture of wrath and contempt, she becomes warmer, she declares that she adores him, that she only lives for him, and at last she flings herself at his feet to take or to leave. Her excitement very nearly succeeds in disarming his prudence; but, at the last moment, a vigorous cock-crow comes to his rescue, he remembers his father's caution against impulsiveness, he rises to his feet, raises the prostrate Meta, and with extreme politeness shows her to the door.

An epilogue recounts how, in a railway carriage some months afterwards, he overhears a Protestant deaconess, whose hair is chestnut and her eyes sky-blue, cautioning two younger companions against the immorality of the French nation, and instancing as a proof thereof the attempts which had been made upon herself by a great French diplomatist and a celebrated French painter, attempts

from which she had been with the greatest difficulty preserved, by the joint action of their mutual jealousy and the grace of Heaven.

I am by no means satisfied that I have succeeded in this necessarily brief abstract in giving a satisfactory idea of a very remarkable novel. M. Cherbuliez's books, indeed, are so full of matter that abridgment of them is by no means easy, and the abundant incident and complicated character in which he delights is hard to compress. Thus, in this book, I have had practically to leave out of sight the excellently drawn sketch of the grumbling and almost brutal but sound-hearted Comte D'Arcei, and to keep in the background that of Madame de Mauserre herself, whose Creole indolence and lazy disposition to think the best of everything and everybody, help the plot not a little. But the main excellence of the composition I hope has not been wholly lost, the contrast, namely, between Meta and Tony, and the curious nature of the girl. Both are impulsive *quand même*. But the Frenchman's impulsiveness is merely spasmodic, and at the command of his senses chiefly. Meta, in every sense, runs two hares at once; her brain, her conscience, her heart, her imagination, are all constantly occupied in following half-a-dozen different tracks, and her freaks result from the temporary supremacy of one or the other. From the first description of her, in which M. Cherbuliez, while denying her positive beauty, has with extreme skill, given her exactly those "lineaments of gratified desire" which Blake justly declared to be most irresistible, to the last scene where she humbles herself in vain, she is admirable, and one almost forgets her moral obliquities in pity for her evil fate in falling in with a lover not content to take the chance of being deceived at the price of possessing such a deceiver.

This kind of mixed interest—partly personal attraction to the characters, partly admiration of the way in which they are portrayed—is the great charm of our author's best books; and it is certainly very far from a common one. The first score or hundred novels that a boy or girl reads are able to affect him or her in the way of personal attraction with no difficulty. But in minds of any critical turn, however small, the personal interest soon wears away and can only be excited again by work of somewhat exceptional truth and art. The spontaneous, "I wish she had not yielded," of Walter in the Princess is the best possible tribute of admiration to a novel, and there are few of M. Cherbuliez's books in which some such exclamation does not occur to the reader at the end of his reading. In most of them, too, the tide of interest which carries one along is steady and well sustained. Hence he is one of the most readable of novelists; and it is, perhaps, not the least merit of a novelist that he should be able to be read. Again, he has a merit still less common than this. One not only reads him, but remembers

him, and this is what can be said of too few of his brethren. His situations may be strained, bizarre, or anything else, but they dwell in the memory, and the niche which they occupy is one which one does not regard with indifference. Gilbert Savile on his nightly journey across the roofs of Castle Geierfels; that most learned youth, Raymond Ferray, diving desperately after the lost body of Miss Margaret Rovel while the said body is perched triumphantly in the tree branches over his head; Isabelle la Sérieuse senseless at the foot of the statue of Nemesis-Psyche with the grey dawn and her husband contemplating her; above all Meta Holdenis, her voice rising as the mountain winds rise over Lake Paladru and the last lines of the König im Thulo inspiring her to give them so startling an interpretation, are not pictures to be forgotten. Even in his less successful novels there is no lack of these masterly sketches which impress themselves on us without necessary reference to their setting. Maurice D'Arolles as he sees the second dark red rose on the bosom of his brother's wife; Conrad Tronsko's irony as he receives the traitor to Poland, and himself pays the penalty of his protégé's infamy; Prosper Randoce describing his literary career to the astonishing provincial who has actually bought, read, and admired *Les Incendies de l'Âme*; Samuel Brohl confubulating with his ghostly partner in the wood by Cormeilles,—these are not vulgar creations. No doubt it is not sufficient to strike out a few happy ideas like this, and it is necessary in order to gain the reputation of a master to attend more carefully to the composition of the whole picture than M. Cherbuliez has always done.

Non omnes omnia, however; a maxim which the critic of so complicated and irregular a composition as is the modern novel, is especially bound to remember. Nor is it true that the inability to end what he has begun frequently distinguishes M. Cherbuliez. Neither of the books of which I have attempted to give an abstract in this article is open to this charge, and both, if we except a certain *longueur* apparent in parts of the *Roman d'une Honnête Femme*, are novels as free from defects as they are full of merits. The same may be said, in a less degree, of *Paule Méré*. Moreover, there is one point about him which is worthy of special notice. Hardly any novelist has repeated himself less, or has, in a comparatively short space of time, produced so many independent and original characters and situations. In novel-writing the faculty of invention is of the very first importance, and to one who possesses it in so considerable a degree very much worse faults of style or composition might be forgiven, than any which can be justly charged on the author of *Meta Holdenis*.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CEREMONIAL GOVERNMENT.

II.—TROPHIES.

EFFICIENCY of every kind is a source of self-satisfaction; and proofs of it are prized as bringing applause. The sportsman, narrating his successes when opportunity serves, keeps such spoils of the chase as he conveniently can. Is he a fisherman? Then, occasionally, the notches cut on the butt of his rod show the number and lengths of his salmon; or, in a glass case, there is preserved the great Thames-trout he once caught. Has he stalked deer? Then in his hall, or dining-room, are fixed up their heads; which he greatly esteems when the attached horns have many "points." Still more, if he is a successful hunter of tigers, does he value the skins demonstrating his prowess.

Trophies of such kinds, even among ourselves, give to their owner some influence over those around him. A traveller who has brought from Africa a pair of elephant's tusks, or the formidable horn of a rhinoceros, impresses those who come in contact with him as a man of courage and resource, and, therefore, as one not to be trifled with. A vague kind of governing power accrues to him.

Naturally, by primitive men, whose lives are predatory, and whose respective values largely depend on their powers as hunters, animal-trophies are still more prized; and tend, in a greater degree, to bring honour and influence. Hence the fact that rank in Vate is indicated by the number of bones of all kinds suspended in the house. Of the Shoshone warrior we are told that, "killing a grizzly bear also entitles him to this honour, for it is considered a great feat to slay one of these formidable animals, and only he who has performed it is allowed to wear their highest insignia of glory, the feet or claws of the victim." Among the Santals "it is customary to hand these trophies [skulls of beasts, &c.] down from father to son." And when, with such facts to give us the clue, we read that the habitation of the king of the Koossas "is no otherwise distinguished than by the tail of a lion or a panther hanging from the top of the roof," we can scarcely doubt that this symbol of royalty was originally a trophy displayed by a chief whose prowess had gained him supremacy.

But as among the uncivilized and semi-civilized, human enemies are more to be feared than beast-enemies, and conquests over men are therefore occasions of greater triumphs than conquests over animals, it results that proofs of such conquests are usually still more valued. A brave who returns from battle does not get honour if his boasts are unsupported by evidence; but if he proves that he has killed his

man by bringing back some part of him—especially a part which the corpse could not yield in duplicate—he raises his character in the tribe and increases his power. Preservation of trophies with a view to display and consequent strengthening of personal influence, therefore becomes an established custom. In Ashantee “the smaller joints, bones, and teeth of the slain are worn by the victors about their persons.” Among the Ceris and Opatas of North Mexico, “many cook and eat the flesh of their captives, reserving the bones as trophies.” And another Mexican race, “the Chichimecs, carried with them a bone on which, when they killed an enemy, they marked a notch, as a record of the number each had slain.”

The meaning of trophy-taking, and its social effects, being recognised, let us consider in groups the various forms of it.

Of parts cut from the bodies of the slain, heads are the commonest; probably as being the most unmistakable proofs of victory.

We need not go far afield for illustrations both of the practice and its motives. The most familiar of books contains them. In Judges vii. 25, we read—“And they took two princes of the Midianites, Oreb and Zeeb; and they slew Oreb upon the rock Oreb, and Zeeb they slew at the wine-press of Zeeb, and pursued Midian, and brought the heads of Oreb and Zeeb to Gideon on the other side Jordan.” The decapitation of Goliath by David, followed by carrying of his head to Jerusalem, further illustrates the custom. And if, by so superior a race, heads were taken home as trophies, we shall not wonder at finding the custom of so taking them among inferior races all over the globe. By the Chichimecs in North America “the heads of the slain were placed on poles and paraded through their villages in token of victory, the inhabitants meanwhile dancing round them.” In South America, by the Abipones, heads are brought back from battle “tied to their saddles;” and the Mundrucus “ornament their rude and miserable cabanas with these horrible trophies.” Of Malayo-Polynesians having a like habit, may be named the New Zealanders: they dry and treasure up the heads of their slain foes. In Madagascar, during Queen Ranavalona’s reign, heads raised on poles were placed along the coast. Skulls of enemies are preserved as trophies by the natives on the Congo, and by other African peoples: “the skull and thigh bones of the last monarch of Dinkira are still trophies of the court of Ashantee.” Among the Hill-tribes of India, the Kukis may be instanced as having this practice. Morier tell us that in Persia, under the stimulus of money payments, “prisoners [of war] have been put to death in cold blood, in order that the heads, which are immediately dispatched to the king and deposited in heaps at the palace gate, might make a more considerable show.” And that

among other Asiatic races head-taking persists spite of semi-civilisation, we are reminded by the recent doings of the Turks, who have, in some cases, exhumed the bodies of slain foes and decapitated them.

This last instance draws attention to the fact, that this barbarous custom has been, and is, carried to the greatest extremes, along with militancy the most excessive. Among ancient examples there are the doings of Timour, with his exaction of ninety thousand heads from Bagdad. Of modern examples the most notable comes from Dahomey. "The sleeping apartment of a Dahoman king," says Burton, "was paved with the skulls of neighbouring princes and chiefs, placed there that the king might tread upon them." And, according to Dalziel, the king's statement "that his house wanted thatch," was "used in giving orders to his generals to make war, and alludes to the custom of placing the heads of the enemy killed in battle, or those of the prisoners of distinction, on the roofs of the guard-houses at the gates of his palaces."

But now, ending instances, let us observe how this taking of heads as trophies initiates a means of strengthening political power; how it becomes a factor in sacrificial ceremonies; and how it enters into social intercourse as a controlling influence. That the pyramids and towers of heads built by Timour at Bagdad and Aleppo, must have conduced to his supremacy by striking terror into the subjugated, as well as by exciting dread of vengeance for insubordination among his followers, cannot be doubted; and that living in a dwelling paved and decorated with skulls, implies, in a Dahoman king, a character generating fear among enemies and obedience among subjects, is obvious. In Northern Celebes, where, before 1822, "human skulls were the great ornaments of the chiefs' houses," these proofs of victory in battle, used as symbols of authority, could not fail to exercise a governmental effect.

That heads are offered in propitiation of the dead, and that the ceremony of offering them is thus made part of a quasi-worship, there are clear proofs. One is supplied by the people just named. "When a chief died his tomb must be adorned with two fresh human heads, and if those of enemies could not be obtained slaves were killed for the occasion." Among the Dyaks, who, though in many respects advanced, have retained this barbarous practice sanctified by tradition; it is the same: "the aged warrior could not rest in his grave till his relatives had taken a head in his name." By the Kukis of Northern India sacrificial head-taking is carried still further. Making raids into the plains to procure heads, they "have been known in one night to carry off fifty. These are used in certain ceremonies performed at the funerals of the chiefs, and it is always after the death of one of their Rajahs that these incursions occur."

That the possession of these grisly tokens of success gives an

influence in social intercourse, proof is yielded by the following passage from St. John:—"Head-hunting is not so much a religious ceremony among the Pakatans, Borneo, as merely to show their bravery and mauliness. When they quarrel, it is a constant phrase, 'How many heads did your father or grandfather get?' If less than his own number, 'Well then, you have no occasion to be proud.'"

The head of an enemy is of inconvenient bulk; and when the journey home is long, there arises the question—cannot proof that an enemy has been killed be given by carrying back a part only? In some places the savage infers that it can, and acts on the inference.

This modification and its meaning are well shown in Ashantee, where "the general in command sends to the capital the jaw-bones of the slain enemies;" and where, as Ramseyer further tells us, "a day of rejoicing occurred on July 3rd, when nineteen loads of jaws arrived from the seat of war as trophies of victory." When first found, the Tahitians, too, carried away the jaw-bones of their enemies; and Cook saw fifteen of them fastened up at the end of a house. Similarly of Vate, where "the greater the chief, the greater the display of bones," we read that if a slain enemy was "one who spoke ill of the chief, his jaws are hung up in the chief's house as a trophy": a tacit threat to others who vilified him. A recent account of another Papuan race inhabiting Boigu, on the coast of New Guinea, further illustrates the practice, and also its social effect. Mr. Stone writes:—"By nature these people are bloody and warlike among themselves, frequently making raids to the 'Big Land,' and returning in triumph with the heads and jawbones of their slaughtered victims, the latter becoming the property of the murderer, and the former of him who decapitates the body. The jawbone is consequently held as the most valued trophy, and the more a man possesses the greater he becomes in the eyes of his fellow-men." It may be added that, by the Tupis of South America, trophies of an allied kind were worn. In honouring a victorious warrior, "among some tribes they rubbed his pulse with one of the eyes of the dead, and hung the mouth upon his arm like a bracelet."

With the display of jaws as trophies, there may be named a kindred use of teeth. America furnishes instances. The Caribs "strung together the teeth of such of their enemies as they had slain in battle, and wore them on their legs and arms." The Tupis, after devouring a captive, preserved "the teeth strung in necklaces." The Moxos women wore "a necklace made of the teeth of enemies killed by their husbands in battle." In the times of the Spanish invaders, the Central Americans made an image, "and in its mouth were

inserted teeth taken from the Spaniards whom they had killed." And a passage quoted above specifies teeth as among the trophies worn by the Ashantees.

Other parts of the head, easily detached and carried, also serve. Where many enemies are slain, the collected ears yield in small bulk a means of counting; and probably Zengis Khan had this end in view when, in Poland, he "filled nine sacks with the right ears of the slain." Noses, again, are in some cases chosen as easily enumerated trophies. Anciently, by Constantine V., "a plate of noses was accepted as a grateful offering;" and, at the present time, the noses they have taken are carried by soldiers to their leaders in Montenegro. That the slain Turks thus deprived of their noses, even to the extent of five hundred on one battle-field, were so treated in retaliation for the decapitations the Turks had been guilty of, is true; but this excuse does not alter the fact "that the Montenegrin chiefs could not be persuaded to give up the practice of paying their clansmen for the number of noses produced."

The ancient Mexicans, having for gods their deified cannibal ancestors, in whose worship the most horrible rites were daily performed, in some cases took as trophies the entire skins of the vanquished. "The first prisoner made in a war was flayed alive. The soldier who had captured him dressed himself in his bleeding skin, and thus, for some days, served the god of battles. . . . He who was dressed in the skin walked from one temple to another; men and women followed him, shouting for joy." While we here see that the trophy was taken by the victor primarily as a proof of his prowess, we are also shown how there resulted a religious ceremony: the trophy was displayed for the supposed gratification of deities delighting in bloodshed. There is further evidence that this was the intention. "At the festival of the goldsmiths' god Totec, one of the priests put on the skin of a captive, and being so dressed, he was the image of that god Totec." Nebel (pl. 3, fig. 1) gives the basalt figure of a priest (or idol) clothed in a human skin; and additional evidence is yielded by the custom of the neighbouring state of Yucatan, where "the bodies were thrown down the steps, flayed, the priest put on the skins, and danced, and the body was buried in the yard of the temple. They took prisoners in war for these sacrifices, and condemned some of their own people to them."

Usually, however, the skin-trophy is relatively small: the requirement being simply that it shall be one of which the body yields no duplicate. The origin of it is well shown by the following description of a practice among the Abipones. They preserve the heads of enemies, and—

"When apprehension of approaching hostilities obliges them to remove to places of greater security, they strip the heads of the skin, cutting it from

ear to ear beneath the nose, and dexterously pulling it off along with the hair. . . . That Abipon who has most of these skins at home, excels the rest in military renown."

Evidently, however, the whole skin is not needful to prove previous possession of a head: the part covering the crown of the head, distinguished from other parts by the arrangement of its hairs, serves the purpose: hence scalping. Tales of Indian life have so far familiarized us with this custom that illustrations are needless. How in some cases, after a victory, "scalps are fixed on a pole" and danced round—how they are "highly prized as trophies, and publicly exhibited at feasts;" need not be proved in detail. But one piece of evidence, supplied by the Shoshones, may be named; because it clearly shows us the use of the trophy as an accepted evidence of victory—a kind of legal proof regarded as alone conclusive. We read that—

"Taking an enemy's scalp is an honour quite independent of the act of vanquishing him. To kill your adversary is of no importance unless the scalp is brought from the field of battle, and were a warrior to slay any number of his enemies in action, and others were to obtain the scalps or first touch the dead, they would have all the honours, since they have borne off the trophy."

Though we usually think of scalp-taking in connection with the North American Indians, yet it is not restricted to them. Herodotus describes the Scythians as scalping their conquered enemies; and at the present time the Nagas of the Indian hills take scalps and preserve them.

Preservation of hair alone, as a trophy, is less general; doubtless because the evidence of victory which it yields is inconclusive: one head might supply hair for two trophies. Still there are cases in which an enemy's hair is displayed in proof of success in war. Speaking of a Naga, Grange says his shield "was covered over with the hair of the foes he had killed." The tunic of a Mandan chief is described by Catlin as "fringed with locks of hair taken by his own hand from the heads of his enemies." And we are told of the Cochimis that "at certain festivals their sorcerers . . . wore long robes of skins, ornamented with human hair."

Among easily-transported parts carried home to prove victory, may next be named hands and feet. By the Mexican tribes, Ceris and Opatas, "the slain are scalped, or a hand is cut off, and a dance performed round the trophies on the field of battle." So, too, of the Californian Indians, who also took scalps, we are told that "the yet more barbarous habit of cutting off the hands, feet, or head of a fallen enemy, as trophies of victory, prevailed more widely. They also plucked out and carefully preserved the eyes of the slain." Though this is not said, we may assume that either the right or the left foot or hand was the trophy; since, in the absence

of any distinction, victory over two enemies instead of one might be alleged. Hands were trophies among ancient peoples of the old world also. The inscription on a tomb at El Kab in Upper Egypt, tells how Auhmes, the son of Abuna, the chief of the steersmen, "when he had won a hand [in battle], he received the king's commendation, and the golden necklace in token of his bravery;" and a wall-painting in the temple of Medinet Abou at Thebes, shows the presentation of a heap of hands to the king.

This last instance introduces us to yet another kind of trophy. Along with the heap of hands thus laid before the king, there is represented a phallic heap; and an accompanying inscription, narrating the victory of Menepthah I. over the Libyans, besides mentioning the "cut hands of all their auxiliaries," as being carried on donkeys following the returning army, mentions these other trophies as taken from men of the Libyan nation. And here a natural transition brings us to trophies of an allied kind, the taking of which, once common, has continued in the neighbourhood of Egypt down to modern times. The great significance of the account Bruce gives of a practice among the Abyssinians, must be my excuse for quoting part of it. He says:—

"At the end of a day of battle, each chief is obliged to sit at the door of his tent, and each of his followers, who has slain a man, presents himself in his turn, armed as in fight, with the bloody foreskin of the man he has slain. . . . If he has killed more than one man, so many more times he returns. . . . After this ceremony is over, each man takes his bloody conquest, and retires to prepare it in the same manner the Indians do their scalps. . . . The whole army . . . on a particular day of review, throws them before the king, and leaves them at the gate of the palace."

Here it is noteworthy that the trophy, first serving to demonstrate a victory gained by the individual warrior, is subsequently made an offering to the ruler, and further becomes a means of recording the number slain—facts verified by the more recent French traveller d'Hericourt. That like purposes were similarly served among the Hebrews, proof is yielded by the passage which narrates Saul's endeavour to betray David when offering him Michal to wife:—"And Saul said, Thus shall ye say to David, The king desireth not any dowry, but an hundred foreskins of the Philistines, to be avenged of the king's enemies;" and David "slew of the Philistines two hundred men; and David brought their foreskins, and gave them in full tale to the king."

Associated with the direct motive for taking trophies there is an indirect motive, which probably aids considerably in developing the custom. Numerous facts unite to prove that the unanalytical mind of the savage thinks the qualities of any object reside in all its parts; and that, among others, the characteristics of human beings are thus conceived by him. From this we found there arise such customs as swallowing parts of the bodies of

dead relatives, or their ground bones in water, with the view of inheriting their virtues; devouring the heart of a slain brave to gain his courage, or his eyes in the expectation of seeing farther; avoiding the flesh of certain timid animals, lest their timidity should be acquired. A further implication of this belief that the spirit of each person is diffused throughout him, is that possession of a part of his body gives possession of a part of his spirit, and, consequently, a power over his spirit: one corollary being that anything done to a preserved part of a corpse is done to the corresponding part of the ghost; and that thus a ghost may be coerced by maltreating a relic. Hence the origin of sorcery all over the world; hence the rattle of dead men's bones so prevalent with primitive medicine-men; hence "the powder ground from the bones of the dead" used by the Peruvian necromancers; hence the portions of corpses which our own traditions of witchcraft name as used in composing charms.

Besides proving victory over an enemy, the trophy therefore serves for the subjugation of his ghost; and that possession of it is, at any rate in some cases, supposed to make his ghost a slave, we have good evidence. The primitive belief everywhere found, that the doubles of men and animals slain at the grave accompany the double of the deceased, to serve him in the other world—the belief which leads here to the immolation of wives, who are to manage the future household of the departed—there to the sacrifice of horses needed to carry him on his journey after death, and elsewhere to the killing of dogs as guides, is a belief which, in many places, initiates the kindred belief that, by placing portions of bodies on his tomb, the men and animals they belonged to are made subject to the deceased. Hence the bones of cattle, &c., with which graves are in many cases decorated; hence the placing on graves the heads of enemies or slaves, as above indicated; and hence a like use of the scalp. Concerning the Osages, Mr. Tylor cites from McCoy and Waitz, the fact that they sometimes "plant on the cairn raised over a corpse a pole with an enemy's scalp hanging to the top. Their notion was that by taking an enemy and suspending his scalp over the grave of a deceased friend, the spirit of the victim became subjected to the spirit of the buried warrior in the land of spirits." The Ojibways have a like practice, of which a like idea is probably the cause.

A collateral development of trophy-taking, which eventually has a share in governmental regulation, must not be forgotten. I refer to the display of parts of the bodies of criminals.

In our more advanced minds the enemy, the criminal, and the slave, are well discriminated; but they are little discriminated by the primitive man. Almost or quite devoid as he is of the feelings and ideas we call moral—holding by force whatever he owns, wresting from the weaker the woman or other object he has

possession of, killing his own child without hesitation if it is an incumbrance, or his wife if she offends him, and sometimes proud of being a recognized killer of his fellow-tribesmen, the savage has no distinct ideas of right and wrong in the abstract. The immediate pleasures or pains they give are his sole reasons for classing things and acts as good or bad. Hence hostility, and the injuries he suffers from it, excite in him the same feeling whether the aggressor is without the tribe or within it: the enemy and the felon are undistinguished. This confusion, now seeming strange to us, we shall understand better on remembering that, even in early stages of civilised nations, the family-groups which formed the units of the national group, were in large measure independent communities, standing to one another on terms much like those on which the nation stood to other nations; that they had their small blood-feuds as the nation had its great blood-feuds; that each family-group was responsible to other family-groups for the acts of its members, as each nation to other nations for the acts of its citizens; that vengeance was taken on innocent members of a sinning family, as vengeance was taken on innocent citizens of a sinning nation; and that so the inter-family aggressor (answering to the modern criminal) stood in a like relative position with the inter-national aggressor. Hence the naturalness of the fact that he was similarly treated. Already we have seen how, in mediæval days, the heads of slain family-enemies (murderers of its members or stealers of its property) were exhibited as trophies. And since Strabo, writing of the Gauls and other northern peoples, says that the heads of foes slain in battle were brought back and sometimes nailed up to the chief door of the house, while, up to the time of the Salic law, the heads of slain private foes were fixed on stakes in front of it, we have evidence that identification of the public and the private foe was associated with the practice of taking trophies from them both. A kindred alliance is traceable in the usages of the Jews. Along with the slain Nicanor's head, Judas orders that his hand be cut off; and he brings both with him to Jerusalem as trophies: the hand being that which he had stretched out in blasphemous boasts. And this treatment of the transgressor who is an alien, is paralleled by the treatment of non-alien transgressors by David, who, besides hanging up the corpses of the men who had slain Ishbosheth, "cut off their hands and their feet."

It may, then, be reasonably inferred that the display of executed felons on gibbets, or their heads on spikes, originates from the bringing back of trophies taken from slain enemies. Though usually a part only of the slain enemy is fixed up, yet sometimes the whole body is, as when the dead Saul, minus his head, was fastened by the Philistines to the wall of Bethshan; and that fixing up the whole body of the felon is more frequent, probably arises from the fact that

it has not to be brought from a great distance, as would usually have to be the body of an enemy.

Though no direct connection exists between trophy-taking and ceremonial government, the foregoing facts reveal such indirect connections as make it needful to note the custom. It enters as a factor into the three forms of control—social, political, and religious.

If, in primitive states, men are honoured according to their prowess—if their prowess is estimated here by the number of heads they can show, there by the number of jaw-bones, and elsewhere by the number of scalps,—if such trophies are treasured up for generations, and the pride of families is proportioned to the number of them taken by ancestors—if of the Gauls in the time of Posidonius, we read that “the heads of their enemies that were the chiefest persons of quality, they carefully deposit in chests, embalming them with the oil of cedars, showing them to strangers, glory and boast” that they or their forefathers had refused great sums of money for them; then, obviously, a kind of class-distinction is initiated by trophies. On reading that in some places a man's rank varies with the quantity of bones in or upon his dwelling, we cannot deny that the display of these proofs of personal superiority, originates a regulative influence in social intercourse.

As political control evolves, trophy-taking becomes in several ways instrumental to the maintenance of authority. Beyond the awe felt for the chief whose many trophies show his powers of destruction, there comes the greater awe which, on growing into a king with subordinate chiefs and dependent tribes, he excites by accumulating the trophies others take on his behalf; rising into dread when he exhibits in numbers the relics of slain rulers. As the practice assumes this developed form, the receipt of such vicariously-taken trophies passes into a political ceremony. The heap of hands laid before an ancient Egyptian king, served to propitiate; as now serves the mass of jawbones sent by an Ashantee captain to the court. When we read of Timour's soldiers that “their cruelty was enforced by the peremptory command of producing an adequate number of heads,” we are conclusively shown that the presentation of trophies hardens into a form expressing obedience. Nor is it thus only that a political effect results. There is the derived kind of governmental restraint produced by fixing up the bodies or heads of felons.

Though offering part of a slain enemy to propitiate a ghost, does not enter into what is commonly called religious ceremonial, yet it obviously so enters when the aim is to propitiate a god developed from an ancestral ghost. We are shown the transition by such a fact as that in a battle between two tribes of Khonds, the first man who

“slew his opponent, struck off his right arm and rushed with it to the priest in the rear, who bore it off as an offering to Laha Pennoo in his grave:” Laha Pennoo being their “God of Arms.” Joining with this such other facts as that before the Tahitian god Oro, human immolations were frequent, and the preserved relics were built into walls “formed entirely of human skulls,” which were “principally, if not entirely, the skulls of those who have been slain in battle;” we are shown that gods are worshipped by bringing to them, and accumulating round their shrines, these portions of enemies killed: killed, not unfrequently, in fulfilment of their supposed commands. And the inference is verified on seeing similarly used other kinds of spoils. The Philistines, besides otherwise displaying relics of the dead Saul, put “his armour in the house of Ashtaroth.” By the Greeks the trophy, formed of arms, shields, and helmets taken from the defeated, was consecrated to some divinity; and the Romans deposited the spoils brought back from battle in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Similarly of the Fijians, who are solicitous in every way to propitiate their blood-thirsty deities, we read that “when flags are taken they are always hung up as trophies in the *mbure*,” or temple. That hundreds of gilt spurs of French knights vanquished by the Flemish in the battle of Courtrai were deposited in the church of that place, and that in France flags taken from enemies were suspended from the vaults of churches (a practice not unknown in Protestant England), are facts that might be joined with these, did not so joining them imply the impossible supposition that Christians think to please “the God of love” by acts like those used to please the diabolical gods of cannibals.

Because of inferences to be hereafter drawn, one remaining general truth must be named, though it is so obvious as to seem scarcely worth mention. Trophy-taking is directly related to militancy. It begins during a primitive life that is wholly occupied in hostilities with men and animals; it develops with the growth of conquering societies in which perpetual wars generate the militant type of structure; it diminishes as growing industrialism more and more substitutes productive activities for destructive activities; and it is a truism to say that complete industrialism necessitates entire cessation of it.

The chief significance of trophy-taking, however, has yet to be pointed out. The reason for dealing with it under the general head of Ceremonial Government, though in itself scarcely to be classed as a ceremony, is that it furnishes us with the key to a large class of ceremonies which have prevailed all over the world among the uncivilized and semi-civilized. From the practice of cutting off and taking away portions of the dead body, there grows up the practice of cutting off portions of the living body.

HERBERT SPENCER.

FLORENCE AND THE MEDICI.

II.

COSIMO had shown consummate skill by governing Florence through a party created and raised to influence by himself. The jealousy of these adherents formed the chief difficulty with which his son Piero had to contend. Unless the Medici could manage to kick down the ladder whereby they had risen, they ran the risk of losing all. As on a former occasion, so now they profited by the mistakes of their antagonists. Three chief men of their own party, Diotisalvi Neroni, Agnolo Acciaiuoli, and Luca Pitti, determined to shake off the yoke of their masters, and to repay the Medici for what they owed by leading them to ruin. Niccolo Soderini, a patriot, indignant at the slow enslavement of his country, joined them. At first they strove to undermine the credit of the Medici with the Florentines by inducing Piero to call in the moneys placed at interest by his father in the hands of private citizens. This act was unpopular; but it did not suffice to move a revolution. To proceed by constitutional measures against the Medici was judged 'impolitic. Therefore the conspirators decided to take, if possible, Piero's life. The plot failed, chiefly owing to the coolness and the cunning of the young Lorenzo, Piero's eldest son. Public sympathy was strongly excited against the aggressors. Neroni, Acciaiuoli, and Soderini were exiled. Pitti was allowed to stay, dishonoured, powerless, and penniless, in Florence. Meanwhile, the failure of their foes had only served to strengthen the position of the Medici. The ladder had saved them the trouble of kicking it down.

The congratulations addressed on this occasion to Piero and Lorenzo by the ruling powers of Italy, show that the Medici were already regarded as princes outside Florence. Lorenzo and Giuliano, the two sons of Piero, travelled abroad to the courts of Milan and Ferrara with the style and state of more than simple citizens. At home they occupied the first place on all occasions of public ceremony, receiving royal visitors on terms of equality, and performing the hospitalities of the Republic like men who had been born to represent its dignities. Lorenzo's marriage to Clarice Orsini, of the noble Roman house, was another sign that the Medici were advancing on the way toward despotism. Cosimo had avoided foreign alliances for his children. His descendants now judged themselves firmly planted enough to risk the odium of a princely match for the sake of the support outside the city they might win.

(1) Concluded from the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1877.

Piero de' Medici died in December, 1469. His son Lorenzo was then barely twenty-two years of age. The chiefs of the Medicean party, all-powerful in the State, held a council, in which they resolved to place him in the same position as his father and grandfather. This resolve seems to have been formed after mature deliberation, on the ground that the existing conditions of Italian politics rendered it impossible to conduct the government without a presidential head. Florence, though still a democracy, required a permanent chief to treat on an equality with the princes of the leading cities. Here we may note the prudence of Cosimo's foreign policy. When he helped to establish despots in Milan and Bologna, he was rendering the presidency of his own family in Florence necessary. Lorenzo, having received this invitation, called attention to his youth and inexperience. Yet he did not refuse it; and, after a graceful display of diffidence, he accepted the charge, entering thus upon that famous political career, in the course of which he not only established and maintained a balance of power in Italy, with Florence for the central city, but also contrived to remodel the government of the Republic in the interest of his own family and to strengthen the Medici by relations with the Papal See.

The extraordinary versatility of this man's intellectual and social gifts, his participation in all the literary and philosophical interests of his century, his large and liberal patronage of art, and the gaiety with which he joined the people of Florence in their pastimes—Mayday games and Carnival festivities—strengthened his hold upon the city in an age devoted to culture and refined pleasure. Whatever was most brilliant in the spirit of the Italian Renaissance seemed to be incarnate in Lorenzo. Not merely as a patron and a dilettante, but as a poet and a critic, a philosopher and scholar, he proved himself adequate to the varied intellectual ambitions of his country. Penetrated with the passion for erudition which distinguished Florence in the fifteenth century, familiar with her painters and her sculptors, deeply read in the works of her great poets, he conceived the ideal of infusing the spirit of antique civility into modern life, and of effecting for society what the artists were performing in their own sphere. To preserve the native character of the Florentine genius, while he added the grace of classic form, was the aim to which his tastes and instincts led him. At the same time, while he made himself the master of Florentine revels, and the Augustus of Renaissance literature, he took care that beneath his carnival masks and ball-dresses should be concealed the chains which he was forging for the Republic. What he lacked, with so much mental brilliancy, was moral greatness. The age he lived in was an age of selfish despots, treacherous generals, godless priests. It was an age of intellectual vigour and artistic creativeness; but

it was also an age of mean ambition, sordid policy, and vitiated principles. Lorenzo remained true in all respects to the genius of this age: true to its enthusiasm for antique culture, true to its passion for art, true to its refined love of pleasure; but true also to its petty political intrigues, to its cynical selfishness, to its lack of heroism. For Florence he looked no higher and saw no further than Cosimo had done. If culture was his pastime, the enslavement of the city by bribery and corruption was the hard work of his manhood. As is the case with much Renaissance art, his life was worth more for its decorative detail than for its constructive design. In richness, versatility, variety, and exquisiteness of execution, it left little to be desired; yet, viewed at a distance, and as a whole, it does not inspire us with a sense of architectonic majesty.

Lorenzo's chief difficulties arose from the necessity under which, like Cosimo, he laboured of governing the city through its old institutions by means of a party. To keep the members of this party in good temper, and to gain their approval for the alterations he effected in the State-machinery of Florence, was the problem of his life. The successful solution of this problem was easier now, after two generations of the Medicean ascendancy, than it had been at first. Meanwhile the people were maintained in good humour by public shows, ease, plenty, and a general laxity of discipline. The splendour of Lorenzo's foreign alliances and the consideration he received from all the Courts of Italy, contributed in no small measure to his popularity and security at home. By using his authority over Florence to inspire respect abroad, and by using his foreign credit to impose upon the burghers, Lorenzo displayed the tact of a true Italian diplomatist. His genius for State-craft, as then understood, was indeed of a rare order, equally adapted to the conduct of a complicated foreign policy and to the control of a suspicious and variable Commonwealth. In one point alone he was inferior to his grandfather. He neglected commerce, and allowed his banking business to fall into disorder so hopeless that in course of time he ceased to be solvent. Meanwhile his personal expenses, both as a prince in his own palace, and as the representative of majesty in Florence, continually increased. The bankruptcy of the Medici, it had long been foreseen, would involve the public finances in serious confusion. And now, in order to retrieve his fortunes, Lorenzo was not only obliged to repudiate his debts to the exchequer, but had also to gain complete disposal of the State-purse. It was this necessity that drove him to effect the constitutional revolution of 1480, by which he substituted a Priy Council of seventy members for the old councils of the State, absorbing the chief functions of the Commonwealth into this single body, whom he practically nominated at pleasure. The same want of money led to the great scandal of his reign—the

plundering of the Monte delle Doti, or State Insurance-Office Fund for securing dowers to the children of its creditors.

While tracing the salient points of Lorenzo de' Medici's administration, I have omitted to mention the important events which followed shortly after his accession to power in 1469. What happened between that date and 1480 was not only decisive for the future fortunes of the Casa Medici, but it was also eminently characteristic of the perils and the difficulties which beset Italian despots. The year 1471 was signalised by a visit paid by the Duke Galeazzo Maria Sforza of Milan, and his wife Bona of Savoy, to the Medici in Florence. They came attended by their whole court—body-guards on horse and foot, ushers, pages, falconers, grooms, kennel-varlets, and huntsmen. Omitting the mere baggage service, their train counted two thousand horses. To mention this incident would be superfluous, had not so acute an observer as Machiavelli marked it out as a turning-point in Florentine history. Now, for the first time, the democratic Commonwealth saw its streets filled with a mob of courtiers. Masques, balls, and tournaments succeeded each other with magnificent variety; and all the arts of Florence were pressed into the service of these festivals. Machiavelli says that the burghers lost the last remnant of their old austerity of manners, and became, like the degenerate Romans, ready to obey the masters who provided them with brilliant spectacles. They gazed with admiration on the pomp of Italian princes, their dissolute and godless living, their luxury and prodigal expenditure; and when the Medici affected similar habits in the next generation, the people had no courage to resist the invasion of their pleasant vices.

In the same year, 1471, Volterra was reconquered for the Florentines by Frederick of Urbino. The honours of this victory, disgraced by a brutal sack of the conquered city, in violation of its articles of capitulation, were reserved for Lorenzo, who returned in triumph to Florence. More than ever he assumed the prince, and in his person undertook to represent the State.

In the same year, 1471, Francesco della Rovere was raised to the papacy with the memorable name of Sixtus IV. Sixtus was a man of violent temper and fierce passions, restless and impatiently ambitious, bent on the aggrandisement of the beautiful and wanton youths, his nephews. Of these the most aspiring was Girolamo Riario, for whom Sixtus bought the town of Imola from Taddeo Manfredi, in order that he might possess the title of count and the nucleus of a tyranny in the Romagna. This purchase thwarted the plans of Lorenzo, who wished to secure the same advantages for Florence. Smarting with the sense of disappointment, he forbade the Roman banker, Francesco Pazzi, to guarantee the purchase money. By this act Lorenzo made two mortal foes—

the Pope and Francesco Pazzi. Francesco was a thin, pale, irascible fanatic, all nerve and passion, with a monomaniac intensity of purpose, and a will inflamed and guided by imagination—a man formed by nature for conspiracy, such a man, in fact, as Shakspeare drew in Cassius. Maddened by Lorenzo's prohibition, he conceived the notion of overthrowing the Medici in Florence by a violent blow. Girolamo Riario entered into his views. So did Francesco Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa, who had private reasons for hostility. These men found no difficulty in winning over Sixtus to their plot; nor is it possible to purge the Pope of participation in what followed. I need not describe by what means Francesco drew the other members of his family into the scheme, and how he secured the assistance of armed cutthroats. Suffice it to say that the chief conspirators, with the exception of the Count Girolamo, betook themselves to Florence, and there, after the failure of other attempts, decided to murder Lorenzo and his brother Giuliano in the cathedral on Sunday, the 26th of April, 1478. The moment when the priest at the high altar finished the mass was fixed for the assassination. Everything was ready. The conspirators, by Judas kisses and embraces, had discovered that the young men wore no protective armour under their silken doublets. Pacing the aisles behind the choir, they feared no treason. And now the lives of both might easily have been secured, if at the last moment the courage of the hired assassins had not failed them. Murder, they said, was well enough; but they could not bring themselves to stab men before the newly consecrated body of Christ. In this extremity a priest was found, who, "being accustomed to churches," had no scruples. He and another reprobate were told off to Lorenzo. Francesco de' Pazzi himself undertook Giuliano. The moment for attack arrived. Francesco plunged his dagger into the heart of Giuliano. Then, not satisfied with this death-blow, he struck again, and in his heat of passion wounded his own thigh. Lorenzo escaped with a flesh-wound from the poniard of the priest, and rushed into the sacristy, where his friend Poliziano shut and held the brazen door. The plot had failed; for Giuliano, of the two brothers, was the one whom the conspirators would the more willingly have spared. The whole church was in an uproar. The city rose in tumult. Rage and horror took possession of the people. They flew to the Palazzo Pubblico and to the houses of the Pazzi, hunted the conspirators from place to place, hung the archbishop by the neck from the palace windows, and, as they found fresh victims for their fury, strung them one by one in a ghastly row at his side above the square. About one hundred in all were killed. None who had joined in the plot escaped; for Lorenzo had long arms, and one man, who fled to Constantinople,

was delivered over to his agents by the Sultan. Out of the whole Pazzi family only Guglielmo, the husband of Bianca de' Medici, was spared. When the tumult was over, Andrea del Castagno painted the portraits of the traitors head-downwards upon the walls of the Bargello Palace, in order that all men might know what fate awaited the foes of the Medici and of the State of Florence.¹ Meanwhile a bastard son of Giuliano's was received into the Medicean household, to perpetuate his lineage. This child, named Giulio, was destined to be famous in the annals of Italy and Florence under the title of Pope Clement VII.

As is usual when such plots miss their mark, the passions excited redounded to the profit of the injured party. The Commonwealth felt that the blow struck at Lorenzo had been aimed at their majesty. Sixtus, on the other hand, could not contain his rage at the failure of so ably planned a *coup de main*. Ignoring that he had sanctioned the treason, that a priest had put his hand to the dagger, that the impious deed had been attempted in a church before the very Sacrament of Christ, whose vicar on earth he was, the Pope now excommunicated the Republic. The reason he alleged was, that the Florentines had dared to hang an archbishop.

Thus began a war to the death between Sixtus and Florence. The Pope inflamed the whole of Italy, and carried on a ruinous campaign in Tuscany. It seemed as though the Republic might lose her subject cities, always ready to revolt when danger threatened the sovereign State. Lorenzo's position became critical. Sixtus made no secret of the hatred he bore him personally, declaring that he fought less with Florence than with the Medici. To bear the odium of this long war and this heavy interdict alone, was more than he could do. His allies forsook him. Naples was enlisted on the Pope's side. Milan and the other States of Lombardy were occupied with their own affairs, and held aloof. In this extremity he saw that nothing but a bold step could save him. The league formed by Sixtus must be broken up at any risk, and, if possible, by his own ability. On the 6th of December, 1479, Lorenzo left Florence unarmed and unattended, took ship at Leghorn, and proceeded to the court of his enemy, King Ferdinand, at Naples. Ferdinand was a cruel and treacherous sovereign, who had murdered his guest, Jacopo Piccinino, at a banquet given in his honour. But Ferdinand was the son of Alfonso, who, by address and eloquence, had gained a kingdom from his foe and jailor, Filippo Maria Visconti. Lorenzo calculated that he too, following Alfonso's policy, might prove to Ferdinand how little there was to gain from an alliance with Rome, how much Naples and Florence, firmly united together for offence and defence, might effect in Italy.

(1) Giotto had painted the Duke of Athens, in like manner, on the same walls.

Only a student of those perilous times can appreciate the courage and the genius, the audacity combined with diplomatic penetration, displayed by Lorenzo at this crisis. He calmly walked into the lion's den, trusting he could tame the lion and teach it, and all in a few days. Nor did his expectation fail. Though Lorenzo was rather ugly than handsome, with a dark skin, heavy brows, powerful jaws, and nose sharp in the bridge and broad at the nostrils, without grace of carriage or melody of voice, he possessed what makes up for personal defects—the winning charm of eloquence in conversation, a subtle wit, profound knowledge of men, and tact allied to sympathy, which placed him always at the centre of the situation. Ferdinand received him kindly. The Neapolitan nobles admired his courage, and were fascinated by his social talents. On the 1st of March, 1480, he left Naples again, having won over the King by his arguments. When he reached Florence he was able to declare that he brought home a treaty of peace and alliance signed by the most powerful foe of the Republic. The success of this bold enterprise endeared Lorenzo more than ever to his countrymen. In the same year they concluded a treaty with Sixtus, who was forced against his will to lay down arms by the capture of Otranto and the extreme peril of Turkish invasion. After the year 1480 Lorenzo remained sole master in Florence, the arbiter and peacemaker of the rest of Italy.

•The conjuration of the Pazzi was only one in a long series of similar conspiracies. Italian despots gained their power by violence, and wielded it with craft. Violence and craft were therefore used against them. When the study of the classics had penetrated the nation with antique ideas of heroism, tyrannicide became a virtue. Princes were murdered with frightful frequency. Thus Gian Maria Visconti was put to death at Milan in 1412; Galeazzo Maria Sforza in 1484; the Chiarelli of Fabriano were massacred in 1435; the Baglioni of Perugia in 1500; Girolamo Gentile planned the assassination of Galeazzo Sforza at Genoa in 1476; Niccolò d'Este conspired against his uncle Ercole in 1476; Stefano Porcari attempted the life of Nicolas V. at Rome in 1453; Lodovico Sforza narrowly escaped a violent death in 1453. I might multiply these instances beyond satiety. As it is, I have selected but a few examples falling, all but one, within the second half of the fifteenth century. Nearly all these attempts upon the lives of princes were made in church during the celebration of sacred offices. There was no superfluity of naughtiness, no wilful sacrilege, in this choice of an occasion. It only testified to the continual suspicion and guarded watchfulness maintained by tyrants. To strike at them except in church was almost impossible. Meanwhile the fate of the tyrannicides was uniform. Successful or not, they perished. Yet so grievous was the pressure of Italian despotism, so glorious was

the ideal of Greek and Roman heroism, so passionate the temper of the people, that to kill a prince at any cost to self appeared the crown of manliness. This bloodshed exercised a delirious fascination: pure and base, personal and patriotic motives combined to add intensity of fixed and fiery purpose to the murderous impulse. Those then who, like the Medici, aspired to tyranny and sought to found a dynasty of princes, entered the arena against a host of unknown and unseen gladiators.

On his death-bed in 1492, Lorenzo lay between two men—Angelo Poliziano and Girolamo Savonarola. Poliziano incarnated the genial, radiant, godless spirit of fifteenth century humanism. Savonarola represented the conscience of Italy, self-convicted, amid all her greatness, of crimes that called for punishment. It is said that when Lorenzo asked the monk for absolution, Savonarola bade him first restore freedom to Florence. Lorenzo turned his face to the wall and was silent. How indeed could he make this city in a moment free, after sixty years of slow and systematic corruption? Savonarola left him, and he died unshriven. This legend is doubtful, though it rests on excellent if somewhat partial authority: It has, at any rate, the value of a mythus, since it epitomizes the attitude assumed by the great preacher to the prince. Florence enslaved, the soul of Lorenzo cannot lay its burden down, but must go with all its sins upon it to the throne of God.

The year 1492 was a memorable year for Italy. In this year Lorenzo's death removed the keystone of the arch that had sustained the fabric of Italian federation. In this year Rodrigo Borgia was elected Pope. In this year Columbus discovered America; Vasco di Gama soon after opened a new way to the Indies, and thus the commerce of the world passed from Italy to other nations. In this year the conquest of Granada gave unity to the Spanish nation. In this year France, through the life-long craft of Louis XI., was for the first time united under a young hot-headed sovereign. On every side of the political horizon storms threatened. It was clear that a new chapter of European history had been opened. Then Savonarola raised his voice, and cried that the crimes of Italy, the abominations of the Church, would speedily be punished. Events led rapidly to the fulfilment of this prophecy. Lorenzo's successor, Piero de' Medici, was a vain, irresolute, and hasty princeling, fond of display, proud of his skill in fencing and football-playing, with too much of the Orsini blood in his hot veins, with too little of the Medicean craft in his weak head. The Italian despots felt they could not trust Piero, and this want of confidence was probably the first motive that impelled Lodovico Sforza to call Charles VIII. into Italy in 1494.

It will not be necessary to dwell upon this invasion of the French,

except in so far as it affected Florence. Charles passed rapidly through Lombardy, engaged his army in the passes of the Apennines, and debouched upon the coast where the Magra divided Tuscany from Lunigiana. Here the fortresses of Sarzana and Pietra Santa, between the marble bulwark of Carrara and the Tuscan sea, stopped his further progress. The keys were held by the Florentines. To force these strong positions and to pass beyond them seemed impossible. It might have been impossible if Piero de' Medici had possessed a firmer will. As it was, he rode off to the French camp, delivered up the forts to Charles, bound the King by no engagements, and returned not otherwise than proud of his folly to Florence. A terrible reception awaited him. The Florentines, in their fury, had risen and sacked the Mediccan palace. It was as much as Piero, with his brothers, could do to escape beyond the hills to Venice. The despotism of the Medici, so carefully built up, so artfully sustained and strengthened, was overthrown in a single day.

Before considering what happened in Florence after the expulsion of the Medici, it will be well to pause a moment and review the state in which Lorenzo had left his family. Piero, his eldest son, recognised as chief of the Republic after his father's death, was married to Alfonsina Orsini, and was in his twenty-second year. Giovanni, his second son, a youth of seventeen, had just been made cardinal. This honour, of vast importance for the Casa Medici in the future, he owed to his sister Maddalena's marriage to Francheschetto Cybo, son of Innocent VIII. The third of Lorenzo's sons, named Giuliano, was a boy of thirteen. Giulio, the bastard son of the elder Giuliano, was fourteen. These four princes formed the efficient strength of the Medici, the hope of the house; and for each of them, with the exception of Piero, who died in exile, and of whom no more notice need be taken, a brilliant destiny was still in store. In the year 1495, however, they now wandered, homeless and helpless, through the cities of Italy, each of which was shaken to its foundations by the French invasion.

Florence, left without the Medici, deprived of Pisa and other subject cities by the passage of the French army, with no leader but the monk Savonarola, now sought to reconstitute her liberties. During the domination of the Albizzi and the Medici the old order of the Commonwealth had been completely broken up. The Arti had lost their primitive importance. The distinctions between the Grandi and the Popolani had practically passed away. In a democracy that has submitted to a lengthened course of tyranny, such extinction of its old life is inevitable. Yet the passion for liberty was still powerful; and the busy brains of the Florentines were stored with experience gained from their previous vicissitudes, from the study of antique history, and from the observation of existing

constitutions in the towns of Italy. They now determined to reorganize the State upon the model of the Venetian Republic. The Signory was to remain, with its old institution of Priors, Gonfalonier, and College, elected for brief periods. These magistrates were to take the initiative in debate, to propose measures, and to consider plans of action. The real power of the State, for voting supplies and ratifying the measures of the Signory, was vested in a senate of one thousand members, called the Grand Council, from whom a smaller body of forty, acting as intermediates between the Council and the Signory, were elected. It is said that the plan of this constitution originated with Savonarola; nor is there any doubt that he used all his influence in the pulpit of the Duomo to render it acceptable to the people. Whoever may have been responsible for its formation, the new government was carried in 1495, and a large hall for the assembly of the Grand Council was opened in the public palace.

Savonarola, meanwhile, had become the ruling spirit of Florence. He gained his great power as a preacher: he used it like a monk. The motive principle of his action was the passion for reform. To bring the Church back to its pristine state of purity, without altering its doctrine or suggesting any new form of creed; to purge Italy of ungodly customs; to overthrow the tyrants who encouraged evil living, and to place the power of the State in the hands of sober citizens: these were his objects. Though he set himself in bold opposition to the reigning Pope, he had no desire to destroy the spiritual supremacy of St. Peter's see. Though he burned with an enthusiastic zeal for liberty, and displayed rare genius for administration, he had no ambition to rule Florence like a dictator. Savonarola was neither a reformer in the northern sense of the word, nor yet a political demagogue. His sole wish was to see purity of manners, and freedom of self-government re-established. With this end in view, he bade the Florentines elect Christ as their supreme chief; and they did so. For the same end, he abstained from appearing in the State Councils, and left the Constitution to work by its own laws. His personal influence he reserved for the pulpit; and here he was omnipotent. The people believed in him as a prophet. They turned to him as the man who knew what he wanted—as the voice of liberty, the soul of the new régime, the genius who could breathe into the Commonwealth a breath of fresh vitality. When, therefore, Savonarola preached a reform of manners, he was at once obeyed. Strict laws were passed enforcing sobriety, condemning trades of pleasure, reducing the gay customs of Florence to puritanical austerity.

Great stress has been laid upon this reaction of the monk-led populace against the vices of the past. Yet the historian is bound to pro-

nounce that the reform effected by Savonarola was rather picturesque than vital. Like all violent revivals of pietism, it produced a no less violent reaction. The parties within the city who resented the interference of a preaching friar, joined with the Pope in Rome, who hated a contumacious schismatic in Savonarola. Assailed by these two forces at the same moment, and driven upon perilous ground by his own febrile enthusiasm, Savonarola succumbed. He was imprisoned, tortured, and burned upon the public square in 1498.

What Savonarola really achieved for Florence, was not a permanent reform of morality, but a resuscitation of the spirit of freedom. His followers, called in contempt *I Piagnoni*, or the Weepers, formed the pith of the Commonwealth in future; and the memory of their martyr served as a common bond of sympathy to unite them in times of trial. It was a necessary consequence of the peculiar part he played, that the city was henceforth divided into factions representing mutually antagonistic principles. These factions were not created by Savonarola; but his extraordinary influence accentuated, as it were, the humours that lay dormant in the State. Families favourable to the Medici took the name of *Palleschi*. Men who chafed against puritanical reform, and who were eager for any government that should secure them their old licence, were known as *Compagnacci*. Meanwhile the oligarchs, who disliked a democratic constitution, and thought it possible to found an aristocracy without the intervention of the Medici, came to be known as *Gli Ottimati*. Florence held within itself, from this epoch forward to the final extinction of liberty, four great parties: the *Piagnoni*, passionate for political freedom and austerity of life; the *Palleschi*, favourable to the Medicean cause, and regretful of Lorenzo's pleasant rule; the *Compagnacci*, intolerant of the reformed Republic, neither hostile nor loyal to the Medici, but desirous of personal license; the *Ottimati*, astute and selfish, watching their own advantage, ever mindful to form a narrow government of privileged families, disinclined to the Medici, except when they thought the Medici might be employed as instruments in their intrigues.

During the short period of Savonarola's ascendancy, Florence was in form at least a Theocracy, without any titular head but Christ; and as long as the enthusiasm inspired by the monk lasted, as long as his personal influence endured, the Constitution of the Grand Council worked well. After his death, it was found that the machinery was too cumbrous. While adopting the Venetian form of government, the Florentines had omitted one essential element—the Doge. By referring measures of immediate necessity to the Grand Council, the Republic lost precious time. Dangerous publicity, moreover, was incurred; and so large a body often came to no firm resolution. There was no permanent authority in the State; no security that

what had been deliberated would be carried out with energy; no titular chief, who could transact affairs with foreign potentates and their ambassadors. Accordingly, in 1502, it was decreed that the Gonfalonier should hold office for life—should be in fact a Doge. To this important post of permanent president Piero Soderini was appointed; and in his hands were placed the chief affairs of the Republic.

At this point Florence, after all her vicissitudes, had won her way to something really similar to the Venetian Constitution. Yet the similarity existed more in form than in fact. The government of burghers in a Grand Council, with a Senate of forty, and a Gonfalonier for life, had not grown up gradually and absorbed into itself the vital forces of the Commonwealth. It was a creation of inventive intelligence, not of national development, in Florence. It had against it the jealousy of the Ottimati, who felt themselves overshadowed by the Gonfalonier; the hatred of the Paleschi, who yearned for the Medici; the discontent of the working-classes, who thought the presence of a Court in Florence would improve trade; last, but not least, the disaffection of the Compagnacci, who felt they could not flourish to their heart's content in a free commonwealth. Moreover, though the name of liberty was on every lip, though the Florentines talked, wrote, and speculated more about constitutional independence than they had ever done, the true energy of free institutions had passed from the city. The corrupt government of Cosimo and Lorenzo bore its natural fruit now. Egotistic ambition and avarice supplanted patriotism and industry. It is necessary to comprehend these circumstances, in order that the next revolution may be clearly understood.

During the ten years which elapsed between 1502 and 1512, Piero Soderini administered Florence with an outward show of great prosperity. He regained Pisa, and maintained an honourable foreign policy in the midst of the wars stirred up by the League of Cambray. Meanwhile the young princes of the house of Medici had grown to manhood in exile. The Cardinal Giovanni was thirty-seven in 1512. His brother Giuliano was thirty-three. Both of these men were better fitted than their brother Piero to fight the battles of the family. Giovanni, in particular, had inherited no small portion of the Medicæan craft. During the troubled reign of Julius II. he kept very quiet, cementing his connections with powerful men in Rome, but making no effort to regain his hold on Florence. Now the moment for striking a decisive blow had come. After the battle of Ravenna in 1512, the French were driven out of Italy, and the Sforzas returned to Milan; the Spanish troops, under the Viceroy Cardona, remained masters of the country. Following the camp of these Spaniards, Giovanni do' Medici entered Tuscany in August, and caused the restoration of the Medici to be announced in Florence.

The people, assembled by Soderini, resolved to resist to the uttermost. No foreign army should force them to receive the masters whom they had expelled. Yet their courage failed on the 29th day of August, when news reached them of the capture and the sack of Prato. Prato is a sunny little city, a few miles distant from the walls of Florence, famous for the beauty of its women, the richness of its gardens, and the grace of its buildings. Into this gem of cities the savage soldiery of Spain marched in the bright autumnal weather, and turned the paradise into a hell. It is even now impossible to read of what they did in Prato without shuddering.¹ Cruelty and lust, sordid greed for gold, and cold delight in bloodshed, could go no further. Giovanni de' Medici, by nature mild and voluptuous, averse to violence of all kinds, had to smile approval, while the Spanish Viceroy knocked thus with mailed hand for him at the door of Florence. The Florentines were paralyzed with terror. They deposed Soderini and received the Medici. Giovanni and Giuliano entered their devastated palace in the Via Larga, abolished the Grand Council, and dealt with the Republic as they listed.

There was no longer any medium in Florence possible between either tyranny or some such government as the Medici had now destroyed. The State was too rotten to recover even the modified despotism of Lorenzo's days. Each transformation had impaired some portion of its framework, broken down some of its traditions, and sowed new seeds of egotism in citizens who saw all things round them change but self-advantage. Therefore Giovanni and Giuliano felt themselves secure in flattering the popular vanity by an empty parade of their old institutions. They restored the Signory and the Gonfalonier, elected for intervals of two months by officers appointed for this purpose by the Medici. Florence had the show of a free government. But the Medici managed all things; and soldiers, commanded by their creature, Paolo Vettori, held the palace and the public square. The tyranny thus established was less secure, inasmuch as it openly rested upon violence, than Lorenzo's power had been; nor were there signs wanting that the burghers could ill brook their servitude. The conspiracy of Pietro Paolo Boscoli and Agostino Capponi proved that the Mediccan brothers ran daily risk of life. Indeed, it is not likely that they would have succeeded in maintaining their authority—for they were poor and ill-supported by friends outside the city—except for one most lucky circumstance: that was the election of Giovanni de' Medici to the Papacy in 1513.

The creation of Leo X. spread satisfaction throughout Italy. Politicians trusted that he would display some portion of his father's ability, and restore peace to the nation. Men of arts and letters expected everything from a Mediccan pope, who had already

(1) See *Archivio Storico*.

acquired the reputation of polite culture and open-handed generosity. They at any rate were not deceived. Leo's first words on taking his place in the Vatican were addressed to his brother Giuliano: "Let us enjoy the Papacy, now that God has given it to us;" and his notion of enjoyment was to surround himself with court-poets, jesters, and musicians, to adorn his Roman palaces with frescoes, to collect statues and inscriptions, to listen to Latin speeches, and to pass judgment upon scholarly compositions. Any one and every one who gave him sensual or intellectual pleasure, found his purse always open. He lived in the utmost magnificence, and made Rome the Paris of the Renaissance for brilliance, immorality, and self-indulgent ease. The politicians had less reason to be satisfied. Instead of uniting the Italians and keeping the great powers of Europe in check, Leo carried on a series of disastrous petty wars, chiefly with the purpose of establishing the Medici as princes. He squandered the revenues of the Church, and left enormous debts behind him—an exchequer ruined and a foreign policy so confused that peace for Italy could only be obtained by servitude.

Florence shared in the general rejoicing which greeted Leo's accession to the Papacy. He was the first Florentine citizen who had received the tiara, and the popular vanity was flattered by this honour to the Republic. Political theorists, meanwhile, began to speculate what greatness Florence, in combination with Rome, might rise to. The Pope was young; he ruled a large territory, reduced to order by his warlike predecessors. It seemed as though the Republic, swayed by him, might make herself the first city in Italy, and restore the glories of her Guelf ascendancy upon the platform of Renaissance statecraft. There was now no overt opposition to the Medici in Florence. How to govern the city from Rome, and how to advance the fortunes of his brother Giuliano and his nephew Lorenzo (Piero's son, a young man of twenty-one), occupied the Pope's most serious attention. For Lorenzo Leo obtained the Duchy of Urbino and the hand of a French princess. Giuliano was named Gonfalonier of the Church. He also received the French title of Duke of Nemours and the hand of Filiberta, Princess of Savoy. Leo entertained a further project of acquiring the crown of Southern Italy for his brother, and thus of uniting Rome, Florence, and Naples under the headship of his house. Nor were the Medicean interests neglected in the Church. Giulio, the Pope's bastard cousin, was made cardinal. He remained in Rome, acting as vice-chancellor and doing the hard work of the Papal Government for the pleasure-loving pontiff.

To Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, the titular head of the family, was committed the government of Florence. During their exile, wandering from court to court in Italy, the Medici had forgotten what it was to be burghers, and had acquired the manners of princes.

Leo alone retained enough of caution to warn his nephew that the Florentines must still be treated as free people. He confirmed the constitution of the Signory and the Privy Council of seventy established by his father, bidding Lorenzo, while he ruled this sham Republic, to avoid the outer signs of tyranny. The young duke at first behaved with moderation, but he could not cast aside his habits of a great lord. Florence now for the first time saw a regular court established in her midst, with a prince, who, though he bore a foreign title, was in fact her master. The joyous days of Lorenzo the Magnificent returned. Masquerades and triumphs filled the public squares. Two clubs of pleasure, called the Diamond and the Branch—badges adopted by the Medici to signify their firmness in disaster and their power of self-recovery—were formed to lead the revels. The best sculptors and painters devoted their genius to the invention of costumes and cars. The city affected to believe that the age of gold had come again.

Fortune had been very favourable to the Medici. They had returned as princes to Florence. Giovanni was Pope. Giuliano was Gonfalonier of the Church. Giulio was Cardinal and Archbishop of Florence. Lorenzo ruled the city like a sovereign. But this prosperity was no less brief than it was brilliant. A few years sufficed to sweep off all the chiefs of the great house. Giuliano died in 1516, leaving only a bastard son Ippolito. Lorenzo died in 1519, leaving a bastard son Alessandro, and a daughter, six days old, who lived to be the Queen of France. Leo died in 1521. There remained now no legitimate male descendants from the stock of Cosimo. The honours and pretensions of the Medici devolved upon three bastards—on the Cardinal Giulio, and the two boys, Alessandro and Ippolito. Of these, Alessandro was a mulatto, his mother having been a Moorish slave in the Palace of Urbino; and whether his father was Giulio, or Giuliano, or a base groom, was not known for certain. To such extremities were the Medici reduced. In order to keep their house alive, they were obliged to adopt this foundling. It is true that the younger branch of the family, descended from Lorenzo, the brother of Cosimo, still flourished. At this epoch it was represented by Giovanni, the great general known as the Invincible, whose bust so strikingly resembles that of Napoleon. But between this line of the Medici and the elder branch there had never been true cordiality. The Cardinal mistrusted Giovanni. It may, moreover, be added, that Giovanni was himself doomed to death in the year 1526.

Giulio de' Medici was left in 1521 to administer the State of Florence single-handed. He was archbishop, and he resided in the city, holding it with the grasp of an absolute ruler. Yet he felt his position insecure. The Republic had no longer any forms of self-government; nor was there a magistracy to whom the despot could

delegate his power in his absence. Giulio's ambition was fixed upon the Papal crown. The bastards he was rearing were but children. Florence had, therefore, to be furnished with some political machinery that should work of itself. The cardinal did not wish to give freedom to the city, but clockwork. He was in the perilous situation of having to rule a commonwealth without life, without elasticity, without capacity of self-movement, yet full of such material as, left alone, might ferment and breed a revolution. In this perplexity he had recourse to advisers. The most experienced politicians, philosophical theorists, practical diplomatists, and students of antique history were requested to furnish him with plans for a new constitution, just as you ask an architect to give you the plan of a new house. This was the field-day of the doctrinaires. Now was seen how much political sagacity the Florentines had gained while they were losing liberty. We possess these several drafts of constitutions. Some recommend tyranny; some incline to aristocracy, or what Italians called *Governo Stretto*; some to democracy, or *Governo Largo*; some to an eclectic compound of the other forms, or *Governo Misto*. More consummate masterpieces of constructive ingenuity can hardly be imagined. What is omitted in all, is just what no doctrinaire, no nostrum can communicate—the breath of life, the principle of organic growth. Things had come, indeed, to a melancholy pass for Florence when her tyrant, in order to confirm his hold upon her, had to devise these springs and irons to support her tottering limbs.

While the archbishop and the doctors were debating, a plot was hatching in the Rucellai Gardens. It was here that the Florentine Academy now held their meetings. For this society Machiavelli wrote his *Treatise on the Arts of War*, and his *Discourses upon Livy*. The former was an exposition of Machiavelli's scheme for creating a national militia, as the only safeguard for Italy, exposed at this period to the invasions of great foreign armies. The latter is one of the three or four masterpieces produced by the Florentine school of critical historians. Stimulated by the daring speculations of Machiavelli, and fired to enthusiasm by their study of antiquity, the younger academicians formed a conspiracy for murdering Giulio de' Medici, and restoring the Republic on a Roman model. An intercepted letter betrayed their plans. Two of the conspirators were taken and beheaded. Others escaped. But the discovery of this conjuration put a stop to Giulio's scheme of reforming the State. Henceforth he ruled Florence like a despot, mild in manners, cautious in the exercise of arbitrary power, but firm in his autocracy. The Condottiere, Alessandro Vitelli, with a company of soldiers, was taken into service for the protection of his person and the intimidation of the citizens.

In 1523, the Pope, Adrian VI., expired after a short papacy, from

which he gained no honour and Italy no profit. Giulio hurried to Rome, and, by the clever use of his large influence, caused himself to be elected with the title of Clement VII. In Florence he left Silvio Passerini, Cardinal of Cortona, as his vicegerent and the guardian of the two boys Alessandro and Ippolito. The discipline of many years had accustomed the Florentines to a government of priests. Still the burghers, mindful of their ancient liberties, were galled by the yoke of a Cortonese, sprung from one of their subject cities; nor could they bear the bastards who were being reared to rule them. Foreigners threw it in their teeth that Florence, the city glorious of art and freedom, was become a stable for mules—*stalla da muli*, in the expressive language of popular sarcasm. Bastardy, it may be said in passing, carried with it small dishonour among Italians. The Estensi were all illegitimate; the Aragonese house in Naples sprang from Alfonso's natural son; and children of Popes ranked among the princes. Yet the uncertainty of Alessandro's birth and the base condition of his mother made the prospect of this tyrant peculiarly odious; while the primacy of a foreign cardinal in the midst of citizens whose spirit was still unbroken, embittered the cup of humiliation. The Casa Medici held its authority by a slender thread, and depended more upon the disunion of the burghers than on any power of its own. It could always reckon on the favour of the lower populace, who gained profit and amusement from the presence of a court. The Ottimati again hoped more from a weak despotism than from a commonwealth, where their privileges would have been merged in the mass of the Grand Council. Thus the sympathies of the plebeians and the selfishness of the rich patricians prevented the Republic from asserting itself. On this meagre basis of personal cupidity the Medici sustained themselves. What made the situation still more delicate, and at the same time protracted the feeble rule of Clement, was that neither the Florentines nor the Medici had any army. Face to face with a potentate so considerable as the Pope, a free State could not be established without military force. On the other hand, the Medici, supported by a mere handful of mercenaries, had no power to resist a popular rising if any external event should inspire the middle classes with a hope of liberty.

Clement assumed the tiara at a moment of great difficulty. Leo had ruined the finance of Rome. France and Spain were still contending for the possession of Italy. While acting as Vicé-Chancellor, Giulio de' Medici had seemed to hold the reins with a firm grasp, and men expected that he would prove a powerful Pope; but in those days he had Leo to help him; and Leo, though indolent, was an abler man than his cousin. He planned, and Giulio executed. Obligated to act now for himself, Clement revealed the weakness of his nature. That weakness was irresolution, craft without wisdom,

diplomacy without knowledge of men. He raised the storm, and showed himself incapable of guiding it. This is not the place to tell by what a series of crooked schemes and cross purposes he brought upon himself the ruin of the Church and Rome, to relate his disagreement with the Emperor, or to describe again the sack of the Eternal City by the rabble of the Constable de Bourbon's army. That wreck of Rome in 1527 was the closing scene of the Italian Renaissance—the last of the Apocalyptic tragedies foretold by Savonarola—the death of the old age.

When the Florentines knew what was happening in Rome, they rose and forced the Cardinal Passerini to depart with the Medicean bastards from the city. The youth demanded arms for the defence of the town, and they received them. The whole male population was enrolled in a militia. The Grand Council was reformed, and the Republic was restored upon the basis of 1495. Niccolo Capponi was elected Gonfalonier. The name of Christ was again registered as chief of the Commonwealth—to such an extent did the memory of Savonarola still sway the popular imagination. The new State hastened to form an alliance with France, and Malatesta Baglioni was chosen as military Commander-in-Chief. Meanwhile the city armed itself for siege—Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Francesco da San Gallo undertaking the construction of new forts and ramparts. These measures were adopted with sudden decision, because it was soon known that Clement had made peace with the Emperor, and that the army which had sacked Rome was going to be marched on Florence.

In the month of August, 1529, the Prince of Orange assembled his forces at Terni, and thence advanced by easy stages into Tuscany. As he approached, the Florentines laid waste their suburbs, and threw down their wreath of towers, in order that the enemy might have no harbourage or points of vantage for attack. Their troops were concentrated within the city, where a new Gonfalonier, Francesco Carducci, furiously opposed to the Medici, and attached to the Piagnoni party, now ruled. On the 4th of September the Prince of Orange appeared before the walls, and opened the memorable siege. It lasted eight months, at the end of which time, betrayed by their generals, divided among themselves, and worn out with delays, the Florentines capitulated. Florence was paid as compensation for the insult offered to the pontiff in the sack of Rome.

The long yoke of the Medici had undermined the character of the Florentines. This, their last glorious struggle for liberty, was but a flash in the pan—a final flare up of the dying lamp. The city was not satisfied with slavery; but it had no capacity for united action. The Ottimati were egotistic and jealous of the people. The Paleschi desired to restore the Medici at any price—some of them

frankly wishing for a principality, others trusting that the old quasi-republican government might still be reinstated. The red Republicans, styled *Libertini* and *Arrabbiati*, clung together in blind hatred of the Medicean party; but they had no further policy to guide them. The *Piagnoni*, or *Frateschi*, stuck to the memory of Savonarola, and believed that angels would descend to guard the battlements when human help had failed. These enthusiasts still formed the true nerve of the nation—the class that might have saved the State, if salvation had been possible. Even as it was, the energy of their fanaticism prolonged the siege until resistance seemed no longer physically possible. The hero developed by the crisis was Francesco Ferrucci, a plebeian who had passed his youth in manual labour, and who now displayed rare military genius. He fell fighting outside the walls of Florence. Had he commanded the troops from the beginning, and remained inside the city, it is just possible that the fate of the war might have been less disastrous. As it was, Malatesta Buglioni, the Commander-in-Chief, turned out an arrant scoundrel. He held secret correspondence with Clement and the Prince of Orange. It was he who finally sold Florence to her foes, “putting on his head,” as the Doge of Venice said before the Senate, “the cap of the biggest traitor upon record.”

What remains of Florentine history may be briefly told. Clement, now the undisputed arbiter of power and honour in the city, chose Alessandro de' Medici to be prince. Alessandro was created Duke of Cività di Penna, and married to a natural daughter of Charles V. Ippolito was made a cardinal. Ippolito would have preferred a secular to a priestly kingdom; nor did he conceal his jealousy for his cousin. Therefore Alessandro had him poisoned. Alessandro in his turn was murdered by his kinsman, Lorenzino de' Medici. Lorenzino paid the usual penalty of tyrannicide some years later. When Alessandro was killed in 1539, Clement had himself been dead five years. Thus the whole posterity of Cosimo de' Medici, with the exception of Catherine, Queen of France, was utterly extinguished. But the Medici had struck root so firmly in the State, and had so remodelled it upon the type of tyranny, that the Florentines were no longer able to do without them. The chiefs of the *Ottimati* selected Cosimo, the representative of Giovanni the Invincible, for their prince, and thus the line of the elder Lorenzo came at last to power. This Cosimo was a boy of eighteen, fond of field sports, and used to party intrigues. When Francesco Guicciardini offered him a privy purse of one hundred and twenty thousand ducats annually, together with the presidency of Florence, this wily politician hoped that he would rule the State through Cosimo, and realise at last that dream of the *Ottimati*, a *Governo Stretto* or *di Pochi*. He was notably mistaken in his calculations. The first days of Cosimo's administration showed that he possessed the craft

of his family and the vigour of his immediate progenitors, and that he meant to be sole master in Florence. He it was who obtained the title of Grand Duke of Tuscany from the Pope—a title confirmed by the Emperor, fortified by Austrian alliances, and transmitted through his heirs to the present century.

In these two papers upon Florence and the Medici I have purposely omitted all details that did not bear upon the constitutional history of the Republic, or on the growth of the Medici as despots; because I wanted to present a picture of the process whereby that family contrived to fasten itself upon the freest and most cultivated State in Italy. This success the Medici owed mainly to their own obstinacy, and to the weakness of republican institutions in Florence. Their power was founded upon wealth in the first instance, and upon the ingenuity with which they turned the favour of the proletariat to use. It was confirmed by the mistakes and failures of their enemies, by Rinaldo degli Albizzi's attack on Cosimo, by the conspiracy of Neroni and Pitti against Piero, and by Francesco de' Pazzi's attempt to assassinate Lorenzo. It was still further strengthened by the Medicean sympathy for arts and letters—a sympathy which placed both Cosimo and Lorenzo at the head of the Renaissance movement, and made them worthy to represent Florence, the city of genius, in the fifteenth century. While thus founding and cementing their dynastic influence upon the basis of a wide-spread popularity, the Medici employed persistent cunning in the enfeeblement of the Republic. It was their policy not to plant themselves by force or acts of overt tyranny, but to corrupt ambitious citizens, to secure the patronage of public offices, and to render the spontaneous working of the State machinery impossible. By pursuing this policy over a long series of years they made the revival of liberty in 1494, and again in 1527, ineffectual. While exiled from Florence, they never lost the hope of returning as masters, so long as the passions they had excited and they alone could gratify, remained in full activity. These passions were avarice and egotism, the greed of the grasping *Ottimati*, the jealousy of the nobles, the self-indulgence of the proletariat. Yet it is probable they might have failed to recover Florence, on one or other of these two occasions, but for the accident which placed Giovanni de' Medici on the Papal chair, and enabled him to put Giulio in the way of the same dignity. From the accession of Leo in 1513 to the year 1527 the Medici ruled Florence from Rome, and brought the power of the Church into the service of their despotism. After that date they were still further aided by the imperial policy of Charles V., who chose to govern Italy through subject princes, bound to himself by domestic alliances and powerful interests. One of these was Cosimo, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany.

J. A. SYMONDS.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THERE is a common expression about ministries being swept out of office in a single day; if such a process were possible, we should probably have had to record it among the events of the current month. The feeling of bitter contempt, humiliation, and resentment, which swept over all England on the day when we heard of the British fleet sailing majestically to the Dardanelles, and after being received with heavy salutes, steaming majestically back again, was probably the one strong emotion that men of all parties and all ways of thinking have shared in common for many a long day. Let us note the chain of incidents of which that was the deplorable climax. On January 2 Lord Carnarvon caused the heartiest satisfaction throughout the country, among non-parliamentary conservatives no less than liberals, by a strongly pacific speech. For this speech he was severely condemned by Lord Beaconsfield. He then, by way of making his attitude clear and unmistakable, and putting to a decisive test the conditions of continued action with his colleagues, wrote down the propositions to which Lord Beaconsfield took exception, and reaffirmed and adhered to them. The country believed, and Lord Carnarvon naturally believed after this re-affirmation, that he had not grossly misrepresented the sentiments of the Government. On January 14, however, the Cabinet resolved to send the fleet to Gallipoli, and Lord Carnarvon tendered his resignation. On the same day Lord Beaconsfield sent him a message to the effect that he had "changed his mind," and on January 15 the rest of the Cabinet changed their minds also; for it is now obvious that Lord Beaconsfield is master in his own house, and that his colleagues with perhaps one remaining exception, as Lord Derby is still in office, are merely departmental puppets. Lord Carnarvon remained in office, taking care—for Lord Beaconsfield's memory has all his life been liable to caprices—to put on record (January 18) that he was not prepared "in present circumstances, or in circumstances similar to them, to agree to any armed intervention or any course of a similar nature." Lord Beaconsfield in reply declared that at present there seemed to be no important difference of opinion between them, just as he would have said that there was no important difference of opinion between himself and the majority of the English public—meaning only by this that it did not suit his convenience to let the difference appear, but really being fully aware that what he said was untrue. Parliament had met the day before. The ministers vowed with much emphasis that the newspaper rumours of a divided Cabinet were

wholly untrue. Many people were glad to hear it, but few people believed it. Lord Carnarvon's account to the Premier himself the very next day was that "divergences of opinion had unfortunately developed themselves among us, and I cannot conceal from myself that those differences have been very considerable on a question where it is of the utmost importance to the country that the Government should be one and undivided."

Sir Stafford Northcote assured the House of Commons that no extra vote would be asked for until the terms of peace were known. His words were pacific in the highest degree:—"It is impossible to say what may be the effect which these hostilities and this long struggle may have had upon the position and views of the Russians. It is therefore necessary that we should maintain an attitude of watchfulness and reserve until we see and know what it is they are prepared to demand. At the present time we make no immediate proposals, but we think it right to warn and to remind the House that it may very well become our duty to put ourselves into a position to take the measures of precaution that may become necessary." There is as little of the note of the trumpet here as one could desire. We cannot wonder at the furious scorn with which the war party, in bursts of raging prose, discovered in such words as these their own abandonment and defeat.

Six days later, Jan. 23, the Cabinet decided to give immediate instructions to the Admiral to take the fleet up to Constantinople and to ask the House of Commons for a large vote for increase of armaments. On the 24th, Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby resigned, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that he would ask for money on the following Monday. With something that in private life we should call deliberate duplicity, Sir Stafford Northcote—who is very fond of saying, "I will be frank with the House"—said nothing of the orders that had been sent to the fleet. Of this strong measure parliament and the public did not hear on ministerial authority until the following afternoon, Jan. 25, when there was a scene of sudden revulsion not soon to be forgotten. "On Wednesday evening we decided that orders should be sent to the Fleet to proceed to the Dardanelles to keep open the waterway and to protect British life and property in the event of tumults at Constantinople." The war faction in the House were jubilant, but the next sentence brought swift Nemesis. "But," proceeded Sir Stafford Northcote, "in consequence of the communications to which I have referred, those private communications which we received late last night, a further telegram was despatched to the Fleet, ordering the Fleet, if they were at the mouth of the Dardanelles, where they had been directed to call for orders, to wait until they received further instructions."

Now why was it decided on the evening of the 23rd to send the orders to the Fleet? Sir Stafford Northcote's explanation we have already quoted. The Fleet was to keep the waterway open, and to protect British life and property at Constantinople. Lord Beaconsfield's story is different:—

“ Her Majesty's Government, *not having received any information respecting the negotiations between the belligerents*, and as the Russian forces were making considerable advances in a direction where British interests were deeply involved, and as we had been informed by the Sultan that there was no security for life in Constantinople, owing to the state of disorder and disorganization there—”

That is to say, because most difficult negotiations were not conducted rapidly enough to please Lord Beaconsfield's impatience. We may conclude that the pretext of keeping order at Constantinople—alleged by Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote—was a pretence and a mere blind, because if they had really been influenced by the Sultan's statement of there being no security for life in Constantinople, why did they cancel the order to the Fleet the moment that they had private news of the terms of peace? What difference did the communication of terms of peace make in the disorder and disorganization of Constantinople, which was so pressing as to call for the dispatch of the Fleet with such urgency? We may put that aside as a figment which need not be more particularly described. The Fleet then was to be moved up to Constantinople because the Government had not received any information respecting the negotiations. But this could not have been the motive of Lord Beaconsfield's decision to send up the Fleet on the 14th of January. What was in the mind of the government, that is to say of Lord Beaconsfield, then? We shall never know, because even if Lord Beaconsfield should one day tell us what produced the resolution of Jan. 14, unfortunately he is the one Prime Minister since the old Duke of Newcastle in the last century, of whom it can be said that his words are not always accurate measures of the fact. And yet our newspapers have always written as if the fluency and facility of General Ignatieff were unparalleled in the statesmen of any other nation.

Looking at the action of the ministry from their own point of view, what are we to think of statesmen who having been within an ace of taking so momentous a step as sending the Fleet to Constantinople on the 14th, yet on the 16th compose the paragraph in the Queen's Speech about neutrality being secure in the absence of “unexpected occurrences”? If there was even a shadow of real justification for the decision of the 14th—and we do not for the moment assert that there may not have been such a justification—then what can we seriously think of the practical foresight of men who

refrained from asking for a vote of money on the first night of the session, when it could hardly have been refused, any more than it was refused to Mr. Gladstone in 1870? If an expedition was a thing so probable, so close, and at any rate so far from impossible, as to have been actually decided on only forty-eight hours before, it was nothing short of the duty of ministers to secure themselves against so serious and so possible a contingency. Again, when the movement of the Fleet was finally resolved upon, on the 23rd, it was to have been accompanied by a telegraphic dispatch to the European Powers, stating that there was "not the slightest deviation from the policy of neutrality." As if the presence of the British Fleet at Constantinople would not have been the surest encouragement to one of the belligerents to refuse the terms of the other. If the ministry really meant not to deviate from neutrality, then they intended to play the unfortunate Turks a very sorry and unfriendly trick. If they sent the Fleet to Constantinople, they ought to have thrown off the mask of neutrality, and gone to war in earnest.

All this is to be said, even if one accepted the ministerial point of view. But a vital question still remains. What happened between January 17 and January 23 to justify the movement of the Fleet? On the 17th, Parliament was told that if hostilities were prolonged, some unexpected occurrence might make it their duty to prepare for taking precautions. Well, what unexpected occurrence took place in the six days after this announcement? Of course hostilities were prolonged by the Russians, until the details for an armistice had been settled. Nobody ever heard of a victorious army suspending its operations at a critical point simply because the enemy sent envoys to treat for peace. You first abuse the Russians as the most crafty, ruthless, unrelenting of the human race, and then you assume that they will show a guilelessness that would be too much even for angels. War is war, and no generals ever yet acted as if there were a truce, before the conditions of the truce had been settled and signed. The Russians would have been mad not to advance in the direction of Constantinople. The greatest simpleton who reads the telegrams must have known that the Russians would certainly, naturally, reasonably move forward until the very moment when the signing of an armistice was completed. Were the ministers the only men in England to whom this forward movement was an "unexpected occurrence"? If not that, then what other incident inspired the resolution of the 23rd? The negotiators were tardy in coming to terms, and did not communicate the terms to foreign governments. But can any one seriously pretend that mere futile impatience of this kind is to be a warrant for action of such unspeakable moment? Within twenty-four hours of telegraphing to the Admiral of the Fleet, the government received the news. If anyone cares to measure the

trepidations, vacillations, petulant hurry, and real fatuity of the English cabinet between the 12th of January and the 24th, let him read the calm, strong, and steadfast words in which the Duke of Wellington fifty years ago treated the same phenomenon of Russia threatening Constantinople from Adrianople.

One other point remains in this deplorable history—deplorable alike to the man of peace and the man of war. It was stated by ministers at the opening of the session that the reason why parliament was summoned before its usual time was a natural desire on the part of the Cabinet to enjoy the guidance and support of parliament in their anxieties. They show the sincerity of this pretext by treating parliament with systematic dissimulation. They go out of their way to assure it in the most pointed way that the cabinet is united, when they all knew that the very minister who was most directly responsible for foreign policy, and the very minister whose declaration of January 2nd had been hailed with universal rejoicings all over the country, were at variance with their colleagues on the most important step that could be taken, and that one of the two had tendered his resignation only three days before. The representative of the government in the House of Commons said that he would not ask for an extra money vote until the terms of peace were known; a week after he comes down to say that he is about to do exactly what he had promised not to do. The parliament which was summoned to support the government by its opinion, was not only not consulted as to the most important step that could be taken in a direction away from the policy accepted by the House of Commons and the country, but the minister when announcing the proposed vote had not the candour to inform the House, summoned to help and guide the government, that this step had already been taken. Is not all this the worst exhibition of political shiftiness that has been seen in our time? Is it not astonishing that men who in private life are the soul of honour should lend themselves to these ignoble and unworthy tactics? And, perhaps, the worst is not yet. These are the men, Lord Beaconsfield and his instruments, who have now to represent the nation in the great and momentous settlement which at last seems to be at hand. Thanks to them, England is as much crushed diplomatically as Turkey is crushed materially. And Turkey has at least won a certain respect from her enemies by the hardihood of her soldiers. England, as was truly said the other day, is hated by the vanquished and despised by the victors. It would be unfair to expect that responsible ministers, with many considerations before them that are not known to their critics, should execute so vast a revolution in the traditional foreign policy of the country as an abandonment of Turkey, with that suddenness of stroke which is permitted to other people. This would be un-

reasonable. But it is not unreasonable, it is sound sense, to ask them why they did not make up their minds either to recognise the unavoidableness of abandoning Turkey, and then of working steadily with a view to that, or else to insist upon openly supporting her. If they had taken the latter course, they would speedily have discovered how much or how little the country was with them. If they had taken the former course with reluctance, and followed it with unwilling steps, they might at least have preserved an attitude which should have been straightforward, consistent, and intelligible enough, not to have left them at the end of the struggle helpless in diplomacy, without the respect or the good will of a single foreign power, and an object of contempt even to those who had been their own early partisans and abettors at home.

What sort of influence can a government have in European diplomacy which is now notoriously discredited in its own country? For this is no longer the ministry which the nation has watched with doubt and suspicion for many months; it is a ministry which the nation has at last found out, which it has convicted of a shifty attempt to commit us to a policy which the nation dreads and detests. Lord Beaconsfield had the courage to draw a distinction between a policy and a carrying of that policy into effect. He had the courage to talk in this way:—"I must vindicate myself and my colleagues when I say that we were not conscious that in sending orders to the Fleet to enter the Turkish waters we were doing anything but carrying out that policy which we had frankly expounded to this and the other House of Parliament, which Parliament adopted, and which the country has supported us in maintaining." The country will not endure this sophistry. To send the Fleet to Constantinople in the midst of negotiations was diametrically at variance with the policy accepted by the nation. Lord Carnarvon's interpretation of that measure will be the interpretation of the country. Turcophiles and Russophiles will agree that the policy was changed, and changed at a moment when it might have proved most disastrous to peace.

What is really astonishing is that the Prime Minister should have taken credit to his government for their share in the present negotiations for an armistice and a peace. The weakest and humblest power that dares to call itself a power might have done all that the English government has done. Lord Beaconsfield asked triumphantly, "Which is the power which at this moment has secured the commencement of a hope of peace for Europe? Mighty Germany, and anxious Austria, and France husbanding her resources, and the other great powers, have all declined when the Porte appealed to them to interfere in a task then beset with difficulties, and which might be considered, judging from their language, as hopeless.

Yet isolated England did interfere, and the moment she interfered we had the commencement of these negotiations Whether they are successful or not, what is the power that has originated them? What power had fanned the flame even when it was expiring, and at this moment has brought about a state of affairs which engages the thoughts of all the European cabinets? Why, England." If we translate this into the language of plain fact, the English share in fanning the flame of peace scarcely seems to deserve such turgid panegyric. The Porte begged England to mediate. Lord Derby declined, and hinted to the Porte that they had better ask him to ask the Emperor of Russia whether he would listen to Turkish overtures. The Porte did ask Lord Derby, and Lord Derby told the Emperor what the Porte had asked. The Emperor answered that the Porte must deal with the commanders in the field. Nobody supposes that the Turkish government doubted for an instant that the Czar would listen to their overtures for peace. How could he possibly have refused such a request? Was the Czar likely to insist on laying the whole Turkish empire waste with fire and sword, and to decline to stay his hand until every Turk was slain or thrust across the Bosphorus? The Porte was quite as well aware before, as after, Lord Derby's application to the Emperor of Russia what the attitude of the Emperor would be, but it hoped in its own weak and crooked way that even the mechanical transmission of a plain question might by the aid of Providence embroil the English and Russian governments with one another. The result was certainly most disastrous to the Turks, and dearly have they paid for their reliance on Mr. Layard and Mr. Layard's chief. While they were losing time, the Russian forces crossed the Balkans, occupied Sofia, and captured the forces in the Shipka Pass. This is what the Porte got by listening to Lord Derby's suggestion that he should be made the channel of overtures which might have been made at first, as they were compulsorily made at last, by direct dealing between the two enemies in the field. There is something, really pitiable first, in the policy which prompted Lord Derby's interference in the dispatch of December 24, and second, in the attempt to pass off that interference, mischievous as it was to the Turks, and dilatory as it was in respect of a truce, as vigorous and noble-minded fanning by England of the expiring flame of peace. To exalt a mechanical action like the mere forwarding of a message, as Lord Beaconsfield strove to exalt it, into something august and beneficent in the way of policy, only shows how little respect he feels for the penetration of his public—an absence of respect, we admit, for which the Prime Minister's own successful career is as solid a justification as could be found.

The policy itself is pitiable, and a sensible Turk may well feel

improved government of their provinces as the public opinion of Europe imperatively demanded. These demands were, 1. The appointment of a Governor-General in the insurgent provinces for five years: the Powers to have a veto. 2. An international commission of Supervision. 3. Local control over the collection and assessment of direct taxes. 4. Admission of Christians to militia and police, in proportion to their number. These moderate concessions, of which Lord Salisbury said that they were the very least that could furnish any effective security, were refused. The rash partisans of the Ottoman government in this country—the same who are now beside themselves with chagrin—were exultant. To-day as a consequence of that infatuated refusal, Turkey lies prostrate; her defences have been forced, her best armies routed, Adrianople is in the hands of her enemy, her representatives are suing for peace at the Russian camp, and the terms of that peace will leave her shorn of territory and prerogative, without money or chance of procuring money, and practically condemned to hopeless vassalage so long as her nominal power endures. When we consider the tremendous havoc that has thus punished the obstinacy of a year ago, were those right or wrong who then denounced the policy of applauding the stubbornness of the Porte? Above all, how wrong are those now seen to have been who by the system of two voices induced or permitted the Porte to suppose that after all England would step in and avert the stroke of the Russian sword? The close of the Conference is separated from the military movements which had such absorbing interest for us yesterday by a deep gulf, but it is worth while to remind ourselves now and again of the connection between the catastrophe and its antecedents.

When calm returns to men's minds, and the documents of the months before and during the Conference are deliberately studied, the more clear will the opinion become which the Duke of Argyll repeated the other night, that though we could expect nothing from Russia in the way of civilisation, and though we owe her for nothing but the sword, "we might have prevented the war by firmness and by maintaining the European concert, and we deliberately sacrificed that and made the war a necessity for Russia." And when calm returns, it will hardly seem credible that journalists and partisans were audacious enough to persist in repeating day after day for many months that Russia was bent and determined on war before the Conference and during the Conference, and that she would have gone to war however eager Turkey might have been to make all the concessions that were demanded. Lord Salisbury's words on this point on the opening night of the session ought to be remembered by all who care to retain an authentic answer to these particular calumnies of the Turkish partisans. "I entirely concur," he said, "with the

Duke of Argyll in repudiating the very unwise accusations which are often made against the Russian government and Emperor. . . . I daresay there have been unscrupulous advisers in Russia—there have been unscrupulous advisers in all countries; but I certainly must express my opinion that during the Conference at Constantinople the Emperor Alexander was actuated by a sincere, an anxious, an almost tormenting desire for peace; and that he accepted conditions which, from his point of view, I should have thought would have been the very extreme conditions that he could have accepted under the peculiar circumstances of the case." The only surprising thing is that anybody holding so strong an opinion as this should have given the indirect sanction of a colleague to the acerbities of Lord Derby's dispatch in reply to the Russian declaration of war. In that dispatch Lord Derby intimated pretty bluntly a belief that Russia had intended all along to declare war, and that the proceedings of the Conference, so far as Russia was concerned, were mere hypocrisy. Yet if Lord Salisbury is right, Lord Derby, in composing a dispatch in such terms, must have been shamefully in the wrong. For all this, however, the reckoning is not yet.

The question of the Dardanelles is the one point in the reported terms, where the conditions of Lord Derby's "charter of our policy" will be touched. Lord Derby's words were:—that "the existing arrangements made under European sanction which regulate the navigation of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles appear to us wise and salutary, and there would be in their judgment serious objection to the alteration in any material particular." It is doubtful whether the government mean that no change shall be made without their concurrence and the expression of their opinion; or that they will concur in no change at all. Lord Derby has told the Porte that the government will recognise no alteration of the conditions of the Treaty of Paris made by Russia and Turkey apart from the other signatories of the Treaty. But supposing that Russia and Turkey agree as one of the conditions of peace that the Dardanelles shall be open to the vessels of war of all nations. Will Lord Derby recognise that? Or in what effective way can he express his disapproval? We fail to see what the English government will gain either in the way of dignity or otherwise by a protest against a decision from the substance of which they do not dissent, and from a right to share in whose settlement they debarred themselves by their refusal—whether a wise or unwise refusal—to join Austria and Russia in imposing the terms of the Conference on Turkey.

Most people will agree with the Duke of Argyll:—"The present rule is not a rule in favour of Europe, but in favour of Turkey; and if Turkey becomes a vassal State, and practically under the dominion of Russia, then he was not prepared to affirm that the

present rule is one which should not be altered. On the contrary, he should be prepared to maintain that a material alteration would be almost necessary." Mr. Brassey, who is as far as possible from being a Russian sympathiser or an ardent enemy of Turkish rule, and who knows better than most people the naval considerations affecting the question, has expressed his opinion in words that are worth remembering in the approaching discussions. "The subject would be more important to ourselves if Russia were now, or were likely to become, a first-class or even a second-class naval power. Experience has, however, shown that with her own native resources Russia cannot produce the matériel of a modern fighting navy. . . . The opening of the Dardanelles will not give one seaman or one ironclad to the Russians; and if the Russian navy dare not face the navy of Turkey, it is not probable that it would engage the fleet of England. If there were any reason to apprehend such a contingency, what would be easier than to maintain an effective blockade at the Dardanelles? Where an inferior power, like the Southern Confederacy in the American civil war, possesses an extensive line of coast, it may be difficult for an enemy, however superior in strength, to prevent a privateer from occasionally evading the blockade. The Dardanelles are not more than a mile wide, and they are some fifty miles in length. Here, therefore, the stronger navy is enabled to make full use of its advantages."

Of course this does not prove that the conditions of such a blockade would be other than unfavourable to commerce. In case of war between England and Russia, it might possibly happen that our fleet might be wanted elsewhere, or for other reasons the British government might not institute an effective blockade. The mere risk of this would be enough to alarm underwriters and to send up the rates of insurance. To that extent no doubt the free passage of the Straits might prove a source of damage to English commerce. But no sensible man will pretend that this remote and contingent peril is a reason for inflicting on commerce the assured calamities of a present war.

January 28, 1878.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A History of England in the Eighteenth Century. By W. E. H. LECKY.
Vols. 1—2. Longmans.

A fluent and facile narrative of the principal historical events of the age, and a luminous survey of its social aspects. Great part of the second volume is occupied by a review of the condition of Ireland during the period of unmitigated Protestant ascendancy.

History of the War of Frederick I. against the Communes of Lombardy. By G. B. TESTA. A translation from the Italian, revised by the Author. Smith, Elder & Co.

A history on the classic pattern, in which the accumulation of material is subordinated to the charm of style.

The Origin of the Ancient Russ. By Dr. VILHELM THOMSEN. Parker & Co.

The Ilchester Lectures for 1876, discussing "the relations between Ancient Russia and Scandinavia, and the origin of the Russian State."

London in the Jacobite Times. By Dr. JOHN DORAN. 2 vols. Bentley.

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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CXXXV. NEW SERIES.—MARCH 1, 1878.

EQUALITY.¹

THERE is a maxim which we all know, which occurs in our copy-books, which occurs in that solemn and beautiful formulary against which the Nonconformist genius is just now so angrily chafing—the Burial Service. The maxim is this: “Evil communications corrupt good manners.” It is taken from one of the chapters of the Epistles to the Corinthians; but originally it is a line of poetry, of Greek poetry. *Quid Athenis et Hierosolymis?* asks a Father; what have Athens and Jerusalem to do with one another? Well, at any rate, the Jerusalemite Paul, exhorting his converts, enforces what he is saying by a verse of Athenian comedy, a verse, probably, from the great master of that comedy, a man unsurpassed for fine and just observation of human life, Menander. *Φθίρουσιν ἡθῆ χρῆσθ' ὀμιλίαι κακαί*—“Evil communications corrupt good manners.”

In that collection of single, sententious lines, printed at the end of Menander's fragments, where we now find the maxim quoted by St. Paul, there is another striking maxim, not alien certainly to the language of the Christian religion, but which has not passed into our copy-books: “Choose equality and flee greed.” The same profound observer, who laid down the maxim so universally accepted by us that it has become commonplace, the maxim that evil communications corrupt good manners, laid down too, as a no less sure result of the accurate study of human life, this other maxim also: “Choose equality and flee greed”—*ἰσότητα δ' αἰροῦ καὶ πλεονεξίαν φύγε*.

Pleonexia, or greed, the wishing and trying for the bigger share, we know under the name of covetousness. We understand by covetousness something different from what *pleonexia* really means: we understand by it the longing for other people's goods; and covetousness, so understood, it is a commonplace of morals and of

(1) Address delivered at the Royal Institution.

religion with us that we should shun. As to the duty of pursuing equality, there is no such consent amongst us. Indeed, the consent is the other way, the consent is against equality. Equality before the law we all take as a matter of course; that is not the equality which we mean when we talk of equality. When we talk of equality, we understand social equality; and for equality in this Frenchified sense of the term almost everybody in England has a hard word. About four years ago Lord Beaconsfield held it up to reprobation in a speech to the students at Glasgow;—a speech so interesting, that being asked soon afterwards to hold a discourse at Glasgow, I said that if one spoke there at all at that time it would be impossible to speak on any other subject than equality. However, it is a great way to Glasgow, and I never yet have been able to go and speak there. But the testimonies against equality have been steadily accumulating from the date of Lord Beaconsfield's Glasgow speech down to the present hour, when Sir Erskine May winds up his new and important *History of Democracy* by saying: "France has aimed at social equality. The fearful troubles through which she has passed have checked her prosperity, demoralised her society, and arrested the intellectual growth of her people." Mr. Froude is more his own master than I am, and he has been able to go to Edinburgh and to speak there upon equality. Mr. Froude told his hearers that equality splits a nation into "a multitude of disconnected units," that "the masses require leaders whom they can trust," and that "the natural leaders in a healthy country are the gentry." And only just before the *History of Democracy* came out, we had that exciting passage of arms between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone, where equality, poor thing, received blows from them both. Mr. Lowe declared that "no concession should be made to the cry for equality, unless it appears that the State is menaced with more danger by its refusal than by its admission. No such case exists now or ever has existed in this country." And Mr. Gladstone replied that equality was so utterly unattractive to the people of this country, inequality was so dear to their hearts, that to talk of concessions being made to the cry for equality was absurd. "There is no broad political idea," says Mr. Gladstone quite truly, "which has entered less into the formation of the political system of this country than the love of equality." And he adds: "It is not the love of equality which has carried into every corner of the country the distinct undeniable popular preference, wherever other things are equal, for a man who is a lord over a man who is not. The love of freedom itself is hardly stronger in England than the love of aristocracy." Mr. Gladstone goes on to quote a saying of Sir William Molesworth, that with our people the love of aristocracy "is a religion." And he concludes in his copious and eloquent way: "Call this love of inequality by what name you please—the complement of the love of freedom, or its

negative pole, or the shadow which the love of freedom casts, or the reverberation of its voice in the halls of the constitution—it is an active, living, and life-giving power, which forms an inseparable essential element in our political habits of mind, and asserts itself at every step in the processes of our system.”

And yet, on the other side, we have a consummate critic of life like Menander, delivering, as if there were no doubt at all about the matter, the maxim: “Choose equality!” An Englishman with any curiosity must surely be inclined to ask himself how such a maxim can ever have got established, and taken rank along with “Evil communications corrupt good manners.” Moreover, we see that among the French, who have suffered so grievously, as we hear, from choosing equality, the most gifted spirits continue to believe passionately in it nevertheless. “The human ideal, as well as the social ideal, is,” says George Sand, “to achieve equality.” She calls equality “the goal of man and the law of the future.” She asserts that France is the most civilised of nations, and that its pre-eminence in civilisation it owes to equality.

But Menander lived a long while ago, and George Sand was an enthusiast. Perhaps their differing from us about equality need not trouble us much. France, too, counts for but one nation, as England counts for one, also. Equality may be a religion with the people of France, as inequality, we are told, is a religion with the people of England. But what do other nations seem to think about the matter? Now this is most certainly not a lecture on law and the rules of bequest. But it is evident that in the societies of Europe, with a constitution of property such as that which the feudal Middle Age left them with—a constitution of property full of inequality—the state of the law of bequest shows us how far each society wishes the inequality to continue. The families in possession of great estates will not break them up if they can help it. The owners will do all they can, by entail and settlement, to prevent their successors from breaking them up. They will preserve inequality. Freedom of bequest, then, the power of making entails and settlements, is sure, in an old European country like ours, to maintain inequality. And with us, who have the religion of inequality, the power of entailing and settling, and of willing property as one likes, exists, as is well known, in singular fulness—greater fulness than in any country of the Continent. The proposal of a measure such as the Real Estates Intestacy Bill is, in a country like ours, perfectly puerile. A European country like ours, wishing not to preserve inequality but to abate it, can only do so by interfering with the freedom of bequest. This is what Turgot, the wisest of French statesmen, pronounced before the Revolution to be necessary, and what was done in France at the great Revolution. The Code Napoléon, the actual law of France,

forbids entails altogether, and leaves a man free to dispose of but one-fourth of his property, of whatever kind, if he have three children or more, of one-third if he have two children, of one-half if he have but one child. Only in the rare case, therefore, of a man's having but one child, can that child take the whole of his father's property. If there are two children, two-thirds of the property must be equally divided between them; if there are more than two, three-fourths. In this way has France, desiring equality, sought to bring equality about.

Now the interesting point for us is, I say, to know how far other European communities, left in the same situation with us and France, having immense inequalities of class and property created for them by the Middle Age, have dealt with these inequalities by means of the law of bequest. Do they leave bequest free, as we do? then, like us, they are for inequality. Do they interfere with the freedom of bequest, as France does? then, like France, they are for equality. And we shall be most interested, surely, by what the most civilised European communities do in this matter—communities such as those of Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland. And among those communities we are most concerned, I think, with such as, in the conditions of freedom and of self-government which they demand for their life, are most like ourselves. Germany, for instance, we shall less regard, because the conditions which the Germans seem to accept for their life are so unlike what we demand for ours; there is so much personal government there, so much *junkerism*, militarism, officialism; the community is so much more trained to submission than we could bear, so much more used to be, as the popular phrase is, sat upon. Countries where the community has more a will of its own, or can more show it, are the most important for our present purpose—such countries as Belgium, Holland, Italy, Switzerland. Well, Belgium adopts purely and simply, as to bequest and inheritance, the provisions of the Code Napoléon. Holland adopts them purely and simply. Italy has adopted them substantially. Switzerland is a republic, where the general feeling against inequality is strong, and where it might seem less necessary, therefore, to guard against inequality by interfering with the power of bequest. Each canton has its own law of bequest. In Geneva, Vaud, and Zurich—perhaps the three most distinguished cantons—it is identical with that of France. In Berne, one-third is the fixed proportion which a man is free to dispose of by will; the rest of his property must go among his children equally. In all the other cantons there are regulations of a like kind. Germany, I was saying, will interest us less than these freer countries. In Germany,—though there is not the English freedom of bequest, but the rule of the Roman law prevails, the rule obliging the parent to assign a certain portion to each child—in Germany entails and settlements in favour of an eldest son are generally permitted. But there is a

remarkable exception. The Rhine countries, which in the early part of this century were under French rule, and which then received the Code Napoléon, these countries refused to part with it when they were restored to Germany; and to this day Rhenish Prussia, Rhenish Hesse, and Baden, have the French law of bequest, forbidding entails, and dividing property in the way we have seen.

The United States of America have the English liberty of bequest. But the United States are, like Switzerland, a republic, with the republican sentiment for equality. Theirs is, besides, a new society; it did not inherit the system of classes and of property which foudalism formed in Europe. The class by which they were settled was not a class with feudal habits and ideas. It is notorious that to hold great landed estates and to entail them upon an eldest son, is neither the practice nor the desire of any class in America. I remember hearing it said to an American in England: "But, after all, you have the same freedom of bequest and inheritance as we have, and if a man to-morrow chose in your country to entail a great landed estate rigorously, what could you do?" The American answered: "Set aside the will on the ground of insanity."

You see we are in a manner taking the votes for and against equality. We ought not to leave out our own Colonies. In general they are, of course, like the United States of America, new societies. They have the English liberty of bequest. But they have no feudal past, and were not settled by a class with feudal habits and ideas. Nevertheless it happens that there have arisen, in Australia, exceedingly large estates, and that the proprietors seek to keep them together. And what have we seen happen lately? An Act has been passed which in effect inflicts a fine upon every proprietor who holds a landed estate of more than a certain value. The measure has been severely blamed in England; to Mr. Lowe such a "concession to the cry for equality" appears, as we might expect, pregnant with warnings. At present I neither praise it nor blame it; I simply take it as one of the votes for equality. And is it not a singular thing, I ask you, that while we have the religion of inequality, and can hardly bear to hear equality spoken of, there should be, among the nations of Europe which have politically most in common with us, and in the United States of America, and in our own Colonies, this diseased appetite, as we must think it, for equality? Perhaps Lord Beaconsfield may not have turned your minds to this subject as he turned mine, and what Menander or George Sand happen to have said may not interest you much; yet surely, when you think of it, when you see what a practical revolt against inequality there is amongst so many people not so very unlike to ourselves, you must feel some curiosity to sift the matter a little further, and may be not ill-disposed to follow me while I try to do so.

I have received a letter from Clerkenwell, in which the writer

reproaches me for lecturing about equality at this which he calls "the most aristocratic and exclusive place out." I am here because your Secretary invited me. But I am glad to treat the subject of equality before such an audience as this. Some of you may remember that I have roughly divided our English society into Barbarians, Philistines, Populace, each of them with their prepossessions, and loving to hear what gratifies them. But I remarked at the same time, that scattered throughout all these three classes were a certain number of generous and humane souls, lovers of man's perfection, detached from the prepossessions of the class to which they might naturally belong, and desirous that he who speaks to them should, as Plato says, not try to please his fellow-servants, but his true and legitimate masters, the heavenly Gods. I feel sure that among the members and frequenters of an institution like this, such humane souls are apt to congregate in numbers. Even from the reproach which my Clerkenwell friend brings against you of being too aristocratic, I derive some comfort. Only I give to the term *aristocratic* a rather wide extension. An accomplished American, much known and much esteemed in this country, the late Mr. Charles Sumner, says that what particularly struck him in England was the large class of gentlemen as distinct from the nobility, and the abundance amongst them of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste—taste fastidious perhaps, says Mr. Sumner, to excess, but erring on virtue's side. And he goes on: "I do not know that there is much difference between the manners and social observances of the highest classes of England and those of the corresponding classes of France and Germany; but in the rank immediately below the highest—as among the professions, or military men, or literary men—there you will find that the Englishmen have the advantage. They are better educated and better bred, more careful in their personal habits and in social conventions, more refined." Mr. Sumner's remark is just and important; this large class of gentlemen in the professions, the services, literature, politics—and a good contingent is now added from business also—this large class, not of the nobility but with the accomplishments and taste of an upper class, is something peculiar to England. Of this class I may probably assume that my present audience is in large measure composed. It is aristocratic in this sense, that it has the tastes of a cultivated class, a certain high standard of civilisation. Well, it is in its effects upon *civilisation* that equality interests me. And I speak to an audience with a high standard of civilisation. If I say, certain things in certain classes do not come up to a high standard of civilisation, I need not prove how and why they do not; you will feel whether they do or no. If they do not, I need not prove that this is a bad thing, that a high standard of civilisation is desirable; you will instinctively

feel that it is. Instead of calling this "the most aristocratic and exclusive place out," I conceive of it as a *civilised* place; and in speaking about civilisation half one's labour is saved when one speaks about it among those who are civilised.

Politics are forbidden here; but equality is not a question of English politics. The abstract right to equality may, indeed, be a question of speculative politics. French equality appeals to this abstract natural right as its support. It goes back to a state of nature where all were equal, and supposes that "the poor consented," as Rousseau says, "to the existence of rich people," reserving always a natural right to return to the state of nature. It supposes that a child has a natural right to his equal share in his father's goods. The principle of abstract right, says Mr. Lowe, has never been admitted in England, and is false. I so entirely agree with him, that I run no risk of offending by discussing equality upon the basis of this principle. So far as I can sound human consciousness, I cannot, as I have often said, perceive that man is really conscious of any abstract natural rights at all. The natural right to have work found for one to do, the natural right to have food found for one to eat, rights sometimes so confidently and so indignantly asserted, seem to me quite baseless. It cannot be too often repeated—peasants and workmen have no natural rights, not one. Only we ought instantly to add, that kings and nobles have none either. If it is the sound English doctrine that all rights are created by law and are based on expediency, and are alterable as the public advantage may require, certainly that orthodox doctrine is mine. Property is created and maintained by law. It would disappear in that state of private war and scramble which legal society supersedes. Legal society creates, for the common good, the right of property, and for the common good that right is by legal society limitable. That property should exist, and that it should be held with a sense of security and with a power of disposal, may be taken, by us here at any rate, as a settled matter of expediency. With these conditions a good deal of inequality is inevitable. But that the power of disposal should be practically *unlimited*, that the inequality should be *enormous*, or that the degree of inequality admitted at one time should be admitted *always*—this is by no means so certain. The right of bequest was in early times, as Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Mill have pointed out, seldom recognised. In later times it has been limited in many countries in the way that we have seen; even in England itself it is not formally quite unlimited. The question is one of expediency. It is assumed, I grant, with great unanimity amongst us, that our signal inequality of classes and property is expedient for our civilisation and welfare. But this assumption, of which the distinguished personages who adopt it seem so sure that they think it needless to produce grounds for it, is just what we have to examine.

Now, there is a sentence of Sir Erskine May, whom I have already quoted, which will bring us straight to the very point that I wish to raise. Sir Erskine May, after saying, as you have heard, that France has pursued social equality, and has come to fearful troubles, demoralisation, and intellectual stoppage by doing so, continues thus: "Yet is she high, if not the first, in the scale of civilised nations." Why, here is a curious thing, surely! A nation pursues social equality, supposed to be an utterly false and baneful ideal; it arrives, as might have been expected, at fearful misery and deterioration by doing so; and yet, at the same time, it is high, if not the first, in the scale of civilised nations. What do we mean by *civilised*? Sir Erskine May does not seem to have asked himself the question. So we will try to answer it for ourselves. Civilisation is the humanisation of man in society. To be humanised is to comply with the true law of our human nature: *servare modum, finemque tenere, Naturamque sequi*, says Lucan; "to keep our measure, and to hold fast our end, and to follow Nature." To be humanised is to make progress towards this, our true and full humanity. And to be civilised is to make progress towards this in civil society; in that civil society "without which," says Burke, "man could not by any possibility arrive at the perfection of which his nature is capable, nor even make a remote and faint approach to it." To be the most civilised of nations, therefore, is to be the nation which comes nearest to human perfection, in the state which that perfection essentially demands. And a nation which has been brought by the pursuit of social equality to moral deterioration, intellectual stoppage, and fearful troubles, is perhaps the nation which has come nearest to human perfection in that state which such perfection essentially demands! M. Michelet himself, who would deny the demoralisation and the stoppage, and call the fearful troubles a sublime expiation for the sins of the whole world, could hardly say more for France than this. Certainly Sir Erskine May never intended to say so much. But into what a difficulty has he somehow run himself, and what a good action would it be to extricate him from it! Let us see whether the performance of that good action may not also be a way of clearing our minds as to the uses of equality.

When we talk of man's advance towards his full humanity, we think of an advance, not along one line only, but several. Certain races and nations, as we know, are on certain lines pre-eminent and representative. The Hebrew nation was pre-eminent on one great line. "What nation," it was justly said by their lawgiver, "hath statutes and judgments so righteous as the law which I set before you this day? Keep therefore and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations which shall hear all these statutes and say: Surely this great nation is

a wise and understanding people!" The Hellenic race was pre-eminent on other lines. Isocrates could say of Athens: "Our city has left the rest of the world so far behind in philosophy and eloquence, that those educated by Athens have become the teachers of the rest of mankind; and so well has she done her part, that the name of Greeks seems no longer to stand for a race, but to stand for intelligence itself, and they who share in our culture are called Greeks even before those who are merely of our own blood." The power of intellect and science, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners—these are what Greece so felt, and fixed, and may stand for. They are great elements in our humanisation. The power of conduct is another great element; and this was so felt and fixed by Israel that we can never with justice refuse to allow Israel, in spite of all his shortcomings, to stand for it.

So you see that in being humanised we have to move along several lines, and that on certain lines certain nations find their strength and take a lead. We may elucidate the thing yet further. Nations now existing may be said to feel or to have felt the power of this or that element in our humanisation so signally that they are characterised by it. No one who knows this country would deny that it is characterised, in a remarkable degree, by a sense of the power of conduct. Our feeling for religion is one part of this; our industry is another. What foreigners so much remark in us—our public spirit, our love, amidst all our liberty, for public order and for stability—are parts of it too. The power of beauty was so felt by the Italians that their art revived, as we know, the almost lost idea of beauty, and the serious and successful pursuit of it. Cardinal Antonelli, speaking to me about the education of the common people in Rome, said that they were illiterate indeed, but whoever mingled with them at any public show, and heard them pass judgment on the beauty or ugliness of what came before them—"è brutto," "è bello"—would find that their judgment agreed admirably, in general, with just what the most cultivated people would say. Even at the present time, then, the Italians are pre-eminent in feeling the power of beauty. The power of knowledge, in the same way, is eminently an influence with the Germans. This by no means implies, as is sometimes supposed, a high and fine general culture. What it implies is a strong sense of the necessity of knowing *scientifically*, as the expression is, the things which have to be known by us—of knowing them systematically, by the regular and right process, and in the only real way. And this sense the Germans especially have. Finally, there is the power of social life and manners. And even the Athenians themselves, perhaps, have hardly felt this power so much as the French.

Voltaire, in a famous passage, where he extols the age of Louis XIV. and ranks it with the chief epochs in the civilisation of our race, has

to specify the gift bestowed on us by the age of Louis XIV., as the age of Pericles, for instance, bestowed on us its art and literature, and the Italian Renaissance its revival of art and literature. And Voltaire shows all his acuteness in fixing on the gift to name. It is not the sort of gift which we expect to see named. The great gift of the age of Louis XIV. to the world, says Voltaire, was this: *l'esprit de société*, the spirit of society, the social spirit. And another French writer, looking for the good points in the old French nobility, says that this at any rate is to be said in their favour: they established a high and charming ideal of social intercourse and manners, for a nation formed to profit by such an ideal, and which has profited by it ever since. And in America, perhaps, we see the disadvantages of having social equality before there has been any such high standard of social life and manners formed. We are not disposed in England, most of us, to attach all this importance to social intercourse and manners. Yet Burke says: "There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish." And the power of social life and manners is truly, as we have seen, one of the great elements in our humanisation. Unless we have cultivated it we are incomplete. The impulse for cultivating it is not, indeed, a moral impulse. It is by no means identical with the moral impulse to help our neighbour and to do him good. Yet in many ways it works to a like end. It brings men together, makes them feel the need of one another, be considerate of one another, understand one another. But, above all things, it is a promoter of equality. It is by the humanity of their manners that men are made equal. "A man thinks to show himself my equal," says Goethe, "by being *grob*—that is to say, coarse and rude; he does not show himself my equal, he shows himself *grob*." But a community having humane manners is a community of equals, and in such a community great social inequalities have really no meaning, while they are at the same time a menace and an embarrassment to perfect ease of social intercourse. A community with the spirit of society is eminently, therefore, a community with the spirit of equality. A nation with a genius for society, like the French or the Athenians, is irresistibly drawn towards equality. From the first moment when the French people, with its congenital sense for the power of social intercourse and manners, came into existence, it was on its road to equality. When it had once got a high standard of social manners abundantly established, and at the same time the natural, material necessity for the feudal inequality of classes and property pressed upon it no longer, the French people introduced equality and made the French Revolution. It was not the spirit of philanthropy which mainly caused that Revolution, neither was it, the spirit of envy; it was the spirit of society.

The well-being of the many comes out more and more distinctly,

as time goes on, as the object we must pursue. An individual or a class, concentrating their efforts upon their own well-being exclusively, do but beget troubles both for others and for themselves also. No individual life can be truly prosperous, passed, as Obermann says, in the midst of men who suffer—*passé au milieu des générations qui souffrent*. To the noble soul, it cannot be happy; to the ignoble, it cannot be secure. Socialistic and communistic schemes have generally, however, a fatal defect; they are content with too low and material a standard of well-being. That instinct of perfection, which is the master-power in humanity, always rebels at this, and frustrates the work. Many are to be made partakers of well-being, true; but the ideal of well-being is not to be, on that account, lowered and coarsened. M. de Lavelleye, the political economist, who is a Belgian and a Protestant, and whose testimony therefore we may the more readily take about France, says that France, being the country of Europe where the soil is more divided than anywhere except in Switzerland and Norway, is at the same time the country where material well-being is most widely spread, where wealth has of late years increased most, and where population is least outrunning the limits which, for the comfort and progress of the working classes themselves, seem necessary. This may go for a good deal. It supplies an answer to what Sir Erskine May says about the bad effects of equality upon French prosperity. But I will quote to you from Mr. Hamerton what goes, I think, for yet more. Mr. Hamerton is an excellent observer and reporter, and has lived for many years in France. He says of the French peasantry that they are exceedingly ignorant. So they are. But he adds: "They are at the same time full of intelligence; their manners are excellent, they have delicate perceptions, they have tact, they have a certain refinement which a brutalised peasantry could not possibly have. If you talk to one of them at his own home, or in his field, he will enter into conversation with you quite easily, and sustain his part in a perfectly becoming way, with a pleasant combination of dignity and quiet humour. The interval between him and a Kentish labourer is enormous." This is indeed worth your attention. Of course all mankind are, as Mr. Gladstone says, of our own flesh and blood. But you know how often it happens in England that a cultivated person, a person of the sort that Mr. Charles Sumner describes, talking to one of the lower class, or even of the middle class, feels, and cannot but feel, that there is somehow a wall of partition between himself and the other, that they seem to belong to two different worlds. Thoughts, feelings, perception, susceptibilities, language, manners—everything—are different. Whereas, with a French peasant, the most cultivated man may find himself in sympathy, feel that he is talking to an equal. This is an experience which has been made a thousand times, and which may be made again any day. And it may be

carried beyond the range of mere conversation, it may be extended to things like pleasures, recreations, eating and drinking, and so on. In general the pleasures, recreations, eating and drinking of English people, when once you get below that class which Mr. Charles Sumner calls the class of gentlemen, are to one of that class unpalatable and impossible. In France there is not this incompatibility. The gentleman feels himself in a world, not alien or repulsive, but a world where people make the same sort of demands upon life, in things of this sort, which he himself does. In all these respects France is the country where the people, as distinguished from a wealthy refined class, most lives what we call a humane life, the life of civilised man. Of course, fastidious persons can and do pick holes in it. There is just now, in France, a *noblesse* newly revived, full of pretension, full of airs and graces and disdains; but its sphere is narrow, and out of its own sphere no one cares very much for it. There is a general equality in a humane kind of life. This is the secret of the passionate attachment with which France inspires all Frenchmen, in spite of her fearful troubles, her checked prosperity, her disconnected units, and the rest of it. There is so much of the goodness and agreeableness of life there, and for so many. It is the secret of her having been able to attach so ardently to her the German and Protestant people of Alsace, while we have been so little able to attach the Celtic and Catholic people of Ireland. France brings the Alsations into a social system so full of the goodness and agreeableness of life; we offer to the Irish no such attraction. It is the secret, finally, of the prevalence which we have remarked in other continental countries of a legislation tending, like that of France, to social equality. The social system which equality creates in France is, in the eyes of others, such a giver of the goodness and agreeableness of life, that they seek to get the goodness by getting the equality.

Yet France has had her fearful troubles, as Sir Erskine May justly says. She suffers too, he adds, from demoralisation and intellectual stoppage. Let us admit, if he likes, this to be true also. His error is that he attributes all this to equality. Equality, as we have seen, has brought France to a really admirable and enviable pitch of humanisation in one important line. And this, the work of equality, is so much a good in Sir Erskine May's eyes, that he has mistaken it for the whole of which it is a part, frankly identifies it with civilisation, and is inclined to pronounce France the most civilised of nations. But we have seen how much goes to full humanisation, to true civilisation, besides the power of social life and manners. There is the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty. The power of conduct is the greatest of all. And without in the least wishing to preach, I must observe, as a mere matter of natural fact and experience, that for the power of conduct France has never had

anything like the same sense which she has had for the power of social life and manners. Michelet, himself a Frenchman, gives us the reason why the Reformation did not succeed in France. It did not succeed, he says, because *la France ne voulait pas de réforme morale*—moral reform France would not have, and the Reformation was above all a moral movement. The sense in France for the power of conduct has not greatly deepened, I think, since. The sense for the power of intellect and knowledge has not been adequate either. The sense for beauty has not been adequate. Intelligence and beauty have been, in general, but so far reached as they can be and are reached by men who, of the elements of perfect humanisation, lay thorough hold upon one only—the power of social intercourse and manners. I speak of France in general; she has had, and she has, individuals who stand out and who form exceptions. Well then, if a nation laying no true hold upon the powers of beauty and knowledge, and a most failing and feeble hold upon the power of conduct, comes to demoralisation and intellectual stoppage and fearful troubles, we need not be inordinately surprised. What we should rather marvel at is the healing and bountiful operation of Nature, whereby the laying firm hold on one real element in our humanisation has had for France results so beneficent.

And thus, when Sir Erskine May gets bewildered between France's equality and fearful troubles on the one hand, and the civilisation of France on the other, let us suggest to him that perhaps he is bewildered by his data because he combines them ill. France has not exemplary disaster and ruin as the fruits of equality, and at the same time, and independently of this, an exemplary civilisation. She has a large measure of happiness and success as the fruits of equality, and she has a very large measure of dangers and troubles as the fruits of something else.

We have more to do, however, than to help Sir Erskine May out of his scrape about France. We have to see whether the considerations which we have been employing may not be of use to us about England.

We shall not have much difficulty in admitting whatever good is to be said of ourselves, and we will try not to be unfair by excluding all that is not so favourable. Indeed, our less favourable side is the one which we should be the most anxious to note, in order that we may mend it. But we will begin with the good. Our people has energy and honesty as its good characteristics. We have a strong sense for the chief power in the life and progress of man—the power of conduct. So far we speak of the English people as a whole. Then we have a rich, refined, and splendid aristocracy. And we have, according to Mr. Charles Sumner's acute and true remark, a class of gentlemen, not of the nobility, but well:

bred, cultivated, and refined, larger than is to be found in any other country. For these last we have Mr. Sumner's testimony. As to the splendour of our aristocracy, all the world is agreed. Then we have a middle class and a lower class; and they, after all, are the immense bulk of the nation.

Let us see how the civilisation of these classes appears to a Frenchman, who has witnessed, in his own country, the considerable humanisation of these classes by equality. To such an observer our middle class divides itself into a serious portion, and a gay or rowdy portion; both are a marvel to him. With the gay or rowdy portion we need not much concern ourselves; we shall figure it to our minds sufficiently if we conceive it as the source of that war-song produced in these recent days of excitement—

“We don't want to fight, but by jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the money too.”

We may also partly judge its standard of life, and the needs of its nature, by the modern English theatre, perhaps the most contemptible in Europe. But the real strength of the English middle class is in its serious portion. And of this a Frenchman, who was here some little time ago as the correspondent, I think, of the *Siccle* newspaper, and whose letters were afterwards published in a volume, writes as follows. He had been attending some of the Moody and Sankey meetings, and he says: “To understand the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, one must be familiar with English manners, one must know the mind-deadening influence of a narrow Biblism, one must have experienced the sense of acute ennui which the aspect and the frequentation of this great division of English society produce in others, the want of elasticity and the chronic ennui which characterise this class itself, petrified in a narrow Protestantism and in a perpetual reading of the Bible.” You know the French;—a little more Biblism, one may take leave to say, would do them no harm. But an audience like this—and here, as I said, is the advantage of an audience like this—will have no difficulty in admitting the amount of truth which there is in the Frenchman's picture. It is the picture of a class which, driven by its sense for the power of conduct, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, entered—as I have more than once said, and as I may more than once have occasion in future to say—*entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years.* They did not know, good and earnest people as they were, that to the building up of human life there belong all those other powers also—the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. And something, by what they became, they gained, and the whole nation with them; they deepened and fixed for this nation the sense of conduct. But they created a type of life and manners, of which

they themselves indeed are slow to recognise the faults, but which are fatally condemned by its hideousness, its immense-ennui, and against which the instinct of self-preservation in humanity rebels.

Partisans fight against facts in vain. Mr. Goldwin Smith, a writer of eloquence and power, although too prone to acerbity, is a partisan of the Puritans, and of the Nonconformists who are the special inheritors of the Puritan tradition. He angrily resents the imputation upon that Puritan type of life, on which the life of our serious middle class has been formed, that it was doomed to hideousness, to immense ennui. He protests that it had beauty, amenity, accomplishment. Let us go to facts. Charles I., who, with all his faults, had the just idea that art and letters are great civilisers, made, as you know, a famous collection of pictures—our first National Gallery. It was, I suppose, the best collection at that time north of the Alps. It contained nine Raphaels, eleven Correggios, twenty-eight Titians. What became of that collection? The journals of the House of Commons will tell you. There you may see the Puritan Parliament disposing of this Whitehall, or York House, collection, as follows:—“Ordered, that all such pictures and statues there as are without any superstition, shall be forthwith sold . . . Ordered, that all such pictures there as have the representation of the Second Person in Trinity upon them, shall be forthwith burnt. Ordered, that all such pictures there, as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon them, shall be forthwith burnt.” There we have the weak-side of our parliamentary government and our serious middle class. We are incapable of sending Mr Gladstone to be tried at the Old Bailey because he proclaims his antipathy to Lord Beaconsfield; a majority in our House of Commons is incapable of hailing, with frantic laughter and applause, a string of indecent jests against Christianity and its founder; but we are not, or were not, incapable of producing a Parliament which burns or sells the master-pieces of Italian art. And one may surely say of such a Puritan Parliament, and of those who determine its line for it, that they had not the spirit of beauty.

What shall we say of amenity? Milton was born a humanist, but the Puritan temper, as we know, mastered him. There is nothing more unlovely and unamiable than Milton the Puritan disputant. Some one answers his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*. “I mean not,” rejoins Milton, “to dispute philosophy with this pork, who never read any.” However, he does reply to him, and throughout the reply Milton’s great joke is, that his adversary, who was anonymous, is a serving-man. “Finally, he winds up his text with much doubt and trepidation; for it may be his trenchers were not scraped, and that which never yet afforded corn of favour to his noddle—the salt-cellar—was not rubbed; and therefore, in this haste, easily granting that his answers fall foul upon each other, and praying you would not think he writes as a prophet, but as a man, he runs to

the black jack, fills his flagon, spreads the table, and serves up dinner." There you have the same spirit of urbanity and amenity, as much of it and as little, as generally informs the religious controversies of our Puritan middle class to this day.

But Mr. Goldwin Smith insists, and picks out his own exemplar of the Puritan type of life and manners, and even here let us follow him. He picks out the most favourable specimen he can find, Colonel Hutchinson, whose well-known memoirs, written by his widow, we have all read with interest. "Lucy Hutchinson," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "is painting what she thought a perfect Puritan would be; and her picture presents to us not a coarse, crop-eared, and snuffling fanatic, but a highly accomplished, refined, gallant, and most *amiable*, though religious and seriously minded, gentleman." Let us, I say, in this example of Mr. Goldwin Smith's own choosing, lay our finger upon the points where this type deflects from the truly humane ideal. Mrs. Hutchinson relates a story which gives us a good notion of what the *amiable* and accomplished social intercourse, even of a picked Puritan family, was. Her husband was Governor of Nottingham. He had occasion, she says, "to go and break up a private meeting in the cannoneer's chamber;" and in the cannoneer's chamber "were found some notes concerning pædobaptism, which, being brought into the Governor's lodgings, his wife having perused them and compared them with the Scriptures, found not what to say against the truths they asserted concerning the misapplication of that ordinance to infants." Soon afterwards she expects her confinement, and communicates the cannoneer's doubts about pædobaptism to her husband. The fatal cannoneer makes a breach in him too. "Then he bought and read all the eminent treatises on both sides, which at that time came thick from the presses, and still was cleared in the error of the pædobaptists." Finally, Mrs. Hutchinson is confined. Then the Governor "invited all the ministers to dinner, and propounded his doubt and the ground thereof to them. None of them could defend their practice with any satisfactory reason, but the tradition of the Church from the primitive times, and their main buckler of federal holiness, which Tombs and Denne had excellently overthrown. He and his wife then, professing themselves unsatisfied, desired their opinions." With the opinions I will not trouble you, but hasten to the result: "Whereupon that infant was not baptised."

No doubt to a large division of English society at this very day, that sort of dinner and discussion, and, indeed, the whole manner of life and conversation here suggested by Mrs. Hutchinson's narrative, will seem both natural and *amiable*, and such as to meet the needs of man both as a religious and as a social creature. You know the conversation which reigns in thousands of middle-class families at this hour about nunneries, teetotalism, the confessional, eternal punish-

ment, ritualism, disestablishment. It goes wherever the class goes which is moulded on the Puritan type of life. In the long winter evenings of Toronto Mr. Goldwin Smith has had, probably, abundant experience of it. What is its enemy? The instinct of self-preservation in humanity. Men make crude types and try to impose them, but to no purpose. "*L'homme s'agite, Dieu le mène,*" says Bossuet. "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Eternal, that shall stand." Those who offer us the Puritan type of life offer us a religion not true, the claims of intellect and knowledge not satisfied, the claim of beauty not satisfied, the claim of manners not satisfied. In its strong sense for conduct that life touches truth; but its other imperfections hinder it from employing even this sense aright. The type mastered our nation for a time. Then came the reaction. The nation said: "This type, at any rate, is amiss; we are not going to be all like that." The type retired into our middle class, and fortified itself there. It seeks to endure, to emerge, to deny its own imperfections, to impose itself again; impossible! If we continue to live we must outgrow it. The very class in which it is rooted, our middle class, will have to acknowledge the type's inadequacy, will have to acknowledge the hideousness, the immense ennui of the life which this type has created, will have to transform itself thoroughly. It will have to admit the large part of truth which there is in the criticisms of our Frenchman, whom we have too long forgotten.

After our middle class he turns his attention to our lower class. And of the lower and larger portion of this, the portion not bordering on the middle class and sharing its faults, he says: "I consider this multitude to be absolutely devoid, not only of political principles, but even of the most simple notions of good and evil. Certainly it does not appeal, this mob, to the principles of '89, which you English make game of; it does not insist on the rights of man; what it wants is beer, gin, and *fun*."¹

That is a description of what Mr. Bright would call the residuum, only our author seems to think the residuum a very large body. And its condition strikes him with amazement and horror. And surely well it may. Let us recall Mr. Hamerton's account of the most illiterate class in France; what an amount of civilisation they have notwithstanding! And this is always to be understood, in hearing or reading a Frenchman's praise of England. He envies our liberty, our public spirit, our trade, our stability. . . But there is always reserve in his mind. He never means for a moment that he would like to change with us. Life seems to him so much better a thing in France for so many more people, that, in spite of the fearful troubles of France, it is far best to be a Frenchman. A Frenchman might agree with Mr. Cobden, that life is good in England for those

(1) So in the original.

people who have at least £5,000 a year. But the civilisation of that immense majority who have not £5,000 a year, or £500, or even £100, of our middle and lower class, seems to him too deplorable.

And now what has this condition of our middle and lower class to tell us about equality? How is it, must we not ask, how is it that, being without fearful troubles, having, as a nation, a deep sense for conduct, having signal energy and honesty, having a splendid aristocracy, having an exceptionally large class of gentlemen, we are yet so little civilised? How is it that our middle and lower class, in spite of the individuals among them who are raised by happy gifts of nature to a more humane life, in spite of the seriousness of the middle class, in spite of the general honesty and power of true work, *verus labor*, which prevail throughout the lower, do yet present, as a whole, the characters which we have seen?

And really it seems as if the current of our discourse carried us of itself to but one conclusion. It seems as if we could not avoid concluding, that just as France owes her fearful troubles to other things and her civilisedness to equality, so we owe our immunity from fearful troubles to other things, and our uncivilisedness to inequality. "Knowledge is easy," says the wise man, "to him that understandeth;" easy, he means, to him who will use his mind simply and rationally, and not to make him think he can know what he cannot, or to maintain, *per fas et nefas*, a false thesis with which he fancies his interests to be bound up. And to him who will use his mind as the wise man recommends, surely it is easy to see that our shortcomings in civilisation are due to our inequality; or in other words, that the inequality of classes and property, which came to us from the Middle Age and which we maintain because we have the religion of inequality, that this constitution of things, I say, has the natural and necessary effect, under present circumstances, of materialising our upper class, vulgarising our middle class, and brutalising our lower class. And this is to fail in civilisation.

For only just look how the facts combine themselves. I have said little as yet about our aristocratic class, except that it is splendid. Yet these, "our often very unhappy brethren," as Burke calls them, are by no means matter for nothing *but* ecstasy. Our charity ought certainly, as he says, to extend "a due and anxious sensation of pity to the distresses of the miserable great." Burke's extremely strong language about their miseries and defects I will not quote. For my part, I am always disposed to marvel that human beings, in a position so false, should be so good as these are. Their reason for existing was to serve as a number of centres in a world disintegrated after the ruin of the Roman Empire, and slowly re-constituting itself. Numerous centres of material force were needed, and these a feudal aristocracy supplied. Their large and hereditary estates served this public end. The owners had a positive function, for which their

estates were essential. In our modern world the function is gone; and the great estates, with an infinitely multiplied power of ministering to mere pleasure and indulgence, remain. The energy and honesty of our race does not leave itself without witness, and in no class are there more conspicuous examples of individuals raised by happy gifts of nature far above their fellows and their circumstances. But on the whole, with no necessary function to fulfil, never conversant with life as it really is, tempted, flattered, and spoiled from childhood to old age, our aristocratic class is inevitably materialised, and the more so the more the development of industry and ingenuity augments the means of luxury. Every one can see how bad is the action of such an aristocracy upon the class of newly enriched people, whose great danger is a materialistic ideal, just because it is the ideal they can easiest comprehend. The effect on society at large, and on national progress, is what we must regard. Turn even to that sphere which aristocracies think specially their own, and where they have under other circumstances been really effective—the sphere of politics. When there is need for any large forecast of the course of human affairs, for an acquaintance with the ideas which in the end sway mankind, and for an estimate of their power, aristocracies are out of their element, and materialist aristocracies most of all. In the immense spiritual movement of our day, the English aristocracy, as I have said, always reminds me of Pilate confronting the phenomenon of Christianity. Nor can a materialised class have a serious and fruitful sense for the power of beauty. They may imagine themselves in pursuit of beauty; but how often, alas, does the pursuit come to little more than dabbling a little in what they are pleased to call art, and making a great deal of what they are pleased to call love! For the power of manners, on the other hand, an aristocratic class, whether materialised or not, will always from its circumstances have a strong sense. And although for this power of social life and manners, so important to civilisation, our race has no special natural turn, in our aristocracy this power emerges, and marks them. When the day of general humanisation comes, they will have fixed the standard of manners. The English simplicity, too, makes the best of the English aristocracy more frank and natural than the best of the like class anywhere else, and even the worst of them it makes free from the incredible fatuities and absurdities of the worst. Then the sense of conduct they share with their countrymen at large. In no class has it such trials to undergo; in none is it more often and more grievously overborne. But really the right comment on this is the comment of Pepys upon the evil courses of Charles II. and the Duke of York and the court of that day: "At all which I am sorry; but it is the effect of idleness, and having nothing else to employ their great spirits upon."⁴⁷

Heaven forbid that I should speak in dispraise of that unique and most English class which Mr. Charles Sumner extols—the large class of gentlemen, not of the landed class or the nobility, but cultivated and refined. They are a seemly product of the energy and of the power to rise in our race. Without, in general, rank and splendour and wealth and luxury to polish them, they have made their own the high standard of life and manners of an aristocratic and refined class. Not having all the dissipations and distractions of this class, they are much more seriously alive to the power of intellect and knowledge, to the power of beauty. The sense of conduct, too, meets with fewer temptations. To some extent, however, their contiguity to the aristocratic class materialises them, as it does the class of newly enriched people. The most palpable action is on the young, and on their standard of life and enjoyment. But in general, for this whole class, established facts, the materialism they see regnant, too much block their mental horizon, and limit the possibilities of things to them. They are deficient in openness and flexibility of mind, in free play of ideas, in faith and ardour. Civilised they are, but they are not much of a civilising force; they are somehow bounded and ineffective.

So on the middle class they produce singularly little effect. What the middle class sees is that splendid piece of materialism, the aristocratic class, with a wealth and luxury utterly out of their reach, with a standard of social life and manners, the offspring of that wealth and luxury, seeming utterly out of their reach also; and thus they are thrown back upon themselves—upon a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. And the lower class see before them the aristocratic class, and its civilisation, such as it is, even infinitely more out of *their* reach than out of that of the middle class; while the life of the middle class, with its unlovely types of religion, thought, beauty, and manners, has naturally, in general, no great attractions for them either; and so they too are thrown back upon themselves; upon their beer, their gin, and their *fun*. Now, then, you will understand what I meant by saying that our inequality materialises our upper class, vulgarises our middle, brutalises our lower. And the greater the inequality the more marked is its bad action upon the middle and lower classes. In Scotland the landed aristocracy fills the scene, as is well known, still more than in England; the other classes are more squeezed back and effaced, and the social civilisation of the lower middle class and of the poorest class, in Scotland, is an example of the consequences. Compared with the same class even in England, the Scottish lower middle class is most visibly, to vary Mr. Charles Sumner's phrase, *less* well-bred, *less* careful in personal habits and in social conventions, *less* refined. Let any one who doubts it go, after issuing from the aris-

tocratic solitudes which possess Loch Lomond, let him go and observe the shopkeepers and the middle class in Dumbarton, and Greenock, and Gourrock, and the places along the mouth of the Clyde. And for the poorest class, who that has seen it can ever forget the hardly human horror, the abjection and uncivilisedness of Glasgow?

What a strange religion, then, is our religion of inequality! Romance is good in its way, but ours is not even a romantic religion. No doubt our aristocracy is an object of strong public interest. The *Times* itself bestows a leading article by way of epithalamium on the Duke of Norfolk's marriage. And those journals of a new type, full of talent, and which interest me particularly because they seem as if they were written by the young lion of our youth—the young lion grown mellow and, as the French say, *vireur*, arrived at his full and ripe knowledge of the world, and minded to enjoy the smooth evening of his days—those journals, in the main a sort of social gazette of the aristocracy, are apparently not read by that class only which they most concern, but are read with avidity by other classes also. And the common people too have undoubtedly, as Mr. Gladstone says, a wonderful preference for a lord. Yet our aristocracy, from the action upon it of the Wars of the Roses, the Tudors, and the political necessities of George III., is for the imagination a singularly modern and uninteresting one. Its splendour of station, wealth, show, and luxury, is then what the other classes really admire in it; and this is not an elevating admiration. So that when Mr. Gladstone invites us to call our love of inequality “the complement of the love of freedom or its negative pole, or the shadow which the love of freedom casts, or the reverberation of its voice in the halls of the constitution,” we must surely answer that all this mystical eloquence is not in the least necessary to explain so simple a matter; that our love of inequality is really the vulgarity in us; and the brutality, admiring and worshipping the splendid materiality.

Our present social organisation, however, will and must endure until our middle class is provided with some better ideal of life than it has now. That organisation has been an appointed stage in our growth; it has been of good use, and has enabled us to do great things. But the use is at an end, and the stage is over. Ask yourselves if you do not often feel in yourselves a sense, that in spite of the strenuous efforts for good of so many excellent persons amongst us, we begin somehow to flounder and to beat the air; that we seem to be finding ourselves stopped on this line of advance and on that, and to be threatened with a standstill. It is that we are trying to live on with a social organisation of which the day is over. Certainly equality will never of itself alone give us a perfect civilisation. But, with

such inequality as ours, a perfect civilisation is impossible. To that conclusion, facts, and the stream itself of this discourse, do seem, I think, to carry us irresistibly. We arrive at it because they so choose, not because we so choose. Our tendencies are all the other way. We are most of us politicians, and in one of two camps, the Liberal or the Conservative; and Liberals tend to accept the middle class as it is and to praise the nonconformists, while the Conservatives tend to accept the upper class as it is, and to praise the aristocracy. And yet here we are at the conclusion, that one of the great obstacles to our civilisation is British nonconformity, and the other, British aristocracy!—and this while we are yet forced to recognise excellent special qualities, as well as the general English energy and honesty, and a number of emergent humane individuals, in both of them. Clearly such a conclusion can be none of our own seeking. Then again, to remedy our inequality, there must be a change in the law of bequest, as in France; and the faults and inconveniences of the French law of bequest are obvious. It tends to over-divide property; it is unequal in operation, and can be eluded by people limiting their families; it makes the children, however ill they choose to behave, independent of the parent. To be sure, Mr. Mill and others have shown that a law of bequest, fixing the maximum, whether of land or money, which any one individual may take by bequest or inheritance, but in other respects leaving the testator quite free, has none of the inconveniences of the French law, and is in every way preferable. But evidently these are not questions of practical politics. Imagine Lord Hartington going down to Glasgow, and meeting his Scotch Liberals there, and saying to them: “You are ill at ease, and you are calling for change, and very justly. But the cause of your being ill at ease is not what you suppose. The cause of your being ill at ease is the profound imperfectness of your social civilisation. Your social civilisation is indeed such as I forbear to characterise. But the remedy is not disestablishment. The remedy is social equality. Let me direct your attention to a reform in the law of bequest and entail.” One can hardly speak of such a thing without laughing. No, the matter is one for the thoughts of those who think. It is a thing to be turned over in the minds of those who, on the one hand, have the spirit of scientific inquirers, bent on seeing things as they really are; and, on the other hand, the spirit of friends of the humane life, lovers of perfection. To your thoughts I commit it. And perhaps, the more you think of it, the more you will be persuaded that Menander showed his wisdom quite as much when he said *Choose equality*, as when he assured us that *Evil communications corrupt good manners*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A PLAIN VIEW OF BRITISH INTERESTS.

THE danger of the present crisis has arisen from the very vague idea which many people have of what British interests really are. Few wished to go to war for the sake of Turkey, fewer still to sacrifice any real British interest from fear of war. But certain leaders, who were at heart philo-Turkish, shouted out "British interests" because it was a more plausible cry than hurrahing for the Turks, though it really meant much the same thing, and many well-intentioned but ill-informed people joined in the cry. Even now it is rare to find a man who has thought clearly out the question of what British interests really are, and who can give any reasonable account of the faith that is in him, whether he is on one side or the other—whether he thinks that Russia is the natural enemy of England, as our forefathers used to think of France; or, whether he thinks that to patronise the Turks is about as moral and about as likely in the long run to be successful, as it would be to send our Guards to Canada to support Spotted Tail or the Sitting Bull in a raid on our American cousins.

It may not therefore be altogether useless, if one who has for many years taken a deep interest in foreign policy, and has listened to and shared in most of the discussions on the subject in the House of Commons for the last twenty-five years, should attempt to define the term, British interests, somewhat more closely and accurately than is commonly done. I may not always be right, but at any rate I know distinctly what I mean, what I believe to be true, and why I believe it; and, as an old Cambridge man, I know that a problem is half solved when it is clearly stated.

What then are British interests? The answer is exceedingly simple, and any man of plain common sense can judge for himself, as well or better than those who obscure the broad outlines of the question by a haze of social prejudices or of diplomatic subtleties. Our interests are twofold: first, as an European kingdom; and secondly, as a colonial and specially an Asiatic empire.

To this extent the two coincide, that the maintenance of our naval supremacy is the first condition of both. If any great power enters into competition with us in a race for naval supremacy, as Spain once did, and France repeatedly has done in the course of history, that no doubt is a serious danger to British interests, and we should be much to blame if we did not at once endeavour, by increasing our navy and fortifying ourselves by alliances, to replace ourselves in a position of reasonable safety. But, beyond this, there is the special

danger to which the United Kingdom might be exposed from invasion. Without absolutely losing our naval supremacy, there are contingencies conceivable in which, by a temporary loss of the command of the Channel or otherwise, an enemy superior to us in military force might invade us with an army strong enough to have a chance of winning a battle and taking London. This is the one great and irreparable calamity which might at a blow shatter the greatness of the British Empire, and it is a blow which has more than once been menaced, and even so lately as in the reign of our good ally Louis Napoleon excited serious apprehension.

But if we look at the teachings of history, or at the actual political state of Europe, it is in the last degree chimerical to consider Russia as a power dangerous to England, as being likely either to contest our naval supremacy or to invade our shores. All such danger has for the last two centuries threatened us from one source only, viz., from France; and Russia has been our old historical ally. In the greatest of modern wars, that waged to prevent Europe from being converted into one great military empire with Napoleon at its head, England and Russia stood shoulder to shoulder, and were mainly instrumental in vindicating the common cause of national independence. With the single exception of the Crimean war, which every one now admits to have been a mistake, the relations between England and Russia from the time of Queen Elizabeth downwards have been almost uniformly those of amity and mutual benefit. The reason is obvious. Apart from the question of India and the East, which we shall presently consider, no two nations can possibly have fewer points of collision than England and Russia. Russia may be a danger to Austria, and in conceivable cases a danger to Germany, but to England never—never, that is, in the sense in which France repeatedly has been, and in certain contingencies might be again. Russia can never dream of becoming the paramount naval power of the world, or of embarking an army at Cronstadt to invade England. We, on the other hand, as a European power, have absolutely nothing to ask or apprehend from Russia. The wildest imagination cannot picture to itself a battle of Dorking, in which the trained legions of Russia are to overpower our British volunteers; or an annexation of Belgium or Holland by Russia, bringing her naval establishments within dangerous proximity to the British coast.

As a test of the utter absence of any direct conflicting interests between England and Russia, we have only to suppose the case of a single-handed war between the two, all other powers, Turkey included, remaining neutral. What possible harm could we do to one another? We might blockade their Baltic ports, and divert their trade to the railways of Germany, to the detriment mainly of our own shipping interest; or we might capture a few small traders or

fishing vessels, and they might try to annoy us by sending out a few Alabamas; but practically we could do each other no serious harm, and when we got tired of war, the conditions of peace could only be the *status quo ante*. It is only therefore with reference to our interests as Asiatic empires that collision between England and Russia comes within the verge of possibility. And here I may observe that there is no natural antagonism in the position of the two empires even in Asia. Nature has drawn such a barrier in the form of mountain chains and deserts between India and Central Asia that they form two separate and independent provinces. Russia is no more cramped in her natural development in Asia by not possessing Hindostan, than we are by not possessing Thibet or Chinese Tartary. The real antagonism between us and Russia in Asia arises from the position we have taken up of protectors of Turkey. Russia, foreseeing the possibility of a quarrel with England about Turkey, may naturally wish to be in a position in which she could retaliate in Asia for any blows we might inflict on her in Europe. And even the fear of Russia being able to cause us trouble in India, might be a powerful diplomatic weapon in her hands, in case of our adhering to our old policy of making the independence of Turkey, or, in other words, the right of Turkey to misgovern her Christian subjects without interference, a cardinal point of our system. And in considering the wisdom of this policy, it is an important consideration that its inevitable consequence is to place ourselves in a position of permanent antagonism with the only great European power which, like ourselves, has large possessions and interests in Asia. It is a great misfortune both for England and Russia that anything like permanent antagonism should exist between them; and for this, the state of things in Turkey is solely responsible; for, apart from the question of Turkey, there is absolutely no point of collision between their respective interests.

However, let us take things as they are, and supposing that some untoward circumstance brought us into collision with Russia, under what circumstances might the security of our Indian Empire be seriously endangered? This is the real practical question of the hour; for I take it that, whatever Mr. Lowe or other politicians may say about India being a liability rather than an advantage to us, the immense majority of the country would be prepared, as I should be myself, to fight to the last rather than lose India. Show me, therefore, that any step taken by Russia is a serious menace to our Indian Empire, and I should be prepared to vote our last shilling and our last soldier to resist it. But on the other hand I am as determinedly opposed to engaging in such a war upon mere vague suggestions of remote and contingent dangers, which originate very much more from sympathy with the Turks than from any real and statesman-

like grasp of the political and, I might add, the geographical conditions of the question.

How could Russia endanger our Indian Empire? In two ways: by direct invasion and by cutting off our communication by the Suez Canal.

• As regards direct invasion, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hardinge, thirty years ago, when our position in India was far weaker in a military point of view than it is at present, pronounced it to be a "political nightmare"; and for this obvious reason: The only possible route by which an invading army can attack India is that which has been followed by every invader from the time of Alexander the Great downwards, viz., through Affghanistan, *vid* Herat, and thence either by Cabul and the Khyber, or by Candahar and the Bolan Pass. 'Practically by both, for no invading army could venture to advance by one of those passes alone, while the other remained in possession of the enemy to threaten its communications.

Now let any one who has the slightest acquaintance with the conditions under which armies are moved, or even I may say who has an elementary knowledge of physical geography, consider what would be necessary in order to bring a large Russian force by this route, within striking distance of British India. It must start from Astrakhan as its basis, the Volga forming the arterial communication by which troops and stores are forwarded from the interior of Russia. There must then be a fleet on the Caspian capable of transporting the army, with its supplies and means of transport, to Astrabad, at the south-east end of that sea, where a port must be created (under great difficulties, owing to the shallowness of the water) capable of disembarking the enormous number of horses, camels, stores, and cannon requisite for such an undertaking. The next stage is a march of nearly five hundred miles through a thinly inhabited country, for the most part hilly and arid, to Herat, where, in a military point of view, the enterprise may be said to commence. Suppose Herat taken, and no adequate resistance offered, the invading army must next advance to Candahar, a distance of more than three hundred miles, and must proceed to occupy Ghuznee and Cabul, the latter distant another two hundred and fifty miles from Candahar, in order to secure their flank before engaging themselves in the passes. They have then their choice of reaching the frontier of British India either from Cabul, by a march of one hundred and fifty miles, through the Khyber Pass, one of the most difficult mountain defiles in the world; or by a march of three hundred miles from Candahar through the Bolan Pass. In the former case they debouch on Peshawur, our great military centre in the north-west; in the latter case on the Indus, a river over which it

would be almost impossible to construct a permanent bridge, with Scinde on the one flank and the Punjaub on the other; and in front the great sandy desert, which effectually bars the way to any direct advance on Hindostan. The invading army clearly must detach a force to conquer and hold Scinde on the south, while the main body marches some three hundred miles to the north, to attempt the passage of the five rivers and the conquest of the Punjaub. Only when those two conditions are attained could an advance on Delhi and a blow at the heart of our Indian Empire be seriously undertaken.

Now let us consider for a moment what, even in the absence of any efficient military opposition, is implied in the supposition that a Russian army could reach our frontier in sufficient force to menace our Indian Empire, fully equipped and so assured of a constant stream of supplies and reinforcements as to be prepared for a protracted campaign. The line of communication from Astrabad is upwards of one thousand miles, through a country for the most part consisting of rugged mountains and deserts, and at the best thinly populated and destitute of resources. This country is inhabited by warlike and predatory tribes, who, according to all reasonable calculation, would be on our side from the commencement, and who certainly could not resist the temptation, if it were afforded to them, of plundering convoys and cutting off small detachments.

There are some remarkable statistics which may give an idea of what sort of enterprise it would be to move a large army and maintain its communications over one thousand miles of such a country. In the Russian expeditions against Khiva it was found that for each effective soldier placed in fighting order at the front, there was required, on the average, one and a half camels and one horse; and our own experience, in the advance of Sir G. Pollock on Cabul, will give very similar results. The necessity for this inordinate amount of transport is apparent if it be considered that directly an army has to traverse any considerable extent of country destitute of supplies and forage, for each camel, A, doing useful work in carrying ammunition and food for the soldiers, you must have two camels, B and C, carrying forage for A, B, and C, and food for their respective drivers and other camp attendants. The transport thus multiplies in a geometrical progression, until the impossibility of providing and maintaining it becomes manifest, directly we attempt to deal with the movement of a large or even of a considerable army. To place a Russian army of one hundred thousand men on our Indian frontier would, according to the best data of military experience in those districts, require something like one hundred and fifty thousand camels, one hundred thousand horses, and a corresponding number of camel-drivers and other camp attendants.

The question would stand thus, supposing there were no military obstacles. But practically the invading army would have to fight its way for every inch of the route from Astrabad, or certainly from Herat, against the whole military force both of Great Britain and India, operating with the immense advantage of communications by steamers and railways up to Peshawur. India alone could supply a contingent of thirty thousand or forty thousand European troops, with a splendid artillery, and any number of native troops, levied from martial races such as the Sikhs, Pathans, Rajpoots, and Goorkhas, who, led by such European officers as India has never failed to supply, would be, to say the least, as good as the Turks who repulsed the Russians at Zewin, and held them so long at bay at Plevna. And the whole resources of England would be available to reinforce this army. In such a war we should have nothing to fear for our own shores, or for any of our colonies, and almost every regular soldier and every battery of artillery could be sent, in case of need, to India—and with such facility, that while the Russian army was plodding painfully along its arid mountain march of one thousand miles, our Guards could be paraded at Peshawur within six weeks of their marching out of Hyde Park, without losing so much as a button of their uniforms.

It would be no great strain on the resources of the British Empire to place and maintain on the north-western frontier of our Indian possessions a splendid and admirably equipped army of 100,000 Europeans and 100,000 Natives, in strong positions, protected, if necessary, by any amount of forts and earthworks, ready to strike the heads of any Russian columns which, after wending their weary way across Afghanistan, might attempt to thread the long Khyber or Bolan passes and debouch on British territory. And this supposes them to have got there, while practically we should occupy all important strategical points in Afghanistan long before the Russians could reach them, and oblige them to take half-a-dozen Plevnas and force half-a-dozen Shipka Passes, before they could get within striking reach of our main army.

It is useless to accumulate proofs where any one is so overwhelming, but it may be worth while to point out how immensely the strength of our position in India for defence, relatively to that of Russia for attack, has improved since the time when Lord Hardinge and the Duke of Wellington pronounced the idea of a Russian invasion to be a political nightmare. Thirty years ago, Afghanistan was bitterly hostile, the Punjab and Scinde were independent, and the powerful Sikh army was a constant source of danger. Moreover, communications were excessively slow and difficult, and reinforcements from England had to go round the Cape and be forwarded from Bombay or Calcutta by bullock-waggons over bad roads.

Now, steamers and railways bring Peshawur practically nearer to Woolwich and Portsmouth than Benares or Allahabad were then to Calcutta, the Sikhs are among our best soldiers, and we are in firm military occupation of the whole country up to the mouths of the Khyber and Bolan Passes.

On the other hand, Russia has made no progress whatever on the only possible line of attack. On the contrary, she may be fairly said to have lost ground since the time when a Persian army, aided by Russian officers, was besieging Herat some forty years ago. Persia was then as completely under the control of Russia as now, and she was then a more powerful auxiliary. Herat was a disputed possession between Affghanistan and Persia, and at any time, by falling into the hands of the latter, might become virtually a Russian outpost. Now, Herat is a recognised portion of Affghan territory, and it is perfectly well understood that no one can venture to meddle with it who is not prepared to run the risk of a war with England.

Again, all the conquests of territory in Central Asia made during recent years by Russia, while they do not advance her a single inch on the only practicable line of an invasion of India, make her much more vulnerable to counter-attacks from us in case of a war. No serious invasion by an army could ever take place, on either side, across the great Hindoo Koosh and Himalaya ranges, but it would be much easier for us to give the Russians trouble at Bokhara or Samarcand, than for them to cause us anxiety at Lahore or Mooltan. A Mahometan rising against Russia in Central Asia is a very much more possible contingency than one against us in India, where the Mussulmans are in a small minority and cannot fail to see in Russia the greatest enemy of their faith.

A comparison of the respective positions of England and Russia now and forty years ago, is the best proof of the wisdom of that policy of "masterly inactivity" which, with the single exception of the disastrous episode of the occupation of Affghanistan, has been uniformly pursued by the great statesmen who have been at the head of our Indian government. Once in the experience of forty years, under the influence of a blind panic of Russian aggression, emanating from the Foreign Office in London, we were betrayed into the policy of trying to anticipate events by sending an army beyond the natural boundaries of India. The result was disastrous. During the rest of the period we have abjured this policy and looked upon the course of events in Central Asia with equanimity. The result is that we find our position vastly improved. Can there be a more conclusive argument for adhering to the policy which has worked well, and not resorting to that which has worked badly?

The occupation of Quettah, and the demand to send a British Resident to Cabul, are measures which alarm me much more for

the safety of India than any extension of Russian conquests in Central Asia. As long as we followed the policy of Lord Canning and Lord Lawrence, the Affghans were certain to be our allies in case of a war with Russia, for they had sufficient political sense to know that while we did not want a single inch of their territory, Russia, if she once occupied it, would be compelled by the force of circumstances to retain it. But if we depart from this wise policy, and adopt the policy of trying to civilise our neighbours against their will, by the influence of accomplished English residents, backed by military posts on the Affghan side of the passes, they know what this has led to in other cases, and not wishing to exchange their turbulent independence for the condition of the Nizam or Scindiah, they will be bitterly hostile.

These considerations apply to another cry, which some people try to raise, that any conquests Russia may make in Armenia are a menace to India. Kars and Erzeroum are no more on the route of any practicable invasion of India, than are Bokhara or Samarcand. If the Russian army of the Caucasus were about to take part in an invasion of India, it would not start from Erzeroum, to fight its way down the Euphrates Valley to Bagdad and Bussoruh, and there gather shells on the shore of the Persian Gulf, which is all it could do, unless Russia had a fleet superior to ours in the Indian Ocean. But it would start from Tiflis and embark on the Caspian at Bakou, to join the main invading army at Astrabad, or possibly it would start from Erivan, and attempt to march across Persia to Herat, though such a march would be almost impossible for any considerable army, from the great distance, the ruggedness and poverty of the country, and the absence of supplies.

The conquest of Armenia by Russia only affects us on the supposition that the fate of the British Empire is bound up with that of Turkey. No doubt it weakens Turkey, just as the loss of Servia, Roumania, and Greece weakened it, but our Indian Empire stands erect, though Turkish pashas no longer rule at Belgrade, Bucharest, and Athens; and as far as India is concerned it is a matter of profound indifference to us what becomes of Erzeroum. Granted that Russia would then be on the head waters of the Euphrates, and, in the event of another war with Turkey, might conceivably occupy the Euphrates Valley and Bagdad. This never has been, and never can be, a possible line of invasion, or of military communication, with India. It ends at the Persian Gulf, in a *cul-de-sac* from which no egress is possible unless for a superior naval power.

Nor can this route ever be an important communication between England and India. If any one would be kind enough to make a railway first to Constantinople, then across Asia Minor to the Euphrates, and finally down the Euphrates Valley to the Persian

Gulf, it might be a certain slight convenience for express passengers, but, even if it were in our own hands from end to end, it could never be used in competition with the Suez route for the conveyance of troops, stores, merchandise, or general passenger traffic.

And, if we suppose Russia were to extend her conquests far enough to interfere with this route, what an exhaustion of her means in men and money, and what an extension of her vulnerable points does this imply! Some people seem to think that the best preparation by Russia for such a gigantic enterprise as an invasion of India is to be found in occupying enormous extents of barren outlying territory, which are of necessity a heavy strain on her resources, especially in money, where she is weakest, and which do not bring her one step nearer to what is supposed to be the goal of her ambition. Russian conquests in Asia Minor would only begin to be a menace to British interests when they brought her as far as Syria, from which an invasion of Egypt and interruption of the route by the Suez Canal became possible, and as to this we may indeed rest satisfied with relying on the old war cry of the Campbells, "It's a far cry to Loch Awe."

The apprehension of danger to British interests from any direct attack on India by Russia being thus shown to be chimerical, the only question deserving of serious consideration is that of danger to our communication by the Suez route.

• This brings us to the question of Constantinople and the navigation of the Dardanelles. The two go together, for if Constantinople were in the hands of a neutral power and the Dardanelles unfortified, the free ingress and egress of ships of war into the Black Sea would stand on precisely the same footing as into the Baltic. There might be a certain amount of convenience to nations which have to keep fleets in the German Ocean, if no Russian ship of war could under any circumstances pass the Sound; while, on the other hand, in the event of war with Russia, it would be a disadvantage to such nations and an advantage to Russia, if no ship of war could enter the Baltic.

Precisely the same arguments would apply to the Black Sea, and it is difficult to say on which side the advantages would preponderate. But practically there is no doubt that in such a case the navigation would be free, for it is an unnatural arrangement to make a *mare clausum* of any sea in which a number of different nations have interests, and which nature has made accessible to all. And in the long run it must be for the interest of the power, which is strongest at sea, that its ships of war should not be precluded by any artificial barriers from going wherever it had commerce to protect and may have an enemy to attack.

But the real danger to be apprehended is, that if Russia had the control of Constantinople, she would so fortify the Darda-

nelles that in case of war, while Russian ships of war could come out into the Mediterranean, those of any other power could not come in.

It is clear that such a state of things would be, if not a serious danger, at any rate a serious inconvenience to British interests. If Russia had an impregnable stronghold, within three or four days' sail of Port Said, from which fleets and privateers could issue, with a secure refuge in case of being pursued by a superior force, it would expose our communications with India to considerable risk, and we should be obliged to maintain a larger Mediterranean fleet, to establish a great naval station at or near the mouth of the Dardanelles, and probably to occupy Egypt.

There is reason therefore in considering it a legitimate aim of British policy that Constantinople and the Dardanelles shall not be occupied permanently by Russia. The question is, how this legitimate object of our policy is to be attained.

If Turkey had been a respectable, or we may say, even a *possible* power, the policy was obvious of supporting her, and ensuring her integrity and independence by an European treaty. But the events of the last twenty years have conclusively shown that the continuance of this policy is simply *impossible*. Now that the country knows what Turkish rule really means, its conscience revolts against the idea of supporting it, and condemning so many millions of Christians to hopeless misery and degradation for the sake of supposed selfish interests of England. You might as well dream of undoing the work of Wilberforce and reviving the slave trade, as of bringing the English nation back to the old policy of fighting for Turkey. And even if it were possible to bring England back to this policy it is evident that it would be of no avail, and that our utmost efforts could only succeed in staving off, for a short period of feverish suspense, the evil day when the question would recur in a more formidable shape. Mussulman Turkey is decaying; it is in a minority in its own European Empire; it is incorrigible and impervious to the advice of its best friends; it is morally and materially bankrupt. And now finally, by its inconceivable folly in rejecting the proposals of the Conference, it has practically torn up the Treaty of Paris, which was the charter of its existence, and provoked a war which has annihilated the only thing on which it had to rely, its military power. Under these circumstances, it is clear that the old policy of the Crimean war has crumbled to pieces under our feet, and that we must take a new departure, and look in a different direction for a permanent solution of the Eastern Question on a basis consistent with our interests,

The first point is to have a clear idea of what would suit us best; the next to consider calmly and dispassionately what are the most likely means of obtaining it.

and started on his far travels from Hamburg, perhaps never to return (as he wrote to Ramler, Nov. 1768), but for a fresh invitation which he received from the Duke of Brunswick through his friend Ebert. He left Hamburg in 1770, not for Rome, but for the library at Wolfenbüttel. The librarianship was a position after his own heart, as he thought at first, for it was understood that the library was to be for him and not he for the library, and that his chief duty was to make himself acquainted with its treasures, and to make them known at his discretion. To this end his contributions from the library enjoyed immunity from the "censure," and the librarian and researcher received the splendid endowment of £90 per annum, plus apartments and firing! There at Wolfenbüttel he remained till his death eleven years later, except for occasional absences, the most considerable, one of a year's duration, in the course of which the visit to Italy was at length accomplished under the sorriest circumstances, in company with a prince whose convenience, not his own taste and study, Lessing had to consult, and with his heart all the time torn asunder by doubts as to his future prospects, and anxieties respecting a betrothed beyond the Alps. This last decade of Lessing's life is the busiest, the most productive, and the darkest. To say nothing of the literary labours more immediately connected with the library, this period witnessed the production of *Emilia Galotti*, of his theological tractates and other philosophical works, and last, not least, of *Nathan the Wise*—a work which takes rank among the Germans with Goethe's *Faust*. But though in these works the labours of Lessing find a glorious apotheosis, revealing no mark of weakness or impaired vigour, his spirit was more and more clouded by ill-health and many sorrows: the death of his father, hopes of preferment from more than one quarter excited and disappointed, the rancour of theological controversy, the withdrawal of his liberty of printing uncensored, and through and above all the trial of a long engagement, and the bitter irony of one brief year's happiness.

Lessing apparently reached the mature age of forty before his heart was ever strongly drawn to any woman; poverty or inclination had tended to stereotype his celibate freedom, and he had earned by his epigrams the reputation of a misogynist. He was a bachelor *sans reproche*; but we miss in his works that delicate appreciation of feminine character which is sometimes purchased at the cost of broken hearts—women's, not poets'—and our sympathy with his *Emilia Galotti* is marred by a harsh stroke or two in her portraiture. And when Lessing gave his heart away, it was not in a moment of Dantesque passion, but in a slower process, by which two mature souls grew into the conviction that they were "necessary to each other's happiness."¹ Among the houses at which he had been a

(1) Sime, li. 137. Mr. Sime's account of Lessing and his wife is one of the most pleasing portions of his book.

Berlin he had to sell his library; and as there was nothing especial to keep him in the Prussian capital after the failure of an attempt to procure for him the custodianship of the king's library, he was about to start for the south of Europe, when he received an invitation from Hamburg to co-operate in an attempt to found a national stage in that place. Lessing was then in the prime of life and vigour, and had just published *Laokoon*; if he could but have added the vision of antiquity, in its remains and proper locality, to his stores of literary knowledge, it seems as if the heights of Winckelmann might have been left far below his soaring. He intended a visit to Greece—there he would have beheld ancient art and its destinies in lovelier lines and truer perspective than could be manifest to Winckelmann in Rome. What a new Pausanias we should have had from his pen! But he obeyed the call to Hamburg, and the visit to the south was postponed, to be resumed and again relinquished, and only finally carried out in a late and incomplete manner, under circumstances which made the tardy realisation of the long-cherished intention but a bitterer contrast to the ideal of what might have been.

The attempt to found a national theatre in Hamburg failed; even if there had been audiences ready to attend high-class German dramas, and actors competent to present them, there were no such dramas to act, or poets to supply the want. Lessing himself had been asked, in the first instance, to write plays for the proposed theatre, but he would not bind himself to create by contract, and restricted his functions to criticism. That criticism resolves itself into a negation of the French dramatic style, represented in especial by Voltaire and Corneille, and a revival of the true Aristotelian doctrine of tragedy over against the false glosses of the French dramatists. The *Dramaturgie*, "le meilleur ouvrage de critique dramatique qu'ait produit le dix-huitième siècle,"¹ is of equal interest with the *Laokoon*, and it is not to our credit that it has never been translated into English. During the short three years' residence in Hamburg Lessing was also engaged on other work, and the fruits of the controversy with Klotz are to be seen in the *Antiquarian Letters* and in the choice treatise *On the Representation of Death by the Ancients*. The worthlessness of Lessing's opponent in this controversy, and the influence he exercised in Germany, are almost incredible to us at this day; but if any one has seen a great man, in the full consciousness of his own integrity and of the right on his side, turn upon some mouthpiece of envy and rend it in pieces, he will understand and forgive the magnificence of Lessing's invective on this occasion, which has procured the miserable Klotz an unenviable immortality.

Sick of misfortune and controversy, Lessing would have packed up

(1) See the French version of De Suckau, published by Didier, 2nd edit., 1873, which, in the absence of a vulgate, may be recommended to English readers.

after his way—and plunged into the thick and stir of life again, as secretary to General Tauentzien at Breslau. That was a violent change, from the discussions of a literary coterie to the clang of the battlefield, only comparable to his former plunge from the quiet school life at Meissen into the busy world at Leipzig, and at first the effect was similar: Lessing seemed to have lost his head, and wrote as much to his friends in Berlin.

They might have known him better, and have taken his very confession as evidence to the contrary; they treated the collapse as serious. But in truth, though the literary world heard nothing more of the promising young writer for several years, the stirring life at Breslau was a time of as perfect achievement and as varied study as any in Lessing's life, not excepting even the last years at Wolfenbüttel, which beheld the creation of *Nathan*, and the best of his theological and political prose writings. It was at Breslau that, amid the distractions of life among soldiers, the occupation of his post, the indulgence of a taste for play, and the disturbance of a serious illness, he made the profound study of the Church Fathers, of Spinoza, and of ancient authors, which formed the basis of his latest works, and brought *Laokoon* as an immediate flower. And a more popular monument of the Seven Years' War than the peace of Hubertsburg is to be found in *Minna von Barnhelm*, where, abandoning all imitation of French heroics and of the more congenial English domestic drama, the great humorist went straight to real life and the circumstances of the times for his materials, and during the fresh hours of the spring mornings in a garden in Breslau composed his first masterpiece, which the German nation still see with delight upon the stage.

After the war Lessing returned to Berlin no richer in pocket than when he left the city four years and a half before. His salary had gone to procure a choice library, and to subsidise the good folks at home, who seem never to have had any compunction in receiving his bounty. We need not extol his honesty as something very remarkable, in that he let slip opportunities for making a fortune out of Frederick's mint transactions over which his general presided, even if we think that Voltaire, in similar circumstances, would have been less scrupulous; nor, on the other hand, need we waste words over an apology for his love of play. He defended himself by the plea that his gains and losses cancelled each other, and that the excitement of play was good for his health. Let us be content to take the man as a whole, sound and noble at the core: if we set about improving away the details we should make a moral muddle out of a genuine man. He had no turn for business; he was a spendthrift in his way; like his own Major von Tellheim, he was too magnanimously negligent of his own interests, and for repeated and successful representations of *Minna von Barnhelm* never received a groschen. In

At the close of 1755 we find Lessing again in Leipzig, perhaps with some idea of bettering his fortunes by a change of scene and employment; and there, by the intervention of his old Leipzig friend, Weisse, he entered into an engagement as travelling companion to a rich young merchant named Winckler. Had their project been carried out as intended, Lessing would have visited England; and we may flatter ourselves, spite of his own uncomplimentary doubts on the subject, that the visit would not have been without a telling influence upon the author of *Miss Sara Sampson*, one of the first founders of what afterwards became a Shakesperomanie in Germany; yet perhaps we had nothing more to teach him than he could learn at home; the doubt can never be resolved. The travellers were recalled to Leipzig from the Netherlands by the news of the outbreak of the Seven Years' War and the entrance of the Prussians into Saxony. The interrupted journey was not afterwards resumed, and Lessing only remained in Leipzig so long as he enjoyed the presence of his friend Kleist, the Prussian major, the one of all his friends for whom perhaps he felt the strongest personal attachment, whom he was so soon to lose; and when Kleist joined the army of Prince Henry (that unhappy prince whose romance is told in the recently translated memoirs of the Countess von Voss), Lessing returned to Berlin. The bequest of the effort to better his fortunes with the rich was a lawsuit with Winckler, which, by special favour, was concluded in a period of eight years, with a verdict of damages for Lessing amounting to eight hundred thalers, out of which he received only three hundred—the rest being swallowed up by legal expenses.

But the war which thus rudely interfered with Lessing's plans, and of which, in writing to his friend Ramler, he makes a humorous grievance against the King of Prussia, and a claim for compensation—which, alas! Frederick never recognised—was a baptism of fire for the nation, and the first hero of the national literature did not long remain impervious to the means of grace. At Berlin, in 1759, appeared the *Letters concerning Recent Literature*, addressed hypothetically to an officer in the field, the choicest and most numerous of which were from Lessing's pen—letters which the German critics all agree are properly the first of Lessing's productions of permanent interest, and, as they would say, "epoch-making." The purpose which runs through them is to criticize current German literature, and they are significant of the tendency which reaches its full strength in the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, ten years later, to substitute a German for a French standard. Of seventy-one letters which appeared in this joint undertaking in 1759, no less than thirty-four are from Lessing's pen; but in the following year he left Berlin, without taking leave of his literary friends—that was

with heavy hearts; but they wished to see him settled in some definite calling, and could not patiently abide what was likely to come of this Bohemian life in the far-off Berlin. Poor Lessing! He had a great fund of hope, and was confident that he was going to make his fortune, if only he might make it in his own way; and he had health and the wealth that comes of modest desires—writing to his father that he can dine well on twopence a day—but still he was ready to fall in with his parents' wishes, and would have accepted a post in the then recently founded University of Gottingen, if the offer, which his father endeavoured to procure for him, had been definitely made. As things turned out, however, he remained in Berlin for six years, except for a second sojourn at Wittenberg of about a year's duration (1751-52), during which he obtained the academical degree of "Magister," by which he set little store.

It was after his return to Berlin that Lessing formed the two chief friendships of his life, with two men who were destined to play very considerable parts in the foundation of the national literature—Nicolai, the "illuminated" bookseller, and Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher. It has been said that Lessing's best friends never quite understood him, and certainly there was none of them with whom he could practise that high and equal friendship of which Goethe and Schiller afterwards afforded an ensample; but Lessing himself never made such a complaint, or felt moved to express himself towards his friends, Weisse, Nicolai, Moses, Ramler, Kleist, Gleim, Ebert—their names are all still remembered—in such a strain as runs through the few letters to his father, written during his first residence in Berlin. But still he held aloof from them, and would not surrender his freedom to many common undertakings, as though he might have felt compromised by the cruder rationalism of the Berlin philosophers. Lessing all his life long hated anything like schools or sects, and once wrote to his brother Karl (April, 1774), "Not error, but sectarian error, ay, or sectarian truth, causes men unhappiness—or would cause it, if the truth could ever found a sect!" This was a touch of reason above the rationalist Moses Mendelssohn, who congratulated his friend on his "find" of the lost MS. of Berengarius concerning the Eucharist, in the library at Wolfenbüttel, with the words that he did not grudge him the discovery. Lessing puzzled his honest friends in Berlin in later days by his apparent sympathy with orthodox Lutheranism. When this dread was dispelled, they fell into another extreme, and after his death defended him in all earnestness from the charge of Spinozism. They could not follow the comings and goings of his spirit at the last; but in the early days of the threefold friendship between Nicolai, Moses, and Lessing, it forms another very bright strand in a life gradually growing darker with the suspicion that Fortune was o'er long in coming.

practised. It was a fair sample of the spirit in which the parents treated the man for years : he was the soul of honour and honesty, yet they habitually mistrusted him, even when he was at great personal sacrifice, sending them money and helping to support his younger brothers at the university. There is nothing more pathetic than this lifelong disloyalty in the family circle. It might almost have excused some neglect or indignation on his part ; but his whole life through we find Lessing maintaining his natural ties and affections unimpaired, incurring debt to supply the necessity at home, and when sorely in need of money, and with a twofold inducement in his engagement for saving money, sending almost his last five louis-d'or to that very sister who had shared and perpetuated the mother's horror of Gotthold's achievements, and in her young Puritan zeal had even committed to the flames a stray bundle of his Anacreontic verses.

After six weeks at home, during which time the father at least probably acquired an increased respect for the son's learning and knowledge of books, Lessing returned to Leipzig on the understanding that he was to study medicine, or prepare for a permanent career at the university. But a permanent career was what Lessing never could bring himself to undertake, and of all such careers he had the poorest opinion of the professoriate. The lad, still in his teens, in spite of all the pressure brought to bear upon him, relapsed into his theatrical dissipation, or rather let us say, remained true to the inward call of his genius ; for this is a lesson which too many parents have to learn with tears and unavailing prayers, that children grow up to possess wills and characters of their own, and have the right to make or mar their own destinies. Not long after Lessing's return to Leipzig, the theatrical company in which he was interested broke up ; and pecuniary difficulties, in which he was involved through the bad faith of some of the actors, formed probably one of the chief motives for his sudden departure from Leipzig. His friend Mylius had already established himself in Berlin, and pressed Lessing to join him there ; but on the way Lessing fell ill at Wittenberg, and after his recovery became a medical student at the university there, in August, 1748. But he never had any fixed intention of studying in that faculty, and at the beginning of the new year he writes to his mother from Berlin, after he had already been there some time, a letter which gives his own account of his university life so far. The Prussian capital under the free-thinking king was a name of evil omen in the quiet Saxon parsonage, and Lessing's parents thought that he had been attracted thither by his disreputable friend Mylius, and could not be easy in their minds until they knew their son safe out of such a dangerous neighbourhood. They had resigned the notion of his taking orders, no doubt

good points about the school at Meissen; one, for example, that every week a certain time was allowed the boys for serious study of their own choosing. * It was in such by-hours that Lessing acquired that early and intimate knowledge of Plautus, Terence, and Theophrastus, which is reflected in his youthful dramatic works, and determined or emphasised the bias of his genius towards the theatre. Many a lad has read in these authors without being moved thereby to original production; Lessing had begun to write poems and plays before he left school at the age of seventeen, at a time when, as he afterwards said, the only sort of fool he knew in real life was a learned fool. At St. Alfra's all studies were encouraged only in the interests of theology, and the classical authors were read after the common style, as grammatical exercises; but Lessing's natural bent towards a more literary and humane conception of study was fostered by the friendship of one of the masters, who, while less successful than his colleagues in the ordinary school business, was greatly their superior in rational interests.

In his eighteenth year Lessing found himself launched into a different world as a student in Leipzig, "a place where one can see the whole world in miniature;" and the first sight of the great world was bewildering to the shy schoolboy from Meissen, conscious of his awkward manners and inexperienced person. His first impulse was to entrench himself behind his books, and for the first few months at Leipzig he lived as retired as in Meissen itself. But braver thoughts prevailed: he came out of his fortress, and flung himself into the full tide of life around him. It is the gayest and brightest moment in his whole career, this brief burst of sunshine over the boy, who was on the high-road to pedantry and Casaubonism; and he was for ever redeemed. He learned dancing, fencing, and gymnastics to improve his carriage and manner; and instead of attending professorial lectures he was writing comedies and Anacreontic verses. These juvenile productions have now only a historical or biographical interest, but in their day they were novel and well received. The young author was not, however, left long in peace and carelessness. Dire rumours had reached the quiet parsonage in Kamenz: the son in Leipzig was the companion of actors and actresses, the free-thinker Mylius was his friend, and instead of preparing for holy orders he was writing comedies! The parents, in their horror and despair, allowed themselves a pious fraud in order to snatch the brand from the burning. "Return home at once," wrote his father in effect to the lad, "if you would again see your mother alive." The duteous son arrived in the depth of winter—even a short journey was a serious matter in the first half of the last century—to find his mother open-armed to receive him, a little ashamed, perhaps, of the ignoble ruse which had been

type of Lutherans; and what sort of spirit was to be expected of the woman, daughter of one *Pastor primarius*, and wife to his successor, whose mind never travelled beyond the village horizon, and whose highest earthly ambition for her first-born son was that he might one day succeed father and grandfather as chief pastor in Kamenz? To the last she never understood her great son, never appreciated his function in God's world, or his filial piety towards herself. The father was a nature of higher origin; but, early recalled from the world of men to discharge the functions of preacher and pastor in his native village, soon encumbered by the cares of a growing family, and influenced by the constant presence of a narrow-minded wife, he was only kept above her level by his passion for books, which, with other characteristic traits, his too imprudent unworldliness, his recklessness in almsgiving, we see reproduced in Gotthold Ephraim. The beggar had never turned away empty from the parsonage door in Kamenz; and in Wolfenbüttel, Lessing houses a wandering philosopher, or lunatic, for weeks without stint or question; and in Breslau, with more money than usual in his pocket, gives to whosoever asks of him, quite regardless of the difference between pieces of gold and silver. There is a story from his childhood, how, when his portrait was to be painted, the little fellow begged that he might be drawn "with a great, great heap of books;" and in his father's library, the one luxury to be found in the house, he seems early to have acquired the passion for dipping into books, which remained with him all his life long, and made him the most insatiable and desultory of readers. At the age of twelve he was transferred to the collegiate school at Meissen, which apparently had most of the faults which a public school can have, and where any but the strongest individuality was likely to be drilled into the most irreproachable commonplace. Many an Englishman has lifelong to regret the effects of an early school discipline which has had for an object, not the education of individual endowments and manly self-reliance, but the manufacture of ecclesiastical lay-figures. As a young man Lessing wrote to his father concerning the education at St. Alfra's, that he had learnt in the world for certain, what he had already suspected at school, that a great deal was taught there which was of no use whatever in real life; and again, that the last thing the Con-rector of St. Alfra's aimed at was to make his pupils into rational beings, "provided he could make good Prince's scholars out of them, that is, people who believe blindly in their teachers, without inquiring whether the latter are pedants or not." Lessing, however, even as a boy, had a primitive individuality in him which was not always agreeable to pedantic authorities, and he had little reason, when looking back on his school days, to regret any disloyalty to his innermost calling and election. There were, moreover, some very

funeral.¹ But his poverty, and the constant difficulties in which it involved him, give Lessing's life a tragic though not uncommon interest; we are all along touched with fear and pity for our hero, whose external prosperity never corresponds with his internal worth, and who, one in a thousand, is never so well off as other men. We can hardly avoid the feeling that he might have achieved more, or at least been far happier in his achievements, if fortune had been kinder to him, and this feeling distresses our optimistic nonchalance with the suggestion of a miscarriage in providence. Lessing himself once ridiculed the notion that genius can be hindered or embarrassed by any circumstances in the world—yet we cannot help wishing that his own lot had fallen in pleasanter places. And while our injured sense of justice may be mollified, and our fear assuaged, by the admission that Lessing had chiefly himself to thank for his misfortunes, that "old morality" cannot rescue us from pity. Lessing's was not a happy life, and his unhappiness was not all his own fault. He loved indeed his freedom not wisely but too well, and this passion for personal autonomy, this inability to undertake any post or duties likely to conflict with the motions of his own free spirit—as, for example, that professorship at Königsberg which he might have had, could he have brought himself to pronounce a yearly panegyric on the reigning king—answers for a great deal in the shadowed story of his life. He was a rolling stone, and gathered no moss. Over and over again we see Lessing of free choice refusing the material things of this world in order to live and work according to the dictates of his own genius; and if he deliberately prefers the natural yoke of necessity, which presses in all times and places on those who will live as Ishmaelites among well-to-do citizens, to a competence held at the will of others, or saddled with the burden of official routine, if he elects freedom rather than happiness, why need we rebel at the cost? Because, after all, his surroundings have something to answer for in his sorrows; because his parents, his friends, his countrymen were slow to recognise his true character and work, slow to acknowledge their debt to the greatest among them. And if this be only an old story, does that make the tragedy less pathetic?

It is hard for us to see how Lessing came by that independence of spirit, that expansive individuality, which was the source at once of his great work and his great loneliness. Born the eldest son of a large family in the house of a poor Lutheran pastor—for even the *Pastor primarius* in Kamenz had no very large endowment—early influences were nearly all hostile to the soul which afterwards revealed itself in him. Father and mother were of the orthodox

(1) So Mr. Simo. Karl Lessing represents the duke's bounty as a graceful tribute to his brother's memory.

Goethe, "For very trees we have missed seeing the wood!" Lessing was an author not merely of poetical works, but of monographs on nearly every conceivable subject except the physical sciences; and this multiplex and ceaseless activity is bewildering to ordinary mortals when they attempt to consider it. So it has come to pass that we foreigners have been slow to learn all about Lessing, and have long been content to grow acquainted with him piecemeal. And it may indeed be doubted whether any one commentator can guide us satisfactorily through all spheres of Lessing's literary achievement, or any single student be competent to criticize adequately the Protean critic. And yet—and yet, in another light, Lessing is so simple! Any child of man to-day can appreciate and love him almost at first sight. As man and as author he of the Germans is easiest for us to understand, for he has none of the sentimentality and pedantry which rightly or wrongly we associate with German life. Lessing's spirit and character are one with that strong pellucid style of his, so rare and unrivalled, and that not only among his countrymen. The power of his life is reflected in the perfection of his writings, when we regard in them rather the true spiritual quality than this or that particular result; not that the results are indifferent, either as permanent additions to literature, or as starting-points for new developments in many directions. But before all, it was just Lessing's integrity as author and as man which makes it the rather surprising that a public like ours, which treasures so highly the personal virtues or blamelessness of its favourites, should have waited so long for an adequate account of a great literary hero, who moreover appeals by the very absence, or apparent absence, of system in him to another of our deepest predilections. For Lessing, as none other, seems to realise that ideal of balanced judgment resultant from knowing "the best said and written on every subject," which one of our own poet-critics has taught us to prefer to dogmatism. But was Lessing then as free from all personal faults as from the literary blemish of being system-possessed? Far from it. Only in his case faults are easily pardoned, for they are conspicuously "the defects of his virtues," or the effects—be it lawful to lay anything to such account—the effects of circumstance.

The story of Lessing's life can scarcely be invested with the sentimental or romantic atmosphere which plays round the persons of some more successful or more adventurous knights-errant of German literature; it is a plain and not always pleasant tale of an existence, rather lonely throughout, often apparently aimless, seldom for any time free from material care of the coarser kind. He entered on the struggle of life in good hopes to make his fortune, but never made it; he was perpetually in debt, and died at Brunswick in such extremity that the Grand Duke paid the expenses of his

In the two well-printed volumes before us we have a graphic account of Lessing's not very eventful life, and a warm appreciation of his personality, not disfigured by extravagant panegyrics; enriched by careful and sufficiently copious analyses and criticisms of his works in particular and of his work as a whole. For English readers in general, a book about Lessing more interesting and instructive could scarcely have been produced; and even the student already acquainted with Lessing's works and letters in the original, and with the best German authorities on the subject—Karl Lessing, Danzel, Guhrauer, Hettner, Gervinus (whom curiously enough Mr. Sime does not mention), Stahr, and others—will find in Mr. Sime's work not a mere compilation from these sources, but an independent review and judicious reorganization of the material to hand. It might be too much to expect that Mr. Sime's work should supplant in Germany its native predecessors, or hold as high a position in relation to Lessing as Mr. Lewes's celebrated work holds in relation to Goethe; yet we may hope to see it translated and read there, for it steers a happy course between the elaborate treatment of Danzel and the propagandist encomium of Stahr. A temperate enthusiasm for the man and his work warms without enfeebling the biographer's narrative and criticism. Mr. Sime does not conceal his own sympathy with "advanced" ideas in literature and politics. Woe worth the biographer of Lessing who should approach his subject in an adverse spirit! But even when Mr. Sime has occasion to lead us over those pages where the reader of more orthodox habits of thought might easily fall across some rough stumbling-blocks, there is little if anything in Mr. Sime's treatment of the subject which need offend the most timid or the tenderest soul.

Have we touched here upon a point which helps to elucidate the long ignorance about Lessing which has prevailed among us? He was what is sometimes called a dangerous thinker; he was, as Gervinus emphatically puts it, "the very genius of revolution" (*das eigentliche Revolutionsgenie*); and in England we are not partial to the revolution in any form, genial or otherwise. But Schiller we know, and Heine we know, self-proclaimed knights of humanity, and enemies of unfreedom; then why not Lessing? Lessing too may even be found at times forging bolts for the orthodox armoury, and his statement of the *Regula Fidei* (Rule of Faith) in the *Necessary Answer to a Very Unnecessary Question*, or his defence of the doctrine of eternal damnation, might have formed very respectable contributions to our own Tracts for the Times. It is not the heterodoxy of his opinions, nor the Socratic peril of his method, so much as the multifarious and almost dazzling splendours of his studies, works, and literary activity which have so long made Lessing a nebulous luminary in our eyes; and, to adopt a favourite proverb of

LESSING.¹

OF all classical literatures that of Germany is most truly and fully modern; it stands nearest to us and our ways of thinking and living. This quality may not all be pure gain to the authors, or to the readers; the works of our own day and our own spirit may share our weakness as well as our strength, and we may not yet be able therein adequately to discriminate strength and weakness; but their proximity to us gives them also a special interest and a special value. A special value, for it is well to live in the present, it is well for us to be abreast of our times, and to have done something towards understanding of what spirit we are. To this end scarcely any literary study would more contribute than one which should acquaint us with the great masters of German language and with their works; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that even the Englishman who has read much in his own and other literatures, but to whom the fountain-heads of German poetry and criticism are sealed, has still to make acquaintance with the literary works most widely significant of the latter day, most generally representative of modern humanity. Happily such an Englishman is hardly to be found in the land of the living. Partly by means of translations, partly by subtler influences, associated with such names as Carlyle, Lewes, Arnold, and others, the middle-aged and younger generations with us have imbibed more from German sources than they can always explicitly recognise, or than is always candidly confessed.

It has been our shortcoming hitherto to rest content with a direct knowledge more or less of two or three only of the greater lights, Goethe, Schiller, Heine—and of whom besides? It was high time that more should be done to open up the full wealth of the mine; the wonder is that we should have had to wait so long for an adequate account of Lessing's life and works, seeing that to him, even more, perhaps, than to Goethe and Schiller themselves, does Germany owe the credentials of her classical epoch in literature; and seeing that he, much more than they, might have been expected to find a welcome in England, being, so to speak, the most English of Germans. Naturally there are not wanting reasons to account for the tardy recognition of Lessing's importance, some of which will appear by-and-by. Meanwhile we may congratulate Mr. Sime on the opportune completion of his work, and not less on the praise-worthy manner in which from first to last he has discharged his task.

(1) *Lessing, his Life and Writings.* By James Sime. 2 vols. Trübner & Co. London: 1877.

ation. If, on the other hand, she is actuated mainly by motives of selfish ambition, she will readily fall in with the suggestions of timid diplomacy, and agree to *minimise* those concessions down to the lowest point sufficient to save appearances, leaving a belt of half-emancipated and semi-autonomous provinces, ready to reopen the Eastern Question for her at any moment when a more favourable conjuncture of European affairs leaves the East, and possibly Constantinople itself, open as a prize for her ambition.

Whether a really permanent solution of the whole problem is now possible, is a difficult question to answer. It can only be in one way, by Constantinople passing into the hands of Greece, enlarged into a southern Belgium and neutralized under the guarantee of the Great Powers. This much is clear, that such a solution, if it be possible to attain it, would be the one of all others best for English interests, having in view the paramount object of preventing Russia, or any other great military and naval power, from ever obtaining exclusive dominion over Constantinople and the Dardanelles.

The recent debate in the House of Commons has done a good deal to clear up the position. With the exception of a few noisy fanatics who wish to engage the country in war from unreasoning sympathy with Turkey, or equally unreasoning prejudice against Russia, the country generally acquiesces in the policy of conditional neutrality, *i.e.* of neutrality so long as British interests are not affected. But when we come to a definition of British interests, and the practical course to be pursued for their protection, this unanimity ceases. The liberal party generally contend for a strict limitation of British interests to those specified in Lord Derby's dispatch of the 6th of May, and which are obviously not touched by any operations of the war or diplomatic conditions put forward by Russia, as far as is known up to the present time. A small but influential Tory party is still eager, as it has always been, for gentlemanly oppressors against vulgar oppressed; and while a great mass of well-meaning, but not very well-informed, opinion still hesitates to break with old traditions, and is still inflamed by old antipathies to Russia, dating back to the totally different state of things which prevailed there during the iron rule of the despotic and arrogant Nicholas, a strong and a growing party, comprising, to say the least, a large proportion of the best intellect and conscience of the country, is earnest and resolute not to allow, if by any constitutional means and fair appeal to public opinion they can prevent it, the honour of England to be any longer tarnished and her interests sacrificed by allowing Turkophilist prejudices, whether in or out of the Cabinet, to make her play the part of advocate of Turkey and adversary of the Eastern Christians.

and with her natural frontiers so curtailed that half the people of her own race are still groaning under Turkish tyranny, and there is little fear that Bulgaria will be as ready an instrument in the hands of Russia as ever Servia was. But treat the Christians as you have treated Greece, or rather as you ought to have treated Greece if you had given her the essentially Greek provinces of Thessaly, Epirus, and Candia; then Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania will be as jealous of their independence, and as little inclined to be made cat's-paws of by Russia, as Greece has shown herself. Establish the former state of things, and it is evident that not only will opportunities always be ready for Russia to reopen the Eastern Question at any moment when it suits her to do so, but that, even without her wishing it, occasions of offence will perpetually occur which will make it very difficult to prevent it. For instance, say you leave a Turkish garrison in Widdin, and a Turkish soldier insults a Christian woman in the streets, and a row ensues, which ends in the fort firing on the town, as was the case at Belgrade. Here is a spark which may light up a great fire, and make it difficult for Russia, even if so disposed, to abstain from interfering.

Or, if you leave Greece, with Turkey stricken to death, and such essentially Greek provinces as Thessaly and Candia with just self-government enough to be able to agitate for union with their parent country, and just enough of Turkish supremacy left to be unable to attain it, what prospect does this hold out of a peaceful and permanent solution of the Hellenic question?

Add to this that if the new Christian States are made independent, Russia cannot readily march armies into them without a palpable breach of international law, as to which Austria and Germany would have a word to say, while as parts of the Turkish Empire they are, of course, open to invasion, and no neutral power can object to her occupation of them if at war with their suzerain.

On the whole, it seems as clear as any political proposition can be, that things having come to the pass they have, the obvious interest of England is not to go into the Conference as a sort of devil's advocate for Turkey, trying to save as much as possible of her nominal authority, and to *minimise* as far as possible the concessions to the Christian provinces, but exactly the contrary; and that the real test of the sincerity or otherwise of the professions of Russia will consist in the determination which she shows to place the Eastern Christians in a position of real and permanent independence.

If Russia is animated in the main by generous and philanthropic feelings, she will readily concur in any proposals so to extend the boundaries and strengthen the independence of Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, that they may not be perpetually looking to Russia for aid to complete their half-commenced emanci-



that a permanent occupation of Constantinople by Russia only becomes possible when Austria is crushed, and that Austria cannot be crushed while she has the support of Germany, and Germany remains the first military power of Europe.

The present state of things is, therefore, the most favourable for a permanent settlement of the Eastern Question in accordance with true English interests. But for this very reason it is for the interest of Russia, if she really has the ambitious designs which are attributed to her, to make the present settlement a partial one.

Who can tell what the state of Europe may be ten years hence, when the Czar, the German Emperor, and Bismarck may be gone, when ultramontane intrigues may have sapped the cohesion of the new German Empire, and the rapid growth of the military power of France may have made her a match for a disunited Germany? The really great danger looming over Europe in the future is that of a possible alliance between France and Russia, based on Russia assisting France to regain her lost provinces, in consideration of France assisting Russia to annex Constantinople; or the danger might take the alternative form of Germany making a great sacrifice to Russia in the East, in order to ward off the still greater danger of her alliance with France.

Who will venture to say that in ten years, or less from the present time such a state of things may not have come to pass, and the barriers which at present block the way to Russia's annexation of Constantinople may not have disappeared or been materially weakened? If, therefore, this be the secret aim of Russian diplomacy, her present policy is clear. To make a peace which shall leave the Turks at Constantinople with a nominal independence, and give the Christian provinces just enough autonomy to make them feel the aspiration for complete independence, without fully satisfying it. Turkey has been so crushed by the present war that, whether the treaty of peace leaves her a little more or a little less, she never again can be what she has been, a power capable of resisting Russia in an arduous contest. The autonomy of Bulgaria and the other Christian provinces, reduce it to a *minimum*, must practically bridge over the Danube and level the Balkans, and in any future war open the road for an invading army as far as Adrianople. •

If Russia cherishes ambitious designs in the future, what can be playing her game more effectually than to use British influence for the purpose of *minimising* the concessions to the Christians, and saving for the Turkish Government as much as possible of a nominal supremacy, and a right of partial military occupation and irritating interference? If you want Bulgaria to be a second Serbia, treat her as Serbia was treated. Leave her with an ill-defined claim of suzerainty, with her fortresses occupied by weak Turkish garrisons,

As regards the first point, I base myself on a great authority—no less a man than the great Duke of Wellington. When he heard of the Peace of Adrianople, in 1828, he said that, as the Russians had gone so far, it was a pity they had not gone farther, so that the Eastern Question might have been settled, once for all, by the establishment of a new Byzantine Empire at Constantinople as a neutral State under the guarantee of the Great Powers. It is evident that if this solution could be brought about, it would suit us admirably. If Greeco were made a southern Belgium, with Constantinople for its capital, and its neutrality guaranteed by the Great Powers, with proper conditions as to the navigation and fortification of the Dardanelles, and at the same time Roumania declared independent, and Bulgaria and the Slavonic Provinces of European Turkey formed into an autonomous government, English interests would be placed on a permanently secure basis.

Let us suppose Russia to have those ambitious designs which some people fancy, what would suit her best? She cannot acquire Constantinople now, or any considerable portion of European Turkey, for Germany and Austria, who are together, or even Germany singly, vastly more powerful than Russia, have a vital interest in preventing it. When we talk of danger to British interests from Russia holding Constantinople, it is as nothing to the danger to Austria and Germany. The Danube and Dardanelles are the back-door of their houses, not of ours. We have no masses of Slavonic population incorporated in the heart of our empire, and forming a majority in some of the most important provinces; they have. We have the sea between us and Russia; they have a long line of more than one thousand miles of open frontier. In no conceivable circumstances could it be otherwise than destruction to Austria, and a most grave danger for Germany, if Russia ruled supreme over one hundred millions of Slavonians, in a line extending from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, and drawing towards itself, by the gravitation of race-affinities, Bohemia, Galicia, Croatia, and Dalmatia. And yet Germany and Austria displayed no such flutter of fussy apprehension as was shown by the British Government at the approach of the Russian armies to Constantinople, for they feel that they have, in the first place, the solemn pledge of the Russian Government not to remain there, and in the next place, the best of all guarantees for the observance of this pledge, in the fact that if Russia broke it, the question would not be whether she could *keep Constantinople* in defiance of the other Powers, but whether she could *defend herself at Moscow and St. Petersburg*.

As a distinguished Russian general said, the only possible route for Russia to Constantinople lies through Vienna; and it may be taken as an elementary fact in the politics of the Eastern Question,

welcome guest in Hamburg was that of the merchant and silk manufacturer König, who died abroad in 1769. One of the earliest letters of Lessing's from Wolfenbüttel is addressed to the widow, Eva König, on whom had devolved the care of four children, the youngest Lessing's godson, and the whole direction of her late husband's business, including some silk factories in Vienna. Lessing's letter is the first of a correspondence which extended over six years, and numbered in all nearly two hundred letters, but it is not to be understood that the correspondents were engaged to each other from the first. In his loneliness at Wolfenbüttel, cut off from all congenial society, Lessing gradually learnt what was wanting to the peace and happiness of his life; and we can mark by the changed mode of address in their letters the point at which the friends had come to a clear mutual understanding; it was in the autumn of the year following his establishment at Wolfenbüttel, on occasion of a brief visit to Hamburg. Apparently, however, Lessing and Eva König did not make their engagement generally known; his poverty, and the unsettled state of her business affairs, which had already necessitated a winter journey to Vienna, and afterwards recalled and detained her there for a space of three years (1772—75), were permanent obstacles to their union, and the tender-hearted woman even reproached herself for what she regarded as a moment of weakness, in which she had given Lessing the right to share her misfortunes. The sickness of hope deferred and the strain of prolonged separation may help to account for the periods of gloom and collapse which too long and frequently overcame Lessing in his "accursed castle;" and, alas! he caused Eva many an unmerited and unnecessary pang by a careless or unfaithful silence. He was in constant low spirits, and, as his brother says, a sort of spleen seemed to get the better of him; his eyes were ailing; perhaps the fatal malady which finally carried him off was already fixing itself in his veins; and nothing shows more clearly how much he had declined from the brave bright Lessing of old than this despondent neglect of the woman he loved.

One bright meeting they enjoyed in Vienna, but he was soon carried off to Italy by the young Prince Leopold of Brunswick, and for eight months, owing to the carelessness of friends in Vienna to whom letters were consigned, the unhappy pair never heard from each other. On his return Lessing hoped for an improvement in his circumstances, and after a great deal of tiresome and intricate dealing—Lessing himself again partly to blame—his position and stipend were somewhat bettered. Meanwhile, the business matters in the König family had been brought to a satisfactory termination, and at length the marriage took place in October, 1776. Then for awhile all was changed in his dull and disordered existence; he became the most regular, punctual, and domestic of men. A more

roomy habitation had been assigned to him; there he dwelt in the utmost calm and content with "a reasonable woman," "the one woman with whom he had ever felt it possible to live," extending a genial hospitality to stray visitors or old friends, but quite content for his own part with the happiness "within his four walls." Eva Lessing was a woman in every way worthy of him, and likely to attract happiness to his dwelling; with what exemplary patience, faithfulness, and self-control had she not borne the long uncertainties of silence and separation, and refused to hamper his prospects by a much-desired union until her own material difficulties were smoothed away! Lessing's friends noticed the change in his spirits and whole being subsequent on his marriage; and one who visited the house in Wolfenbüttel during the bright year 1777 wrote: "If it were possible to find still more humanity, still more active benevolence than in Lessing, it would be in Lessing's wife. Another such woman I never hope to know."¹ It was an *annus mirabilis* of "rest, and peace, and joy" for Lessing, during which he renewed his youth in sports with his wife's children, and had reason to expect a crowning felicity to his own age; which hope, like so many others in his luckless life, was doomed to untimely disappointment. In December, 1777, his wife gave birth to a son, who lived but a few hours, and whose birth cost the mother her life. On the 10th of the January following Lessing wrote to his friend Eschenberg: "My wife is dead; this experience too I have had now. I am glad that there cannot be many more such experiences left for me to have, and am quite easy." And a little later to his brother Karl: "My wife is dead. If you had known her! But they say it is only self-praise to praise one's wife. Good; I shall say nothing further of her. But if you had known her! You will, I fear, never see me again as our friend Moses found me, so calm and so contented within my four walls!"²

It was now that he plunged deeper into theological controversy, as if to gain distraction and relief from his sorrow. His home was indeed brightened by the presence of his wife's children, and in especial Amalia, his favourite. Yes, and in happier circumstances of fortune and health, the friendship with Elise Reimarus might perhaps have ripened into a tenderer intimacy, and shed the grace of a second spring on his later years. But he had not strength left to survive his wife long; the evils of six years of mental and bodily depression had not been eradicated by his brief draught of passing happiness, and in February, 1781, he passed away, at the poor age of fifty-two, "like a wise man, as he had lived, calm and controlled, with full consciousness to the last moment."

In an oft-quoted passage of the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, Lessing disclaims for himself the title of a genius, albeit he qualifies the

(1) *Sime*, ii. p. 174.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 176.

disclaimer by admitting his consciousness of having by the aid of criticism produced work not very dissimilar from the results of genius. If we restrict our conception of this incalculable quality to the sphere of poetical or æsthetic creation, we must recognise in the character of Lessing's dramatic works the substantial justice of his own estimate: but if we extend the term until it covers spontaneity and originality in every sphere of human thought and action, and if we recognise in all great work done with apparent ease a product of genius, we may say that Lessing had a genius for criticism. "Productive criticism"—"critical production"—these, as Danzel has taught us, are good catch-words to mark the essential qualities of Lessing's works; in partial explanation, let it be enough to say that in Lessing's poems and dramas we have everywhere, except in *Minna*, either literary reminiscences and patterns, or a moral and didactic purpose, or the too conspicuous traces of hammer, and chisel, and file, before our eyes; and while our admiration is extorted, our hearts are not deeply stirred. In his prose works, on the other hand, thoughts and language seem to flow with such natural spontaneity and freshness, and all is so much above the common level of vigour, directness, intensity, lucidity, that in reading we are braced, stimulated, and led on, as it were, by a living voice. There is a Socratic quality in Lessing's mode of thought, dividing things usually confounded together—as, for example, art and science, poetry and painting, various kinds of poetry, science and religion, the religion of Christ and the Christian religion, and so on—and all his prose works exhibit a sort of dramatic development of the various positions or arguments, even where he does not, as in the *Dialogues on Freemasonry*, throw a treatise into conversational form. The *bon mot* that "style is character" may be verified (as Heine reminds us) in the case of Lessing as in very few others; in reading his prose we are everywhere sensible of contact with a great genuine living personality, and are caught up into the lucid atmosphere of his own fervent spirit.

It was a part of his intense thoroughness that Lessing was perpetually going back and appealing to the original and permanent sources of knowledge, from all traditional or conventional interpretations; from the French comedies to their prototypes in the Roman authors; from the French heroic tragedy to the Greek tragedians; and from the garbled Aristotle of Corneille to the true Aristotle of the *Poetics*; so he diverted his countrymen from the Frenchified theatre to the more congenial English stage and the great master Shakespeare, and to their own primitive plays, such as *Faust*; so he rescued many a literary innocent from misrepresentation, as, for example, Cardanus, and above all, in his own mind at least, rehabilitated Spinoza from the false comment of Bayle: while over and above mere literary restoration or advance,

Lessing pushes all back to the ultimate courts of reason and nature. This return or appeal to the original sources of inspiration and knowledge—what is it but the very and best essence of Protestantism itself? Lessing was in sooth a great literary Protestant, a kindred spirit, as he himself felt, and as his countrymen delight to repeat, a kindred spirit with Luther. "Luther," he wrote, "delivered us from the yoke of Tradition; but who will deliver us from the still more intolerable yoke of the Letter?" Lessing himself has done as much as any one man to effect that necessary yet long-delayed development of the Reformation; he truly rides in the front rank of those chosen Knights of the Holy Ghost who are gradually clearing human thought and policy of many a surviving or revived "monster of the prime"—or of the middle age—and that by a criticism not merely destructive. It is the glory of Lessing to have laid, in nearly every direction, the first stone to many a rising edifice, and subsequent thought in various spheres, art, religion, politics, and philosophy, is but running on lines sketched out or inaugurated by him. He lived indeed in an atmosphere of controversy, and enjoyed it; it was his way to start by finding some book to criticize, as, before an age of many books, Socrates was used to find some one in the market-place to question. But Lessing clearly recognised the positive as well as the negative stages of criticism, and sought out and destroyed falsehood as the first step towards truth. Had Lessing been a mere polemic, Goethe, in whose eyes the Reformation seemed too sudden a break with the past, would never have penned the distich on him which Mr. Sime prints on his title-page, and which may be rendered—poorly, poorly—

"While thou wast living we held thee in honour as more than a mortal—
Dead—and thy spirit, O man, reigns o'er the spirit of men."

Yes! for Lessing bequeathed not a controversy—no, nor yet a new dogma—when "he wrote Nathan the Wise, and died." Nor is it pure deism, as Heine asserts, which breathes out of that poem, but rather the pure spirit of humanity, which Lessing, according to his habit of twofold expression, poetic and critical, has also reproduced in the *Testament of John* as the simple commandment, *Love one another!* The pure love of truth, with the joy in the pursuit of truth, which the modern world has regained, or is regaining, by the education of science; the pure love of humanity, both as a quality and as an aggregate of persons, with the joy of benevolence, which must be the safeguard of modern democracy, these all are to be found in the great master critic, everywhere informing his thought, ennobling his style, and elevating writings of a controversial nature into literary creations of permanent profit to readers of every nation.

REGINALD W. MACAN.

THE NEW REVELATION.¹

PART II.

THE Resurrection is the crowning event of Christian history. It is the apotheosis of Jesus of Nazareth. When the good Teacher had fallen into the hands of his enemies, and closed a short but momentous career by an ignominious death upon the cross, great darkness of political shame and religious bigotry fell upon the Unholy City. The Light of the World seemed for ever extinguished. All that could die of the Master passed away from the sight of men; but by the might of faith and love he did not remain forgotten in the sepulchre in the rock. He rose again in the hearts of his followers, and was seen by longing eyes restored to a life of unearthly splendour in which he has ever since reigned supreme. As once the impulsive multitude, it is said, would have taken him by force and made him a King, succeeding generations, with still greater insistence, have made him a God. There is no want of reverence for Jesus of Nazareth, and no disregard for the feelings of others, implied in the persistent effort to appreciate aright the events of his life, and to dispel the cloud of legend which envelops the fact of his death. It cannot be otherwise than fitting that the memory of the great Teacher should be cleared from the elements of myth with which it has been distorted by superstitious zeal. Jesus of Nazareth will not be less immortal because the stone of the sepulchre was not rolled back; nor will he cease to live in the hearts of those who love nobleness and good because he did not rise from the dead. The love of the sentimental adorer may wax colder as he scans the severer lineaments of reality, but the adherence of others will only be more sincere when they feel they have no more to do with impossible fictions, but frankly confront a still admirable truth.

In my former article I dealt with the "conditions" under which the Christian enters upon an examination of the evidence for the Resurrection, and I shall now more immediately address myself to the application of these conditions to the event itself. No one who considers Canon Westcott's statements can doubt the important part which the "three final assumptions" play in all religious controversy, and more especially in that concerning the reality of the Resurrection. It is impossible for the apologist to separate this crowning event from the antecedent conditions. "For the direct voice of testimony is a very small part of the evidence by which the

(1) Being continuation of the article in February number, p. 246, entitled "The Christian 'Conditions.'"

Resurrection is established.”¹ The “specific testimony,” it is admitted, “must be partial and fragmentary and capable of mis-interpretation,” but the belief of the original witnesses is said to be supported “by that underlying trust in the reality of the divine government and the divine destiny of creation which is ‘practically infinite.’”² It is affirmed that the event becomes even probable when its moral significance in connection with the three assumptions is taken into account. It is the climax of a long series of transactions between God and man, and in this way, it is said, it ceases to be contrary to experience. “Little by little” the Christian is “enabled to apprehend the course of things according to its true law, till the distinction of ‘natural’ and ‘supernatural’ is lost in the perception of the one will of God wrought out in many ways and parts throughout the whole range of creation.”³ When this distinction is lost, of course the most stupendous miracle presents no further difficulty; but it cannot be lost, if lost at all, except by the process of blindly accepting the three presuppositions and the consequences said immediately to follow them. I say “blindly accepting” them, for wherever we turn our eyes in nature, they see the theory contradicted by a universal reign of law, which is incompatible with the idea of supernatural interference. We have seen that those presuppositions are inadmissible, and the apologetic case for the reality of the Resurrection, therefore, loses their support, and must stand or fall by itself. I shall now briefly examine the rest of Canon Westcott’s reasoning.

1.

I pointed out, in my former article, the fatal disability under which Canon Westcott’s argument seems to me to labour, of passing merely from assumption to assumption without arriving at any solid conclusion. I may illustrate this to a small extent by discussing the reasoning which immediately follows the statement of the three necessary presuppositions. After first affirming that “if God is the Father of men, it becomes probable that He will under certain circumstances make His presence felt by peculiar ‘signs,’”⁴ Canon Westcott proceeds to enunciate a still more singular conclusion, to which, from his repeated reference to it, and the consequences he deduces from it, he evidently attaches the greatest importance. He says:

“And again, to look at the subject from another point of sight, if we derive our being, it matters not through what descent, from a good Creator, each natural desire or instinct of man carries with it the promise of fulfilment. It is not conceivable that he should have been endowed with aspirations which

(1) *Contemporary Review*, November, 1877, p. 1083.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 1082.

(3) *Ib.*, p. 1078.

(4) *Ib.*, p. 1071.

must always remain unsatisfied. He may be unable beforehand to anticipate how they will be satisfied; he may even form false and confident anticipations; but after the event it must be discernible that the satisfaction is real. *If we feel that the scheme of things in which we are placed is true, if we feel, that is, that the apparent signs of progress which it exhibits reveal its essential nature, we cannot doubt that the characteristic tendencies of human action, and feelings, and thought are also true, and turned towards that which we are made to attain to.* It cannot, then, be in vain that we instinctively look forward to a nobler future, and a closer fellowship with God hereafter; and turn heavenward, as knowledge widens, for some fuller teaching as to these loftiest hopes. No doubt our instincts, both physical and moral, require to be disciplined and trained; but they are in a real sense prophetic. While they are not, in our present condition, authoritative, they are suggestive."¹

I have quoted this passage without omission, that I may not understate Canon Westcott's case, but I frankly acknowledge that I have not the slightest idea of the meaning of the mysterious sentence which I have taken the liberty of putting into italics, unless it be one which I am not surprised that he has not ventured to state more clearly even to himself. Canon Westcott immediately continues:

"Thus revelation, which is only one form of the continuous intercourse of God and man, so far from being improbable, is seen from the actual circumstances of life to be a natural consequence of the Divine Fatherhood."²

As our author proceeds with his argument he palpably gains confidence, and a little further on he points out that the Resurrection, as "the crowning revelation of God," "cannot be said to be even improbable, if it can be shown to convey that teaching as to the future of creation which we are constituted to expect."³ The conclusion drawn from the argument which has been quoted is manifest here, but it is still more clearly expressed when Canon Westcott, speaking of the Resurrection, says:

"So far is it from being contrary to 'universal experience,' that it is in a most true sense according to universal experience, for it is seen universally that aspirations, tendencies, instincts, are not left for ever unattained and unsatisfied."⁴

The contention, therefore, is that each natural desire or instinct or tendency or aspiration of man carries with it the promise of fulfilment, and that the Resurrection, being the requisite assurance that these "aspirations, tendencies, instincts," are not to be left unattained and unsatisfied, so far from being contrary to universal experience, is actually in accordance with it. Canon Westcott, before attaining the later glow of certainty, is good enough to admit that if they are "in a real sense prophetic," our instincts, nevertheless, "require to be disciplined and trained," and to confess that at present they are not "authoritative," but merely "suggestive." But how can instincts be prophetic if they require to be trained? How can

(1) *Contemporary Review*, November, 1877, p. 1072.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 1072.

(3) *Ib.*, p. 1074.

(4) *Ib.*, p. 1082.

their divine origin be maintained if they must be disciplined what to be instinctive of? And if they are not authoritative, but merely suggestive, how can it be asserted that they are so distinctly promissory that it is even "not conceivable" that they should remain without satisfaction? These admissions are absolutely destructive of Canon Westcott's own argument. And again, if it be not conceivable that the aspirations with which man is "endowed" should remain unsatisfied, does it not seem unnecessary that so stupendous a miracle as the Resurrection should take place merely to render such assurance doubly sure? Might not the impatient curiosity of man well have remained without the additional amount of certainty, and does the supposed object of the "new revelation" really justify the miracle? It is quite true that Canon Westcott assumes an intimacy of communication between the Infinite Personal God and his creatures which would explain almost anything, but to doubters such a reason does not seem quite satisfactory. Passing on from this point, however, it may be well to remark that the argument which we are discussing is the connecting link between the assumption of an Infinite Personal God and the miracle of the Resurrection. Without the assumption the supposed consequence could not be alleged, and if that consequence be disallowed, the connection between the Infinite Personal God and the Resurrection is wholly severed; for it is only in fulfilment of the supposed promise of satisfaction to the instincts and aspirations of his creatures that God and the Resurrection are associated together. We have seen, however, that the first assumption is a use of language which denotes an object inconceivable under the conditions of human thought, and the second assumption, which we are now considering, stands therefore in a very limp and mutilated condition before us as an effect, the alleged cause of which has not only not been shown to exist, but has been declared both inconceivable and unbelievable. The affirmation regarding our instincts and aspirations does not assist in establishing the previous assumption of an Infinite Personal God, but on the contrary is itself more an assumption, and one which, from every point of view, is utterly untenable. The first assumption, which is inadmissible, is followed by a second which is untenable.

The assumption is at least twofold; first, that the Infinite Personal God himself implants in man the instincts and aspirations of which Canon Westcott speaks, and next, that these instincts and aspirations are prophetic, and carry with them the promise of fulfilment. I need not point out how completely the first of these assumptions is based on the first chapters of Genesis, and upon inferences drawn from them. The hypothesis of the supernatural origin of instincts, to which Canon Westcott boldly adds "aspirations," has no positive argument in its favour. The only plea it can advance is the nega-

tive consideration that we cannot yet produce facts establishing every detail of the rational counter-theory: that the inner tendencies of man called instincts are natural acquisitions which have become permanent and are transmitted—a circumstance which is not surprising when the delicacy and obscurity of the question, and the comparatively recent date of attention to it, are remembered. A hypothesis, however, which rests on supernatural interference, and which has no firmer support than the partial incompleteness of the natural explanation, is not in a strong position, and even vigorous censorship of religious literature and the efforts of a Society rigorously limited to Promoting Christian Ignorance cannot long succeed in keeping it upright. Carried to its logical end, the apologetic hypothesis of the origin of instincts and aspirations must land its supporters in the assertion of appointed necessity in thought and action. It will not, however, be requisite for our present purpose to enter upon any discussion of Evolution, or of the origin of instincts. The argument admits of more summary refutation.

It would have been an advantage if Canon Westcott, recognising, as he professes to do, the importance of clearly stating the postulates which underlie reasoning, had favoured us with a definition of the instincts and aspirations with which he affirms man to be “endowed,” and which it is inconceivable should remain without satisfaction. It would certainly have been interesting to learn in what respect, if any, “aspirations” differ from instincts. In the absence of any definition, I must regard them merely as a complex form of simple instinct, developed under the influence of intellectual culture. The striking peculiarity of the instincts and aspirations of which Canon Westcott speaks is that they exist without the existence of anything to satisfy them in this life. They are “prophetic,” and the whole force of the argument depends upon the fact that the promise which they are supposed to carry with them remains unsatisfied here, and only receives satisfaction in the future life. Now, I do not question that instincts do not, and cannot, exist without the existence of something which can satisfy them—indeed, I consider the past and present existence of this something as an absolute condition of their existence. The instincts and aspirations which we are discussing, however, are exceptions to this rule, and seem to be quite supernatural. Canon Westcott argues, in the most unhesitating manner, that universal experience shows that “aspirations, tendencies, instincts, are not left for ever unattained and unsatisfied;” that is to say, that all other instincts with which universal experience is acquainted are satisfied, but that these are not, and in accordance with experience, therefore, must receive their satisfaction in another life. They are thus an exception at present to universal experience, like the Resurrection with which they are connected. The Resurrection,

of course, is not the required satisfaction; it is merely the assurance that there is to be satisfaction for them hereafter—a revelation that aspiration is not to be for ever in vain. It is, therefore, a very grave omission on the part of Canon Westcott that he has not defined the character and established the reality of these prophetic instincts and aspirations, the existence of which he has assumed, but which are avowedly contrary to universal experience. Are they instincts at all? All other instincts are seen to be satisfied: these are not. All other instincts are ratified by actual experience in the past and the present: these are merely prophetic of the future. The function of all other instincts is limited to the circumstances and conditions of earthly existence: the operation of these is limited to empty craving for an unknown something in an unknown hereafter. The singular hesitancy of Canon Westcott's expressions regarding these instincts and aspirations is now quite intelligible. Their prophetic character cannot be recognised, and the inferences he deduces from them are certainly not "authoritative." He has simply invested very natural desires with very mysterious attributes, and magnified their scope from the region of experience to unsubstantial realms of imagination. I might add that this argument from instincts involves a belief in mere continuance, which has characterized the earlier phases of religion throughout the world: a resumption, in some sort, of earthly life beyond the grave. If one kind of instinct is guaranteed an eternity of satisfaction, why not all? The rejoinder may be a distinction between "moral" and "physical" instinct; but before this can in any degree be considered valid, it would be necessary to prove that such a distinction exists, which certainly cannot be done. The survival and eternal satisfaction of select instincts, and the extinction of others, implies the continuance of similar and merely modified conditions in a future life.

But the sufficient answer to Canon Westcott's argument, which, in its possible applications, may be described as "a doctrine irrational in itself, and which would sanction half the mischievous illusions recorded in history, or which mislead individual life," is that which was given by Mr. John Stuart Mill, and which is as appropriate to aspirations for "religious beatitude," or any other form of Canon Westcott's supposed instincts, as for immortality:

"We are told that the desire of immortality is one of our instincts, and that there is no instinct which has not corresponding to it a real object fitted to satisfy it. Where there is hunger there is somewhere food, where there is sexual feeling there is somewhere sex, where there is love there is somewhere something to be loved, and so forth: in like manner since there is the instinctive desire of eternal life, eternal life there must be. The answer to this is patent on the very surface of the subject. It is unnecessary to go into any recondite considerations concerning instincts, or to discuss whether the desire in question is an instinct or not. Granting that wherever there is an instinct there exists

something such as that instinct demands, can it be affirmed that this something exists in boundless quantity, or sufficient to satisfy the infinite craving of human desires? What is called the desire of eternal life is simply the desire of life; and does there not exist that which this desire calls for? Is there not life? To suppose that the desire of life guarantees to us personally the reality of life through all eternity, is like supposing that the desire of food assures us that we shall always have as much as we can eat through our whole lives and as much longer as we can conceive our lives to be protracted to."¹

It is extremely suggestive, both as regards the origin and the satisfaction of our supposed instincts and aspirations, upon which Canon Westcott lays such stress, that, however prophetic he may consider them, they tell us nothing which they have not learnt from experience. They project into another life the favourite circumstances of this. Life may become eternal, happiness may be spiritualised, and aspiration ennobled, but they are fundamentally the same in kind, and differ only in degree. According to the actual tendencies, habits, and feelings of a race are the aspirations and anticipations of the future life. Upon the instinct theory, there is as much reason to hope for the paradise of the Mahometan as for the heaven of the Christian. The instinct of the Jew would not be satisfied with any future life in which the supremacy of the people of Israel did not form a conspicuous feature, and if the substance of the teaching of Canon Westcott's inspired records, even down to the Christian Apocalypse, is to be accepted as authoritative, the Jew is justified in such a course. What is the popular representation of heaven but various forms of actual experience more or less idealized, whether its white-robed denizens are to sing eternal hallelujahs to the accompaniment of golden harps, or the glorified saints are to form endless and unwearied congregations for prayer and praise, the perfection of similar assemblies on earth, which have somewhere been described as a little heaven below? Even the higher aspirations of the few point merely to rest and victory over the weakness of the flesh, which mars the enjoyment of emotional religion here, or prevents the attainment of ideal moral standards, which, after all, are the creation of reason and experience.

If we consult the Bible—and as Canon Westcott appeals to the Bible, and derives his assumptions from it, to the Bible we must necessarily go—we learn some very instructive facts regarding the objects which are represented as promised by the prophetic instincts and aspirations with which man is endowed. The Infinite Personal God is said to have been in constant familiar intercourse with the patriarchs and people of Israel. But we nowhere find that he gives any of them a hint of immortality and a future life. The highest inducement to obey the law which God himself writes on tables of stone and personally delivers to Moses is length of days. The

(1) *Three Essays on Religion*, 1874, p. 204 f.]

instincts and aspirations of the patriarchs, apparently, had not been "disciplined and trained," for they pointed to nothing more noble than long life and the promised land; and the end of worship, the scope of prayer in Israel for many ages never soared beyond this world and prosperity in it. It was only contact with other nations which, in course of time, imparted to Israel the belief in a life beyond the grave, and developed aspirations of a more spiritual nature.

The elasticity of Canon Westcott's reasoning, however, finds no difficulty in the silence of the Old Testament. He accepts everything as he finds it, and he finds everything right. If the whole of the facts had been different, they would doubtless have fitted into his theory with equal docility. He says:

"There was practically nothing in the current thoughts which Christ encountered which was fitted to call out a spontaneous belief in the message of his Resurrection. The silence of the Old Testament, the 'bold guesses' and sad negations of Gentile philosophy are equally instructive. The one shows how Divine wisdom was constrained to delay the revelation till it could be presented vitally: the other that reason, while baffled by the problem of the future, finds no rest in scepticism. When Christ came, this only remained to men as the issue of ages of resolute and patient thought, that the instinct by which they clung to a continuous personality beyond the grave was at hopeless variance with such an analysis of their own being as they could make."¹

The assurance of Canon Westcott can scarcely establish the assumption that "Divine wisdom was constrained to delay the revelation." But what was the "new revelation" which, it is alleged, was made by the Resurrection to satisfy aspirations? The statements of Canon Westcott upon this point are so diffuse and vague, that it is extremely difficult to obtain a firm hold of the idea which he desires to represent; but I will quote a few passages which seem intended to explain it. The preliminary assumptions, it is said, enable us to approach the Resurrection from the true point of sight.

"For the Resurrection is the crowning revelation of God, the sign of the continuity of the fulness of human being through the seen into the unseen. . . . Part of the truth signified by it has passed so completely into modern thought that we can hardly imagine that men were ever without the sure trust that death is the personal admission to the nearer Presence of God.² . . . The Resurrection of Christ was the revelation of a new life. . . . It was a revelation in two main respects. As to the relation of Christ to men, and as to the relation of the present life to the future.³ . . . Believers were to be transfigured, and at the same time their life was to continue in Christ. In other words, a glimpse was given of a 'personality' of a raised humanity, in which each member was included but not absorbed."⁴

I might quote half of Canon Westcott's paper without exhausting the curious contents which his vivid imagination discovers in the

(1) *Contemporary Review*, November, 1877, p. 1079.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 1074.

(3) *Ib.*, p. 1080.

(4) *Ib.*, p. 1081.

supposed Revelation. Without attempting to define minor details, I may say that this "Revelation" is chiefly represented as being of a mode of the future life, and of the relation between God and man which satisfies the aspirations of mankind and fulfils the promise conveyed by the instincts with which man is "endowed." Where we are to look, beyond Canon Westcott's statements, for authoritative information as to the contents of the "New Revelation" is not indicated. The accounts in the Gospels and other writings are meagre enough, but the details concerning the future state imparted in the Gospels were certainly not cancelled by anything said to have occurred at the Resurrection. It is unnecessary to recall the picture of the Heavenly Jerusalem and of the state of the blessed given in the Apocalypse, nor of the bottomless pit or lake of fire into which the wicked are to be cast to be tormented day and night for ever and ever. The representations in the Gospels do not materially differ from those of the book of Revelation. These are frequently put into the mouth of Jesus himself. It is right to mention that the view which he expounds is admitted by Canon Westcott to be an "inference" from the Resurrection,¹ and he would doubtless further admit that it is only "one of several conceivable interpretations"—a fact which it is always well to bear in mind. From all conceivable points of sight, however, all of such views, without exception, must be considered simply as representing a mode of belief in no way differing in kind from other universal phases of religious opinion. But Canon Westcott insists on the essential novelty of the revelation, and without novelty it could scarcely be considered a revelation. He says, "The fact was, as we maintain, essentially unique; the teaching which it conveyed was essentially new."² As one of many representations of the future life and of the relations between God and man, however, I must emphatically deny the novelty of the teaching. On the contrary, I might affirm that there is scarcely a point in the whole of Christian theology which has not been in some sort anticipated by other religious systems. Space, however, imperatively forbids my entering upon this question. As I have already pointed out, the chosen people of God, during the period of their closest communion with him, had certainly no clear conception of a future life, and no instincts or aspirations for anything beyond length of days and prosperity in this world. They had not even belief in the doctrine of continuance. The prevalent theories of ghosts and angelic agency, however, and familiarity with such suggestive phenomena as sleep and dreams, prepared them to receive more advanced views, and intercourse with other nations finally developed these, so that at least a century and a half before the commencement of our era the Jewish nation not only had attained to belief in continuance,

(1) *Contemporary Review*, November, 1877, p. 1076.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 1074.

but also in immortality, resurrection, and retribution. Long before the coming of Jesus, therefore, his own people hold, in one shape or another, substantially the views which he taught in regard to these points. This is perfectly undeniable, and the utmost that can be maintained with accuracy is, that his teaching more or less modified prevalent belief. Moreover, long before the Jews, other nations, quite independently of them, believed in immortality, resurrection, and retribution, and still more generally in the lower, but still kindred doctrine of continuance. That all such opinions proceed upon well-known lines of natural development from primitive and simple modes of belief is perfectly established and cannot be gainsaid,¹ and it is quite inadmissible, upon any grounds yet shown, to claim any other origin for Christian belief. The known facts place their natural genesis beyond contradiction. At the very utmost, the Resurrection, if it actually occurred and under any alleged circumstances, could have been no more than a realisation of previous conceptions, and could not in any sense be described as a "new revelation."

II.

If the reality of the Resurrection and Ascension is to be established at all, it must be by direct evidence, for these presuppositions and untenable assertions are of no avail. Coming now, therefore, to more immediate consideration of the alleged facts, there are one or two aspects of the events as described by Canon Westcott which must have a little attention. Set forth as the crowning revelation of God, the climax of a long series of miraculous dealings with mankind, Canon Westcott claims that the Resurrection "is not open to the objection that it is contrary to experience," for its significance is affirmed to consist in the fact that it is absolutely without parallel.² Separated from the presuppositions, however, that which is thus claimed as a merit becomes almost a fatal objection. It is not the mere rising from the dead to which Canon Westcott refers, for the Gospels narrate the restoration to life of the young man of Nain, of the daughter of Jairus, of Lazarus, and of many saints at the Crucifixion. They likewise represent Herod and others as identifying Jesus as John the Baptist raised from the dead, or one of the prophets. The stupendous fact of physical resurrection from the dead is not that which is made the essential point, but Canon Westcott argues that the Resurrection of Jesus was "essentially unique" because he was not, like these others, restored merely to the conditions of earthly life, and afterwards subject to the ordinary circumstances of our present existence:

"But the connection of the Lord with the disciples after the Resurrection was

(1) Compare generally, *Spencer*, Principles of Sociology; *Tylor*, Primitive Culture, &c.

(2) *Contemporary Review*, November, 1877, p. 1074.

wholly altered. He was known only when He pleased to reveal Himself. He was surrounded with a mysterious awfulness. At the very time when He offered a material test of the reality of His presence He showed that He was not bound by the laws of matter. That was evidently a 'law' by which the conditions of His appearances are determined. . . . They thought at first that *they saw a spirit*, and this impression had to be overcome. So far as they had any acquaintance with a rising again, their notions were directly at variance with the circumstances of the Lord's Resurrection."¹

From all this Canon Westcott considers that the importance of the chief "moments" in the history "becomes obvious":

"The tomb in which the body of the Lord was laid was found empty. The Lord appeared and disappeared at pleasure. All that belonged to His humanity was preserved, and at the same time all was transfigured. . . . This being so, it will be seen that no misunderstanding of the Christian idea of the Resurrection can be more complete than that which is involved in the following dilemma: 'One or other alternative must be adopted:—If Jesus possessed His own body after his Resurrection, and could eat and be handled, he could not vanish: if he vanished, he could not be thus corporeal.'"²

It would not be easy to misunderstand "the Christian idea," which in brief is to accept every statement of every Evangelist, however contradictory, as literal truth, and force reasoning into harmony with them. My purpose, however, was to ascertain what evidence there may be for those statements, and whether they can be reasonably believed or not. I have so fully examined the evidence for the Resurrection elsewhere, that I need not, and indeed could not, go over it again here, but must confine myself to a very brief discussion of some of Canon Westcott's points.

It is not too much to say that the accounts in the four Gospels of the Resurrection of Jesus are not only in the highest degree contradictory, but that they mutually exclude each other. With regard to the alleged fact that the tomb in which the body of Jesus was laid was found empty, I may point out that there is most fatal discrepancy in the different reports of the entombment, and uncertainty prevails regarding every one of its circumstances.³ The body, however, according to Canon Westcott, seems to have been as little present in the subsequent transactions as it is alleged to have been in the sepulchre. It is well to remember that the bodies of those antitypes of the Christ, Moses and Elijah, were not found either, and the account of the Transfiguration, in which they are seen speaking with Jesus, brings the three into suggestive contact, not very long before the closing scenes of the history.

It is quite true that the Resurrection of Jesus is not represented as a restoration to the ordinary circumstances of the previous life, but that seems to me scarcely a safe source of exultation for those who

(1) *Contemporary Review*, November, 1877, p. 1075.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 1076; cf. *Supernatural Religion*, iii. p. 462.

(3) *Supernatural Religion*, iii. p. 435 ff.

wish to demonstrate the reality of the Resurrection. Had Jesus, during the time which is said to have elapsed between the Resurrection and Ascension, resumed his ordinary intercourse with the disciples, even to a reasonable extent, the reality of his Resurrection might have been more apparent. On the contrary, however, he merely shows himself to them a few times momentarily, and not at all to any one else. None of his enemies are forced into his service by a sight of the risen master, and compelled to bear testimony to his victory over death. I have elsewhere shown that the alleged appearances of Jesus related in the different Gospels cannot be reconciled with each other.¹ The same remark applies to the length of the interval supposed to elapse between the Resurrection and Ascension, and it may be added that the Acts increase the discrepancy.² As to the other alleged restorations of the dead to life, much stress must not be laid on the statement that the young man of Nain, the daughter of Jairus, and Lazarus "resumed their former positions," for these personages drop out of sight and knowledge with amazing celerity, considering the wonderful testimony they had to bear. History knows nothing of them. Even the evangelists, who relate in duplicate comparatively commonplace cures of disease, ignore the resurrection of Lazarus, and disregard the young man of Nain. We are not told what became of the numerous saints said by the first synoptist to have come forth from their graves during the crucifixion. The "incident," as Canon Westcott mentions, "is wholly isolated;" but is not this isolation highly remarkable in connection with the Resurrection hypotheses? On the supposition, however, that no actual Resurrection took place, and that the belief rests upon visions of the master seen by excited disciples, can the circumstance that Jesus is not represented as resuming the ordinary conditions of his previous life be considered at all surprising? It is rather difficult to imagine what else could occur than fitful appearances and final disappearance, otherwise termed Ascension.

"The Lord appeared and disappeared at pleasure." Certainly he does so in the Gospels, but whether at his own pleasure or at the pleasure of tradition or of excited imagination is a pertinent question. When Canon Westcott represents this as a special result and peculiarity of the Resurrection, after which "all that belonged to his humanity was preserved, and at the same time all was transfigured," and as something unprecedented—a "new revelation" to mankind—he seems a little mistaken. Already in the Gospels, even at the beginning of his career, something very similar is described as taking place. The third synoptist relates that when the angry crowd at Nazareth led Jesus to the brow of the hill on which the city is built, with intent to cast him down headlong, "He passed

(1) *Supernatural Religion*, iii. p. 456 ff.

(2) *Ib.*, iii. p. 470 ff.

through the midst of them and went away.”¹ That this was miraculous, most apologetic commentators assert, and in whatever they please to make the miracle consist, the phenomena after the Resurrection may be shown to be the same. A similar incident is narrated by the fourth evangelist (viii. 59). Although Canon Westcott puts aside the dilemma as a misunderstanding of the “Christian idea,” I must maintain it as a clear understanding of rational ideas. If a body which is laid in the tomb revives and comes forth of itself, bearing still the marks of wounds, and can freely be handled, eat, and assimilate food, it cannot appear and disappear at pleasure, or pass through crowds and closed doors. The disciples “thought that they saw a spirit.” Was it tradition which thought otherwise and made the vision argue—“Behold my hands and my feet that it is I myself: handle me and behold; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me having”?² It is no reply to affirm that, a great many inadmissible assumptions being made, the miracle is not open to objection on the ground that it is contrary to experience, inasmuch as its significance consists in the fact that this semi-substantiality is absolutely without parallel. The audacious paradox of Tertullian, “*Credo quia impossibile*,” will no longer pass current. An alleged phenomenon does not now gain additional credibility from being absolutely an anomaly.

But is the representation “absolutely without parallel”? Has it the significance even of undeniable originality? Very far from it. I will not waste time by referring to the theory of the corporeity of the soul maintained by Tertullian³ and others before him without reference to the Resurrection, although it has distinct similarity to that which we are discussing. I have already pointed out the incidents said to have taken place at Nazareth and Jerusalem as indicating that the evangelists do not confine themselves to the period after the Resurrection in ascribing such peculiarities to the body of Jesus. I might further refer to the account of Jesus walking on the sea, when the disciples were troubled, saying, “It is a phantom;”⁴ and also to the narrative of the Transfiguration, when there were seen by the three apostles, Moses and Elijah talking with Jesus.⁵ Were not the bodies of the lawgiver and prophet in the same condition as the risen body of Jesus? Here again would be an anticipation of the description; and the same might be affirmed of the accounts of angelic appearances in the Old Testament. Passing over all these, however, it may be remarked that long before our era a semi-substantiality was ascribed to those who had departed this life, and such a conception is found almost everywhere, slowly developed from still

(1) Luke iv. 30.

(3) *De Anima*, §§ 5 ff.

(2) Luke xxiv. 39.

(4) Matt. xiv. 26.

(5) Matt. xvii. 3 and par.

more primitive representations of future existence.¹ That such a conception was prevalent amongst the Greeks must be recognised by all. They considered the disembodied soul to be in a degree material, still retaining the form and features which the living man presented. When the soul of Achilles is told of the noble deeds of his son, he departs joyfully, "taking mighty strides." I shall take the liberty of quoting a passage from Mr. Spencer's last work bearing on this point, and having direct reference to the very allegation we are discussing.

"That these dwellers in Hades have some kind of substantiality, is implied both by the fact that they come trooping to drink the sacrificial blood, and by the fact that Ulysses keeps them back with his sword. Moreover, in this world of the dead, he beholds Tityus having his liver torn by vultures; speaks of Agamemnon's soul as 'shedding the warm tear;' and describes the ghost of Sisyphus as sweating from his efforts in thrusting up the still-gravitating stone. And here I may fitly refer to a passage in the *Iliad*, showing, in a very clear way, how the primitive notion becomes modified. On awaking after dreaming of, and vainly trying to embrace, Patroclus, Achilles says,—'Alas, there is indeed then, even in the dwellings of Hades, a certain spirit and image, but there is no body in it at all.' Yet, being described as speaking and lamenting, the ghost of Patroclus is conceived as having the materiality implied by such acts. Thus, in the mind of the Homeric age, the dream, while continuing to furnish proof of an after-existence, furnished experiences which, when reasoned upon, necessitated an alteration in the idea of the other-self: complete substantiality was negatived.

"Nor do the conceptions which prevailed among the Hebrews appear to have been different. We find ascribed now substantiality, now unsubstantiality, and now something between the two. The resuscitated Christ is at the same time represented as having wounds that admit of tactual examination; and, nevertheless, as passing unimpeded through a closed door or through walls. And their supernatural beings generally, whether good or bad, and whether revived dead or not, were similarly conceived. Here angels dining with Abraham, or pulling Lot into the house, are described as having complete corporeity; elsewhere they are said to have wings, implying locomotion by mechanical action, and are represented as rubbing against, and wearing out, the dresses of Rabbins in the synagogue."²

I do not hesitate to affirm that whatever may be peculiar in the accounts of the appearances of Jesus is due to the fact that they are the product of later tradition dealing with subjective phenomena: a vision gradually assuming hypostatic reality. I presume that it is not requisite for me to prove that a belief in ghosts and apparitions prevailed pretty universally long before the Christian era; nor to show that supposed apparitions retained all the lineaments of the person who was believed to appear. The narratives in the Gospels were written long after the period at which it was alleged that Jesus had been seen; and in a case like this, in which dogmatic teaching and pious enthusiasm combined to influence tradition, it might have

(1) I refer readers for interesting details to *Tylor*, *Primitive Culture*, 1871, i. p. 384 ff.; *Spencer*, *Principles of Sociology*, 1876, i. p. 185 ff.

(2) *Principles of Sociology*, i. p. 189 f.

been predicated that the representation of the original occurrence must almost necessarily assume the uncertain and fluctuating form which we actually find in the New Testament. The basis of the whole being a vision, but the faith of subsequent believers requiring and creating greater reality, tradition as usual naturally added substantial details to the appearances. The vision acting upon prevalent belief, immediately suggested the idea of Resurrection; and the disappearance of the vision imperatively excluded any assertion of restoration to the mere ordinary conditions of existence, which would, of course, have been finally disposed of by the fact that Jesus no more, as before, sojourned with the disciples. "Ascension" or translation, with the well-known instances of Enoch and Elijah in the national mind, could present no difficulty, especially as it must be borne in mind that the theory of Incarnation—a belief far from peculiar to Christianity—had become developed and applied to Jesus when the accounts of the Resurrection came to be written. In these we have precisely the details which might have been expected. Jesus appears suddenly, stays but a little while, and disappears again. He is now substantial, now unsubstantial, and at other times semi-substantial. The vision, with characteristic uncertainty, is now recognised, now not recognised. Tradition naturally adds tactual evidence to assure the doubting of all ages of the reality of the event. The impression that the apparition is a spirit is carefully corrected by making the disciples handle the flesh and bones. It is instructive to observe how the representation takes character in the Gospels. There is no apparition at all recorded in the authentic portion of the second synoptic; and on the two occasions on which Jesus is said by the first synoptist to have been seen, the body is apparently represented as simply substantial, although on the second "some doubted" as to the identity. No miraculous details are added. The views which form the substance of Canon Westcott's argument are mainly derived from the third and fourth Gospels, which certainly embody later and more developed tradition. In fact, that argument is merely an assumption of the literal truth of a legend, the various forms of which, in different records, mutually destroy and exclude each other.

Regarding the Ascension itself I need not say much. Is it not written in the Acts of the Apostles how the body of "flesh and bones" was lifted up and "a cloud received him" out of the sight of the disciples? Only, where that mysterious place, the "right hand" of the Infinite Personal God, to which Jesus ascended, and where he is said to sit, can possibly be, it is somewhat difficult to conjecture.

Space only permits the briefest reference to one or two other points. I have elsewhere fully discussed the evidence of Paul and

of the New Testament writings. It may be admitted that a belief was entertained by certain persons that, after his death and entombment, they had seen Jesus. A similar belief in the apparition of dead persons has been entertained both before and since. How many persons actually supposed that they had themselves seen Jesus there is no reasonable evidence to show. The testimony of Paul is of the slightest and most uncircumstantial nature, and it is worthy of note that the appearances to which he refers are not only not in agreement with those recounted in the Gospels, but, on the contrary, tend to discredit them. He gives no details whatever of his own vision, and we have no authentic particulars regarding it from others. A careful consideration of his character and temperament, and of the representations in his writings, seems to me in the most emphatic way to support the "vision-hypothesis," and I say this with the deepest respect for the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and without a shadow of suspicion of his sincerity. The worst charge which can be brought against him is that his mystic imagination and visionary character made him the architect of ecclesiastical Christianity, and that he crushed a system of simple morality under the weight of transcendental dogmatism. I insist, in spite of Canon Westcott, in maintaining as a perfectly obvious truth that the evidence for the Resurrection, in its last analysis, is reduced to the belief of a few persons that they had seen Jesus alive after his decease, how, when, or where we know not. Those who have subsequently believed in the Resurrection have believed in consequence of belief in the belief of those persons. Canon Westcott argues :

"Historical evidence, alone, can go no further than this. It cannot do more than establish the reality of the belief in a particular fact. The belief is itself the interpretation of phenomena which cannot be recalled, and, in every case, only one of several conceivable interpretations."¹

This analysis of belief, however I may differ from the statement regarding historical evidence, is one with which I cordially agree. Belief is itself the interpretation of phenomena, and, in every case, only one of several conceivable interpretations. I therefore enjoy the rare pleasure of being quite of his opinion when Canon Westcott proceeds to add :

"Thus our judgment on the truth of a belief is to be decided mainly by the character of the belief and by the circumstances of those who first held it. In the case of the Resurrection, the question at issue is simply, in one form or other, is it more reasonable to suppose that the apostles were mistaken or that the Lord did rise?"²

The belief in this case being only one of several conceivable interpretations, it is infinitely more reasonable to suppose that the special interpretation adopted in an unscientific and superstitious age

(1) *Contemporary Review*, November, 1877, p. 1074.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 1074.

was mistaken, than that an event "absolutely unparalleled," contrary to universal experience, and opposed to the order of nature, actually took place. The character of the evidence regarding the phenomena of which the belief is an interpretation, instead of supporting it, absolutely discredits it by its mythical character; and the alleged phenomena, as described in the Gospels, instead of justifying an explanation which removes them from universal order, are clearly recognised as occupying a natural place in the great sequence of religious consciousness.

Canon Westcott illustrates the strength of the original belief by saying :

"The belief of the original witnesses was . . . so vivid that it was from the very first expressed in rites which symbolize with most remarkable power the fundamental thought of life through death."¹

He does not state the rites to which he refers, but I presume that he speaks of the commemoration of the last Supper.² In the first place the Supper was merely a form of the Jewish Passover, in which the thought had already been symbolized for ages; but to represent the sacrament which, gradually developed from the Agape of the primitive church, finally assumed the character of the Sacrifice of the Mass, as, in its essential nature and significance, any exclusive or original possession of Christianity, would indeed be a strange misrepresentation. That a similar commemorative use of bread and wine and water existed in older religions, long before the rise of Christianity, is undeniable. I will only refer to one instance—the mysteries of Mithra, the "Mediator," and not go beyond the indications of the Christian Fathers, nor touch upon other striking analogies in the case. Justin Martyr, in describing the practice of the Church of his time in celebrating the Supper with bread and wine and water, after stating the words said to have been used by Jesus, immediately proceeds to say that wicked demons have imitated the same things in the Mysteries of Mithra, "for bread and a cup of water" are set in the mystic rites for one being initiated, with certain concluding words.³ Every one knows that the rites which the pious Father supposed to be imitated by demons from the Christian practice, dated from a time long antecedent to the Christian era. There can be no doubt, moreover, that the Christian rite was not only commemorative, but also initiatory and sacrificial. In the same place, speaking of it and of the bread, wine, and water used on the occasion, Justin says: "And this food is called by us *Εὐχαριστία*—Eucharist, Thanksgiving—of which no other is allowed to partake but he who

(1) *Contemporary Review*, November, 1877, p. 1074.

(2) It is unnecessary for me to say that Baptism was not only an ancient Jewish rite of initiation, but was practised in other religious ages before its adoption by Christianity.

(3) *Apol.*, i. 66; cf. *Tertullian*, *De Præscr. Hæret.*, § 40.

believes that the things taught by us are true, and who has been washed in the laver for the remission of sins and to regeneration, &c.”¹ Innumerable passages might be cited to show the oblationary character of the rite. Now any one who refers to the works of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Tylor, which have been indicated further back, may learn how the primitive practice of offering bread and water at the tombs of the dead grows into commemorative feasts, and further develops into sacrifice and religious service. It is curious that the belief has likewise prevailed that eating part of the body of any one, or drinking the blood, or water in which it, or the ashes after cremation, have been mixed, secures participation in the virtues or qualities of the deceased. I must not, however, pursue this further. The evidence of the Christian rite is of no value.

The whole of Canon Westcott's antecedent argument is merely an amplification of Paley's "Preparatory considerations," and his reasoning from belief nothing more than Paley's "Simple case" of the twelve men. If belief, independently of the evidence upon which belief is based, is to play the important part which is here assigned to it, there is a premium set upon fanaticism. The position is nothing short of this. Speaking of the Gospels, Canon Westcott says :

"They are addressed to those who believe the fact, and are not directly designed to create the belief. They are in this respect, as in all others, a record of revelation. When this is once recognised, it will be seen how completely most of the criticism of the parallel narratives of the Resurrection falls to the ground. There is not the least reason to suppose that the Evangelists told us all that they knew, nor yet the least necessity that they should have done so. They recorded what was sufficient for their purpose."²

Of course, if Canon Westcott's assurance is sufficient, criticism falls to the ground. We need not strain out the gnat; we may at once swallow it with the camel. It is ridiculous to demand evidence: the Evangelists, with all their mutually destructive contradictions, and their suppression of so much that they knew, and which we should like to know, have told us all that is good for us. We have one thing to do, and should do it gracefully—believe everything, simply because certain persons, eighteen centuries ago, believed that they gave the correct interpretation, out of several others conceivable, of certain phenomena: pay no attention to the fact that the special interpretation adopted is absolutely contrary to universal experience, nor be in the least staggered by the reflection that the age in which those individuals made this selection was grossly ignorant and superstitious, and drew most mistaken inferences regarding all kinds of natural phenomena. If primitive belief is to be the warrant for future belief, all great religions which have preceded it are on a par

(1) *Apol.*, i. 66.

(2) *Cont. Rev.*, November, 1877, p. 1077.

with Christianity. The Buddhist has at least as great a reason to believe as the Christian. Speaking of the "Feeling or Sentiment of Conviction," which in such an age, on such a subject, is almost the most favourable name which can be accorded to belief, Sir William Hamilton says :

"For we must not mistake this feeling for the faculty by which we discriminate truth from error; this feeling, as merely subjective, can determine nothing as to truth and error, which are, on the contrary, of an objective relation; and there are found as many men who have died the confessors of an error they mistook for truth, as of men who have laid down their lives in testimony of the real truth. 'Every opinion,' said Montaigne,¹ 'is strong enough to have had its martyrs.'"²

The Jews of Jerusalem, at the time when these stupendous miracles are said to have occurred, not only did not believe them, but demonstrated their vehement disbelief by persecuting those who professed to believe. The most potent witness for Christianity, the apostle Paul himself, not only disbelieved the allegations of the Resurrection and Ascension whilst it was possible to verify the facts, but publicly declared those allegations to be false, and gave good evidence of the sincerity of his denial by haling men and women who asserted them and casting them into prison. He believed only long after, on the evidence of a vision amongst many other visions, when the opportunity for investigation had passed. Which belief are we to adopt, the later or the former belief of Paul? It cannot be denied that, with the exception of the few who originally supposed that they had seen Jesus, Christianity was, and is, composed of persons who have believed because somebody else had previously believed. The belief of multitudes is contagious. For ages the believer has mechanically believed with the crowd, and it has only been the slow, but irresistible, influence of progressive knowledge and enlightenment which has at last made him ask himself: What do I believe? Why do I believe? Such a self-questioner will scarcely be satisfied with the answer of Canon Westcott.

THE AUTHOR OF "SUPERNATURAL RELIGION."

(1) *Essais*, liv. i. ch. xl.

(2) *Lecture on Metaphysics*, 1877, ii. p. 502.

THE STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.

WE are an insular and aggressive, but at the same time a self-depreciating people. We are apt to assume, consciously or unconsciously, a superiority for our own wisdom, manners, and institutions, and to claim a right to instruct and direct the world. But we are no less apt to find a satisfaction in self-depreciation. We are fond of saying that our position among the nations is lost; that our people are weakened by indoor labour and unwholesome dwellings; that our industry is paralysed by strikes; that our commercial activity is tainted by fraud; that our wealth rests on a rotten system of credit; that our national spirit is deadened and lost in the pursuit of material comfort; and that the inheritance of honour and influence which was won for us by the courage and energy of our fathers, is leaving our shores for new centres in the east and in the west. Self-depreciation may be noble and useful: without self-criticism there is no self-improvement: the best men and the best nations are those who feel deeply their own imperfections, and try hard to mend them. But self-depreciation may also be ignoble and mischievous. If it makes us undervalue our own real progress, and over-estimate the progress of nations which are really more backward than ourselves: if it leads us to think that we can only be strong by making others weak: if it places greatness in aggression and violence: if it is used to excite that feverish condition in which we think that we must do something in order to show that we have the power to do it, then self-depreciation becomes a discredit and a curse.

Under such circumstances it is useful to take stock of our actual condition, and to compare ourselves both with what we have been and what others are. To make such a comparison complete would require a lifetime of thought and observation, and an independent stand-point which is probably unattainable. But something may be roughly done by the use of statistics, imperfect as they are, and this I have attempted to do in the following pages. In getting out these figures, regard has naturally been had to the present situation. I wished to ascertain, so far as such figures enable us to do so, first, what our own national strength is, absolutely and relatively to other nations, when compared with what it was at the close of our great struggle with Napoleon; secondly, what our strength is as compared with the nation which is for the present moment the chief object of our apprehensions; and lastly, what has been the true source of such progress as we have achieved. The result was startling to myself. Tried by every test, our resources are greater absolutely and relatively

than they ever were. Our capacity for offence and defence is far greater than it ever was; and it must be added that the interests which we should place at stake by war are also far greater. We have been, if we are not now, as aggressive as Russia, and with far greater success. But our greatest triumph and our real strength have been achieved, not by foreign conquest, or in remote regions, but by the policy of peace and freedom which, within the limits of Europe at any rate, we have, with one exception, pursued since the close of the great European War in 1815.

The greater part of the following figures are taken from official published statistics, or from well-known books of authority, such as Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, and Martin's *History of the British Colonies*. I may add that in preparing them I have had the valuable aid of Mr. Robert Giffen.

I.—POPULATION.

The following is a comparison of the population of great powers of Europe in 1811 or 1816, and 1871—5, taken from the *Economist* of 19th June, 1875 :—

	Numbers.	Per cent. of Total.	Numbers.	Per cent. of Total.
	1811.		1871—5.	
Great Britain . . .	12,000,000	8·7	27,500,000	12·8
France	29,000,000	20·8	36,000,000	16·8
	1816.			
Germany	21,000,000	14·8	41,000,000	19·0
Austria	28,000,000	20·0	36,000,000	16·8
Russia in Europe . .	48,000,000	35·7	71,000,000	34·6
	138,000,000	100·0	211,500,000	100·0

Thus, at the end of the great war Great Britain, which had then immense armies on foot, had about 9 per cent. of the whole population of the powers above named. Now she has about 13 per cent. She had then less than a fourth of the population of Russia; she has now more than a third. These are mere numbers, in which no account is taken of intelligence, capacity, and resources.

II.—WEALTH OF ENGLAND, COMPARATIVE AND ABSOLUTE.

(a.) *Comparative Progress of Taxation.* The following is a comparative statement of the growth of imperial taxation in various countries: ²—

(1) Ireland is omitted. If included, there would be, in addition, 5,000,000 of inhabitants, chiefly hostile and separated at the early period; and at the later period, the same number comparatively friendly and united.

(2) From Mr. Goschen's Report on Local Taxation, Parts IV. and V.

The amounts are stated in thousands of pounds.

UNITED KINGDOM.				FRANCE.			
Years.	Amount.	Increase per cent. on 1826.	Amount per head of Population.	Years.	Amount.	Increase per cent. on 1826.	Amount per head of Population.
	£		s. d.		£		s. d.
1826	55,825	—	49 5	1817	27,635	—	—
1843	54,208	— 3	39 9	1836	33,772	—	20 1
1851	54,486	— 3	39 9	1850	39,031	16	22 0
1861-2	65,234	17	45 0	1862	56,063	66	29 11
1868-9	65,394	17	43 1	1867	60,160	79	31 6
1876-7	68,514	22	41 5	1876	80,000*	137	43 7

PRUSSIA.				BELGIUM.			
Years.	Amount.	Increase per cent. on 1849.	Amount per head of Population.	Years.	Amount.	Increase per cent. on 1826.	Amount per head of Population.
	£		s. d.		£		s. d.
1849	7,830		9 7	1826	2,871		—
1855	8,280	6	9 8	1840	3,293	15	16 2
1857	10,290	31	11 9	1850	3,624	26	16 4
1867	13,297	70	11 1	1860	4,546	58	19 3
1869† } Budget }	17,527	124	14 5	1869 } (Estimate)	4,846	69	19
				1874	5,780	101	22

RUSSIA.				HOLLAND.			
Years.	Amount.	Increase per cent. on 1828.	Amount per head of Population.	Years.	Amount.	Increase per cent. on 1826.	Amount per head of Population.
					£		
1868	42,877 ‡			1826	3,034		
1876	58,682 ‡	37		1868	5,505	81	30
				1877 { (Budget) }	6,824	125	35

From the above figures it will be seen that the actual increase of national taxation has been considerably less in this country than in other countries of Europe, whilst it is the only country in which the percentage, in proportion to the population, *i.e.* the amount paid by each individual, has diminished. In most other countries this amount has very largely increased.

(b.) The following is a comparison of the public resources of *England and Russia respectively*, as shown by the public revenue of the two countries:—

The receipts of the public exchequer in Russia, including Russia

* The budget estimate of 1876. The nominal amount of French receipts is over £100,000,000, but there are large miscellaneous receipts.

† Between 1867 and 1869 the Prussian State was considerably enlarged by annexations.

‡ In these cases the whole revenue of the post office and telegraphs is omitted. The detail of the outlay cannot be found, but it probably exceeds the receipts, which were 15,600,000 roubles in 1876. The rouble is converted at 2s. 8d., and was about that in 1868. It has declined to 2s. since the war.

in Asia, in 1874, were about £70,000,000, and the expenditure £68,000,000.* In 1876 the revenue was no more, but the ordinary expenditure had risen to £71,000,000. But,

1. Out of eighty-three provinces there are thirteen, including Turkestan, Trans-Caucasia, and Poland, in which the expenditure exceeds the receipts by about £6,500,000. These provinces have to this extent to be paid for by the wealthier provinces, and are a financial weakness.

2. About £12,000,000 are raised by direct taxes, principally by a tax on land, which is in addition to local taxation on land. In the present state of the land, burdened as it is with the expense of emancipation, it would probably be difficult or impossible to increase this item.

3. The Russian customs yield £7,000,000. This item, too, it would be difficult for Russia, especially in the case of a war with England, to raise. With peace, and a revision of her tariff in a free-trade sense, she might no doubt do so.

4. More than £25,000,000 are raised by a tax on alcoholic liquors. This looks as if, bad as we may be in the matter of drink, Russia were no better.

The national receipts of England in the present year are £79,000,000.

The expenditure is £79,000,000, including the terminable annuities and other means for repayment of debt. But,

1. This includes the United Kingdom only. If the national receipts and expenditures of the British colonies and dependencies were included, the above sums would have to be doubled. There is, however, this striking difference between the case of the British dependencies and those of Russia, viz. that generally speaking these dependencies (except mere garrisons, such as Malta and Gibraltar) are not a charge upon the mother country. They pay for themselves, and would probably, in case of war, be a financial help rather than a burden.

(c.) *Potential Taxation of England.* There is scarcely an item in the present list of British taxes which might not be indefinitely raised, except, perhaps, the tax on spirits and tobacco. An addition of a penny to the income tax produces £1,800,000, and that tax, now at 3*d.*, was at 16*d.* during the Crimean war, and at 10*d.* so late as 1860.

The results of recent reductions of taxation are as follows:—

Between 1840 and 1852, *i.e.* in the free-trade period preceding the Crimean war, the net reduction of taxation was £6,286,000. During the Crimean war period, 1853 to 1858, there was practically no permanent increase of taxation, as the war taxes had been got

* In the account from which these and the following figures are taken, the rouble was converted at 2*s.* 6*d.*

rid of by 1858, and there was a net reduction of £730,000. Between 1853 and the present time, *i.e.* during the free-trade period subsequent to the Crimean war, the net reduction has been £25,010,000.

The total net reduction of taxation since 1840 is £32,026,000 per annum.

In the same period the net revenue from taxes remaining unrepealed has increased from £51,082,000 in 1841, to £68,514,000 in 1877. Adding to the latter sum the reduced or repealed taxes, we have, supposing the repealed taxes to be now re-imposed, a total of potentially increased revenue from taxation amounting to £100,540,000, as compared with £51,082,000 in 1841, without allowing anything for increased productiveness in the repealed taxes.

(*d.*) *Banking Capital.* The banking capital of Russia is about £100,000,000. The banking capital of England is about £800,000,000. The so-called banking capital of Russia includes the capital of every species of credit society. In England we should add to the above banking capital the capital of building societies, friendly societies, and insurance companies, to give a proper idea of the loanable capital of this country as compared with that of Russia.

(*e.*) *Borrowing Power.* Russia borrows at 6½ per cent., whilst England borrows at 3¼ per cent.

(*f.*) *Agricultural Wealth of Russia.* The estimated average yield per acre of wheat in Russia is 5·5 bushels, the lowest yield of any country in Europe (see table p. 69 of *Agricultural Returns for Great Britain for 1876*). The yields of barley, oats, and rye in Russia are equally low. It is to be remembered, too, that agriculture is the chief source of wealth in Russia, whilst England has all sorts of other and more productive industries. In her commercial system, and in the encumbrances and difficulties arising out of serf emancipation, Russia has long and weary steps to take before she can make her agricultural production equal to that of more advanced countries.

(*g.*) *Growth of Wealth in Great Britain during the Century, as shown by the Income Tax Assessments.*

ASSESSMENTS TO THE INCOME TAX IN GREAT BRITAIN.

1803	£115,352,000
1813-15	130,058,000
1843	251,013,000
1875	535,708,000

The figures for Ireland before 1853 cannot be given, and therefore the above comparison is confined to Great Britain. Some slight deduction has to be made from the above figures for 1875, because Schedules C and E can only be given for the United Kingdom, but the difference is not material.

The aggregate amount of income assessed for the United Kingdom in 1875 was £571,056,167.

(h.) *Savings of the Poor.* The amount of deposits in savings banks, and average per head of population at the close of the years 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, and 1876, are as follows:—

Years.	Number of Depositors.	Amount of Deposits.	Average Amount per head of Population.	
		£	s.	d.
1830	412,000	13,508,000	11	4
1840	798,000	23,471,000	17	9
1850	1,113,000	21,931,000	21	0
1860	1,586,000	41,258,000	28	8
1870	53,058,000	33	11
1876	70,280,000	42	6

III.—PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND FROM 1801 TO 1876.

Cost of Poor Relief in England at different periods.				Number of Paupers in England at different periods.		
Year.	Amount spent.	Cost per head of Population.	Cost per Pauper.	Year.	Number on 1st January.	Per cent. of Population
	£	s. d.	£ s. d.			
1785	2,157,760	5 5				
1801	4,017,871	9 1				
1811	6,656,105	13 1				
1813	8,646,841	15 2				
1821	6,959,249	10 7				
1831	6,798,888	9 9				
1841	4,760,729	6 0	3 13 4	1811	1,299,048	8.2
1851	4,962,704	5 7	5 15 4	1851	860,893	4.8
1861	5,778,943	5 9	6 9 10	1861	890,423	4.4
1871	7,886,724	7 0	7 5 9	1871	1,081,926	4.8
1876	7,333,858	6 1	9 14 10	1876	752,887	3.1

These figures show, in the first place, what a large increase in pauperism took place during the great French war. They also show clearly that even in total amount the cost of pauperism is now less than it was in 1813, and little more than it was between 1815 and 1833, while the cost per head of the population for the last thirty years has only been half what it was in the previous thirty years. At the same time the number of paupers has undergone considerable diminution since 1841, when we begin to have accurate returns, and probably since the earlier period. The percentage to the population is now 3 per cent. only, instead of 8 per cent. and upwards. The cost per head of the population has much diminished, and it would have no doubt diminished much more but for the greater humanity of the administration. We have far fewer paupers than we had, but we spend far more on each pauper.

IV.—CRIME IN ENGLAND FROM 1817 TO 1876.

The following are the numbers of criminal offenders committed for trial and proportion to total population in England in each of the under-mentioned years, with numbers of acquittals and convictions :—

Years.	Committed for Trial.		Convictious.	Acquittals and Discharges.
	Number.	Proportion to total Population.		
1817	13,932	0·12	9,056	Not stated
1841	27,760	0·17	20,280	7,452
1851	27,960	0·16	21,579	6,359
1861	18,326	0·09	13,879	4,423
1871	16,269	0·07	11,946	4,283
1876	16,078	0·07	12,195	3,841

In dealing with criminal statistics it has been usual to take as the best test the numbers of committals for trials for serious crimes. It is of course open to the observation that the definitions of offences and the vigilance of police vary from period to period, and also the legislation as to police offences, so that what were formerly serious offences may have come to be treated by police courts or in some other summary way. It is probable, however, that there have been no changes in the last forty years to alter the inference suggested by the above figures that serious crime is diminishing. We are better policed now than formerly, and it is probable that fewer grave offences escape detection.

The following are the numbers of the different descriptions of Offences for which Committals for Trial have taken place in England in the under-mentioned years :—

	1831.	1841.	1873.	1876.
Offences against the person	2,455	2,140	2,011	2,725
Offences against property with violence	1,459	1,873	1,233	1,430
Offences against property without violence	16,608	22,017	10,516	10,674
Malicious offences against property	162	94	161	202
Forgery and offences against the currency	431	437	379	384
Other offences	1,336	1,199	593	663
Total	22,451	27,760	14,893	16,078

The general inference from the table is that while all descriptions of serious crime have diminished since 1841, it is the class of offences against property which has diminished most, this class being always one which is greatest in times of adversity, so that its continued diminution seems a sign of the steady prosperity of the country as compared with former periods.

V.—TRADE OF UNITED KINGDOM.

(a.) Foreign Trade of United Kingdom at different dates :—

Years.	Real value of Ex-ports of British Produce.	Proportion per head of Population.	Real value of whole of Exports & Imports for the United Kingdom.	Proportion per head of Population.
	£	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.
1810	48,438,000	2 14 3		
1820	36,424,000	1 15 3		
1830	38,251,000	1 12 1		
1840	51,309,000	1 18 9		
1850	71,367,000	2 11 10		
1860	135,891,000	4 14 7	375,052,000	13 0 7
1870	199,586,000	6 7 11	547,338,000	17 10 10
1876	200,639,000	6 1 3	631,931,000	19 1 11

(b.) The Internal Trade of the United Kingdom is very much larger, probably six times as large as the Foreign Exports. But of the internal trade we have no good general statistics. Some notion of its increase may, however, be formed from the growth of certain items.

For instance, in the chief Textile Manufactures of the United Kingdom—cotton, woollen, worsted, silk, flax, jute—the following are the numbers of factories and persons employed in different years :—

No. of Factories.	No. of Persons.	No. of Factories.	No. of Persons.	No. of Factories.	No. of Persons.	No. of Factories.	No. of Persons.
3,792	380,748	4,600	596,082	6,304	770,440	6,524	968,965

Besides an increase of persons employed, it is notorious that the work has become more efficient, of which the evidence is partly the number of spindles, where, however, we cannot go back before 1835, and partly the quantity of raw material consumed. Thus the quantity of raw cotton consumed was 116 millions of pounds in 1817, 333 millions in 1835, 657 millions in 1849, and 1,416 millions in 1871. The quantity of wool consumed was 103 millions of pounds in 1800, 210 millions in 1849, and 392 millions in 1876.

Again, the increase of Mineral Production has been as follows :—

	Tons of Coal.	Tons of Pig Iron.
1802	10,808,046 { part estimate }	170,000
1817		442,000
1823		
1830		653,000
1840		1,500,000
1848		2,094,000
1861	83,635,214	3,712,390
1871	117,352,028	6,627,179
1875	131,867,105	6,365,462

(1) The figures for the whole trade imports and exports cannot be given before 1864.

Thus it will be seen that the production of iron has quadrupled since 1840. At the same time it should be mentioned that the production of copper, lead, &c., has been diminishing.

The tonnage of the coasting trade of the United Kingdom was 9 millions in 1830, 12 millions and a half in 1850, 18 millions in 1870, and 24 millions in 1876. Of the increase since 1856 about 6 millions are due to the addition of ships previously omitted from the return; but after allowing for this, and allowing also for the severe competition and large increase of railway traffic, the increased tonnage shows a very large increase in internal trade.

The growth of railway traffic is perhaps as good a test of the growth of internal trade and movement as can be had, especially when it is considered that the coasting trade has increased at the same time, and that the amount of traffic displaced on roads and canals is small in comparison. The following figures illustrate this growth:—

Years.	Number of passengers conveyed, exclusive of season-ticket holders.	Weight of minerals and merchandise.	Receipts from passenger traffic.	Receipts from goods traffic.	Total receipts from traffic.
	No.	Tons.	£	£	£
1849	63,841,539		6,277,892	5,528,606	11,806,498
1850	72,854,432		6,827,761	6,376,908	13,201,669
1860	163,435,678	89,857,719	13,085,756	11,680,866	27,766,622
1870	336,545,397	cannot be given	19,301,911	24,115,159	43,417,070
1876	538,287,295	205,965,061	26,163,551	33,754,317	59,917,868

VI.—MERCHANT SHIPPING.

If there is one element of which England is justly proud, and which more than any other contributes to her wealth and strength, it is her merchant shipping. The following are the figures representing the tonnage of her merchant navy in successive decades:—

1820	2,648,000	2,412,000
1840	3,311,000	2,724,000
1860	5,710,000	4,586,000
1870	7,149,000	5,617,000
1876	7,964,000	6,197,000

The tonnage of the United Kingdom alone is almost, if not quite, as large as that of all the merchant navies of Europe put together.

The growth of our steam tonnage, the most useful and valuable form of shipping, is still more striking.

STEAM TONNAGE.

	British Empire.	United Kingdom.
1840 95,000	87,000
1860 500,000	452,000
1870 1,202,000	1,111,000
1876 2,150,000	2,002,000

Our steam navy is now twice as large as all the other ocean-going steam merchant navies of the world.

As regards Russian shipping we have no official returns, but the following figures are given in the Almanach de Gotha :—

	TONNAGE.		
	Sailing.	Steam.	Total.
1865	180,000		180,000
1869	234,000		234,000
1873	440,000	80,000	520,000
1876	391,000	105,000	496,000

VII.—PHYSICAL HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

So far as we can judge from statistics our people are better fed than they were. ¹For twenty years before Free Trade the average price of wheat was 59s. 8d. per quarter. For the last twenty years it has been 51s. 4d., a fall of 11 per cent. The *fluctuations* have also been less; that is, there have been fewer extremes of dearthness. The highest price since the repeal of the Corn Laws was 92s. 10d. in 1847, when Free Trade had hardly time to operate. Since then the highest price was during the Crimean War, when 80s. was touched. Only on two or three occasions since then has wheat been above 70s. Before the Free Trade period the price was often very high—at one time early in the century 115s. It is these extremes which are most hurtful to the poor.

Thirty years ago the consumption of wheat per head was about 5½ bushels or 311 lbs. In 1868 it had increased to 5¾ bushels or 335 lbs. It is now 34½ lbs. Of this 183 lbs. is foreign.

The foreign supply is from many countries, and therefore sure. France gave us one-third of it in 1866, and nothing in 1871; but Russia and the United States made it up. In 1872 the supply from the United States and Canada fell off by one-half; but France and Russia filled the void. Since 1873 the United States and Canada have given one-half the foreign supply. India is now sending us one-tenth of it, and is capable of sending us very much more.

Our foreign corn trade is 6,000,000 tons, and it is worth more than £50,000,000.

But this is not all. Indian corn was unknown before 1847. The import in 1876 was 2,000,000 tons. It is the cheapest of all foods, being half the price of wheat, with unlimited capability of production. The import of last year was less than one-twentieth of the American crop.

The import of potatoes has increased more than sixfold since 1871.

(1) These figures are mostly from Mr. Caird's address to the Social Science Congress at Aberdeen, 25th September, 1877.

From the best procurable statistics it would appear that meat and dairy produce at home have been stationary for twenty-five years, although it must be remembered that improvement in stock and in farming brings cattle and sheep earlier to the market, and thus renews the supply more rapidly. But the foreign supply has increased fourfold in quantity and 50 per cent. in value. Last year it reached £35,000,000. The import of bacon has increased from 3,700 to 160,000 tons. We get now three-fourths of our meat from home, one-fourth from abroad, two-thirds of our dairy produce (including cheese, milk, and butter) from home, and one-third from abroad.

Both for corn and meat there seems to be a practically unlimited capacity of production abroad. And this without making the price so low as to put an end to production at home.

The consumption of cocoa, tea, and above all of sugar, has increased and is increasing rapidly, as will be seen from the following table of the amount of pounds per head of population consumed in different years :—

	1835.	1845.	1855.	1865.	1875.
Cocoa . . .		0·09	0·16	0·13	0·30
Tea . . .	1·46	1·59	2·28	3·29	4·44
Sugar :—			about		
Refined . .			1·00	2·73	8·88
Raw . . .	17·19	19·58	29·22	37·05	53·97

Length of Life.—There is a general impression among actuaries that life is longer than it was; but there are, I am told, no absolutely trustworthy figures.

VIII.—EDUCATION AND THE PRESS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

It is needless, as difficult, to give figures on this subject. It is the question of the day, and the difference between the teaching of youth now and the teaching fifty years since, is the difference of two worlds.

But the indirect education given by cheap literature, by the public platform, and by the Press is even more important. Amongst all the beneficent measures of the last fifty years, it may be doubted whether there is any more really useful than the abolition of the so-called taxes on knowledge, which is so honourably associated with the name of Mr. Milner Gibson. In the early days of the present generation, the newspaper was the luxury of the middle and upper classes. There is now no village, no public-house, no railway station or other place of meeting, where the poorest man may not for a penny or less find the affairs of his own country, and of the world, stated and discussed in a fair, reasonable, and intelligent manner. It is difficult

to exaggerate the effect of such opportunities on minds narrowed by the hard necessities of daily life to the daily round of the workshop or the farm.

The following figures illustrate the material growth of the Press.¹ The advertisement and stamp duties, the compulsory registration, and the paper duty, were repealed 1853 to 1861. In 1846 there were in the United Kingdom 551 newspapers, of which 14 were daily. In 1870 there were 1,390, of which 99 were daily. In 1877 there were 1,692. The great feature is the growth of provincial newspapers. Of these there were 421 in 1846, and 1,372 in 1877. But the figures tell comparatively little. The change for the better in the tone and contents of the cheap Press is more striking than its material increase. To those who can remember the violence and scurrilities of the *Age*, the *Satirist*, the *John Bull*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*, the language and information even of the most reckless of our present papers will seem calm reason and solid truth. If scandal and personalities are again becoming a disgrace to a portion of the Press, it is not to the cheap papers published for the million, but to the expensive prints which are welcomed in the clubs of Pall Mall and the drawing-rooms of May Fair.

IX.—RELIGION.

• This is not a subject to be treated here as it deserves. But there are salient points in its public and external aspects, which prove how great an advance the English nation has made since the beginning of the century. Religious disabilities have been removed, and the Church of England depends far less than she did upon political privileges. In spite, or perhaps in consequence, of this, her influence has increased. Her clergy are more in earnest and more hard working, and her revenues are better distributed. At the same time dissent has lost little or nothing either in work or influence.

There has been a great upheaval of old opinions; and this upheaval will continue. But no one who remembers what things were forty years since can doubt that there is more thought and more earnestness on all sides, with less disposition to persecute or sneer. Whilst there is more sincerity there is also more toleration. In prospect of the inevitable changes which are coming upon us, there is a better hope of reconciling the diverging tendencies of intellect and feeling than there has been before in this country, or than appears to exist at this moment in other countries.

In the matter of national religion the condition of Ireland is incomparably safer than it was fifty years since. The National Church and Legislature are no longer monuments of a conquering race and sect.

(1) Mitchell's Newspaper Press Directory.

In Russia, if Mr. Wallace is to be trusted, things are very different. A religion still in that backward condition in which it is bound up with law and government, admitting therefore of no dissent, and persecuting necessarily, because law and religion are one; formal to the last degree, and as a consequence a priesthood illiterate, unthinking, and unable to elevate the tone or temper of the people—these are matters which even more than defects in political institutions and in civil government show how far Russia is behind the nations of Western Europe in all that gives dignity and power to man.

X.—ADMINISTRATION (EXECUTIVE AND JUDICIAL).

There has been no suspicion of general corruption (except perhaps of a purely political and party kind) in the public service of this country since the beginning of this century. Putting absolute peculation aside, it is, I think, beyond doubt that in sincerity and public spirit, and above all in the development of harmonious relations with the people, both the executive and the judicial services have improved greatly. Much no doubt still remains to be done in the way of organization, but even in this respect we have made many real improvements.

Russia appears to be now in the condition in which England was centuries since, when court favouritism, bribery, and peculation were the rule. We have to go back to Pepys' diary at least for what Wallace, Schuyler, and Forbes tell us is still common there. Upon the effect of this difference in the power of the two nations, whether for peace or war, it is unnecessary to dwell.

XI.—INCREASED HARMONY BETWEEN DIFFERENT CLASSES IN THIS COUNTRY.

This is a subject which cannot be reduced into the form of a few dry figures. And yet in estimating the national strength it is perhaps the most important element of all. Much as still remains to be done, much, very much, has been done. To think of what we were at the end of the great French war, and of what we are now, is like being in two different worlds. To illustrate this fully would require volumes. All I can do here is to put together a few striking facts and quotations under different heads.

(a.) *Distress and its consequences.* Sir Erskine May says,¹ "The Regency was a period memorable for the discontents and turbulence of the people, and for the severity with which they were repressed. The working classes were suffering from the grievous burdens of the war, from the high prices of food, from restraints upon trade, and diminished employment. Want engenders discontent, and ignorant and suffering men were misled into disorder, tumults, and violence."

(1) May's Constitutional History, vol. ii. p. 183.

And after referring to the mischievous and criminal outrages of the Luddites, he continues, "Bands of famished operatives, believing their distresses to be due to the encroachment of machinery upon their labours, associated for its destruction. Bound together by secret oaths, their designs were carried out with intimidation, outrage, incendiarism, and murder. Life and property were alike insecure."

¹ Poor rates had increased from three to fourfold during the long war, work was scarce, harvests were bad, and distress was terrible. But to us the striking feature of those times is that the one idea of the poor was to avenge themselves on the rich as the authors of their misery, and that the one idea of the rich was to keep down the poor by hanging and shooting them. In 1812, 1813, and again in 1817, Luddism broke out in the Midland Counties. In the former years fourteen persons were executed at one time at York, and in the latter year six men were executed at Leicester and three at Derby, whilst eleven were transported for life and many others transported and imprisoned. In 1816 there was an insurrection in the Eastern Counties, for which five men were hanged and thirty-five condemned to death at Ely. In 1818 three rioters were killed by the soldiers firing on them at Manchester. In 1819 were the nightly drillings and meetings in the North, crowned by the notorious Peterloo. In 1824 the repeal of the severe laws against combination was followed by such disorganisation at Glasgow that it was found necessary to revive them. In 1826 there were distress riots in Durham, in Lancashire, in Cumberland, in the Isle of Man. Every power-loom in or near Blackburn was destroyed; the soldiers were called out and in many places rioters were shot. In 1830 arose the notorious Swing incendiarism in the Southern Counties. I can well remember, when at school, how we used to look anxiously round the horizon for the blaze on the dark winter sky. In 1831 came the Reform Bill riots at Bristol, Derby, Nottingham, which, however, were rather political than economical. Again in 1840, 1842, 1843, was a period of distress, discontent, and ill-feeling between employers and employed, accompanied by turbulence and riots, the leading features of which are preserved for us in Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, in the *Life of Sir Charles Napier*, in *Bamford's Life of a Radical*, in Carlyle's works, and in the various records of Chartism and the Corn-Law agitation. But dark as those times were they were times of transition. There was far less of violence and unreason in the poor; there was studied moderation in the Government. In the evil days of poor Lord Sidmouth, the shadow of the French Revolution still inspired terror; spies were freely employed, and the impression prevailed, however erroneously, that the Government de-

(1) See Miss Martineau's *Thirty Years' Peace*; *Life of Lord Sidmouth*; *May's Constitutional History*, &c.

sired to have an outbreak for the purpose of stamping out the popular agitation. In the Chartist period nothing is more striking than the anxiety with which the Government endeavoured to anticipate and prevent any necessity for using force or for instituting prosecutions.

Then followed the beneficent legislation which is connected with the names of Peel, of Cobden, and of Bright, and though we have had hard times since then, the scenes of armed conspiracy, of violence, and of sanguinary retribution, which distinguished the close of the great war, seem to have departed from us like the shadow of a bad dream. Combinations and strikes we still have, causing more or less loss and suffering, and we hear occasionally of rattening or of picketing. But trade disputes are settled without violence—either by arbitration; or by discussion sometimes, as recently at Bolton, of the most perfectly amicable and reasonable kind. Machinery is recognised as the friend, not the enemy, of the workman. Not only the combination laws, which were found indispensable in 1824, but all remaining fragments of penal legislation concerning workmen's contracts, have been repealed by a Conservative government amidst universal acclamation, and if we have not yet arrived at the millennium of perfect reconciliation between capital and labour, we may at any rate say that the differences between them are as nothing compared with what they were at the close of the great war.

(b.) Connected with the above subject, and yet distinct from it, is the difference between the past and the present in respect of *crimes against law and public order*. The repeated suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the famous Six Acts of 1819, the circular inviting justices to imprison for libel, the Cato Street conspiracy, the prosecutions of Cobbett, Hone, and others, such are the miserable features which fill the annals of the early years of the long peace! As late as 1830 press prosecutions continued. How changed is all this now! It is so long since we have had a prosecution for treason or seditious libel in England, that such a thing seems scarcely possible.

(c.) A further change is that which has taken place in the *laws concerning theft and injuries to property*, a change associated with the names of Romilly and Mackintosh. Sir Erskine May tells us that a hundred years ago "Life was held cheap compared with property. To hang men was the ready expedient of thoughtless power. From the restoration to the death of George III., a period of one hundred and sixty years, no less than one hundred and eighty-seven *capital* offences were added to the criminal code."¹ Goldsmith says in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, "Penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor, and all our paltriest possessions are hung round with gibbets." At one assize town, a "hanging judge"

(1) May's Constitutional History, vol. ii. p. 595.

is known to have left a score of victims for execution. From 1810 to 1845, upwards of fourteen hundred persons suffered death for crimes which have since ceased to be capital. So great have been the alterations within the last fifty years, that Sir J. Mackintosh¹ before his death was able to say he had lived to see so great a change of opinion, that he could almost think he had lived in two different countries, and conversed with people who spoke two different languages. Since his time further changes have been made, and murder alone and treason are now reserved for the last penalty of the law. In spite, perhaps in consequence, of this, property and person are now far safer than they were.

(*d.*) Of the changed tone of the public press I have already spoken. In the earlier days of this century it was too often looked on as hostile to the upper classes, and as a difficulty in the way of good government. At the present time every class, every interest, every institution, which is deserving of support, finds its best defence in the perfect freedom of public criticism, which, unfettered by law, is made reasonable and moderate by self-interest and public feeling.

It would be presumptuous in a stranger to offer an opinion on such a subject as the relations between different classes in Russia. Russia has recently, in emancipating her serfs, made a step forward in civilisation greater than any single step made by any nation in our time, and one which in this country, the great opponent of slavery, ought to meet with special recognition. But this step, important as it is, is necessarily attended by immediate social and economical embarrassment.

XII.—ENGLISH AND RUSSIAN DEPENDENCIES.

I have hitherto been speaking of the heart of the British Empire, and have little space for its outlying portions.

As to the great English-speaking and self-governing Colonies, questions may be raised concerning the liabilities in which they involve us, and as to the period more or less remote at which they are destined to become independent. But there can be no question as to their social, economical, and political progress during the period we have been considering, or concerning the improvement which has taken place in their relations to the mother country since she has left them to manage their own affairs. As there is nothing to regret in the origin of these Colonies, so is there nothing but satisfaction in the prospect of their future; and England may be forgiven for her national pride, when she reflects that to her alone of the nations of the modern world has it been given to be the mother of nations which are as free and as prosperous, and which are already, or which promise to be, as great as herself.

(1) Mackintosh's *Life*, vol. ii. p. 387 and following.

The following figures show the growth of these Colonies in population, for which item alone in the history of their progress I have space here :—

1829	3,293,000
1851	6,721,000
1861	9,151,000
1871	11,656,000

But we have relations of a different kind. Ireland has been a difficulty to England, as Poland has been to Russia.

If there was a weak point of this country during the great French War it was Ireland. But from that time to the present—beginning with the Rebellion of 1798 and its atrocities; the Union; Catholic Emancipation; O'Connellism; Ribandism; the Famine and Emigration; Fenianism; Smith O'Brien's rebellion in the potato garden; the Church and Land Acts; and ending with Messrs. Biggar and Parnell and the noisy but not dangerous cry for Home Rule—what a change! The present trouble given by Ireland is but a shadow of the past, and her five million inhabitants are an addition to, not a deduction from, our strength. Then, too, her advances in material prosperity, and the close, constant, and certain connection with her by railway and steamer, make her more than ever a valuable and an integral part of the United Kingdom.

Can similar things be said of Russia and Poland? This is not a subject on which to dwell at a time when every story against Russia is caught up and made the most of. But the facts which have appeared in recent official documents during the past year tell a very different story.

Again, England and Russia both have dependencies in Asia.

Our advance in India has been as rapid, perhaps as unscrupulous, as Russia's, but what a difference in results! England finds leadership, and India finds everything else—men, money, and an admirable base of operations by sea and land. India is a poor and a stationary country compared with Europe. But in spite of poverty and famines and much misery, India has made and is making extraordinary progress. The following figures, taken from a report by Mr. Forbes Watson on twenty years' progress in India, 1877, show what India has done since 1857, when the company's reign ceased, and since the last great annexation had been completed :—

	1857.	1877.
Miles of railway open	274	6,497
Miles of telegraph	4,162	16,649
Letters by post	29,000,000	116,000,000
Revenue	£31,691,000	£55,422,000
Expenditure (including in 1877 famine and public works)	£31,609,000	£61,382,000
Tonnage entered and cleared	4,549,000	9,887,000
Imports (value)	£28,608,000	£48,697,000
Exports (do.)	£26,591,000	£62,975,000

During the above period the specie imported exceeded that exported by £240,000,000. The imports of merchandise increased by 163 per cent., and the exports by 133 per cent. Several new trades have sprung up, *e.g.* in grain. The export of grain and seeds increased from £3,885,000 in 1857, to £13,560,000 in 1877. England now gets £3,500,000 worth of wheat from India, and will probably get much more. Cotton, jute, and wool exports were valued at £2,027,000 in 1857; they are now at £15,460,000. Tea exported was worth £121,000 in 1857, and is worth £2,607,000 in 1877. Coffee was £133,000 in 1857, and is £1,346,000 in 1877. Chincona is becoming an important export. Coal is being developed. The very population, formerly supposed to be 200,000,000, proves to be 240,000,000.

Compare with this the state of Russia's Central Asian province, Turkestan.¹

The population of the Khanates is under 4,000,000. The revenue of the provinces of Turkestan and Orenburg is £882,000, and the expenditure £1,576,000, showing a deficiency of nearly £500,000.

Schuyler estimates the money loss of Russia by Turkestan, at the time he writes, at £2,000,000. Terentyeff admits a deficit of £2,800,000 between 1868 and 1877. The railways are nil. The external trade is scarcely worth mentioning, probably not nearly so large as the trade of India with Central Asia, which was estimated by the Indian Government in 1865 at £500,000.

XIII.—CONQUESTS OF ENGLAND AND OF RUSSIA.

I have but one set of figures to add, and they tell a story of a somewhat different kind. We are apt to impute to Russia an aggressive policy, and this accusation may be just; but what is the case with ourselves? In Europe, for the last fifty years, our policy has been generally one of peace, and it is to the improvements in our internal condition which this policy has enabled us to make that the wonderful progress described in the above pages is due. If however we make a further retrospect, say for one hundred and thirty years, and if we extend our views to other quarters of the globe, we shall find that the conquests of England have been much larger than those of Russia in area, whilst they have been beyond all comparison greater in value and population. The following figures are taken partly from Martin's History of the British Colonies, partly from the most recent official statistics.

(1) See article in *Times* of August 22, 1877, on Russian Finance. See also Schuyler's Turkestan, and Terentyeff on Russia. The rouble is here converted at 2s. 6d.

CONQUESTS OF ENGLAND WITHIN THE LAST HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS.

India, conquered 1765 to 1846 :—

	Area in square Miles.	Present Population.
British	907,086	190,663,623
Protected	546,000	48,000,000
	1,453,086	238,663,623

Ceylon, conquered 1796 to 1819, from Dutch and natives :—

	24,000	2,459,000
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Mauritius, conquered from French 1810 :—

	713	339,000
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Hong Kong, ceded in 1841 :—

	31	122,000
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Cape of Good Hope, conquered from Dutch, 1806 :—

	224,000	848,000
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Canada, conquered from the French, 1760 :—

7 Settled Provinces, with about	756,000	3,640,000
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West Indian Colonies, conquered 1632 to 1803, most (except Jamaica) between 1750 and 1803 :—

About	88,000	1,250,000
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Malta, conquered 1800 :—

	119	147,000
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Say in all 2,650,000 square miles, and nearly 250,000,000 of people. All these are conquests, and all these conquests, except Jamaica, and one or two small West Indian Islands, have been made since the middle of the last century, *i.e.*, within one hundred and thirty years. Countries colonised and not conquered, such as Australia, are not included.

RUSSIAN CONQUESTS WITHIN THE LAST 130 YEARS.

	Square Miles.	Present Population. :
Poland	49,000	6,528,000
Finland	144,000	1,912,000
Caucasus	172,000	4,893,000
Central Asia	1,277,000	3,800,000
	1,642,000	17,133,000

Add to this, that whilst Russia has extended her borders, England has sought her conquests beyond seas, and has established a garrison on every point of vantage in every corner of the globe. In addition to the territories above named, we have seized and held Gibraltar, Aden, Heligoland, Bermuda, the Bahamas, the Falkland Islands,

Fiji, Hong-Kong, and Singapore. Under these circumstances it is not for England to complain of aggression and conquest. Whatever the motives, and whatever the results, the broad fact remains that England has acquired by conquest an empire more extensive, more populous, more wealthy, than any nation of the modern world.

In putting the above figures together, I have been trying to state facts rather than to support opinions. If I were to state the conclusions which appear to me to result from these facts, they would be as follows :

1. That England has in past times, and in distant lands, been as great and as successful a conqueror as Russia, or any nation in the world.

2. That in founding free and independent nations, which promise to emulate her own career, she has been still more successful.

3. That sixty years since, at the close of, and probably in consequence of, the great and glorious war with France, misery and discontent prevailed in England to an extent which we now scarcely conceive possible. Our history of those years is a record of pauperism, distress, violence, crimes, and sanguinary punishments.

4. That for the last fifty years, so far as the British Islands are concerned, the attention of the nation has happily been diverted from war and conquest to the improvement of its own institutions, and the advance of freedom, individual wellbeing, intelligence, and happiness among its people.

5. That this policy has been eminently successful, and that the England of the present day, whatever its defects, is incomparably stronger, happier, and better than the England of the Regency.

6. That not only are the inhabitants of this country far better fed, better taught, better governed, and more united than they were, but that the nation is, for purposes of offence and defence, far stronger, not only positively, but proportionately to other nations, than it was at the time when it carried on the struggle against the gigantic tyranny of Napoleon.¹

And lest I should be thought to say this in a spirit of bragging I will add, as the last conclusion from past experience, that nothing would interfere with the progress I have been attempting to describe so much as war.

T. H. FARRER.

(1) There are two subjects, viz. our military and naval organization, and the communications between the different parts of our extended empire, which form essential elements in considering our strength for purposes of war. I merely mention them for the purpose of explaining that, whilst unable to discuss them here, I have not forgotten them.

WHIGS AND LIBERALS.

THE outburst of dissatisfaction with which the Liberals below the gangway pursued the leaders, as they left the House after the withdrawal of Mr. Forster's amendment, is said, by those who were present, to have been more marked than would be gathered from the reports. Its significance, we apprehend, was not confined to the occasion. Together with a great crisis in the affairs of Europe, a crisis of equal magnitude in English politics appears either to have come, or to be close at hand.

It is a crisis which was inevitable, though it has been long deferred. In an article, published about a year ago, on the Defeat of the Liberal Party, we ventured to express our opinion that the independent Liberals had done wrong in coalescing with the Tories on the Irish University Bill, and thus dealing a mortal blow to the Whig-Liberal government of Mr. Gladstone. We hold that opinion still. Pessimism is always a mistake, and so—as bitter experience has proved to the Tea-roomers, the Adullamites, and those who have subsequently pursued the same policy—is a Liberal coalition with the party of reaction. The Whig-Liberal government was very far from corresponding to the ideal of a thorough-going Liberal. But, as all must now see by the light of subsequent experience, it did some good and prevented a great deal of mischief. It kept England in the line of Liberal nations, and thereby lent to the Liberal movement in Europe a moral support which its fall has transferred to the side of reaction. What it did in the way of legislation was Liberal, though not Radical. What it promised, as in the case of local government, was better than anything that could be expected from the other side. What had already been gained, as in the case of army reform, it held, and could not help holding, firm and intact. It prevented the stealthy curtailment of reforms in their operation, and the manipulation of the public service in a reactionary sense, which were sure to ensue when the administrative execution of Liberal measures passed into adverse hands. It prevented the influence and patronage of government from being used on the side of reaction, and especially the employment of the "fountain of honour," the grand bribery fund of an age of millionaires, for the purpose of drawing the power of wealth, commercial as well as territorial, into the Tory lines. Its foreign policy, at all events, could not be Bashi-Bazouk or Ultra-Austrian: in that respect, though it might be lacking in definiteness of aim and force of impulse, it was bound by traditions too strong to be broken. The independent Liberals who

took part in overturning it ought, as we venture to think, to have deliberately considered whether they could put anything better in its place; and if they could not, they ought, without renouncing their right of criticising its policy or of opposing it up to a certain point, to have refused to vote with the Tories for its overthrow. Something was due, even on the score of gratitude, and of the policy which is bound up with gratitude, to the authors of Irish Disestablishment and Irish Land Law Reform. Something was due to the leader, who, though he could neither ignore the existence of the Whig wing of his party, nor expel at once from his own political character all vestiges of its former Conservatism, had as genuine a sympathy with the people as any man below the gangway; and in proof of it could appeal to the rancorous hatred with which, above all the Liberal chiefs, he was pursued by the enemies of the Liberal cause.

However, the Whig-Liberal party has not only fallen, but to a great extent been broken up. The question now, in fact, is whether reconstruction is possible and desirable. We may appeal to our former article as proof that we are not eager to answer those questions in the negative. We look not only to the interest of England, but to that of Europe, with which that of England is, to a Liberal mind especially, bound up. If the party could be restored to the state in which it was on the morrow of the first Reform Bill, or even to the state in which it was twenty years ago, we should say make the effort, and let no sectionalism, much less any personal jealousies, stand in the way. But the incident of the other evening indicates the point at which we have arrived. It would have seemed that if there was a chance of unanimity on any question it would be on a question of foreign policy, especially on one which took the form of a choice between peace and war. There was nothing to alarm the Conservative susceptibilities of the Whigs, and one of the strongest traditions and most cherished watchwords of the whole party has been peace. Yet it is evident that the outward unanimity which prevailed when Mr. Forster gave notice of his amendment was hollow, and that the leaders, though they could not help responding to the loud call of their followers, were half-hearted, advanced unwillingly, and were ready to grasp any decent excuse for retreat. In what other way can we account for the precipitate abandonment of Mr. Forster's amendment on such a ground as the false news telegraphed by Mr. Layard from Constantinople? It could not fail to occur to any one in possession of his senses, much less could it fail to occur to trained men of business, in the first place that, supposing the news to be true, it in no way touched the grounds upon which the amendment had been brought forward; and in the second place, that the proper course was before taking any

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Malta, conquered 1800 :—

119 147,000

Say in all 2,650,000 square miles, and nearly 250,000,000 of people. All these are conquests, and all these conquests, except Jamaica, and one or two small West Indian Islands, have been made since the middle of the last century, *i.e.*, within one hundred and thirty years. Countries colonised and not conquered, such as Australia, are not included.

RUSSIAN CONQUESTS WITHIN THE LAST 130 YEARS.

	Square Miles.	Present Population. :
Poland	49,000	6,528,000
Finland	144,000	1,912,000
Caucasus	172,000	4,893,000
Central Asia	1,277,000	3,800,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1,642,000	17,133,000

Add to this, that whilst Russia has extended her borders, England has sought her conquests beyond seas, and has established a garrison on every point of vantage in every corner of the globe. In addition to the territories above named, we have seized and held Gibraltar, Aden, Heligoland, Bermuda, the Bahamas, the Falkland Islands,

Fiji, Hong-Kong, and Singapore. Under these circumstances it is not for England to complain of aggression and conquest. Whatever the motives, and whatever the results, the broad fact remains that England has acquired by conquest an empire more extensive, more populous, more wealthy, than any nation of the modern world.

In putting the above figures together, I have been trying to state facts rather than to support opinions. If I were to state the conclusions which appear to me to result from these facts, they would be as follows :

1. That England has in past times, and in distant lands, been as great and as successful a conqueror as Russia, or any nation in the world.

2. That in founding free and independent nations, which promise to emulate her own career, she has been still more successful.

3. That sixty years since, at the close of, and probably in consequence of, the great and glorious war with France, misery and discontent prevailed in England to an extent which we now scarcely conceive possible. Our history of those years is a record of pauperism, distress, violence, crimes, and sanguinary punishments.

4. That for the last fifty years, so far as the British Islands are concerned, the attention of the nation has happily been diverted from war and conquest to the improvement of its own institutions, and the advance of freedom, individual wellbeing, intelligence, and happiness among its people.

5. That this policy has been eminently successful, and that the England of the present day, whatever its defects, is incomparably stronger, happier, and better than the England of the Regency.

6. That not only are the inhabitants of this country far better fed, better taught, better governed, and more united than they were, but that the nation is, for purposes of offence and defence, far stronger, not only positively, but proportionately to other nations, than it was at the time when it carried on the struggle against the gigantic tyranny of Napoleon.¹

And lest I should be thought to say this in a spirit of bragging I will add, as the last conclusion from past experience, that nothing would interfere with the progress I have been attempting to describe so much as war.

T. H. FARRER.

(1) There are two subjects, viz. our military and naval organization, and the communications between the different parts of our extended empire, which form essential elements in considering our strength for purposes of war. I merely mention them for the purpose of explaining that, whilst unable to discuss them here, I have not forgotten them.

WHIGS AND LIBERALS.

THE outburst of dissatisfaction with which the Liberals below the gangway pursued the leaders, as they left the House after the withdrawal of Mr. Forster's amendment, is said, by those who were present, to have been more marked than would be gathered from the reports. Its significance, we apprehend, was not confined to the occasion. Together with a great crisis in the affairs of Europe, a crisis of equal magnitude in English politics appears either to have come, or to be close at hand.

It is a crisis which was inevitable, though it has been long deferred. In an article, published about a year ago, on the Defeat of the Liberal Party, we ventured to express our opinion that the independent Liberals had done wrong in coalescing with the Tories on the Irish University Bill, and thus dealing a mortal blow to the Whig-Liberal government of Mr. Gladstone. We hold that opinion still. Pessimism is always a mistake, and so—as bitter experience has proved to the Tea-roomers, the Adullamites, and those who have subsequently pursued the same policy—is a Liberal coalition with the party of reaction. The Whig-Liberal government was very far from corresponding to the ideal of a thorough-going Liberal. But, as all must now see by the light of subsequent experience, it did some good and prevented a great deal of mischief. It kept England in the line of Liberal nations, and thereby lent to the Liberal movement in Europe a moral support which its fall has transferred to the side of reaction. What it did in the way of legislation was Liberal, though not Radical. What it promised, as in the case of local government, was better than anything that could be expected from the other side. What had already been gained, as in the case of army reform, it held, and could not help holding, firm and intact. It prevented the stealthy curtailment of reforms in their operation, and the manipulation of the public service in a reactionary sense, which were sure to ensue when the administrative execution of Liberal measures passed into adverse hands. It prevented the influence and patronage of government from being used on the side of reaction, and especially the employment of the "fountain of honour," the grand bribery fund of an age of millionaires, for the purpose of drawing the power of wealth, commercial as well as territorial, into the Tory lines. Its foreign policy, at all events, could not be Bashi-Bazouk or Ultra-Austrian: in that respect, though it might be lacking in definiteness of aim and force of impulse, it was bound by traditions too strong to be broken. The independent Liberals who

took part in overturning it ought, as we venture to think, to have deliberately considered whether they could put anything better in its place; and if they could not, they ought, without renouncing their right of criticising its policy or of opposing it up to a certain point, to have refused to vote with the Tories for its overthrow. Something was due, even on the score of gratitude, and of the policy which is bound up with gratitude, to the authors of Irish Disestablishment and Irish Land Law Reform. Something was due to the leader, who, though he could neither ignore the existence of the Whig wing of his party, nor expel at once from his own political character all vestiges of its former Conservatism, had as genuine a sympathy with the people as any man below the gangway; and in proof of it could appeal to the rancorous hatred with which, above all the Liberal chiefs, he was pursued by the enemies of the Liberal cause.

However, the Whig-Liberal party has not only fallen, but to a great extent been broken up. The question now, in fact, is whether reconstruction is possible and desirable. We may appeal to our former article as proof that we are not eager to answer those questions in the negative. We look not only to the interest of England, but to that of Europe, with which that of England is, to a Liberal mind especially, bound up. If the party could be restored to the state in which it was on the morrow of the first Reform Bill, or even to the state in which it was twenty years ago, we should say make the effort, and let no sectionalism, much less any personal jealousies, stand in the way. But the incident of the other evening indicates the point at which we have arrived. It would have seemed that if there was a chance of unanimity on any question it would be on a question of foreign policy, especially on one which took the form of a choice between peace and war. There was nothing to alarm the Conservative susceptibilities of the Whigs, and one of the strongest traditions and most cherished watchwords of the whole party has been peace. Yet it is evident that the outward unanimity which prevailed when Mr. Forster gave notice of his amendment was hollow, and that the leaders, though they could not help responding to the loud call of their followers, were half-hearted, advanced unwillingly, and were ready to grasp any decent excuse for retreat. In what other way can we account for the precipitate abandonment of Mr. Forster's amendment on such a ground as the false news telegraphed by Mr. Layard from Constantinople? It could not fail to occur to any one in possession of his senses, much less could it fail to occur to trained men of business, in the first place that, supposing the news to be true, it in no way touched the grounds upon which the amendment had been brought forward; and in the second place that the proper course was before taking any

serious step to wait for confirmation of the telegram. That the Russians had advanced upon Constantinople in contravention of the armistice which they had just concluded was a most incredible report. It was treated as doubtful at the time by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who probably is not more sharp-sighted than Lord Hartington, but who was acute enough to divine that the Russian advance was not in contravention of the armistice but in pursuance of its terms. It is scarcely possible to avoid the inference that the spirit of Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Fortescue had spread to other Whigs, and that the Muscovite at the gates was the spectre of a wavering judgment and a failing heart.

The secession of Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Fortescue was immediately preceded by that of the Duke of Sutherland, which, in its turn, had been preceded by a number of others, and by the defection, open or covert, of the bulk of the Whigs, with their special organ, the *Edinburgh*, at the last general election. The Duke of Sutherland, we believe, denies that he has seceded, and still calls himself a Liberal. He has not seceded, but only denounced the Liberals and their leaders as agents of Russia, and appeared as the guest of the Tory Prime Minister at a party dinner. His Liberalism is, perhaps, not less valuable than that of some other magnates who still bear the name.

So far as the Whig aristocracy are concerned, the wonder is not that they should be now becoming Conservative, but that they should have remained Liberal so long. The series of historical accidents by which the great Whig families were thrown into the Liberal camp and long detained there has already been traced. As grantees of the monastery lands they were originally bound by interest to the Protestant cause and to the political party which upheld it. They were thus arrayed in opposition to the Romanizing Stuarts, whose more fanatical adherents never ceased to speak of the confiscation of the Church lands as sacrilege, and throw out menaces of resumption. It is probable that this motive had not entirely lost its force even in 1688. But by that time, and even in the reign of Charles I., there had also grown up a strong feeling of jealousy on the part of the aristocracy towards the Crown, which was trying to play in England the game played during the same period by the kings in other countries, and to render its own power absolute by the depression of a proud and mutinous nobility. Strafford and Laud were the double-headed Richelieu of England, and, like Richelieu, gave battle to aristocracy in the interest of absolute monarchy, though with a different result. The Revolution of 1688 secured Protestantism against Popery: it also extinguished personal government, immediately in the interest of the nobility, ultimately in the interest of the whole nation. For nearly a century from that time the country was governed, with little interruption, by the great

Whig houses. As a matter of course the oligarchy, by long tenure of power, became torpid, corrupt, and odious; and an opportunity was presented to George III. of shaking off Whig control and, for a moment, restoring personal government with Pitt as vizier, though the vizier proved rather too strong for the sultan. The exclusion of the Whig houses from power, under highly exasperating circumstances, revived their antagonism to the Crown, and led them for a time to ally themselves with Reform and almost with Revolution. Again, as in 1688, they were placed at the head of a national movement. But the movement of 1832 did not, like that 1688, subside when its immediate object was achieved, and leave the Whig aristocracy in quiet possession of power under the forms of elective government. It was a part of the great European revolution, though modified and masked by the special circumstances of England. Instead of resting content with the abolition of rotten boroughs and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, it continued to develop itself and to advance in a direction distinctly democratic. The list of Whig reforms, of reforms compatible with aristocratic government, was exhausted, and the spirit of change was still unappeased. Members of the Whig aristocracy, who actually held power and filled great offices of State, would naturally adhere as long as possible to the party, heterogeneous and intractable as it had become, and offensive to them as some of its elements must have been. Great houses, also, which were represented in Whig governments, would go, as a point of honour, with their representatives. Political secession, as it wears the appearance of apostasy, is difficult when it must be conspicuous; and there is at least this amount of truth in the saying, that an English nobleman never changes his politics or his religion. Policy, moreover, may have whispered that it would be dangerous to leave the democratic section of the Liberals without its Whig bridle; and that it was better for an aristocracy to have two necks. It is but fair to add that what in its origin was a party of circumstance, had in the course of a long struggle become to no small extent a party of conviction, and that the aristocratic names of Fox, Grey, Althorpe, and Russell are encircled by the gratitude due to real sympathy with freedom and progress, embodied in bold and ungrudging measures of popular reform.

Still the process which commenced with the secession of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham on the morrow of the first Reform Bill, was sure to go on, whatever secondary forces might pull the other way. The manifest interest of a privileged order of land-owners, seconded by social influence and education, was sure to draw the Whig aristocracy and its following in course of time to the Conservative side. Had Sir Robert Peel remained in power with his Liberal-Conservative policy, to render transition easy, the process might have been completed long ago. Each new development of

the democratic element in the combined party has been followed by a Whig secession on a larger or smaller scale; and the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, an alien to the great houses, and a man, notwithstanding his Conservative origin and his High Churchmanship, with a really popular fibre, exercised a repellent influence of the most decided kind. Shrillest and most acrimonious among the malcontents was the Duke of Somerset; but the Whigs generally threw over Mr. Gladstone at the last election, almost the only notable exceptions being his actual colleagues in office, with their families, or his personal friends. Conduct so natural, so inevitable, can excite neither surprise nor anger; reproaches would be misplaced. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a peer or a great landowner to be a Democrat. Only at the most exceptional and the grandest moments of history have material interest and social privilege given way to enthusiasm for the cause of humanity. Among the newly-made peers in the House of Lords there are genuine Liberals as well as most valuable servants of the State; but the heirs of these men will go over to their own side. The seceder from his order or class has not only to sacrifice things which few natures are exalted enough to hold cheap; he has perpetually to run the gauntlet of social odium, and to drag his family and belongings through it with himself. A common man may choose his own society. If Tories make themselves disagreeable to him he can go to Liberals; an aristocrat must live among aristocrats, and endure a daily martyrdom if he casts in his lot politically with their enemies. When a Whig grandee who has long been ill at ease among the Liberals, takes advantage of a moment at which the battle is going against the party to withdraw from it, and to fire a parting shot, in the shape of reasons for his withdrawal, into its rear, he must expect to provoke some resentment, for which he will be consoled by the applause of his new allies. But equity will bury the sense of what he is now doing in gratitude for what he and the other Whigs have done; and our magnanimity will be aided by the reflection that a soldier whose heart is with the enemy can hardly be missed in the ranks from which he retires.

The Whig-Liberal party, beneath its superficial unity (if indeed it can be said now to possess a unity even superficial), is divided by the same line of cleavage that passes through European society generally, and by which the opposing parties which seem destined everywhere to struggle for ascendancy in the immediate future are formed. Its Whig section is aristocratic, its Liberal section is democratic, and the chasm between them, instead of being filled up, seems likely to grow wider every day. Feudal aristocracy was an aristocracy of local administration, and at the same time of national defence. As a mode of holding together and governing a large

territory, it was, in the age before political organization, the only alternative to satrapies, and it was better than satrapies, at least in its ultimate effects. When its work had been done and it cumbered the earth, it died, or rather, in England, destroyed itself, in a series of murderous brawls. But into its place has crept another aristocracy, an aristocracy not of local administration, national defence, or public service of any kind, but of wealth, pride, and privilege, existing in face of civilised means of government, by which its political function has been entirely superseded, while by its retention of the territorial titles formerly borne by the aristocracy of administration, it at once indicates its historical origin and proclaims that its usefulness is past. Strong in the lower tendencies of human nature, this aristocracy is now in all countries more or less distinctly setting itself in array against the social progress which it knows must in the end be its ruin. Its antagonism to democracy is the cardinal fact of European politics. In France it was aristocracy that made the attempt of the 16th of May, and gave birth to the Ministry of Combat. Dynasticism and sacerdotalism are comparatively subordinate elements of the French reaction. The aristocratic adherents of the rival dynasties act together as Conservatives in the defence of "society," and the Church owes whatever strength it has mainly to its being the Church of political reaction; all the attempts of Lamennais and his school to launch it on the tide of democracy and exchange the past for the future having proved utterly abortive. It is the same political affinity that draws the English aristocracy generally towards ritualism, and has carried over not a few of them to Rome. Neo-aristocracy and neo-Catholicism, the obsolete social order and the obsolete creed, will be found everywhere fighting side by side in the coming conflict; and they will stand or fall together. Come the conflict must, for privilege will not abdicate and the world will not stand still.

It is true that the line between Whigs and Liberals is not yet clearly drawn. It would be difficult to say on which side of it we ought to place Mr. Forster, who in some respects may rank as a Radical, while, on the other hand, he strenuously upholds an Established Church, of which the only certain and unchanging doctrine is political conservatism, and a colonial system of which the only real object is to propagate aristocracy in the Colonies. A fundamental division, however, there is; and though it may be masked by forms and phrases of union, it cannot be removed.

Compromise is generally essential to united action in politics, and a good deal of it may be borne where there is agreement as to the main object; but in a combination which is nothing but compromise there can neither be strength nor usefulness. What object is there of first-rate importance as to which the Whig-Liberal party is agreed? It votes unanimously for the Burials Bill, but on the Burials Bill the Tories would gladly vote with it if their clergy

would only allow them. The nearest approach to unanimity which it has attained on any other prominent question was in the last division on the county franchise, when only two of the leaders bolted; but the surprise and delight with which this result was hailed, and the pæans raised over the unexpected adhesion of Lord Hartington to his party, were not less significant of general absence of harmony than the particular achievement was of its temporary presence; more especially as the assimilation of the county franchise is after all not a manifestly Liberal measure in itself, independently of the manner in which it may be carried into effect. On the question of Disestablishment there is open and apparently incurable division—the leaders, when they are in their most liberal mood, faintly intimating that in case the nation should declare itself in favour of the measure, they will not absolutely refuse to follow; as though it were not their part to take the initiative in forming national opinion. But the most critical question of the immediate future is neither the county franchise nor disestablishment: it is the land law question. This touches the very vitals of aristocracy, and, when it comes, how is the alliance of Whig landowners with Radicals to be maintained?

No doubt under the system of party government an opposition is required for other purposes besides that of legislative innovation. It is required for the purpose of daily criticism, and as a check on excessive expenditure and administrative abuse. But it can hardly perform even these functions with effect when it is in a state of fundamental disunion. Mutual mistrust and jealousy will break out on all occasions, small as well as great; the leaders will shrink from consultation with their disaffected followers; the followers in dudgeon will desert their cold and uncommunicative leaders. Nothing could possibly be more destructive of the moral authority of an opposition, or more certain to give an untrustworthy government a dangerous control of the situation, than such a *fiasco* as the abandonment of Mr. Forster's amendment. It is hardly too much to say that had the one hundred and twenty-four members who stood to their guns constituted the whole opposition, the moral effect of their hearty and united resistance would have been greater than was that of the feeble and wavering demonstration made by the numerically larger force.

People deprecate—Mr. Bright among others deprecates—the requirement of a programme. Nobody expects or wants a political party to be furnished with a programme like the programme for a concert. Such a demand would be especially unreasonable in the case of a party of progress, which necessarily embraces a great diversity of individual shades of opinion. But some definite and practical object a party must have even to give it a moral reason for its corporate existence, and to save it from degenerating into a faction.

A mere general frame of mind, however desirable, is not enough to set any body in motion ; much less is it enough to set in motion the masses of the people, who, to animate them at all, and to lift them above the passive indifference to politics which is the common state of men reading little, thinking little, and absorbed by the struggle for daily bread, require some object of the most practical and tangible kind.

Every one does justice to the qualities which have enabled Lord Hartington to rise to the exigencies of his situation. Every one does justice to the motives which led him to accept a position evidently by no means desired, to undergo a vast amount of labour, and perhaps to forego pursuits of a more congenial kind. But every one also knows the reasons which led to the selection of him as leader, and the consciousness of those reasons is almost enough in itself to strike a chill into the heart of a party of progress. What we say of Lord Hartington may be said of the other leaders also. Some of them are men of whose ability and character any party might be proud ; but the relations between them and the bulk of their followers, even in the House, much more in the country, are of a very cold, distant, and uncertain kind. The writer of this paper was, not long ago, present at a great meeting of the Liberal party at Bradford, which was addressed by Lord Granville and Mr. W. E. Forster. It would be difficult to imagine anything more inspiring to a thorough-going Liberal chief than the intelligent enthusiasm of a Bradford audience ; and the great hall on that evening was crowded to the roof by men who were the very sinews of the Liberal cause. Lord Granville's speech was as full as a speech could be of grace, good-humour, felicity, attractiveness of every kind, and of a tact which only failed him when he chanced to touch on local questions, as to which he was imperfectly informed. Mr. Forster's speech was marked by his usual ability. But the thing most admirable in Lord Granville was the address with which he managed, while amusing and delighting his hearers, to keep clear of burning questions, and even of anything like strong opposition to the Tory government ; while the most important, and at the same time the most definite part of Mr. Forster's speech was a frank avowal that on what may be called the leading topic of the day, and the one about which the feeling at Bradford is peculiarly strong, he was conscientiously opposed to two-thirds of the people before him. All present must have been reminded of the fact that Mr. Forster owed his seat to Conservative votes, while the journal which is the special mouthpiece of the Whigs, had declared his victory over the Bradford Liberals to be the best thing that had happened in the general election. We could not help thinking that the shrewd Bradford citizens must have gone home asking themselves, what were the

objects of the Liberal party, and how they were to be rewarded for taking the trouble of bringing it back into power.

The extension of the franchise, by bringing untrained masses within the political pale, has enhanced the need of a great and popular leader to sustain the interest of the people, keep alive their enthusiasm, and impersonate their cause; and it is a fact, unwelcome perhaps to House-of-Commons tacticians, but of which any one who will be at the pains to inquire may speedily satisfy himself, and which it would be folly to ignore, that the attempt to supply the place of Mr. Gladstone in the minds and hearts of the masses of the people has totally failed. To him they still look; him they still follow; his name and that of Mr. Bright are the only names which they all know; his leadership, however irregular (and for irregularity the masses care not a straw), is in fact the bond which mainly holds together the Liberal party in the country. Try the question by what test you will, and you will find that it is so. We have said that the fact may be unwelcome to House-of-Commons tacticians; it is unwelcome to us, inasmuch as it shows that the Liberal cause is dangerously dependent on the life of a man whose years are many, and on whose strength a tremendous strain has been, and still is, laid. The Liberal politicians who fancy that they can do better without Mr. Gladstone forget that they have themselves no following in the country, and that without a following in the country the most astute and practised of parliamentary managers, even though he may also be a good debater, can have but little power. On the Tory side, indeed, a figure-head will do, because the party, being a party of interest, holds together of itself: but on the Liberal side you must have a chief who can hold the party together. It is singular that men so able, so keen-sighted, and having such means of information at their command as the inner circle of politicians, should have been so much misled upon this subject. In 1867, because Mr. Gladstone had been outjockeyed on the Reform Bill they fancied he had fallen, and began to demean themselves accordingly; but the election of 1868 proved that he had by no means fallen, that the people were true to him, and that they only burned for an opportunity of punishing the tricksters by whom he had been tripped up. Adherence to him in fact was the one pledge demanded by all Liberal constituencies of their candidates in 1868, and disaffection had to swallow it with a wry face. There was more excuse for the error after the defeat of 1874: yet an error it has again proved, and some of those who most eagerly and deeply committed themselves to it have subsequently come round in almost as remarkable a manner as they did in 1868. The truth is, the faults which fill the mental vision of managing politicians are totally invisible, and even if they were visible would be matter of indifference, to the distant and uncritical masses, who will not give up their

sun on account of its spots, or allow minor slips and weaknesses, much less want of conformity to a conventional code which they do not acknowledge, to dislodge from their affections a leader whom they have long followed, who has done great things for them, in whose purity of intention (a point about which the masses happily think a good deal more than their "betters") they have perfect confidence, whose sympathies they rightly judge to be sincerely popular, whose genius fills their imaginations, and whose voice speaks to their hearts. An infallible strategist Mr. Gladstone certainly is not; but even his errors are of a popular kind, and we must repeat that the attempt to replace him as a popular leader has totally failed.

In the struggle of the last eighteen months against the Turcophile policy of the Government, the Liberal party in Parliament has done almost nothing, the Liberal party in the country has done almost all; and the Liberal party in the country has been led, irregularly but inevitably, by Mr. Gladstone. He has supplied the steam which nobody else could supply; cold water is always to be had in abundance from the regular official pumps. We need not weigh in a nice balance the expediency of this or that speech, article, or letter. By Mr. Gladstone the subject as a whole was presented in its broad moral aspects, and forced home to the national conscience; by him was evoked, in him was embodied, the popular feeling which overbore the tendency of the Government and decided the day. The result has been a great Liberal victory, a great national deliverance from complicity with the foulest of all causes, a great triumph of humanity. On the integrity of the Turkish Empire the Tory Government avowedly took its stand,¹ and the integrity of the Turkish Empire is now with the integrity of the Corn Laws and the integrity of the Irish Establishment—let Toryism and the rowdism with which Toryism has of late been associated rave and vituperate as they will. But this has not been done by the official leaders or in the House of Commons.

There are some who appear to hope that the place both of a great cause and of a great leader may be supplied by organization, a con-

(1) This, we presume, even Mr. Gathorne Hardy would not put us in a "category" for affirming. As to the personal tendency of Lord Beaconsfield, history will have before it, in addition to his known Oriental proclivities, these pieces of specific evidence:--

(1) The uniform tenor of his speeches, the effect of which he must be taken to have foreseen; (2) the uniform language of the newspapers which, though, as he says with perfect veracity, they are not written by him, do their best to write up to his policy, and would have changed their line in a moment if they had not felt confident that it was agreeable to him; (3) his relations with Sir Henry Elliot and Mr. Layard, the inclinations of both of whom are notorious; (4) his suppression, with a motive which it is impossible to mistake, of two dispatches, both conveying friendly and pacific assurances from the Czar; (5) his commission of an act of war—for so it was—by ordering the fleet to Constantinople; (6) the resignation thereupon of two members of his cabinet, who, we may presume, were not inflexibly opposed to "the preservation of British life and property in Constantinople."

summate master of which has appeared upon the scene. That organization is both needful and justifiable cannot be denied. The Tory party in Parliament is so organized that it not only goes forward together as one man, but executes a right-about-face with the mechanical precision of a regiment on parade. At the word of command it votes against the third reading of a bill after voting for the second reading; at the word of command it votes for an extension of the suffrage, to which almost every member of it is conscientiously opposed, and which it has been collectively resisting and denouncing for twenty years. In the country it is spontaneously organized by social influence, and with a stringency which absolutely crushes out all independence of opinion. For the "residuum" it has an artificial organization of the most elaborate kind, worked by paid agents, and fortified on occasion by extensive treating, if not by corruption. Compared with such an army the Liberal party would be a heap of sand if it had not an organization, and a strong one. But organization will not do alone; alone, it will almost inevitably become wire-pulling, and probably in the end produce a violent recoil. It is rational, moral, and compatible with the independence of mind which is the root of all true Liberalism, so far as it is an instrument for enabling men to achieve great public objects spontaneously desired by them, and no further.

The leadership of a great man will no doubt go a long way with the people, even in the absence of any immediate and definite object of pursuit; but a great man can hardly arise, at all events on the popular side, without a great cause.

The strength of Toryism plainly is great. It appeals directly to the interest of the aristocracy, the landowners, and the privileged classes generally, including the privileged Church, which is, as it always has been, a most powerful organ of political reaction. It appeals both to the commercial fears and to the social weaknesses of a great body of capitalists, who have now thoroughly coalesced with the aristocracy, which, on its part, has learned to waive its social exclusiveness for the sake of political support. The ignorant and thoughtless of all classes are still under the spell of hereditary rank. Court influence is strong among those who attend drawing-rooms and levees; and the name of the Crown, which for some time had been neutral, is now again used by the Tories, not without effect, in their appeals to the traditional feelings of the masses of the people. Powerful interests of special kinds, such as the publicans and the trades generally which minister to pomp and luxury, are drawn by obvious affinities to the same side. We have already noticed the close alliance which recent occurrences have shown to exist between the Tory aristocracy and the populace of the cities, and which has its parallels both in history and in the politics of other States, European and American, at the present day. There is a combination of

reactionary forces, reminding us of that in the last years of Anne, but with the addition of the commercial element, which in the time of Anne, so far as it existed, was on the Liberal side; and, perhaps we should add, with the addition of the military class, which in the time of Anne was small, but which now is large, and knows too well that Toryism means military aggrandisement as an antidote to political aspiration, while Liberalism means moderation, economy, and peace. You may put down bribery by law, but the constant pressure of wealth upon an ordinary constituency, in the absence of any countervailing excitement, is beyond the reach of law; and the party of wealth is able to provide itself with an army of political agents and literary propagandists who are incessantly at work in the intervals between elections. These influences must be met by influences appealing with equal force to the interests of the people and even to their imagination.

Such influences exist and are capable of giving life to a party, and of sustaining a movement, if it be true that the day of privilege and of hereditary government is past, and that the time is come or coming for placing political institutions on the basis of reason and equal justice. We have already expressed our conviction that a thorough-going Liberal party, frankly and fearlessly avowing its principles and aims, would soon find itself better supported and in a more hopeful position than is commonly supposed. This belief is justified even by the result of the last election, at which the thorough-going Radicals, even those suspected of Republicanism, fared better on the whole than the less pronounced Liberals. A thorough-going party would hold out to the masses tangible results as the reward of the political effort which, to the masses, is so hard; it would, in its way, impress and stimulate the imagination of the people, or of the more intelligent part of them, not less than the names and the trappings of reaction; it would possess in itself the clearness of conviction, which is the only source of strength in public character; it would wear a bold front, have a dignity of its own, and throw off with disdainful self-confidence the reproaches and insinuations which toll against timidity and dissimulation. At first, no doubt, it would be in a small minority here, but it would be in life with the party in other countries, it would share every victory gained on whatever field, it would find its sails gradually filled by the rising gale of the future. Its leaders would have to be disinterested men, willing to forego the prizes of personal ambition, content to propagate their convictions, to organize the means of giving them effect and to bequeath victory to their successors. Yet it is not certain that they might not be called upon themselves to play a more decisive part. It has been said that if the French Empire could have had the wisdom to remain quiet, it might have lasted for ever. But reaction, whether flushed with success or disquieted by fear, is apt not to have the

wisdom to remain quiet; and there are more roads than one to Sedan. Had the Liberals really preferred their party to their country as they were furiously accused of doing, they had only to let the Tories have their way and plunge into a Russian war. At this moment the veil which concealed the revival of personal government is being somewhat precipitately drawn aside,¹ and it would not be surprising if the revelation were hereafter to be considered as marking a turning point in the political history of England. It may safely be said indeed that, in the present state of civilised opinion, anything which depends on the prestige of Courts is in a position more or less insecure.

The formation of a more distinct party of thorough-going Liberals would necessarily be accompanied by a corresponding change in the character and bearing of its members. They would find it necessary to stand more decidedly apart from the Court and aristocracy and to give to their followers the guarantee, and to themselves the moral force, of unquestionable social independence.² They would also find it necessary in selecting their own leaders to look less to oratoric powers and more to powers of action. A breach will never be made in the walls of a strong aristocracy by firing off speeches in support of annual motions which are brought forward only to be voted down. Times are changed, and the Tories whom you have to encounter to-day resemble more, in some respects, the men of the French Empire than the old constitutional and religious Tories of the past.

We must once more appeal to what we have said before as a proof that we are as far as possible from wishing to see any useful combination broken up, or to discourage its reconstruction, merely because its harmony is not perfect, or because it cannot do everything that some of us would desire. If the Whig-Liberal combination is sound and based upon a fundamental union of principle and purpose, we say again, by all means restore it, and let no personal or sectional divergencies be allowed to interfere. Otherwise it is time to look to the future.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

(1) See the very remarkable series of letters on "The Crown and the Cabinet," by "Verax," reprinted from the *Manchester Weekly Times*.

(2) If we may be forgiven for making a personal allusion, we should say that no man on the Liberal benches more thoroughly fulfils the ideal which we have in our mind than Mr. Cowen. It was this that made his speech in the recent debate so peculiarly bitter to us. He seems to be under the overmastering influence of a generous sympathy with Poland. But surely the case of the Poles ought not to be allowed to prejudice that of the Bulgarians. The corrupt, anarchic, and oppressive aristocracy of Poland flung away the independence of the country, if independent a country could be called the elective crown of which was systematically sold to foreigners. Grant that the hands of Russia are soiled by this transaction, now a century old, whose hands are perfectly clean? Are the oppressed never to be allowed to call on a liberator, because no liberator can be found who has not at some time done some wrong? And who is to be our ally in preventing Russia from setting Bulgaria free? Austria, with a slice of Poland in her hands.

MODERN JAPAN.

THE actual condition and the recent history of Japan present some of the most startling phenomena recorded anywhere in the authentic annals of the human race. In this marvellous country a few years have sufficed for effecting changes such as have elsewhere required many centuries, and even the best-informed of the strangers in whose presence these changes have actually been wrought are loud in their expressions of astonishment. It is sometimes said that the longer a foreigner remains in Japan the less he understands the country and its inhabitants; but of course this is merely a paradoxical mode of stating the difficulty of the subject, and the consciousness of ignorance which a careful study produces. Less than ten years ago the British envoy, while surrounded by Japanese officials and European soldiers, narrowly escaped assassination by the swords of fanatical patriots, and every foreigner on Japanese soil carried his life in his hand whenever he ventured to appear in public. Now the same foreigner rambles unarmed through town or country, with a sense of security equal to that of the legendary lady in Irish song, and far greater than he can feel in many countries of the civilised West. The truculent swaggering warriors of two swords have subsided into peaceable citizens, bearing no weapons more deadly than a fan and a Liliptian tobacco-pipe. A complete revolution, social and political, has taken place; feudalism, apparently in full force even as late as 1870, has been utterly swept away, and a centralised government with a national army, has replaced the feudal levies and petty courts of the numerous semi-independent Daimios. How it was possible that such a revolution could be wrought so rapidly, so thoroughly, and with so little bloodshed, may well perplex even those who have given much thought to the subject. One thing is evident, that a slight external impulse only was required to topple down the existing fabric of Japanese society at the time when foreigners forced their way into the country, producing an effect analogous to that of a solid dropping into a fluid on the verge of crystallization, and converting it suddenly into a solid mass.

It is well known in England that important changes have recently occurred in Japan, although their nature and extent are imperfectly understood, and a strong desire is manifested to understand them better. A traveller returning home from a tour of circumnavigation will (if I may judge from my own experience) be asked more questions about Japan than about any other foreign land, and will hear the strongest expressions of a desire to visit that country. The

Japanese are known to be an intelligent and progressive people, but strange notions prevail as to the manner in which they have displayed their appreciation of Western ideas. Persons generally well-informed will even ask: "Is it not true that the Japanese have adopted the European costume, the English language, and the Christian religion in place of their own? Will not the distinctive charms of Japanese life and manners within a few years disappear for ever beneath the monotonous surface of modern civilisation?" A stranger landing at one of the treaty ports may fancy at first that there are some grounds for entertaining these notions, but a very different impression is produced by a visit to the interior, where the face and dress of a foreigner are rarely seen, where no foreign speech is ever heard, and where the country people are not less conservative of their costume, their language, and their religion, than the rural inhabitants of other lands. Even in the great cities, political and social changes have failed to destroy the characteristics and colouring of Japanese life, and have produced upon the mass of the people but little visible effect. It is true that European evening costume has been adopted as official full-dress, and that military and police are clothed in European uniforms; but except those in government employ, very few Japanese have modified their national costume to any greater extent than is involved in wearing coloured spectacles and a straw hat. Natives speaking English or other foreign languages are extremely rare, even in the treaty ports of Nagasaki, Hiogo-Ozaka, and Yokohama, although the common coolies can read directions written in their own difficult character. As regards religion, Buddhism, a foreign creed, has indeed been displaced from its position of supremacy, but there has never been any intention of establishing Christianity upon its ruins. Shinto, the ancient faith of Japan, has been identified with the revolution which restored the Mikado to his legitimate position as ruling emperor, and Shinto in a purified form may now be regarded as the dominant national religion.

Japan is a lovely country, a sort of northern Java, rivalling the tropical island in its fertility and verdure, its volcanic mountains, its abundant rivers and its stately forests. But the principal charm of travel in Japan is due to its human inhabitants, the most affable and friendly race in the world, so far as I have yet seen. It is indeed a new sensation to the European in Asia, when he finds that his dress and complexion produce an attractive instead of a repellent effect, and that even the women and children neither hate nor fear him. Without being able to speak three words of the language, you cannot help feeling at home in a country where every one seems delighted to see you, where the very dogs are too well-mannered to bark at a stranger, and where you are welcomed with friendly salutations of

"Ohaio!" by all, from the village patriarch down to the smallest urchin. A ragged neglected child may be looked for vainly in city or in country; plump, rosy, and clean, with ample clothing, and their little heads carefully shaven in a variety of fantastic fashions, the children afford a sure indication of prosperity among the lower orders in Japan. The rising generation, who in China (and even nearer home) will ridicule and insult a foreigner, display towards him in Japan a dignified courtesy, which is at once ludicrous and charming. Babies, carrying still smaller babies on their backs, greet the passing stranger with a gracious bow, and if he seats himself, collect around, silently surveying him with an intelligent interest. Their gravity, however, is merely on the surface, and if the aspect of the "red bristled barbarian" proves, as it occasionally does, too much for the nerves of a girl more timid than the rest, and sends her clattering away in a panic on her wooden pattens, her flight is the signal for a peal of derisive merriment from her companions. As soon as they receive a little encouragement they become more demonstrative, and are almost equally gratified by a distribution of small coins or by gestures of simulated wrath. In the latter case they disperse with shouts of laughter, only to collect again in larger numbers, until some of the elder children, usually girls, venture to approach close enough to touch and examine the stranger's coat and buttons, or the contents of his travelling belt. All this is done in the most gentle and confiding manner, as if certain that there can be no cause for fear, and perhaps their trust is seldom misplaced; but certainly their behaviour towards a stranger is in marked contrast to that of rural youth in other parts of the world, and it is to be hoped that when they know foreigners better they may not like them less. Affection for their children is a distinct characteristic of the Japanese, and their hearts are easily touched by kindness shown to the little ones, whose long robes and elaborate coiffure render them the very images of their parents in miniature. It is not too much to say that in Japan the class known as "gamins," "larrikins," or "hoodlums," has no existence at present; even the street boy is a little gentleman, and long may he so continue. On the other hand, if the children resemble grown men and women, these in their turn are eminently childlike in manners and disposition. The entire Japanese nation is still in its early youth, emerging for the first time upon the wide world, with no experience beyond the limits of its own home, eager for knowledge, eager for amusement, with a firm belief in the superior power and capacity of its elders, and a determination to imitate them now, in the hope of rivalling them hereafter. During a lethargic slumber of many centuries, this gifted race, unlike Taro, the Rip Van Winkle of Japan, has renewed its youth; the feudalism of

yesterday has passed away like a dream, leaving scarcely a trace behind, and to-day all that we see reminds us far less of mediæval Europe than of earlier days, when Greece and Rome were young. As regards their dress, their amusements, their personal habits, and their ceremonial observances, the modern Japanese are remarkably classical, and many a scene of their daily life recalls the Roman pictures of Mr. Alma Tadema. They are a *gens togata*, long-robed and bareheaded. Their delight is in the warm bath. They practise cremation; they celebrate funeral games in honour of slain heroes (as was done the other day on the final suppression of the Satsuma insurgents). The sports which find favour among them are contests of naked athletes. In the cities professional wrestlers and fencers rivet the attention of large audiences for many hours in succession; but the bold and vigorous peasantry are not contented with merely witnessing manly sports, and love to conclude the day with athletic performances on their own account. Having lost our way after nightfall on the hills near Fuji Yama, we were guided by the glare of torches to an open space before a rustic temple, where we found the whole population of the village assembled to assist at a series of wrestling matches between the youths of the neighbourhood, women and boys acting as torch-bearers, while the old men seated in front officiated as umpires. Each champion held the arena against all comers until he was overthrown, when the victorious challenger at once took his place, until he too in his turn went down before a fresh antagonist; they were fine muscular young fellows, and seemed to think nothing of the violent falls which they occasionally experienced. Professional wrestlers are exceedingly fleshy, and do not struggle with as much zest and vigour as the village amateurs, although they make a far greater fuss about the matter. Seated opposite each other in two divisions, they await a signal from the umpire's fan; when this is given, from each side rises a hero, naked, with the exception of a small loin-cloth, and steps into the arena, slapping his thighs and stamping violently upon the ground. After glaring fiercely upon each other, both champions rinse out their mouths with water, take a little salt in their hands, and repeat the process of stamping and slapping, after which they take some more water and salt. They then squat down facing each other at very close quarters, the umpire asks if both are ready, and alternately one assents while the other objects, until at last the signal is given by mutual consent, and they leap up with a yell. The main point is to get an advantageous grip, and this causes considerable manœuvring, but when they have fairly tackled each other the struggle is soon over; "they tug, they strain, down, down they go," and the umpire's fan at once indicates the victor. As a rule the award is received in silence, the rivals retire, and a fresh pair steps to the

front, but occasionally the excited audience demurs with loud cries, and the decision is then appealed to a referee.

A famous company of professional fencers were performing at Yokohama while I was there, and we went to see them along with several English residents, who had been many years in the country, but had never witnessed a similar exhibition. The gladiators were encased in armour, and were distinguished from each other by the colour of their cuirasses; their appearance was heralded by the blast of a conch shell, and all their proceedings were superintended by a handsome young man attired and shaven in the most orthodox style. Wielding his fan like a marshal's truncheon he set the combatants upon each other, and separated them, with loud ejaculations; it was clear that he believed thoroughly in his own office, and discharged it with as great punctilio as if the bamboos had been sharp swords and the combat *à outrance*. At each corner of the arena sat a judge with all the dignity of a Roman senator, motionless and silent until referred to upon a doubtful point of order. Cuts are interchanged so rapidly that it is often hard to say who had dealt the successful stroke. The weapons are long bamboos held in both hands like quarter-staffs, and any sort of blow above the waist is permissible, but the favourite is a good crack on the top of the helmet. Occasionally the combatants get too near together for striking, and the struggle becomes literally hand to hand until they are separated; notwithstanding their savage yells and fierce blows, they preserve the perfect good-humour characteristic of their race. By way of variety there was a fight between the sword and the "morning-star," a sphere fastened by a cord to a spiked handle. Although the latter appeared to be the inferior weapon, its bearer did not come badly off, as he played the part of a retiarius with the ball and string, and when at close quarters brought his sharp hook into active operation. Then two girls, elaborately attired in the wide sleeves and trousers of Japanese knights, attended by female squires to arm and equip them, took their places on opposite sides of the lists, and went through the motions of a fight, one having a halberd and the other a couple of swords. Finally, another amazon had a duel with a male antagonist, and completely overthrew him; but this was a mere burlesque, as he evidently tumbled over on purpose, and behaved like the clown in a pantomime, whereas an air of stern reality pervaded the other mimic battles. It is remarkable that the Japanese are able to derive keen enjoyment from performances which involve no peril to life or limb, and if their public spectacles differ in this respect from those of the Roman amphitheatre, they may also compare favourably with many which find favour in the eyes of the British public. Various games of skill, including "Go bang," are popular, but the passion for gambling and cock-fighting, so strongly developed in most parts of Eastern Asia, is not conspicuous in Japan,

where animals in general may be said to have a good time. Among other civilised arrangements a close time is enforced for game during the breeding season.

There are no roads practicable for wheeled vehicles drawn by horses throughout the whole of Japan, except the streets of towns and a few recently constructed thoroughfares in the immediate neighbourhood of the two capitals.¹ Travelling in the interior is usually done on foot, or in *kago* (an uncomfortable sort of litter), heavy baggage being transported on pack-horses. Where the nature of the road will permit, those who can afford it employ the *jin-riki-sha*, or "man-power car," a light vehicle on two wheels, containing one or two persons, and propelled by men, as the name implies. Usually the *jin-riki-sha* is drawn by two men tandem-fashion, one in the shafts and another with a rope as leader; an individual of moderate weight may thus travel thirty miles in a day for a very small sum, and an extra trifle given to his faithful and willing bipeds makes them bow to the earth in gratitude. Where the ground is smooth and level they will go at racing speed—faster indeed than is pleasant, if one thinks of what might result from the wheeler's bare foot coming against a sharp stone—and even on rough hilly roads they seem to consider it a bad compliment if one relieves them by walking. Crystal brooks are frequent by the wayside, and the coolies, who wear only a rag round the waist and another round the head, lose no opportunity of washing themselves and their limited wardrobe, after which they start again like giants refreshed. For pluck and endurance combined with politeness and good-humour, the Japanese coolie stands pre-eminent, and if properly trained and led would make a splendid light infantry soldier. But so steep and rough in many places are the two main roads between Kioto and Yedo as to be practically impassable for loaded *jin-riki-shas*, and on the Nakasendo, or Central Mountain Road, we found it expedient to send back our little vehicles, and to proceed on foot through a country eminently suited for a pedestrian excursion. In the months of July and August, Central Japan is certainly hot, even at the elevation of several thousand feet above the sea, and insect life is somewhat troublesome, but we experienced no other drawbacks, being accompanied by an interpreter who thoroughly understood his duties as dragoman, and was at once cook, waiter, guide, philosopher, and friend. The scenery is beautiful and varied, highly cultivated and richly wooded, with glassy rushing rivers and flowery hills. Most of the trees are evergreen; but so numerous are the different tints of foliage, from the sombre hue of the pine to the tender green of the bamboo, as to impart an exquisitely varied

(1) Since 1868 Yedo, the great city of the Shogun, and Kioto, the capital of the Mikado, have received respectively the names of *Tokio* and *Saikio*. These words are derived from the Chinese, and signify Eastern and Western capital.

colouring to the hanging woods, and to obviate the monotony which often characterizes forest scenery. Each village has its own peculiar industry: stone-carving, cotton-weaving, silk-winding, mat-plaiting, umbrella or comb-making.

Trim little gardens, some not much larger than a tablecloth, exhibit the fondness of the Japanese for flowers and dwarfed shrubs; and each garden has its tiny pond full of gold-fish. At frequent intervals along the road flags and streamers fluttering in the breeze indicate a tea-house, or native inn, whence proceeds a chorus of "Ohaio!" welcoming the strangers. When disposed to rest you kick off your shoes and step upon the spotless matting, where the first thing brought to you is fire for your pipe, the second is water for your feet, and the third is tea. All these services are performed by neat-handed smiling maidens, tastefully attired in scarlet or purple sashes, hopping about, bird-like, with rapid movements and pleasant chirping voices. Village tea-houses contain no furniture except wooden pillows, mosquito curtains, and little tables six inches high, so that the foreign pedestrian must adapt himself to native modes of sleeping and eating. Meat is very rarely to be had, even in the shape of a fowl, but fish and vegetables are abundant and good. Bathing is universal among the villagers, and there is a little room set apart for the purpose, where you may splash to your heart's content; and, however hot the weather may be, you have only to clap your hands in order to get ice-cold water. In short, any one who enjoys roughing it a little, with complete change of life and scene, will find few pleasanter places for an excursion than the uplands of "Dai Nihon," or Great Japan. The trains of feudal chiefs, proceeding with small armies of retainers to or from the capital, are no longer to be seen upon the roads leading to the Nihon Bashi, or central bridge of Yedo, and grass now grows between the large stones paving the pass of Hakoné. During the summer, however, all the young men in the country seem to start upon religious pilgrimages, which take them through the finest scenery to the tops of the highest mountains, and are, in fact, very pleasant holiday tours. Ascending Fuji San, the "Matchless Mountain," on the 5th of August, we found the pilgrims there in thousands, streaming up one track and down another in almost constant succession, all dressed in white, with clean mats on their shoulders, bells dangling at their sides, chaplets of beads round their necks, long poles in their hands, and large hats, marked with the names of their villages, upon their heads.

Love of the beautiful in nature as well as in art is a marked characteristic of the Japanese, and, although timber is used almost exclusively in the construction of every building, sacred and profane, every great city is adorned with groves of magnificent trees, and tracts of primeval forest enclose the Mikado's capital. Here the heat

and glare of the crowded streets may be at once exchanged for coolness and solitude beneath the dense shade of lofty conifers, whose red stems and dark green foliage almost rival the giant sequoias of California. In these noble groves are many temples and tombs, clear fountains of water flow into many a basin of bronze or granite, doves and crows flutter overhead (the notes of the latter bird being oddly enough regarded by the Japanese as a "sweet sad song," suggestive of love), and occasionally tame deer come out of the thickets to be fed by those whom piety and pleasure have attracted to these shady retreats. Even where fire or the axe may have caused a temporary denudation, the mischief is soon repaired; plantations are made, young seedlings spring up, and fencing is unnecessary, owing to the absence of sheep and goats and the scarcity of all domestic quadrupeds, except dogs and cats. Thus it comes about that waste land in Japan is usually covered with luxuriant forest, where the camellia is a tall tree, and the ground is covered with gardenia and azalea. This is, in fact, the only country that I have visited where no alarm of drought has been produced by the rapid destruction of timber in recent times, and where a dry season is even regarded with satisfaction, as promising a particularly good harvest. Judging by the experience of other countries, this state of matters would soon be altered, were a large increase to take place in the number of cattle and sheep. It is doubtful how far the latter animals will thrive in Japan, for as yet they are mere exotics; neither climate nor pasture seem suitable for them in the central districts, where rank, weedy herbage covers such land as is neither timbered nor cultivated, and where rice flourishes exceedingly.

In Japan the term "foreigner" is in general use, as "European" is inapplicable to a society largely composed of American citizens, and "white" is not a suitable adjective to distinguish Aryans from the fair and ruddy Japanese. The foreign element is restricted to the treaty ports, being found principally at Yokohama, near Yedo, and at Kobé, on the Inland Sea. In order to pass beyond the limits prescribed by treaty to the various settlements, a stranger must provide himself, through the minister of his own nation, with a passport, issued only for the journey which he has in view, and specifying his intended route, from which he may not diverge. This passport the traveller is bound to produce if demanded, for the inspection of the police; and it is almost invariably asked for by the proprietor of any house where he may pass the night, or even remain for a few hours. Such regulations seem at first sight to be vexatious, but they are not dictated by jealousy of foreign intrusion on the part of the Japanese Government, and have been adopted in consequence of the extra-territorial privileges enjoyed by foreigners, over whom the native magistrates have no jurisdiction, civil or criminal. If a foreigner

should misconduct himself while travelling in the interior, he must be brought down for trial to the nearest port, where a consul of his nationality resides, the transmission of culprit and witnesses under police surveillance involving, of course, considerable expense and trouble. In business transactions, where money payable by foreigners has to be recovered, similar difficulties arise, and it is only natural that the Japanese authorities should seek to restrict the influx of persons for whose safety they are held responsible and over whose actions they can exercise no control. Hence passports for the interior are issued only to persons of known or supposed respectability, for a specific purpose and a limited period; but there is no doubt that the country would be at once thrown open to foreigners if the privileges of "extra-territoriality" were abolished. It is felt as a degradation by a high-spirited people not to be masters in their own house, and they cannot bear to be treated as a barbarous Asiatic race by the civilised nations of Europe and America, among whom it is their grand ambition to be ranked. They assert, with perfect truth, that life and property are now as secure in Japan as in any Western country, and they do not see why strangers wishing to visit their country should decline submission to the authorities by whom such security is maintained. "Come here and welcome! But if you accept our protection, accept our jurisdiction, otherwise we would rather be spared the difficulties and the humiliations which your presence within our territory is so apt to involve." These words appear to express the feelings of the Japanese Government as to the admittance of foreigners into the country; but hitherto the answer given has been to this effect: "Our people claim the right of entering Japan, and you must admit them, but your judicial system is not satisfactory to us, and we cannot permit you to judge cases in which our countrymen are concerned." While the Maritime Powers concur in such a reply to all appeals on the subject of extra-territoriality, the Japanese must of course submit. Japan is not powerful enough to defend her own sovereignty single-handed against foreign aggression, and she is not protected by the *comitas gentium*, or the general indignation aroused in Christendom when a weak nation is the object of unprovoked attack. She has not been formally admitted into the society of civilised nations, and although her internal administration has given peace and prosperity to her own people, she is deprived within her own territory of rights enjoyed by the feeblest and worst-governed of Christian States. We have heard sad stories of ill-usage and injustice suffered by British subjects in Peru, and of mild ineffectual remonstrances from the British Foreign Office. Even in Spain the diplomatic intervention of our Government on behalf of imprisoned Englishmen has not always produced satisfactory results, and it

would be easy to multiply instances illustrating the inconveniences to which English travellers, merchants, or sailors, must submit, when business or pleasure takes them to foreign shores. It is not very clear why Japan is entitled to less consideration than Peru, unless it be that having a well-organized civil government, with comparatively feeble military and naval resources, it is very easy to coerce her. From barbarians and savages, concessions or compensation must be extorted on each separate occasion after warfare and carnage, but the Japanese are acute observers, and have good memories, so that it is now only necessary to remind them that we possess long-range guns. They know that for the present resistance is hopeless, and while waiting for a time when they may be better able to vindicate their independence, they content themselves with protesting against a policy which holds in all cases the central government strictly responsible, but denies them the rights essential to their independence and self-respect.

Another grievance of the Japanese against foreigners is the tariff fixed by treaty to regulate the duties upon foreign goods imported into Japan, and they complain that they are compelled under this tariff to "receive such commerce as it suits the Western nations to offer, and have no word to say as to the terms upon which it is to be admitted." Either for the purpose of raising revenue, or of protecting native industry, they are powerless to fix the rate of duty which seems to them desirable, while foreign governments are bound by no reciprocal obligation, and the results are disastrous to Japanese finance, necessitating the imposition of export duties upon native manufactures. For this infringement of financial liberty England, the apostle of free trade, is mainly responsible, but it must be admitted that upon this and kindred questions there prevails among the Maritime Powers a degree of unanimity which would be admirable if it did not lead to combined acts of injustice. Deliverance from the fetters placed upon Japanese commerce in the supposed interests of foreign traders can only be looked for through an awakening of public opinion in Europe, or through a falling out among the leagued oppressors.

The Japanese have never been a commercial people, and they regard with aversion what seems to them a grasping, covetous spirit in foreign governments no less than in foreign merchants. The exaction of pecuniary indemnities for personal injuries appears to a Samurai sordid and unworthy either of a gentleman or of a great nation; but in this matter also modern ideas have prevailed with the present government, and an indemnity has been recently paid by China to Japan in connection with the Formosa difficulty.

It is remarkable at the present time to observe how in the case of Simonoseki Straits the Japanese were able to quote against us our

own stipulations as to the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, and to justify their attempt to exclude foreign ships of war from their own narrow seas with precedents drawn from recent European history. Should the Japanese ever appeal to the British for aid in repelling Russian encroachments, they will certainly make out a better case than the Turks have been able to do, and so far as British interests are concerned there is no part of the world, except the north-eastern corner of Asia, where Russia, by the acquisition of coal-producing territory with permanently open harbours, appears seriously to menace British maritime and colonial supremacy.

Foreign trade with Japan has proved to be a far less lucrative affair than seemed probable, when that country was first thrown open to external commerce. The extensive purchase by the Japanese of ships, machinery, and warlike stores; the abundance of gold in Japan as compared with silver;¹ the demand in Europe for Japanese "curios" and works of art, all combined to augment the profits of the first foreign traders, and to raise exaggerated hopes of the permanent traffic to be developed. This has, in fact, assumed very moderate dimensions: in 1874 the imports of the Japanese Empire were \$24,223,629, and the exports \$20,001,637, the former consisting mainly of cotton and woollen fabrics, and iron wrought and unwrought; the latter of silk, tea, and rice. This foreign trade was carried on at four treaty ports, Yokohama or Kanagawa absorbing two-thirds of the whole, and Kobé or Hiogo-Ozaka most of the remainder; the trade of Hakodate being quite insignificant, and that of Nagasaki, so long the only accessible port, amounting only to four millions of dollars. In population as well as in area the Japanese archipelago somewhat exceeds the United Kingdom, containing about 33,000,000 inhabitants, and 150,000 square miles of territory, so that the above-stated amount of foreign trade seems ridiculously small. In 1874 the imports of the United Kingdom were £370,082,701; and the exports, including colonial and foreign produce, were £297,650,464, the total being £667,733,165, as against the Japanese total of \$44,000,000 or £9,000,000. That is to say, the external commerce of the United Kingdom bears to that of the Japanese Empire the proportion of seventy-four to one. No doubt the foreign trade of a fertile and populous country must tend to increase as new wants are developed among the people, but so ingenious and industrious a race will never be very extensive consumers of foreign manufactures: Japan can grow upon her own soil almost every useful product not essentially tropical, and her people will soon learn to make almost every necessary article for themselves. The Japanese might take for their motto "*Il Giappone farà da se,*" and they display their prudence and judgment in

(1) The relative value of gold to silver was, until 1860, only as 6 to 1.

employing foreigners in all capacities as instructors only, dispensing with their services as soon as natives have learnt how to do the work. In the mint at Ozaka, for example, when the machinery was first imported, the whole establishment was placed under foreign supervision, and many foreigners were employed as subordinates. When I visited Ozaka in July, 1877, the Master of the Mint was a Japanese, and the European staff had been reduced to four gentlemen in charge of special departments; by one of them I was assured that in course of time the natives would be perfectly competent to manage unaided the entire establishment, the coinage of which would do credit to any mint in the world.

Education of the young is an object for which public money is liberally expended: in country villages the one large building is generally the new school, and where a modern house in European style has not been built it is usual to find the residence of a Samurai, or even of an ex-Daimio, appropriated for tuition. One practical reform, which would greatly promote educational progress, is the adoption of Roman letters in place of the complex characters now used in writing the Japanese language—a terrible stumbling-block to foreigners as well as to children.

A deformed person is an exceedingly rare sight in Japan, but it is distressing to observe the number of young persons under twenty who are badly scarred with small-pox, many having lost their sight; among children there are far fewer sufferers, and we were assured by the Minister of the Interior that small-pox has of late years diminished in virulence, having evidently been at its worst soon after the first influx of foreigners. The government afford every facility in their power for vaccination, but have not yet seen their way to making it compulsory by penalties.

It is a remarkable fact that since the Japanese authorities were induced by Sir H. Parkes to substitute death by the hands of the executioner for "seppuku,"¹ as the punishment of any Samurai who might be convicted of a murderous attack upon a foreigner, there has not been a single instance of such an attack being made. Death in itself never had any terrors for a Samurai, whether man or woman, and Japanese story is full of heroic suicides rivalling Cato or Lucretia, but a disgraceful mode of death none have been willing to face.

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

(1) *Seppuku* or *harakiri* was a privilege of the Samurai, or gentleman of the military class, when condemned to die. It implies either self-dispatch, or (more frequently in recent times) death by the hand of a chosen friend.

(*To be continued.*)

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

SOME years ago it happened that I was asked by an ancient lawyer, whose years, gravity, and possession of the right of moral judgment which fatherhood of a family bestows were unquestionable, to lend him Gautier's most famous novel. When the volume was returned it was with the commendation, "It is a most beautiful book." I was pleased with the words—in the first place, because they were different from the usual banal expression of satisfaction with a novel; and, secondly, because the verdict is the exact verdict which properly describes the character, according to my judgment, not merely of this particular book, but also of almost all the better works of its author. The extraordinary feeling and affection for beauty—physical and tangible beauty, perhaps, first of all, but also most truly beauty of the intellectual, ideal, and even moral order—which distinguishes Gautier, can hardly escape even the least critically disposed reader; and the marvellous way in which this worship colours his work, and animates it as if by reflection, is as little to be missed. There is not one of the hundred different forms of literature which he practised in which it does not appear: poems, novels, criticisms of art and letters, travels, biographies, the merest newspaper articles even, which are articles and nothing more, are informed and saturated with it. The over-leniency with which he has been charged as a reviewer, by those who deem a critic to be nothing if not a devil's advocate, has no other source than this. The smallest spark of the divine spirit, the merest flash of sonnet or stanza, never escaped him; and he had no care to comment on the pages whence beauty was absent, if only he could find some lines in which it was present. So with his travels. Recognition of the beautiful in Spain or Turkey might not be strange, but nothing could well be more abhorrent to a Gascon and a poet than the Bloomsbury districts of London, and indeed the general aspect of this city, thirty years ago; yet Gautier manages somehow to give a pleasant impression of it. He expatiates on the beauties of that London haze which not one Londoner in a thousand ever thinks of; he gives us credit for the antique effect of our old buildings—few enough, Heaven knows; and he can see, what some of us think no little of themselves for having independently discovered, that Waterloo Bridge is, or rather was, one of the finest of all actual and possible bridges. All this is not mere rose-pink optimism, nor is it the paradoxical and not uncommon desire to admire what no one else has admired. It is simply the result of an infinitely happy disposition, and of a mental

aptitude for unconsciously rejecting all the chaff and retaining all the grain.

The peculiarity is at least as evident in his original as in his critical and descriptive works. There is hardly any author in whose books such perpetual sunshine reigns. Even the unhappy endings are somehow or other mixed with consolation. If *Madelaine de Maupin* quits her lovers, it is because, like *Doralice* in *Dryden's Marriage à la Mode*, she knows that not to enjoy, or at least not to go on enjoying, is the only secret of continual enjoyment. If *Octave de Saville's* soul in *Arctur* quits his body once too often, we are made to feel the happy-release part of it more keenly than the disappointment. Even in *La Morte Amoureuse* it is doubtful whether *Il Signor Romualdo's* souvenirs did not console him for the pious terrors of *Romuald the priest*. Nowhere is there the least trace, not even in his most fantastic stories, of the love of the horrible and revolting which almost all the other early romantics more or less intermittently display. Compare, for instance, *Les Jeune-France* with *Borel's Champavert*. There is almost *Gautier's* power in some of the tales in the latter, notably in *Dina*; but can any one imagine *Gautier* having written it? The gratuitous and wanton horror of the thing, the careful and yet would-be *insouciant* atrocity, make it a masterpiece in its kind; but the kind, one feels, is bad. The author has not, like *Baudelaire*, found the beautiful in the horrible. He has fallen into the power of the spirits he has tried to conjure, and is servant instead of master. In *Les Jeune-France* there is no trace of this, and, what is more, the very immorality loses its ugliness even at the cost sometimes of becoming almost moral for the purpose. *Celle-ci et Celle-là*, the most shocking of all to decent proprieties, is quite paternally moral in its restoration of a prodigal, not indeed to the paths of virtue, but to the paths of amiable and comparatively harmless vice. But, generally, the author's fancy for happy endings has led him into far more respectable denouements than the reconciliation of *Rodolphe* and *Mariette*. In his largest work, *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, virtue is triumphant in the most irreproachable way, and the sentiments of the hero and heroine would do honour to *Amadis* and *Oriana*, while their conduct puts that of *Esplandian's* hasty progenitors to the blush. Than *Militona*, again, there could not possibly be a more moral story; and, with some variations, much the same may be said of *La Toison d'Or* and of *Jean et Jeannette*. No one has ever ventured to impugn the character of *Spirite*, or of the *Roman de la Momie*; and though *Fortunio* is perhaps an exception to the general run, and is to my fancy a far more immoral because more heartless book than the adventures of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* herself, it stands almost alone. *Gautier* is lax, but he is seldom or never heartless. The ugliness of mere

libertinage has so thoroughly impressed him that he carefully eschews it, and, little as he pretended to write for boys and girls, I must confess that there is hardly a book of his which does not seem to me almost of the nature of a moral tonic after a good deal of later literature, English as well as French.

In this digression, which was hardly avoidable in dealing with the author of a book which created such a scandal, I have said all that is necessary on the moral aspect of Gautier, and it may be summed up to the effect that his ardent admiration for beauty preserved him from all the uglier faults of immorality, and often led him back to the accepted code, though by a somewhat roundabout way. The author of *Une Larme du Diable*, with its exquisite tenderness and respect for innocence, ought to be safe from reproach on this head. To pass once for all to the purely literary view, it is not certain, paradox as it may seem, whether this intense affection for beauty and this rare power of disengaging it, even though the charm of Gautier's work be due thereto, have not affected that work injuriously, as far as his general reputation goes. It is indisputable that his subjects are not as a rule equal to his treatment, and in the general estimate all doubtless does depend on the subject. His early and herculean study of style made him, almost before he came to man's estate, a perfect workman, able to treat any subject in the absolutely best manner. But the defect of being able to write beautifully about broomsticks is that broomsticks are apt to get too much written about. It is certainly, as Mr. Simcox has observed, a singular thing that a man should write his best book at four-and-twenty, and thereafter go on writing for forty years, never doing bad work, rarely doing indifferent work, but also never surpassing and rarely equalling his début. It would be shallow to call this idleness; it is simply a natural result of the power to see and be content with seeing the beauty of everything that presents itself. If primroses were full of beauty and suggestion to everybody, nobody, we may be sure, would have taken the trouble to fetch us camellias. Gautier, like other poets, was *chercheur d'infini*, but his infinite lay in expression, not in invention, and he found it sufficient.

If it be thought that I am long in coming to the discussion of the proper subject of this paper, the merits of Gautier as a novelist, I must plead in excuse that it is not easy to split up his varied characters and treat them separately. His choice of literary forms, like his choice of subjects, seems to have been, mainly fortuitous. It is true that some of his best work happens to have been fiction; but yet he is not pre-eminently a novelist. He himself always wished for the title of poet as his special description, and certainly he deserved it. Unfortunately, we have no business now with that side of his talent. I do not know that it has ever been satisfactorily dealt with in England, which is certainly strange,

unless it be that admirers of Gautier remember the fate of the *Roi Candaule*, and are perhaps unwilling to call the public to share the delight they have themselves experienced in reading *La Chimère* and *Le Château du Souvenir*, the elegy on Clémence and *Le Thermodon*.

One at least of Gautier's characteristics as a novelist is sufficiently obvious at first sight, and it must be a dull person who requires to be told which of the four *noms de plume* of the *Croix de Berny*, the novel which he wrote in conjunction with Sandeau Méry and Madame de Girardin, hides his authorship. Had he written novels otherwise than as Aramis wore his uniform—*par interim*—it is probable that this characteristic would not have been so marked. But, writing as he did under the pressure of constant occupations of a different kind, it came easiest to him to rely chiefly on his unequalled faculty of description, and to neglect somewhat the elaboration of plot and character. Hence it follows that his shorter stories, which are very numerous, are in some respects better than his longer, because the rage for word-painting is kept more within bounds. *Le Roman de la Momie* is scarcely more than one long translation into Gautier's exquisite literary language of the results of discovery as to the manners, customs, and furniture of the ancient Egyptians. *Militona*, pretty as it is, has the faintest possible current of action, barely enough to float the author's picturesque reminiscences of bull-fights and other Spanish ways. Of *Spirite* little is likely to dwell in the memory of any but spiritualists, except the equipments of the chambers of Guy and his widow. On the other hand, the smaller stories derive from this very peculiarity great part of their charm. *La Toison d'Or* brings Antwerp before us most delightfully as a background to Gretchen and her convertite. The Pompeian properties of *Arria Marcella* could not be more skilfully disposed, and the very crudition which is somewhat tedious in the *Momie* is delightful in *Une Nuit de Cléopâtre* and *Le Roi Candaule*. Once, and once only, did the great artist in words fail utterly, if, as I suppose, dulness is failure in novel-writing. *La Belle Jenny* I find myself, notwithstanding a long apprenticeship to the reading of books, whatever their unliveliness, almost unable to read. But this is exceptional. No one has ever surpassed Gautier in the writing of short sketches which are half stories and half articles, such as the records of his adventures with the mummy's foot, with Alphonse Karr's opium-pipe, and with the club of seekers of an artificial paradise who consumed hachish in the Hôtel Pinodan. *Fortunio*, *Jettatura*, and *Avatar* rank about halfway between the mere sketch and the regular novel, and are all striking works. The first is worth comparing with Edgar Poe's *Domain of Arnheim* as an attempt to imagine the creation of a sort of private paradise of gorgeousness, but it has the human interest which, with all his powers, Poe seldom managed to give. The sublime and after all useless self-sacrifice of the *Jettatore*,

Paul d'Aspremont, crowns a most admirable disposition of the famous Italian superstition. But I think that *Aratar* is my own favourite of the three. The idea of the interchange of the bodies and souls of two rivals in the interest of one is a capital starting-point. The means adopted for saving the honour of the Countess Prascovie, imperilled by this exchange, is admirable in its delicacy and truth, and the duel scene is a delightful *imbroglio*. None of these indeed surpasses *La Morte Amoureuse*, with which I shall try to deal at greater length. But that is because *La Morte Amoureuse* is simply unsurpassable.

Of the rest there still remain to be dealt with the two long works, *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. They are both remarkable books, though very differently remarkable, and the fact that the same man should have written them both is sufficient proof in itself of his marvellous versatility. It is difficult to deal with the first in the way I have hitherto adopted in these papers, not merely because of its breaches of the proprieties, but on account of the plan on which it is written. A mixture of letters and narrative, dealing almost entirely with emotions, and scarcely at all with incidents, it defies narrative analysis. It would seem that Goethe, who in many ways influenced Gautier, is responsible to some extent for its form, and perhaps for the fact that *As You Like It* plays an even more important part in it than *Hamlet* plays in *Wilhelm Meister*. No one who has read it can fail thenceforward to associate a new charm with the image of Rosalind, even though she be one of Shakespeare's most gracious creations; and this I know is a bold word. But, in truth, it is in more ways than one an unspeakable book. Those who like may point to a couple of pages of loose description at the end, a dialogue in the style of a polite *Jacques le Fataliste* in the middle, a dozen phrases of a hazardous character scattered here and there. Diderot—no straitlaced judge—remarked long ago, and truly enough, that errors of this sort punish themselves by restricting the circulation and diminishing the chance of life of the book or other work that contains them. But it is not these things that the admirers of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* admire. It is the wonderful and final expression, repeated, but subtly shaded and differenced, in the three characters of D'Albert, Rosette, and Madeleine herself, of the aspiration which, as I have said, colours Gautier's whole work. If he, as has been justly remarked, was the priest of beauty, *Mademoiselle de Maupin* is certainly one of the sacred books of the cult. The apostle to whom it was revealed was young, and perhaps he has mingled words of clay with words of gold. The creed may be an impossible creed, or an irreligious, or an immoral: that is for philosophers and priests and moralists to decide. We may certainly agree with Sainte-Beuve when he says that he does not advise any of his female readers to send for *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, though we

may doubt whether he seizes its spirit when he describes it as a book of medicine and pathology,—one that every physician of the soul ought to have on some back-shelf in his library. It would be difficult to find a Bowdler for our Madeleine, and impossible to adapt her to the use of families. But for those who understand as they read, and can reject the evil and hold fast the good, who desire sometimes to retire from the meditation of the weary ways of ordinary life to the land of clear colours and stories, where there is none of this weariness, who are not to be scared by the poet's puppets or tempted by his baits, they at least will take her as she is and be thankful.

Thirty years passed between the appearance of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and the appearance of *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. Yet the Captain was in the order of thought the elder. In the heyday of the romantic movement, when every one hastened to print *suivant le rituel de Renduel*, as Banville sings, the fate of the books was various. Some got themselves printed at once, and then disappeared to be chronicled a generation later by the pious care of Charles Asselineau, the Old Mortality of romantic literature, to be disputed when a rare copy turned up, and to be bought at a price which would have originally purchased half the impression. Others, like *Gaspard de la Nuit*, lay long in manuscript, and saw the light only when their authors had quitted it. But a still larger number never got beyond the state of titlehood and of advertisement on the backs of their more fortunate brethren. Such was Hugo's *Quinquengrogne*, such *Les Contes du Bousingo*, which was to be the united effort of the younger Hugonic Cénacle—de Nerval, Borel, and the rest. Such also for thirty long years was *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. At last the author was pressed to execute the work. He set about it, and first the introduction, *Le Château de la Misère*, and then the body of the book, were completed. It was executed strictly in the style of the date of its conception, not of that of its appearance. It is a *roman de cap et d'épée*, of the school of Dumas, but written with a pen which Dumas never wielded, and with a knowledge of the literature and style of its time to which the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* could not pretend. The temptation to the besetting sin of over-description—if sin it can be called which gives us such exquisite work—is not always resisted; but the gait of the story is lively enough, and no lack of incident can be complained of. The Baron de Sigognac, a Gascon gentleman, has succeeded to a ruined château and a vanished estate. His father, a companion of Henry IV. in Henry's early and impecunious days, had finally expended the last of a fortune which successive ill-luck as decided as that of Ravenswood or Redgauntlet has brought to nothing. The sole remnant is the family mansion, the Château de la Misère, with its few valueless acres of demesne, in which the young baron, with his single faithful

servant Pierre, his dog Miraut, and his cat Beelzebub, vegetate rather than live. The description of the castle is a marvel. Judged, perhaps—as in one's own despite one must judge it—from the novel critic's standpoint, it is doubtless a fault in composition to expend thirty pages on a merely preliminary sketch. But in itself it is perfect. Even Hood's *Haunted House*, one of the least generally valued masterpieces of English literature, is scarcely to be compared with it. The gradual but hopeless dilapidation of the building, the age, uselessness, and misery of the dependents—in sketching whom Gautier's love for cats and dogs has found almost as vivid expression as in his *Ménagerie Intime* and in the *Tableaux de Siège*—the ghostly presence of the family portraits, a hint perhaps from Sintram, for Gautier, like all great artists, borrowed as much as he invented—the deserted garden, the empty stables, the meagre fare, all have their chasing and enshrinement in his imperishable language. The influence which wakes up this dolorous gard and sleeping castle is an odd one. A company of strolling players pass the castle, and their waggon breaks down. Each member of the troupe has his description: the pedant, the tyrant, the jeune premier, the Scapin, the Bobadil, the soubrette—a soubrette, by the way, of the earliest, for his gracious Majesty Louis XIII. had been long on the throne when Pierre Corneille substituted her for the duenna in stock-pieces,—the chief heroine, the ingénue, the ducma herself, are all elaborately painted. As he entertains these strange guests, or rather as they entertain him (for the larder of Castle Sigognac is not calculated for a dozen hungry and sudden visitors) the thought strikes the baron that he will join the troupe, at any rate as a means of reaching Paris, the only place to mend broken fortunes or make new ones. The place of poet to the company, with the duty of adjusting Hardy's pieces and suchlike—a task which those who have studied those triumphs of dramatic art will scarcely envy the baron De Sigognac—is open, and the charms of Isabelle the ingénue settle the question. So the strangely assorted company sets out, and before long they meet one of the provincial noblesse, the Marquis De Bruyères, who knows Sigognac, notwithstanding that the baron, in his pride of poverty and race, has kept aloof from his equals, and who respects his incognito, taking it merely for a method of pursuing Isabelle. The marquis—here is another reminiscence of Wilhelm Meister—invites the troop to his château, with certain private designs on the soubrette, and a good deal of subordinate intrigue goes on there. But at length the journey is resumed, and is continued through much stress of weather and hard fare to Poitiers. There a halt is made, for the city is full of country society, and full houses may be expected. Meanwhile the Bobadil has died, and Sigognac takes his place with the stage name of “Le Capitaine Fracasse.” The Marquis De Bruyères, in pursuit of his beloved,

comes to the town, and much interest is excited in Sigognac's incognito, which is still assigned to the same reason. Nor is the assignment unjust, for Isabelle and the baron have become altogether devoted to one another, though with a perfectly pure affection; the lady being virtue incarnate and having some lefthanded strains of gentle blood in her—the gentleman having escaped the libertine complexion of his time by dint of his solitary bringing-up. But all the noblesse of Poitiers are not thus virtuous. A certain Duc de Vallombreuse becomes violently enamoured of Isabelle, and cannot believe either in her honour or in the position of Sigognac. He tries at first to administer to the latter the treatment which half-a-century and a century later Voltaire and Dryden had to suffer, but Sigognac's valour and the assistance of his stout comrades frustrate the attempt. Then the baron has recourse to De Bruyères, and forces the duke to fight him fairly. The would-be ravisher is of course discomfited, but he evidently means further mischief; and the troupe, who have by this time thoroughly identified their interests with Sigognac's, make for Paris. When they have arrived there the danger soon reappears. Vallombreuse, finding that his own led captains and retainers are unequal to the task, resorts to hired bravos to accomplish the discomfiture of Sigognac and the abduction of Isabelle. This gives occasion to chapters describing the bravos Lampourde and Malartic, and their haunts both at home and at the tavern of the *Radis Couronné*, which yield in nothing to the *truand* chapters of *Notre Dame de Paris*, and consequently excel everything else of the same kind. Lampourde, the first swordsman of the day, is completely discomfited in single duello by Sigognac, and thenceforward, being an artist at heart, swears eternal allegiance to his conqueror. His crony, Malartic, who is entrusted with the business of abduction, is more fortunate. By a ruse he succeeds in abstracting Isabelle from Sigognac's guardianship and conveying her to the deeply-moated fortress of Vallombreuse. But the valiant players, with the baron at their head, are soon on the track, and by the aid of a Gipsy girl whom Isabelle has befriended they reach Vallombreuse. The handy expedient of felling a tree, which drops across the moat and forms a bridge, succeeds, and for some minutes a most exciting fight follows between the defenders of innocence and the villains. The invincible Sigognac overcomes in turn Malartic and—only just in time to save Isabelle—Vallombreuse himself, when suddenly there enters an august personage and charges all to drop their daggers. This personage is no less than the father of Vallombreuse, and, as it happens, also the father of Isabelle. He treats his son with just indignation, but at the same time hints to Sigognac and his friends, that though he acknowledges the justification of their actions, he can hardly forgive them his son's death, and that they had better withdraw speedily. So they retire somewhat crest-

fallen, the right of guardianship in Isabelle having evidently passed to her father; and Sigognac, his dream over and his heart irrecoverably lost, retires once more to the Château de la Misère. But Vallombreuse does not die, and his convalescence, without rendering him unhealthily moral, makes him determined to do justice to the gentleman whom he has so deeply wronged. He departs on an embassy to Sigognac, after he and his father have on the one hand tested Isabelle's constancy by proposing to her the most tempting matches, and on the other have consulted the baron's Gascon pride by procuring him lucrative employment from the king. Sigognac does not want much entreating. He marries Isabelle, who has received an independent fortune from her father; and it is not till she, with Vallombreuse's help, and unknown to her husband, has restored Sigognac and changed the Castle of Misery to one of plenty, that she lets him revisit the place. But Gautier could not lose an opportunity of giving one of his characteristic touches. The old cat Beelzebub dies half of indigestion and half of joy at beholding his master once more, and as Sigognac insists on burying his favourite in the garden, he uncovers the buried treasure of the last of his prosperous ancestors. The members of the troupe are accommodated with suitable places in the household of the baron, now become a great man—the colonel of a regiment and the governor of his province; and so finishes in peace and plenty the history of *Le Capitaine Fracasse*.

As a contrast to this rapid narrative sketch, I shall now give a translation as nearly as possible *in extenso* of *La Morte Amoureuse*, unquestionably the finest of Gautier's minor tales. It is with reluctance that I attempt to curtail it in any way, for it is a story which one can hardly touch without spoiling, but the necessities of space make some omissions unavoidable.

“ You ask me, my brother, if I have ever loved. I answer yes. But it is a wild and terrible story, a memory whose ashes, with all my sixty-six years, I hardly dare to disturb. To you I can refuse nothing, but I would not toll the tale to a less experienced soul. The facts are so strange that I myself cannot believe in their actual occurrence. For three years I was the victim of a diabolical delusion, and every night—God grant it was a dream—I, a poor country priest, led the life of the lost, the life of the wrdling and the debauchee. A single glance of too great complacency went near to destroy my soul; but at last, with God's aid and my patron saint's, I exorcised the evil spirit which had gained possession of me. Till then my life was double, and the counterpart by night was utterly different from the life by day. By day I was a priest of the Lord, pure, and busied with holy things. By night, no sooner had I closed my eyes than I became a youthful gallant, critical in woman, dogs, and horses, prompt with dice and bottle, free of hand and tongue; and when waking time came at dawn of day, it seemed to me as if I then fell asleep and was a priest only in dreams. From this sleep-life I have kept the memory of words and things, which recur to me against my will; and though I have never quitted the walls of my parsonage, those who hear me talk would rather think me a man of the world and of many experiences, who has entered the religious life hoping to finish in God's bosom the evening of his stormy day, than a humble seminarist, whose life has been spent in an obscure parish, buried deep in woods, and far removed from the course of the world.

"Yes, I have loved—as no one else has loved, with a mad and wild passion so violent that I can hardly understand how it failed to break my heart."

After rapidly sketching the history of the early seminary days of the priest Romuald, his complete seclusion and ignorance of the very names almost of world and woman, the tale goes on to the day of his ordination. He is in the church, almost in a trance of religious fervour; the building itself, the gorgeously robed bishop, the stately ceremonies, seem to him a foretaste of heaven, when suddenly—

"By chance I raised my head, which I had hitherto kept bowed, and saw before me, within arm's length as it seemed, but in reality at some distance and beyond the chancel rails, a woman of rare beauty and royally apparelled. At once, as it were, scales dropped from my eyes. I was in the case of a blind man whose sight is suddenly restored. The bishop, but now so dazzling to me, became dim, the tapers in their golden stands paled like the stars at morning, and darkness seemed to pervade the church. On this background of shade the lovely vision stood out like an angelic appearance, self-illuminated, and giving rather than receiving light. I dropped my eyelids, firmly resolving not again to raise them, that so I might escape the distraction of outward things, for I felt the spell more and more, and I hardly knew what I did; but a minute afterwards I again looked up, for I perceived her beauty still shining across my dropped lashes as if with prismatic glory, and encircled by the crimson halo that to the gazer surrounds the sun. How beautiful she was! Painters, when in their chase of the ideal they have followed it to the skies and carried off therefrom the divine image of Our Lady, never drew near this fabulous reality. Nor are the poet's words more adequate than the colours of the limner. She was tall and goddess-like in shape and port. Her soft fair hair rolled on either side of her temples in golden streams that crowned her as with a queen's diadem. Her forehead, white and transparent, tinged only by blue vein-stains, stretched in calm amplitude over two dark eyebrows—a contrast enhanced still further by the sea-green lustre of her glittering and unfathomable eyes. Ah, what eyes! One flash of them was enough to settle the fate of a man. Never had I seen in human eyes such life, such clearness, such ardour, such humid brilliancy; and there shot from them glances like arrows, which went straight to my heart. Whether the flame which lit them came from hell or heaven I know not, but from one or the other it came, most surely. No daughter of Eve she, but an angel or a fiend, perhaps—who knows?—something of both. The quarrelets of pearl flashed through her scarlet smile, and as her mouth moved the dimples sank and filled by turns in the blush-rose softness of her exquisite cheek. Over the even smoothness of her half-uncovered shoulders played a floating gloss as of agate, and a river of large pearls, not greatly different in hue from her neck, descended towards her breast. Now and then she raised her head with a peacock-like gesture, and sent a quiver through the ruff which enshrined her like a fringe of silver filigree."

The strange vision causes on Romuald strange yet natural effects. His ardent aspiration for the priesthood changes to a loathing. He even tries to renounce his vows, to answer No to the questions to which he should answer Yes, and thus to comply with the apparent demand of the stranger's eyes. But he cannot. The awe of the ceremony is yet too strong on his soul, if not on his senses and imagination; and the fatal words are spoken, the fatal rites gone through, despite the promises of untold bliss which the eyes, evermore caressing and entreating, though sadder, as the completion of the sacrifice approaches, continue to make him.

"At last it was over—I was a priest. Never did face of woman wear an expression of such anguish as hers. The girl whose lover drops lifeless at her side, the mother by her dead child's cradle, Eve at the gate of paradise, the miser who finds his buried treasure replaced by a stone, the poet whose greatest work has perished in the flames, have not a more desolate air. The blood left her countenance, and it became as of marble; her arms fell by her side, as if their muscles had become flaccid; and she leant against a pillar, for her limbs refused to support her. As for me, with a livid face bathed as if in the dews of death, I bent my tottering steps towards the church door. The air seemed to stifle me, the vaulted roof settled on my shoulders, and on my head seemed to rest the whole crushing weight of the dome. As I was on the point of crossing the threshold a hand touched mine suddenly—a woman's hand—a touch how new to me! It was as cold as the skin of a serpent, yet the contact burnt like the brand of a hot iron. 'Unhappy wretch! What have you done?' she said to me in a low voice, and then disappeared in the crowd."

On the way to the seminary, whither a comrade has to support him, for his emotion is evident to all, a page, unnoticed, slips into Romuald's hand a tablet with the simple words, "Clarimonde. At the Concini Palace." He passes some days in a state of almost delirium, now forming wild plans of escape, now shocked at his sinful desires, but always regretting the world he has renounced, and still more Clarimonde.

"I do not know how long I remained in this condition, but as in one of my furious writhings I turned on my bed I saw the Father Serapion standing in the middle of the cell, gazing steadily at me. Shame seized me, and I hid my face with my hands. 'Romuald,' said he, at the end of a few minutes, 'something extraordinary has come on you. Your conduct is inexplicable. You, so pious, so gentle, you pace your cell like a caged beast. Take heed, my brother, of the suggestions of the evil one, for he is wrath that you have given yourself to the Lord, and lurks round you like a ravening wolf, if haply a last effort may make you his.'"

Then, bidding him redouble his pious exercises, he tells him that he has been presented by the bishop to a country cure, and must be ready to start on the morrow, and so leaves him. Romuald is in despair at leaving the neighbourhood of Clarimonde. But his seminarist inexperience makes him feel more than ever the impossibility of even discovering her, and the hints of Serapion have in a manner reawakened his conscience. He departs on the morrow without protest. They quit the city, and begin to climb the hills which surround it:

"At the top I turned round once more to give a last look to the place where dwelt Clarimonde. The city lay wholly in the shadow of a cloud; its blue and red roofs were blended in one general half-tint, above which here and there white flakes of the smoke of morning fires hovered. By some optical accident a single edifice stood out gilded by a ray of light, and more lofty than the mass of surrounding buildings. Though more than a league off, it seemed close to us. The smallest details were visible—the turrets, the terraces, the windows, and even the swallow-tailed vanes. 'What is that sunlit palace yonder?' I asked of Serapion. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and after looking he answered, 'It is the palace which Prince Concini gave to the courtesan Clarimonde. Terrible things are done there.' As he spoke, whether it were fact or fancy I know not, it seemed to me that I saw a slender white form glide

out on the terrace, glitter there for a second, and then disappear. It was Clarimonde! Could she have known that at that moment, from the rugged heights of the hill which separated me from her, and which I was never more to descend, I was bending a restless and burning gaze on the palace of her abode, brought near me by a mocking play of light, as if to invite me to enter? Ah, yes! she knew it doubtless, for her soul was bound to mine too nearly not to feel its least movements; and this it must have been which urged her to climb the terrace in the cold morning dews, wrapped only in her snowy nightgear."

But the die is cast, and the journey continues. They reach the modest parsonage where Romuald is to pass the rest of his days, and he is installed in his cure, Serapion returning to the city. Romuald attacks his work desperately, hoping to find peace there, but he very partially succeeds. The words of Clarimonde and the touch of her hand haunt him constantly, and sometimes even stranger things happen. He sees the ~~flash~~ of the sea-green eyes across his garden hedges; he seems to find the imprint of feet, which are assuredly not those of any inhabitant of the village, on the gravel walks. At last one night he is summoned late to the bedside of a dying person, by a messenger of gorgeous dress and outlandish aspect. The journey is made in the darkness on fiery steeds, through strange scenery, and in an unknown direction. A splendid palace is at length reached—too late, for the priest is met by the news that his penitent has already expired. But he is entreated, and consents at least to watch and pray by the body during the night. He is led into the chamber of death, and finds that the corpse is Clarimonde. At first he mechanically turns to prayer, but other thoughts inevitably occur. His eyes wander to the appearance and furniture of the boudoir suddenly put to so different use: the gorgeous hangings of crimson damask contrasting with the white shroud, the faded rose by the bedside, the scattered signs of revelry, distract and disturb him. Strange fancies come thick. The air seems other than that to which he is accustomed in such chambers of the dead. The corpse appears from time to time to make slight movements; even sighs seem to echo his own. At last he lifts the veil which covers her, and contemplates the exquisite features he had last seen at the fatal moment of his sacrifice. He cannot believe that she is dead. The faint blush-rose tints are hardly dulled, the hand is not colder than he recollects it.

"The night was now far spent. I felt that the moment of eternal separation was at hand, and I could not refuse myself the last sad pleasure of giving one kiss to the dead lips of her, who, living, had had all my love. Oh, wonder! A faint breath mingled with mine, the eyes opened and became once more brilliant. She sighed, and uncrossing her arms she clasped them round my neck with an air of ineffable contentment. 'Ah!' she said, with a voice as faint and as sweet as the last dying vibrations of a harp, 'is it you Romuald? I have waited for you so long that now I am dead. But we are betrothed to one another from this moment, and I can see you and visit you henceforward. Romuald, I loved you! Farewell; this is all I have to say; and thus I restore the life you gave me for a minute with your kiss. We shall soon meet again.' Her head fell back, but she still held me encircled. A furious gust of wind

forced in the window and swept into the room: the last leaflet of the white rose quivered for a minute on its stalk and then fell, and floated through the open casement, bearing with it the soul of Clarimonde. The lamp went out, and I sank in a swoon."

He wakes in his own room, and hears from his ancient gouvernante that the same strange escort which carried him off has brought him back. Soon afterwards his friend Serapion comes to visit him, not altogether to his delight, for he rightly suspects the father of some knowledge of his secret. Serapion announces to him as a matter of general news that the courtesan Clarimonde is dead, and mentions that strange rumours have been current respecting her—some declaring her to be a species of vampire, and her lovers to have all perished mysteriously. As he says this he watches Romuald, who cannot altogether conceal his thoughts. Thereat Serapion:—

"My son," said he, "it is my duty to warn you that your feet are on the brink of an abyss; take heed of falling. Satan's hands reach far, and the grave is not always a faithful gaoler. Clarimonde's tombstone should be sealed with a triple seal, for it is not, say they, the first time she has died. May God watch over you." Saying this, Serapion slowly went out, and I saw him no more. I soon recovered completely, and returned to my usual occupations; and though I never forgot the memory of Clarimonde and the words of the father, nothing extraordinary for a time occurred to confirm in any way his ill-omened forebodings, so that I began to believe that his apprehensions and my own terror were unfounded. But one night I had a dream. Scarcely had I fallen asleep when I heard my bed curtains drawn, the rings grating sharply on the rods. I raised myself abruptly on my elbow and saw before me the shadowy figure of a woman. At once I recognised Clarimonde. She carried in her hand a small lamp of the shape of those which are placed in tombs, and the light of it gave to her tapering fingers a rosy transparency which, with gradually fainter tints, prolonged itself till it was lost in the milky whiteness of her naked arm. The only garment she had on was the linen shroud which covered her on her deathbed, whose folds she tried to hold up on her breast as if shame-stricken at her scanty clothing. But her little hand was not equal to the task; and so white was she that the lamplight failed to make distinction between the colour of the drapery and the hue of the flesh. Wrapped in this fine tissue, she was more like an antique marble statue of a bather than a live woman. Dead or alive, woman or statue, shadow or body, her beauty was unchangeable, but the green flash of her eyes was somewhat dulled, and her mouth, so red of old, was now tinted only with a faint rose-tint like that of her cheeks. The blue flowerets in her hair were withered and had lost almost all their petals; yet she was still all charming—so charming that, despite the strangeness of the adventure and the unexplained fashion of her entrance, no thought of fear occurred to me. She placed the lamp on the table and seated herself on the foot of my bed; then, bending towards me, she spoke in the soft and silvery voice that I have heard from none but her. 'I have kept you waiting long, dear Romuald, and you must have thought that I had forgotten you. But I come from very far—from a place whence no traveller has yet returned. There is neither sun nor moon, nor aught but space and shadow; no road is there, nor pathway to guide the foot, nor air to uphold the wing; and yet here am I, for love is stronger than death, and is his master at the last. Ah! what sad faces, what sights of terror, I have met! With what pains has my soul, regaining this world by force of will, found again my body and reinstalled itself! With what effort have I lifted the heavy slab they laid upon me, even to the bruising of my poor feeble hands! Kiss them, dear love, and they will be cured.' She placed one by one the cold palms of her little hands against

my mouth, and I kissed them again and again, while she watched me with her smile of ineffable content. I at once forgot Serapion's advice, I forgot my sacred office; I succumbed without resistance at the first summons, I did not even attempt to repulse the tempter."

She tells him how she had dreamed of him long before she saw him; how she had striven to prevent his sacrifice; how she was jealous of God, whom he preferred to her; and how, though she had forced the gates of the tomb to comb to him, though he had given life back to her with a kiss, though her recovery of it has no other end than to make him happy, she herself is still miserable because she has only half his heart. In his delirium he tells her, to console her, that he loves her "as much as God."

"Instantly the glitter as of chrysopease flashed once more from her eyes. 'Is that true?—as much as God?' cried she, winding her arms round me. 'If 'tis so you can come with me; you can follow me whither I will.' And fixing the next night for the rendezvous, she vanishes. He wakes, and, considering it merely a dream, resumes his pious exercises. But the next night Clarimonde, faithful to her word, reappears, no longer in ghostly attire, but radiant and splendidly dressed. She brings her lover the full costume of a cavalier, and when he has donned it they sally forth, taking first the fiery steeds of his first nocturnal adventure, then a carriage, in which he and Clarimonde, hand in hand, journey through the night.

"Never had I been so happy. For the moment I had forgotten everything, and thought no more of my priesthood than of some previous existence. From that night forward my existence was as it were doubled, and there were in me two men, strangers each to the other's existence. Sometimes I thought myself a priest who dreamt that he was a gallant, sometimes a gallant who dreamt that he was a priest. . . . I could not distinguish the reality from the illusion, and know not which were my waking and which my sleeping moments. Two spirals entangled without touching form the nearest representation of this life. The young cavalier, the coxcomb, the debauchee mocked the priest; the priest held the dissipations of the gallant in horror. Notwithstanding the strangeness of the situation, I do not think my reason was for a moment affected. The perceptions of my two existences were always firm and clear, and there was only one anomaly which I could not explain, and this was that the same unbroken sentiment of identity subsisted in two beings so different. Of this I could give myself no explanation, whether I thought myself to be really the vicar of a poor country village, or else Il Signor Romualdo, lover in possession of Clarimonde."

The place, real or apparent, of Il Signor Romualdo's sojourn with his beloved is Venice, where they inhabit a gorgeous palace, and where Romualdo enters into all the follies and dissipations of the place. He is unalterably faithful to Clarimonde, and she to him; and the time passes in a perpetual delirium. Only every night—as it now seems to him—he finds himself once more a poor country priest, horrified at the misdeeds of his other personality, and seeking to atone for them by prayer and fasting and good works. Even in his Venetian moments he sometimes thinks of Serapion's words, and at length he has especial reason to remember them.

"For some time Clarimonde's health had not been very good; her com-

plexion faded from day to day. The doctors who were called in could not discover the disease, and after useless prescriptions gave up the case. Day by day she grew paler and colder, till she was nearly as white and as corpse-like as on the famous night at the mysterious castle. I was in despair at this wasting away, but she, though touched by my sorrow, only smiled at me sweetly and sadly with the fatal smile of those who feel their death approaching. One morning I was sitting by her. In slicing some fruit it happened that I cut my finger somewhat deeply. The blood flowed in crimson streamlets, and some of it spurted on Clarimonde. Her eyes brightened at once, and over her face there passed a look of fierce joy which I had never before seen in her. She sprang from the bed with cat-like activity and pounced on the wound, which she began to suck with an air of indescribable delight, swallowing the blood in sips, slowly and carefully, as an epicure tastes a costly vintage. Her eyelids were half closed, and the pupils of her sea-green eyes flattened and became oblong instead of round. . . . From time to time she interrupted herself to kiss my hand; then she began again to squeeze the edges of the wound with her lips in order to draw from it a few more crimson drops. **When** she saw that the blood ran no longer she rose with bright and humid eyes, rosier than a May morning, her cheeks full, her hands warm yet no longer parched, fairer in short than ever, and in perfect health. 'I shall not die! I shall not die!' she said, clasping my neck in a frenzy of joy. 'I can live long and love you. My life is in yours, my very existence comes from you. A few drops of your generous blood, more precious and sovereign than all the elixirs of the world, have given me back to life.'

'This scene gave me matter for much reflection, and put into my head some strange thoughts as to Clarimonde. That very evening, when sleep had transported me to my parsonage, I found there Father Serapion, graver and more careworn than ever. He looked at me attentively and said, 'Not content with destroying your soul, are you bent also on destroying your body? Unhappy youth, into what snares have you fallen!' The tone in which he said this struck me much at the time; but, lively as the impression was, other thoughts soon drove it from my mind. However, one evening, with the aid of a glass, on whose tell-tale position Clarimonde had not counted, I saw her pouring a powder into the cup of spiced wine which she was wont to prepare after supper. I took the cup, and, putting it to my lips, I set it down, as if intending to finish it at leisure. But in reality I availed myself of a minute when her back was turned to empty it away, and I soon after went to bed, determined to remain awake and see what would happen. I had not long to wait. Clarimonde entered as soon as she had convinced herself that I slept. She uncovered my arm and drew from her hair a little gold pin; then she murmured under her breath, 'Only one drop, one little crimson drop, one ruby just to tip the bodkin! As you love me still I must not die. Ah, poor love! I am going to drink his blood, his beautiful blood, so bright and so purple. Sleep, my only treasure; sleep, my darling, my deity; I will do you no harm; I will only take so much of your life as I need to save my own. Did I not love you so much I might resolve to have other lovers, whose veins I could drain; but since I have known you I hate all others. Ah, dear arm, how round it is, and how white! How shall I ever dare to pierce the sweet blue veins!' And while she spoke she wept, so that I felt her tears rain on the arm she held. At last she summoned courage; she pricked me slightly with the bodkin and began to suck out the blood. But she drank only a few drops, as if she feared to exhaust me, and then carefully bound up my arm after anointing it with an unguent which closed the wound at once. I could now doubt no longer: Serapion was right. Yet, in spite of this certainty, I could not help loving Clarimonde, and I would willingly have given her all the blood whereof she had need to sustain her artificial life. Besides, I had not much to fear; the woman was my surety against the vampire; and what I had heard and seen completely reassured me. I had then well-nourished veins which were not to be soon drawn dry, nor had I reason to grudge and count their drops. I would have pierced my arm

myself and bid her drink. I was careful to make not the slightest allusion to the narcotic she had given me or to the scene that followed, and we lived in unbroken harmony. But my priestly scruples tormented me more than ever, and I knew not what new penance to invent to blunt my passion and mortify my flesh. Though my visions were wholly involuntary and my will had nothing to do with them, I shrank from touching the host with hands thus sullied and spirit defiled by debauchery, whether in act or in dream. To avoid falling into these harassing hallucinations I tried to prevent myself sleeping; I held my eyelids open, and remained in a standing posture; striving with all my force against sleep. But soon the waves of slumber drowned my eyes, and seeing that the struggle was hopeless, I let my hands drop in weariness, and was once more carried to the shores of delusion. . . . Serapion exhorted me most fervently, and never ceased reproaching me with my weakness and my lack of zeal. One day, when I had been more agitated than usual, he said to me, 'There is only one way to relieve you from this haunting plague, and, though it be extreme, we must try it. Great evils need heroic remedies. I know where Clarimonde was buried; we must disinter her, and you shall see the real state of your lady-love. You will hardly be tempted to risk your soul for a vile body, the prey of worms and ready to turn to dust. That, if anything, will restore you to yourself.' For my part, I was so weary of this double life that I closed with his offer. I longed to know, once for all, which—priest or gallant—was the dupe of a delusion, and I was resolved to sacrifice one of my two lives for the good of the other—yea, if it were necessary, to sacrifice both, for such an existence as I was leading could not last. . . . Father Serapion procured a mattock, a crowbar, and a lantern, and at midnight we set out for the cemetery, whose plan and arrangements he knew well. After directing the rays of the dark lantern on the inscription of several graves, we came at last to a stone half buried under tall grass, and covered with moss and lichen, whereon we deciphered this epitaph, 'Here lies Clarimonde, who in her lifetime was the fairest in the world.' 'Tis here,' said Serapion; and, placing his lantern on the ground, he slipped the crowbar into the chinks of the slab and essayed to lift it. The stone yielded, and he set to work with the spade. As for me, stiller and more gloomy than the night itself, I watched him at work, while he, bending over his ill-omened task, sweat, and panted, his forced and heavy breath sounding like the gasps of the dying. The sight was strange, and lookers-on would rather have taken us for tomb-breakers and robbers of the dead than for God's priests. The zeal of Serapion was of so harsh and savage a cast, that it gave him in look more of the demon than of the apostle or the angel, and his face, with its severe features deeply marked by the glimmer of the lantern, was hardly reassuring. A cold sweat gathered on my limbs and my hair stood on end. In my heart I held Serapion's deed to be an abominable sacrilege, and I could have wished that from the womb of the heavy clouds which rolled low above our heads a flash of lightning might issue and burn him to ashes. The owls perched about the cypress-trees, and disturbed by the lantern, came and flapped its panes heavily with their dusty wings, the foxes barked in the distance, and a thousand sinister echoes troubled the silence. At length Serapion's spade struck the coffin with the terrible hollow sound that nothingness returns to those who intrude on it. He lifted the lid, and I saw Clarimonde, as pale as marble, and with her hands joined; there was no fold in her snow-white shroud from head to foot; at the corner of her blanched lips there shone one little rosy drop. At the sight Serapion broke into fury. 'Ah! fiend, foul harlot, drinker of gold and blood, we have found you!' said he, and he scattered holy water over corpse and coffin, tracing the sign of the cross with his brush. No sooner had the blessed shower touched my Clarimonde than her fair body crumbled into dust, his became nought but a hideous mixture of ashes and half-burnt bones. At length Signor Romuald, said the inexorable priest, pointing to the remains, 'For 's your mistress. Are you still tempted to escort her to the Lido or to . . . I bowed my head; a mighty ruin had taken place within me. I

returned to my parsonage, and Il Signor Romualdo, the lover of Clarimonde, said farewell for ever to the poor priest whose strange companion he had been so long. Only the next night I again saw Clarimonde. She said to me as at first in the church porch, 'Poor wretch, what have you done? Why did you listen to that frantic priest? Were you not happy? And what harm had I done you that you should violate my grave and shamefully expose the misery of my nothingness? Henceforward all communication between us, soul and body, is broken. Farewell, you will regret me.' She vanished in the air like a vapour, and I saw her no more.

"Alas! she spoke too truly. I have regretted her again and again. I regret her still. The repose of my soul has indeed been dearly bought, and the love of God itself has not been too much to replace the gap left by hers. This, my brother, is the history of my youth. Never look at woman, and let your eyes as you walk be fixed upon the ground; for, pure and calm as you may be, a single moment is sufficient to make you lose your eternal peace."

I have thus endeavoured, by narrative and translation, to give some idea of the characteristics of Gautier's narrative work. Of that work as a whole it may briefly be said that many of the tales, now usually published as *Nouvelles* and *Romans*, are of the first order of excellence, to be read again and again; that *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, except in parts, is of the second; that *Mademoiselle de Maupin* occupies an exceptional position; and that the rest are of a decidedly lower rank. Hence, as generally happens with writers who have tried many different literary forms, it does not do to judge Gautier by his novels alone. The exquisite charm which distinguishes him is felt in them, but is not, perhaps, clearly disengaged and distinguished till his other work is compared. With an estimate of his work generally we are not now concerned. Perhaps only he himself, in such a notice as those admirable pieces of criticism which he has given to Heine and to Baudelaire, could have done himself justice. He had affinities to both these writers, and also, possibly in still greater measure, to Thackeray. All four were strongly tinctured, more strongly, indeed, than any of their contemporaries, with the spirit of irony—fiercer and more tenderly pathetic in Heine, more philosophical and practical in Thackeray, sadder and less wide of view in Baudelaire, more playful in Gautier. *Spleen et idéal*, the motto which Baudelaire chose for himself, might perhaps be paralleled in Gautier's case by the alteration, *Verre et idéal*. The possession of this mixture made him a humorist—the most considerable humorist, if we stick to the proper sense of that word, that France has produced since the seventeenth century. His humour is not confined to his novels by any means, though it is abundantly present in them, and adds greatly to their charm. It is a playful variety, the very reverse of savage, and certainly partaking nothing of the grimness and melancholy which certain critics would have us associate with the quality. He constantly saw, as all ironists and humorists see, the contrast of actual and ideal; but for the most part his inexhaustible faculty of enjoyment, and the alchemy by which he could extract beauty from everything, saved him from

all but very transient fits of melancholy. He had, too, with all his pretended laziness, an unconquerable appetite for work, the sovereignest cordial for any tendency to pine for what is not. He says himself that he wrote some three hundred volumes; and, counting newspaper work, there can be little doubt that he did. I have already alluded to most of the forms which this activity took, and nothing more remains to be noticed but his charming ballets, of which in masque days Ben Jonson would have been proud, and the mere descriptions of which (we fortunately have them from his own hand) are in themselves half-finished tales and wholly delightful works of literary art. Perhaps some of these have helped to expose him to unmerited rebukes. It has been frequently brought against him as reproach that he acquiesced in the Empire; and not over-wise things have been said about his materialism "finding its ideal in the fêtes of St. Cloud." The reproach is worse than unjust: it is unintelligent. No writer ever lived whose talent and spirit were more utterly non-political than Gautier's. He had consistently, and from the very first, declined to join in the republicanism and humanitarianism of some of his contemporaries. If he had any particular political sentiment it was a lazy hatred of what he calls, in almost his latest work, *la stupidité égalitaire*; and this feeling is to be found expressed in *Mademoiselle de Maupin* as clearly as in the *Tableaux de Sièges*.

To my own mind nothing better pictures Gautier than the words of an early poem of his own:—

- "Une jeune chinère aux lèvres de ma coupe,
 Dans l'orgie a donné le baiser le plus doux;
 Elle avait les yeux verts, et jusque sur sa croupe
 Ondoyait en torrent l'or de ses cheveux roux.
- "Des ailes d'épervier tremblaient à son épaule;
 La voyant s'envoler je sautai sur ses reins;
 Et faisant jusqu'à moi ployer son cou de saule,
 J'enfonçai comme un peigne une main dans ses crins.
- "Elle se démenait hurlante et furieuse,
 Mais en vain, je broyais ses flancs sur mes genoux;
 Alors elle me dit d'une voix gracieuse,
 Plus claire que l'argent, 'Maître, où donc allons nous?'
- "Par delà le soleil et par delà l'espace
 Où Dieu n'arriverait qu'après l'éternité;
 Mais avant d'être au but ton aile sera la-so;
 Car je veux voir mon rêve en sa réalité."

His style had all the strangeness, the charms, and the capabilities of the creature he describes, and his mastery over it is not exaggerated in the poem. Not unfrequently, too, he went a long way on his adventurous journey. But the reflection embodied in the penultimate line generally occurred to him, and then he contented himself with flights less ambitious and sometimes hardly ambitious enough.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CEREMONIAL GOVERNMENT.

III.—MUTILATIONS.

FACILITY of exposition will be gained by approaching indirectly the facts and conclusions here to be set forth.

As described by Burton, the ancient ceremony of investiture in Scotland was completed thus:—"He [superior's attorney] would stoop down, and, lifting a stone and a handful of earth, hand these over to the new vassal's attorney, thereby conferring upon him 'real, actual, and corporal' possession of the fief." Among a distant slightly civilized people, a parallel form occurs. On selling his cultivated plot, a Khond, having invoked the village deity to bear witness to the sale, "then delivers a handful of soil to the purchaser." From cases where the transfer of lands for a consideration is thus expressed, we may pass to cases where lands are by a similar form surrendered to show political submission. When the Athenians applied to Persia for help against the Spartans, after the attack of Kleomenes, a confession of subordination was demanded in return for the protection asked; and the confession was made by sending earth and water. A like act has a like meaning in Fiji. "The *soro* with a basket of earth . . . is generally connected with war, and is presented by the weaker party, indicating the yielding up of their land to the conquerors." And similarly in India. When, some ten years ago, Tu-wên-hsin sent his "Panthay" mission to England, "they carried with them pieces of rock hewn from the four corners of the [Tali] mountain, as the most formal expression of his desire to become feudatory to the British Crown."

This giving of a part instead of the whole, where the whole cannot be mechanically handed over, may be called a symbolic ceremony; though, even apart from any further interpretation, we may say that it approaches as nearly to actual transfer as the nature of the case permits. We are not, however, obliged to regard this ceremony as one artificially devised; but we may affiliate it upon a ceremony of a simpler kind which at once elucidates it, and is elucidated by it. I refer to giving up a part of the body as implying surrender of the whole. In Fiji, tributaries approaching their masters were told by a messenger "that they must all cut off their *tobe* (locks of hair that are left like tails). . . . They all docked their tails." Still, it may be replied that this act, too, is a symbolic act—an act artificially devised rather than naturally derived. If we carry our inquiry a step back, however, we shall find a clue to its natural derivation.

First, let us remember the honour which accrues from accumu-

lated trophies; so that, among the Shoshones for instance, "he who takes the most scalps gains the most glory." Let us join with this Bancroft's statement respecting the treatment of prisoners by the Chichimecs, that "often were they scalped while yet alive, and the bloody trophy placed upon the heads of their tormentors." And now let us ask what will happen if the scalped enemy survives and is taken possession of by his captor. The captor preserves the scalp as an addition to his other trophies; the vanquished enemy becomes his slave; and he is shown to be a slave by the loss of his scalp. Here, then, are the beginnings of a custom that may become established when social conditions make it advantageous to keep conquered foes as servants instead of eating them. The conservative savage will change his custom as little as possible. While the new practice of enslaving the captured grows up, there will continue the old practice of cutting from their bodies such parts as serve for trophies without impairing their usefulness; and it will thereafter result that the marks left will be marks of subjugation. Gradually, as the receipt of such marks becomes by use identified with bondage, not only will those taken in war be marked, but also those born to them; until at length the bearing of the mark shows subordination in general.

That submission to mutilation may eventually grow into the sealing of an agreement to be bondsmen, is shown us by Hebrew history. "Then Nahash the Ammonite came up, and encamped against Jabesh-gilead: and all the men of Jabesh said unto Nahash, Make a covenant with us, and we will serve thee. And Nahash the Ammonite answered them, On this condition will I make a covenant with you, that I may thrust out all your right eyes." They agreed to become subjects, and the mutilation (not in this case consented to, however) was to mark their subjection. And while mutilations thus serve, like the brands a farmer puts on his sheep, to show first private ownership, and afterwards political ownership, they also serve as perpetual reminders of the ruler's power: so keeping alive the dread that brings obedience. This fact we see in the statement that when the second Basil deprived fifteen thousand Bulgarian captives of sight, "the nation was awed by this terrible example."

Just adding that the bearing of a mutilation, thus becoming the mark of a subject race, survives as a token of submission when the trophy-taking which originated it has disappeared, let us now note the different kinds of mutilations, and the ways in which they severally enter into the three forms of control—political, religious, and social.

When the Araucanians, on going to war, send messengers summoning confederate tribes, these messengers carry certain arrows

as their credentials; and, "if hostilities are actually commenced, the finger, or (as Alcedo will have it) the hand of a slain enemy, is joined to the arrows"—another instance, added to those already given, in which hands, or parts of them, are brought home to show victory.

We have proof that in some cases living vanquished men, made handless by this kind of trophy-taking, are brought back from battle. King Osymandyas reduced the revolted Bactrians; and "on the second wall" of the monument to him "the prisoners are brought forward: they are without their hands and members." But though a conquered enemy may have one of his hands taken as a trophy without much endangering his life, loss of a hand so greatly diminishes his value as a slave, that some other trophy is naturally preferred.

The like cannot, however, be said of a finger. That fingers are sometimes carried home as trophies we have seen; and that conquered enemies, mutilated by loss of fingers, are sometimes allowed to live as slaves, the Bible yields proof. In Judges i. 6, 7, we read:—"Adoni-bezek [the Canaanite] fled; and they pursued after him, and caught him, and cut off his thumbs and his great toes. And Adoni-bezek said, Threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and their great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table: as I have done, so God hath requited me." Hence, then, the fact that fingers are, in various places, cut off and offered in propitiation of living rulers, in propitiation of dead rulers, and in propitiation of dead relatives. The sanguinary Fijians, extreme in their loyalty to cannibal despots, yield sundry illustrations. Describing the sequence of an alleged insult, Williams says:—"A messenger was . . . sent to the chief of the offender to demand an explanation, which was forthwith given, together with the fingers of four persons, to appease the angry chieftain." Again, on the occasion of a chief's death, "orders were issued that one hundred fingers should be cut off; but only sixty were amputated, one woman losing her life in consequence." And once more, a child's hand "was covered with blood, which flowed from the stump where, shortly before, his little finger had been cut off, as a token of affection for his deceased father." This propitiation of the dead by offering amputated fingers occurs elsewhere. When, among the Charruas, the head of the family died, "the daughters, widow, and married sisters were obliged to have each one joint from the finger cut off; and this was repeated for every relation of the like character who died: the primary amputation being from the little finger." By the Mandans, the usual mode of expressing grief on the death of a relation "was to lose two joints of the little fingers, or sometimes the other fingers." A like custom was found among the Dacotahs, and various other American tribes. Sacrificed in this way to the ghost of the dead

relative, or the dead chief, to express that subjection which would have pacified him while alive, the amputated finger becomes, in other cases, a sacrifice to the expanded ghost or god. During his initiation the young Mandan warrior, "holding up the little finger of his left hand to the Great Spirit, he expresses to Him, in a speech of a few words, his willingness to give it as a sacrifice; when he lays it on the dried buffalo skull, where the other chops it off near the hand, with a blow of the hatchet." According to Mariner, the natives of Tonga cut off a portion of the little finger, as a sacrifice to the gods, for the recovery of a superior sick relative.

Originally expressing submission to powerful beings alive and dead, this mutilation in some cases becomes, apparently, a mark of domestic subordination. The Australians have a custom of cutting off the last joint of the little finger of females; and a Hottentot "widow, who marries a second time, must have the top joint of a finger cut off, and loses another joint for the third, and so on for each time that she enters into wedlock."

As showing the way in which these propitiatory mutilations of the hands are made so as to interfere least with usefulness, it may be noted that habitually they begin with the last joint of the little finger, and affect the more important parts of the hand only if they recur. And we may join with this the fact that where, by amputating the hand, there is repeated in full the original mutilation of slain enemies, it is where the usefulness of the subject person is not a consideration, but where the treatment of the external enemy is extended to the internal enemy—the criminal. The Hebrews made the loss of a hand a punishment for one kind of offence, as shown in Deuteronomy xxv. 11, 12. Of a Japanese political transgressor it is said—"His hands were ordered to be struck off, which in Japan is the very extremity of dishonour." In mediæval Europe hands were cut off for various offences; and, among sundry penal mutilations enacted by William the Conqueror, loss of a hand is one.

Recent accounts from the East prove that some vanquished men deprived of their noses by their conquerors, either while obviously alive or when supposed to be dead, survive; and those who do so remain identifiable thereafter as conquered men. Consequently the loss of a nose may become the mark of a slave; and in some cases it does this. Concerning certain ancient Central Americans Herrera tells us that they challenged neighbouring peoples when "they wanted slaves; if the other party did not accept of the challenge, they ravaged their country and cut off the noses of the slaves." And, describing a war that went on during his captivity in Ashantee, Ramseyer says the Ashantees spared one prisoner, "whose head was shaved, nose and ears cut off, and himself made to carry the king's drum."

Along with loss of nose occurs, in the last case, loss of ears, which naturally comes next to be dealt with. This is similarly interpretable as having originated from trophy-taking, and having in some cases survived; if not as a mark of ordinary slavery, still as a mark of that other slavery which is often a punishment for crime. In ancient Mexico "he who told a lie to the particular prejudice of another had a part of his lip cut off, and sometimes his ears." Among the Honduras people a thief had his goods confiscated, "and, if the theft was very great, they cut off his ears and hands." One of the laws of an adjacent ancient people, the Mixtecs, directed the "cutting off of an adulterer's ears, nose, or lips;" and by some of the Zapotecas "women convicted of adultery had their ears and noses cut off."

But though absence of ears seems more generally to have marked a criminal than to have marked a vanquished enemy who, surviving the taking of his ears as trophies, had become a slave, we may suspect that it once did, among some peoples, mark an enslaved captive; and that by mitigation, it gave rise to the method of marking a slave prescribed of old among the Hebrews, and which still continues in the East with a modified meaning. In Exodus xxi. 5, 6, we read that if, after his six years' service, a purchased slave does not wish to be free, his master shall "bring him to the door, or unto the door-post, and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall serve him for ever." Commenting on this ceremony, Knobel says, "In the modern East, the symbol of piercing the ears is mentioned as the mark of those who are dedicated. . . . It expresses the belonging to somebody." And since where there grows up unqualified despotism, private slavery is joined with public slavery, and the accepted theory is that all subjects are the property of the ruler, we may suspect that there hence results in some cases the universality of this mutilation. "All the Burmese," says Sangermano, "without exception have the custom of boring their ears. The day when the operation is performed is kept as a festival; for this custom holds, in their estimation, something of the rank that baptism has in ours."

As bearing indirectly upon mutilations of this class, I may add the curious fact named by Forsyth, that the Gond holds "his ears in his hands in token of submission."

Jaws can be taken as trophies only from those whose lives are taken. There are the teeth, however: some of these may be extracted from the jaws as trophies without seriously decreasing the usefulness of the prisoner. Hence another form of mutilation.

We have seen that teeth are worn as trophies in Ashantee and in South America. Now if teeth are taken as trophies from

captives who are preserved as slaves, loss of them must become a mark of subjection. Of facts directly showing that a propitiatory ceremony hence arises I can name but one. Among mutilations submitted to on the death of a king or chief in the Sandwich Islands, Ellis names knocking out one of the front teeth: an alternative being cutting the ears. The implication is tolerably clear; and when we further read in Cook that the Sandwich Islanders knock out from one to four of the front teeth—when we see that the whole population becomes marked by these repeated mutilations undergone to propitiate the ghosts of dead rulers—when we infer that in propitiation of a much-dreaded ruler deified after death, not only those who knew him may submit to this loss, but also their children subsequently born; we see how the practice, becoming established, may survive as a sacred custom when its meaning is lost. For concluding that the practice has this sacramental nature, there are the further reasons derived from the fixing of the age for the operation, and from the character of the operator. Angas tells us that in New South Wales it is the Koradger men or priests who perform the ceremony of knocking out the teeth; and of a semi-domesticated Australian Haygarth writes that he said one day, “with a look of importance, that he must go away for a few days, as he had grown up to man’s estate, and ‘it was high time that he should have his teeth knocked out.’” Various African races, as the Batoka, the Dor, &c., similarly lose two or more of their front teeth; and habitually the loss of them is an obligatory rite. But the best evidence (which I have found since setting down the above) is furnished by the ancient Peruvians. A tradition among certain of them was that the conqueror Huayna Ccapac, finding them disobedient, “made a law that they and their descendants should have three of their front teeth pulled out in each jaw.” Another tradition, given by Cieza, naturally derivable from the last, was that this pulling out of teeth by fathers from their young children was “a service very acceptable to their gods.” And then, as happens with other mutilations of which the meaning has dropped out of memory, the improvement of the appearance was in some parts the assigned motive.

It should be added that, in this case as in most cases, the mutilation assumes modified forms. “The Damaras knock out a wedge-shaped gap between their two front teeth;” “the natives in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone file or chip the teeth;” and various other tribes have allied usages.

As the transition from eating conquered enemies to making slaves of them mitigates trophy-taking, so as to avoid causing death; and as the tendency is to modify the injury inflicted, so that it shall

in the least degree diminish the slave's usefulness ; and as, with the rise of a class born in slavery, the mark which the slave bears no longer showing that he was taken in war, does not imply a victory achieved by his owner—there eventually remains no need for the mark to be one involving a serious mutilation. Hence it is inferable that mutilations of the least injurious and least painful kinds will become the commonest. Such, at any rate, seems a reasonable explanation of the fact that cutting off of hair for propitiatory purposes is the most prevalent of all mutilations.

Already we have seen the probable origin of the custom among the Fijians, that tributaries had to make a propitiatory sacrifice of their locks on approaching their great chiefs ; and there is evidence that a kindred sacrifice made in homage was demanded of old in Britain. In the Arthurian legends, which, unhistoric as they may be, yield good evidence respecting the manners of the times from which they descend, we read (in Mr. Cox's abridgment)—“Then went Arthur to Caerleon ; and thither came messengers from King Ryons, who said, ‘ Eleven kings have done me homage, and with their beards I have trimmed a mantle. Send me now thy beard, for there lacks yet one to the finishing of my mantle.’”

Some reasons exist for the belief that taking an enslaved captive's hair began with the smallest practicable divergence from taking the dead enemy's scalp ; for the part of the hair in some cases given in propitiation, and in other cases worn subject to a master's ownership, answers in position to the scalp-lock. The hair yielded up by the tributary Fijians was the *tobe*, a kind of pigtail : the implication being that this could be demanded by, and therefore belonged to, the superior. Moreover, among the Kalmucks, “when one pulls another by the pigtail, or actually tears it out, this is regarded as a punishable offence, because the pigtail is thought to belong to the chief, or to be a sign of subjection to him. If it is the short hair on the top of the head that has been subjected to such treatment, it does not constitute a punishable offence, because this is considered the man's own hair and not that of the chief.” And then I may add the statement of Williams, that the Tartar conquerors of China ordered the Chinese “to adopt the national Tartar mode of shaving the front of the head, and braiding the hair in a long queue, as a sign of submission.” Another fact presently to be given joins with these in suggesting that a vanquished man, not killed but kept as a slave, was allowed to wear his scalp-lock on sufferance : the theory being that the victor might at any time demand it.

Be this as it may, however, the widely prevalent custom of taking the hair of the slain, either with or without a part of the skin, has nearly everywhere resulted in the association between short hair and slavery. This association existed among both Greeks and Romans :

“the slaves had their hair cut short as a mark of servitude.” We find it thus throughout America. “Socially the slave is despised, his hair is cut short,” says Bancroft of the Nootkas. “The privilege of wearing long hair was rigorously denied” to Carib slaves and captives, says Edwards. The slavery that punished criminality was similarly marked. In Nicaragua, “a thief had his hair cut off, and became a slave to the person that had been robbed till he was satisfied.” And this badge of slavery was otherwise inflicted as a punishment. By the Central Americans a suspected adulterer “was stripped and his hair was cut (a great disgrace).” One ancient Mexican penalty “was to have the hair cut at some public place.” And during mediæval times in Europe cutting of hair was enacted as a punishment. Of course there follows a correlative distinction: long hair becomes honourable. If among the Chibchas “the greatest affront that could be put on a man or a woman was to have their hair cropped,” the assimilation to slaves in appearance was the obvious reason: the honourableness of long hair being an implication. “The Itzaex Indians,” says Fancourt, “wore their hair as long as it would grow; indeed, it is a most difficult thing to bring the Indians to cut their hair.” Long hair is a mark of distinction among the Tongans, and none are permitted to wear it but the principal people. Similarly with the New Caledonians and various others of the uncivilized; and similarly with semi-civilized Orientals: “the Ottoman princes have their beard shaved off, to show that they are dependent on the favour of the reigning emperor.” By the Greeks, “in manhood, . . . hair was worn longer,” and “a certain political significancy was attached to the hair.” In Northern Europe, too, “among the Franks . . . the serfs wore the hair less long and less carefully dressed than freemen,” and the freemen less long than the nobles. “The long hair of the Frank kings is sacred. . . . It is for them a mark and honourable prerogative of the royal race.” Clothair and Childebert, wishing to divide their brother’s kingdom, consulted respecting their nephews, “whether to cut off their hair so as to reduce them to the rank of subjects, or to kill them.” I may add the extreme case of the Japanese Mikado. “Neither his hair, beard, nor nails are ever [avowedly] cut, that his sacred person may not be mutilated:” such cutting as occurs being done while he is supposed to sleep.

A parallel marking of divine rank may be noted in passing. Length of hair being significant of terrestrial dignity, becomes significant, too, of celestial dignity. The gods of various peoples, and especially the great gods, are distinguished by their flowing beards and long locks.

Domestic subordination, too, in many cases goes along with short hair: in low social states women commonly bear this badge of

slavery. Turner tells us that in Samoa the women wore the hair short; the men wore it long. Among other Malayo-Polynesians, as the Tahitians and New Zealanders, the like contrast occurs. Similarly with the Negrito races. "In New Caledonia the chiefs and influential men wear their hair long, and tie it up in a semi-conical form on the top of their head. The women all crop theirs close to the very ears." And cropped heads in like manner distinguish the women of Tanna, of Lifu, of Vate, and also the Tasmanian women. A kindred mode of signifying filial subordination may be added. Yielding up of hair once formed part of the ceremony of adoption in Europe. "Charles Martel sent Pepin, his son, to Luithprand, king of the Lombards, that he might cut his first locks, and by this ceremony hold for the future the place of his father;" and Clovis, to make peace with Alaric, proposed to become his adopted son, by offering his beard to be cut by him.

While coming thus to imply subjection to living persons, this mutilation simultaneously came to imply subjection to dead persons. How the yielding up of hair to the dead is originally akin to the yielding up of a trophy, is well shown by the Dacotahs. "The men shave the hair off their heads, except a small tuft on the top [the scalp-lock], which they suffer to grow and wear in plaits over the shoulders: the loss of it is the usual sacrifice at the death of near relations." That is, they go as near as may be to surrendering their scalps to the dead. The meaning is again seen in the account given of the Caribs. "As their hair thus constituted their chief pride, it was an unequivocal proof of the sincerity of their sorrow, when, on the death of a relation or friend, they cut it short like their slaves and captives." Everywhere among the uncivilized, kindred forms occur. Nor was it otherwise with the ancient historic races. By the Hebrews making "baldness upon their heads" was practised as a funeral rite, as was also shaving off "the corner of their beard." Similarly by Greeks and Romans, "the hair was cut close in mourning." In Greece the meaning of this mutilation was recognised. Potter remarks, "We find Electra in Euripides finding fault with Helena for sparing her locks, and thereby defrauding the dead;" and he cites the statement that this sacrifice of hair (sometimes laid upon the grave) was "partly to render the ghost of the deceased person propitious." A significant addition must be made. "For a recent death, the mourner's head was shaved; for an offering to the long-dead, a single lock was cut off."

Naturally if, from propitiation of the dead, some of whom become deities, there grows up religious propitiation, the offering of hair may be expected to reappear as a religious ceremony; and we find that it does so. Already, in the just-named fact that besides hair sacrificed at a Greek funeral, similar though smaller sacrifices were

made afterwards, we see the rise of that recurring propitiation characterizing worship of a deity. And when we further read that among the Greeks "on the death of any very popular personage, as a general, it sometimes happened that all the army cut off their hair," we are shown a step towards that propitiation by unrelated members of the community at large, which, when it becomes established, is a trait of religious worship. Hence certain Greek ceremonies. "The cutting off of the hair, which was always done when a boy became an ἑφηβος, was a solemn act, attended with religious ceremonies. A libation was first offered to Hercules . . . and the hair after being cut off was dedicated to some deity, usually a river-god." So, too, at the first time of shaving among the Romans: "the hair cut off on such occasions was consecrated to some god."

Sacrifice of hair was an act of worship with the Hebrews also. We are told of "fourscore men, having their beards shaven, and their clothes rent, and having cut themselves, with offerings and incense in their hand, to bring them to the house of the Lord;" and Krehl gives sundry kindred facts concerning the Arabians.

Curious modifications of the practice occurred in Peru. Small sacrifices of hair were continual. "Another offering," writes D'Acosta, is "pulling out the eyelashes or eyebrows, and presenting them to the sun, the hills, the combles, the winds, or whatever they are in fear of." "On entering the temples, or when they were already within them, they put their hands to their eyebrows as if they would pull out the hairs, and then made a motion as if they were blowing them towards the idol:" a good instance of the abridgment which ceremonies habitually undergo. Lastly, when, in presence of a national calamity, extreme propitiation of a deity is to be made, we sometimes find even the ruler sacrificing his hair. During an eruption of the great volcano in Hawaii, all other offerings having failed to appease the anger of the gods, "the king Tamehameha cut off part of his own hair, which was considered sacred, and threw it into the torrent [of lava] as the most valuable offering."

One further development remains: this kind of sacrifice becomes in some cases a social propitiation. Wroaths of their own hair plaited were bestowed upon others as marks of consideration by the Tahitians. In France in the fifth and sixth centuries, it was usual to pluck out a few hairs from the beard on approaching a superior, and present them; and this usage was occasionally adopted as a mark of condescension by a ruler, as when Clovis, gratified by the visit of the Bishop of Toulouse, gave him a hair from his beard, and was imitated in so doing by his followers. Afterwards the usage had its meaning obscured by abridgment: in the times of chivalry one mode of showing respect was to tug at the moustache.

Already, when treating of trophies, and when finding that those of the phallic class, major and minor, had the same meanings as the rest, the way was opened to explain the mutilations next to be dealt with. We have seen that when the vanquished were not killed, but preserved as slaves, it became imperative that the taking of trophies from them should neither endanger life nor be highly injurious; and that hence, instead of jaws, teeth were taken; instead of hands, fingers; instead of scalps, hair. Similarly, in this case, the fatal or dangerous mutilation disappearing, left only such allied mutilation as did not seriously or at all decrease the value of the enslaved enemy.

That castration was initiated by trophy-taking I find no direct proof; but there is direct proof that prisoners have in some cases been treated in the way that trophy-taking of the implied kind would entail. Of Theobald, Marquis of Spoleto, we read in Gibbon that "his captives . . . were castrated without mercy;" and for thinking that there was once an enforced sacrifice of the kind indicated, made to a conqueror, there is the further reason that we find a parallel sacrifice made to a deity. At the annual festivals of the Phrygian goddess Amma [Agdistis], "it was the custom for young men to make themselves eunuchs with a sharp shell, crying out at the same time, 'Take this, Agdistis.'" There was a like practice among the Phœnicians; and Brinton names a severe self-mutilation of the ancient Mexican priests, which seems to have included this. Coming in the way shown to imply subordination, this usage, like many ceremonial usages, has in some cases survived where its meaning is lost. The Hottentots enforce semi-castration at about eight or nine years of age; and a kindred custom exists among the Australians.

Naturally, of this class of mutilations, the less serious is the more prevalent. Circumcision occurs among unallied races in all parts of the world—among the Malayo-Polynesians in Tahiti, in Tonga, in Madagascar; among the Negritos of New Caledonia and Fiji; among African peoples, both of the coast and the interior, from northern Abyssinia to southern Kaffir-land; in America, among some Mexican peoples, the Yucatanese, and the people of San Salvador; and we meet with it again in Australia. Even apart from the fact that their monuments prove it to have been practised by the Egyptians from their earliest recorded times, and even apart from the reasons for believing that it prevailed among the Arabian peoples at large, these proofs that circumcision is not limited to region or race sufficiently dispose of the current theological interpretation. They sufficiently dispose, too, of another interpretation not uncommonly given; for a general survey of the facts shows us that while the usage does not prevail among the most cleanly races in the world, it

is common among the most uncleanly races. Contrariwise, the facts taken in the mass are congruous with the general theory thus far verified.

It was shown that among the Abyssinians down to recent times, the trophy taken by circumcision from an enemy's dead body is presented by each warrior to his chief; and that all such trophies taken after a battle are eventually presented to the king. If the vanquished enemies, instead of being killed, are made slaves; and if the warriors who have vanquished them continue to present the usual proofs of their prowess; there must arise the circumcision of living captives, who thereby become marked as subjugated persons. A further result is obvious. As the chief and the king are propitiated by bringing them these trophies taken from their foes; and as the primitive belief is that a dead man's ghost is pleased by whatever pleased the man when alive; there will naturally follow a presentation of such trophies to the ghost of the departed ruler. And then where, in a highly militant society governed by an absolute despot, divine by descent and nature, who, owning the entire population, requires them all to bear this badge of servitude, and who, dying, has his dreaded ghost anxiously propitiated, we may expect that the offering of these trophies taken from enslaved enemies to the king will develop into the offering of like trophies taken from each generation of male citizens to the god, in acknowledgment of their slavery to him. Hence, when Movers tells us that among the Phœnicians circumcision was "a sign of consecration to Saturn," and when proof is given that of old the people of San Salvador circumcised "in the Jewish manner, offering the blood to an idol," we are shown just the results to be anticipated as eventually arising.

That this interpretation applies to the custom as made known to us in the Bible, there is clear evidence. We have already seen that the ancient Hebrews, like the modern Abyssinians, practised the form of trophy-taking which necessitates this mutilation of the dead enemy; and as in the one case, so in the other, it follows that the vanquished enemy not slain, but made prisoner, will by this mutilation be marked as a subject person. That circumcision was among the Hebrews the stamp of subjection, all the evidence proves. On learning that among existing Bedouins, as Mr. Palgrave shows, the only conception of God is that of a powerful living ruler, the sealing by circumcision of the covenant between God and Abraham becomes a comprehensible ceremony. There is furnished an explanation of the fact that in consideration of a territory to be received, this mutilation, submitted to by Abraham, implied that "the Lord" was "to be a god unto" him; as also the fact that the mark was to be borne not by him and his descendants exclusively, as favoured individuals, but

also by slaves not of his blood. And on remembering that in primitive beliefs the returning double of the dead potentate is believed to be indistinguishable from the living potentate, we get an interpretation of the otherwise strange tradition narrated in Exodus concerning God's anger with Moses for not circumcising his son:—"And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the Lord met Moses, and sought to kill him. Then Zipporah took a sharp stone, and cut off the foreskin of her son, and cast it at his feet." That circumcision among the Jews was a mark of subordination to Jahveh, is further implied by the facts that under the foreign ruler Antiochus, who brought in foreign gods, circumcision was forbidden, and those who, persevering in it, refused obedience to these foreign gods, were slain; while contrariwise, Mattathias and his friends, loyal to the god of their fathers, and rebelling against foreign rule and worship, are said to have gone "round about, and pulled down the altars: and what children soever they found within the coast of Israel uncircumcised, those they circumcised valiantly." Moreover, Hyrcanus, having subdued the Idumcans, made them submit to circumcision as a condition of remaining in their country; and Aristobulus similarly imposed the mark on the conquered people of Iturca.

Quite congruous are certain converse facts. Mariner states that Tootonga (the great divine chief of Tonga) is not circumcised, as all other men are: being unsubordinated, he does not bear the badge of subordination. And with this I may join a case in which whole tribes belonging to a race ordinarily practising circumcision are uncircumcised where they are unsubordinated. Naming certain Berbers in Morocco as thus distinguished, Rohlf's says, "These uncircumcised tribes inhabit the Rif mountains. . . . All the Rif mountaineers eat wild boar, in spite of the Koran law."

Besides mutilations entailing some loss of flesh, bone, skin, or hair, there are mutilations which do not imply a deduction; at least, not a permanent one. Of these we may take first, one which sacrifices a liquid part of the body, though not a solid part.

Bleeding as a mutilation has an origin akin to the origins of other mutilations. Did we not find that some uncivilized tribes, as the Samoyedes, drink the warm blood of animals—did we not find among existing cannibals, such as the Fijians, proofs that savages drink the blood of still-living human victims; it would seem incredible that from taking the blood of a vanquished enemy was derived the ceremony of offering blood to a ghost, and to a god. But when to accounts of horrors like these we join accounts of kindred ones which savages commit, such as that among the Amaconda Kaffirs "it is usual for the ruling chief, on

his accession to the government, to be washed in the blood of a near relative, generally a brother, who is put to death on the occasion ;” and when we infer that before the rise of civilization the sanguinary tastes and usages now exceptional were probably general ; we may suspect that from the drinking of blood by conquering cannibals there arose some kinds of blood-offerings—at any rate, those of blood taken from immolated victims. Possibly some offerings of blood from the bodies of living persons are to be thus accounted for. But those which are not are explicable as sequences of the widely prevalent practice of establishing a sacred bond of mutual obligation between living persons by partaking of each other’s blood : the derived conception being that those who give some of their blood to the ghost of the man just dead and lingering near, effect with it a union which on the one side implies submission, and on the other side friendliness.

On this hypothesis we have a reason for the great prevalence of self-bleeding as a funeral rite, not among existing savages only, but among ancient and partially-civilized peoples—the Jews, the Greeks, the Huns, the Turks. We are shown how there arise kindred rites as permanent propitiations of those more dreaded ghosts which become gods—such offerings of blood (now taken from slain victims, now from their own bodies, and now from their newly-born infants) as those which the Mexicans gave the idols of their cannibal deities ; such offerings as were implied by the self-gashings of the priests of Baal ; and such as were sometimes made even in propitiating Jahveh—as by the fourscore men who came from Shechem, Shiloh, and Samaria. Moreover, the instances of blood-letting as a complimentary act in social intercourse cease to be inexplicable. During a Samoan marriage ceremony the friends of the bride, to testify their respect, “took up stones and beat themselves until their heads were bruised and bleeding.” In his account of the Central Americans Martyr says—“When the Indians of Potonchan receive new friends . . . as a proof of friendship, they, in the sight of the friend, draw some blood . . . from the tongue, hand, or arm, or from some other part.”

Here, however, my purpose in naming these offerings of blood under the head of mutilations is not so much to show their kinship of origin as to prepare the way for explaining the mutilations which result from them.

Gashings and tearings of the flesh make wounds which leave scars. If the blood-offerings which entail them are made by relatives to the departed spirit of an ordinary person, these scars are not likely to have any permanent significance ; but if they are made in propitiation of some deceased chief, not by his relatives

alone, but by unrelated members of the tribe who stood in awe of him and fear his ghost, then, like other mutilations, they become signs of subjection. The Huns, who "at the burial of Attila cut their faces with hollow wounds," in common with the Turks who did the like at royal funerals, thus inflicted on themselves marks which thereafter distinguished them as servants of their respective rulers. So too did the Lacedæmonians, who, "when their king died, had a barbarous custom of meeting in vast numbers, where men, women, and slaves, all mixed together, tore the flesh from their foreheads with pins and needles . . . to gratify the ghosts of the dead." Customs of this kind would sometimes have further results. With the apotheosis of some notable king whose conquests gave him the character of founder of the nation, such marks, borne not by his contemporary followers only, but imposed by them on their children, might become national marks.

That the scars caused by propitiatory blood-letting at funerals do become recognised as binding to the dead those who bear them, and do develop in the way alleged, we have tolerably good evidence. The command in Leviticus, "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you," shows us the usage in that stage at which the scar left by sacrifice of blood is still a sign partly of family subordination and partly of other subordination. And the traditions of the Scandinavians show us a stage at which it betokens allegiance either to an unspecified supernatural being, or to a deceased ruler who has become a god. Odin, "when he was near his death, made himself be marked with the point of a spear;" and Niort "before he died made himself be marked for Odin with the spear-point."

That scars on the surface of the body, thus coming to express loyalty to a deceased father or a deceased ruler, or a god derived from him, initiate among other disfigurements those we class as tattooing, is a probable inference. Lacerations, and the traces they leave, are certain to take different forms in different places. The Andaman Islanders "tattoo by incising the skin with small pieces of glass, without inserting colouring matter, the cicatrix being whiter than the sound skin." Some natives of Australia have ridges raised on this or that part of the body; while others brand themselves. In Tanna the people make elevated scars on their arms and chests. And Burton, in his *Abeokuta*, says,—“The skin patterns were of every variety, from the diminutive prick to the great gash and the large boil-like lumps. . . . In this country every tribe, sub-tribe, and even family, has its blazon, whose infinite diversifications may be compared with the lines and ordinaries of European heraldry—a volume would not suffice to explain all the marks in detail.” Naturally, among the various skin-mutilations originating

in the way alleged, many will, under the promptings of vanity, take on a character more or less ornamental; and the use of them for decoration will often survive when their meaning has been lost.

Hypothesis apart, we have proof that these marks made by cutting gashes, or puncturing lines, or raising welts, or otherwise, are in many cases tribal marks; as they would of course become if they were originally made when binding themselves by blood to the dead founder of the tribe. A clear exhibition of the feeling implied by the bearing of marks is contained in a statement Bancroft makes respecting the Cuebas of Central America. "If the son of a chief declined to use the distinctive badge of his house, he could, when he became chief, choose any new device he might fancy. A son who did not adopt his father's totem was always hateful to him during his lifetime." And if refusal to adopt the family-mark where it is painted on the body is thus regarded as a kind of disloyalty, equally will it be so when the mark is one that has arisen from modified lacerations; and such refusal will be tantamount to rebellion where the mark signifies descent from, and submission to, some great father of the race. Hence, then, the meaning of such facts as the following:—"All these Indians," says Cieza of the Ancient Peruvians, "wear certain marks by which they are known, and which were used by their ancestors." "Both sexes of the Sandwich Islanders have a particular mark (tattooed) which seems to indicate the district in which, or the chief under whom, they lived." Of the Uaupes, "one tribe, the Tucános, are distinguished from the rest by three vertical blue lines on the chin."

That a special form of tattooing becomes a tribal mark in the way suggested, we have, indeed, some direct evidence. Among sundry mutilations undergone as funeral rites at the death of a chief among the Sandwich Islanders, such as knocking out teeth, cutting the ears, cutting hair, &c., one is tattooing a spot on the tongue. Here we see this mutilation acquiring the signification of allegiance to a ruler who has died; and then, when the deceased ruler, unusually distinguished, is apotheosized, the tattoo mark becomes the sign of obedience to him as a deity. "With several Eastern nations," says Grimm, "it was a custom to mark oneself by a burnt or incised sign as adherent to a certain worship. . . . Philo complains of his country people in this respect." It was thus with the Hebrews. Bearing in mind the above-quoted interdict against marking themselves for the dead, we shall see the meaning of the words in Deuteronomy—"They have corrupted themselves, the spot is not the spot of his children: they are a perverse and crooked generation." And that such contrasted spots as are here referred to were understood in later times to imply the service of different deities, is suggested by passages in

Revelation, where an angel is described as ordering delay "till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads," and where "an hundred and forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads," are described as standing on Mount Sion while an angel proclaims that, "If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God." Down to the present day in the East like marks have like meanings. Thomson, after specifying the method of tattooing, says—"This practice of marking religious tokens upon the hands and arms is almost universal among the Arabs, of all sects and classes. Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem have the operation performed there, as the most holy place known to their religion." And still more definite is the statement of Kalisch, that "Christians in some parts of the East, and European sailors, were long in the habit of marking, by means of punctures and a black dye, their arms and other members of the body with the sign of the crucifix, or the image of the Virgin; the Mohammedans mark them with the name of Allah." So that down to our own time among advanced races, we trace in these skin-mutilations meanings like those avowedly given to them in ancient Mexico, where, when a child was dedicated to Quetzalcohuatl, "the priest made a slight cut with a knife on its breast, as a sign that it belonged to the cult and service of the god," and like those still avowedly given to them by negroes in Angola, where, in many regions, every child as soon as born is tattooed on the belly, in order thereby to dedicate it to a certain fetich.

A significant group of evidences must be added. We have seen that where cropped hair implies servitude, long hair becomes an honourable distinction; that shorn beards being marks of subordination, unshorn beards are marks of supremacy; and that occasionally, in opposition to circumcision as associated with subjection, there is absence of it along with the highest power. Here we have a parallel antithesis. The great divine chief of the Tongans is unlike all other men in Tonga, not only as being uncircumcised, but also as being untattooed. Elsewhere classes are sometimes thus distinguished. Burton says of the people of Banza Nokkoi, on the Congo, that those who are tattooed "are generally slaves." And in this relation there may be significance in the statement of Boyle that "the Kyans, Pakatans, and Kennowits, alone in Borneo, practise tattooing, and these are the three aboriginal races least esteemed for bravery." Not, however, that distinctions implied by tattooing and its absence are at all regular: we here meet with anomalies. Though in some places showing social inferiority, tattooing in other places is a trait of the superior. While in Fiji only the women are tattooed—while in Tahiti there is tattooing of both men and women; in the Sandwich

Islands the men are more tattooed than the women. Sometimes the presence of this skin-mutilation is evidence of high rank. "In the province of Panuco, the noblemen were easily to be distinguished, as they had their bodies tattooed." But the occurrence of anomalies is not surprising. During the perpetual overrunnings of race by race, it must sometimes have happened that an untattooed race having been conquered by one which practised tattooing, the presence of these markings became associated with social supremacy. Moreover, since, along with dispersions of tribes and obscurings of their traditions, the meanings of mutilations will often die, while they themselves survive, there may not unnaturally occur developments of them for purposes of display, tending to reverse their original significance; as seems implied by the statement of Angus that "tattooing is a class distinction among the New Zealanders; the faces of slaves have not the spiral tattooing;" or that of Dobrizhoffer, that "every Abiponian woman you see has a different pattern on her face. Those that are most painted and pricked you may know to be of high rank and noble birth."

But a further cause exists for this conflict of meanings. There remains to be named a species of skin-mutilation having another origin and different implication.

Besides scars resulting from lacerations made in propitiation of dead relatives, dead chiefs, and deities, there are scars resulting from wounds received in battle. The presence of many such implies many conflicts with enemies; and hence, all the world over, they are held in honour and displayed with pride. The sentiment associated with them among ourselves in past times is indicated in Shakespeare by sundry references to "such as boasting shew their scars." Lafeu says, "A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour;" and Henry V. foretells of an old soldier that "then will he strip his sleeve and shew his scars."

Animated as are savages in still higher degrees than civilized by the feelings thus indicated—having no other kind of honour than that derived from the reputation for bravery; what may be expected to result? Will not the anxiety to bear honourable scars sometimes lead to the artificial making of scars? We have evidence that it does. Lichtenstein tells us that the priest among the Bechuanas makes a long cut in the skin from the thigh to the knee of each warrior who has slain some of the enemy in battle. There is a kindred usage among the Bachapin Kaffirs. Among the Damaras, "for every wild animal that a young man destroys, his father makes four small incisions on the front of the son's body as marks of honour and distinction." And then Tuckey, speaking of certain Congo people who make scars, says that this is "principally done with the

idea of rendering themselves agreeable to the women :” a motive which is intelligible if such scars originally passed for scars got in war, and implying bravery. American races yield some evidence of like meaning. We read that “the Itzaex Indians [in Yucatan] have handsome faces, though some of them were marked with lines as a sign of courage.” Facts furnished by other American tribes suggest that the infliction of torture on reaching maturity originated from the habit of making scars artificially in imitation of scars bequeathed by battle. If self-injury to avoid service in war has in all times been frequent among those lacking courage, we may reasonably infer that among the more courageous who had received no wounds, self-injury might be not infrequent, where there was gained by it that character for bravery desired above everything. Though at first secret and exceptional, the reputation achieved might make it gradually more common, and at length general; until, finally, public opinion, vented against those who did not follow it, made the usage peremptory. When we read in Dobrizhoffer that among the Abipones, “boys of seven years old pierce their little arms in imitation of their parents, and display plenty of wounds,” we are shown the rise of a feeling, and a consequent practice, which, growing, may end in a system of initiatory tortures at manhood. Hence, when of the Arawaks Schomburgk tells us that after a Mariquarri dance the blood will be running down their swollen calves, and strips of skin and muscle hang down the mangled limbs, we may suspect that in this and kindred self-mutilations we see an outcome of the ambition to bear honourable scars. Though when the scars, being borne by all, are no longer distinctive, discipline in endurance comes to be the reason given for inflicting them, this cannot well have been the original reason; since primitive men, improvident in all ways, are very unlikely to have deliberately devised and instituted a usage with a view to a foreseen distant benefit: the assumption of anything like a legislative act is inadmissible.

However this may be, we have here a second origin for certain kinds of mutilations. And hence a probable reason why markings on the skin, though generally badges of subordination, become in some cases honourable distinctions and occasionally signs of rank.

Something must be added concerning a secondary motive for mutilation; parallel to, or sequent upon, a secondary motive for taking trophies.

In the last chapter we inferred that, prompted by his belief that the spirit pervades all parts of the corpse, the savage preserves relics of dead enemies partly in the expectation that he will be enabled thereby to coerce their spirits—if not himself, still by the help of the medicine-man. He has a parallel reason for preserving a part cut

from one whom he has enslaved: both he and the slave think that he so obtains a power to inflict injury. When we find that the sorcerer's first step is to procure some hair or nail-parings of his victim, or else some piece of his dress pervaded by that odour which is identified with his spirit, it appears to be a necessary corollary that the master who keeps by him the tooth of a slave, a joint of his finger, or even a lock of his hair, thereby retains a power of delivering him over to the necromancer, who may bring on him one or other fearful evil—torture by demons, disease, death.

Thus it seems possible that where the part cut off is preserved, mutilation has a secondary governmental effect. The subjugated man is made obedient by a dread akin to that which Caliban expresses of Prospero's magically inflicted torments.

The evidence that bodily mutilation of the living has been a sequence of trophy-taking from the dead is thus at once abundant and varied. As the taking of the trophy implies victory carried even to the death, the derived practice of cutting off a part from the living prisoner comes to imply subjugation; and eventually the voluntary surrender of such a part expresses submission, and becomes a propitiatory ceremony because it does this.

Hands are cut off from dead enemies; and, answering to this, besides some identical mutilations of criminals, we have the cutting-off of fingers or portions of fingers, to pacify living chiefs, deceased persons, and gods. Noses are among the trophies taken from slain foes; and we have loss of noses inflicted on prisoners, on slaves, on transgressors of certain kinds. Ears are brought back from the battle-field; and occasionally they are cut off from prisoners, criminals, or slaves; while there are peoples among whom pierced ears mark the servant or the subject. Jaws and teeth, too, are trophies; and teeth, in some cases knocked out in propitiation of a dead chief, are, in various other cases, knocked out by a priest as a quasi-religious ceremony. Most prevalent and complete is the evidence furnished by mutilation of the hair. Scalps are taken from killed enemies, and sometimes their hair is used to decorate a victor's dress; and then come various sequences. Here the enslaved have their heads cropped; here scalp-locks are worn subject to a chief's ownership, and these are demanded in sign of submission; while, elsewhere, men are shorn of their beards to ornament the robe of a superior: unshorn hair being thus rendered a mark of rank. Among numerous peoples, hair is sacrificed to propitiate the ghosts of relatives; whole tribes cut it on the deaths of their chiefs or kings; it is yielded up to express subjection to deities; occasionally it is offered to a living superior in token of respect; and this complimentary offering is extended to others. Similarly with genital mutilations, there is a like taking of parts

from slain enemies and from living prisoners; and there is a presentation of them to kings and to gods. Nor is it otherwise with mutilations of another class. Self-bleeding, initiated partly, perhaps, by cannibalism, but more extensively by the mutual giving of blood in pledge of loyalty, enters into several ceremonies expressing subordination: we find it occurring in propitiation of ghosts and of gods, and occasionally as a compliment to living persons. Naturally it is the same with the resulting marks. Originally indefinite in form and place, but rendered definite by custom, and at length often decorative, these healed wounds, at first entailed only on relatives of deceased persons, then on all the followers of a man who was much feared while alive, so became marks expressive of subjection to a dead ruler, and eventually to a god: thus growing into tribal and national marks.

If, as we have seen, trophy-taking as a sequence of conquest enters as a factor into those governmental restraints which conquest initiates, it is to be inferred that the mutilations originated by trophy-taking will do the like. The evidence justifies this inference. Beginning as marks of personal slavery, and becoming marks of political and religious subordination, they play a part like that of oaths of fealty and pious self-dedications. Moreover, being public acknowledgments of submission to a ruler, visible or invisible, they enforce authority by making conspicuous to all eyes the extent of his sway. And where they signify class-subordination, as well as where they show the subjugation of criminals, they further strengthen the hands of the regulative agency.

If mutilations originate as alleged, we may expect to find some connection between the extent to which they are carried and the social type as simple or compound, militant or industrial. On grouping the facts as presented by fifty-two peoples, the connection emerges with as much clearness as can be expected. In the first place, since the development of mutilation as a custom goes with conquest, and resulting aggregation, it is inferable that simple societies, however savage, will be less characterized by it than the larger savage societies compounded out of them, and less than even the semi-civilized societies. This proves to be true. Of peoples who form simple societies that practise mutilation either not at all or in slight forms, I find, among races wholly unallied, eleven—Fuegians, Veddas, Andamanese, Dyaks, Todas, Gonds, Santals, Bodo and Dhimals, Mishmis, Kamstchadales, Snake Indians; and these are characterized throughout either by absence of chieftainship, or by chieftainship of an unsettled kind. Meanwhile, of peoples who mutilate little or not at all, I find but two in the class of compound societies; of which one, the Kirghiz, is characterized by a wandering life that makes subordina-

tion difficult; and the other, the Iroquois, had a republican form of government. Of societies practising mutilations that are moderate, the simple are relatively fewer, and the compound relatively more numerous: of the one class there are ten—Tasmanians, Tannese, New Guinea people, Karens, Nagas, Ostyaks, Esquimaux, Chinooks, Comanches, Chippewayans; while of the other class there are five—New Zealanders, East Africans, Khonds, Kukis, Kalmucks. And of these it is to be remarked, that in the one class the simple headship, and in the other class the compound headship, is unstable. On coming to the societies distinguished by severer mutilations, we find these relations reversed. Among the simple I can name but three—the New Caledonians (among whom, however, the severer mutilation is not general), the Bushmen (who are believed to have lapsed from a higher social state), and the Australians (who have, I believe, similarly lapsed); while, among the compound, twenty-one may be named—Fijians, Sandwich Islanders, Tahitians, Tongans, Samoans, Javans, Sumatrans, Malagasy, Hottentots, Damaras, Bechuanas, Kuffirs, Congo people, Coast Negroes, Inland Negroes, Dahomans, Ashantees, Fulahs, Abyssinians, Arabs, Dacotahs. Social consolidation being habitually effected by conquest, and compound and doubly-compound societies being therefore, during early states, militant in their activities and types of structure, it follows that the connection of the custom of mutilation with the size of the society is indirect, while that with its type is direct. And this the facts show us. If we put side by side those societies which are most unlike in respect of the practice of mutilation, we find them to be those which are most unlike as being wholly unmilitant in organization, and wholly militant in organization. At the one extreme we have the Veddas, Todas, Bodo and Dhimals; while, at the other extreme, we have the Fijians, Abyssinians, and Ancient Mexicans.

Derived from trophy-taking, and developing with the development of the militant type, mutilation must, by implication, decrease as fast as the societies consolidated by militancy become less militant, and disappear as the industrial type of structure evolves. That they do so, European history at large may be assigned in proof. And it is significant that in our own society, now predominantly industrial, such slight mutilations as continue are connected with that regulative part of the organization which militancy has bequeathed: there survive only the now-meaningless tattooings of sailors, the branding of deserters, and the cropping of the heads of felons.

HERBERT SPENCER.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A MONTH of unsurpassed tension has been followed by a deep and sudden lull, and men's minds are more free than they have been for many months to survey the situation. The lull may end at any moment, and be succeeded by another outburst of vague anger and a new blaze of straw. But for the hour there is an opportunity of viewing the position calmly. The war between Russia and Turkey came to an end on the last day of last month, when the preliminaries of peace were signed at Adrianople by the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Turkish plenipotentiaries. The conditions of the armistice are such as to make it impossible for the Turkish government to resume the contest, however hard the terms of peace that may be finally imposed upon them. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the conditions of the armistice. Only one point about the armistice is important to recollect, namely that the delay in the signature was due to no perfidious design on the part of Russia, but solely to the prolonged communications which were natural enough between the Turkish representatives at Adrianople and their government at Constantinople. The dilatory publication of the terms was most unfortunate in its effect upon English opinion, but it is now clear that the Russian advance, which this delay was supposed to be deliberately intended to cover, was in fact only within the conditions of the armistice itself.

It is the preliminaries of peace, however, also signed on the thirty-first of January, which are the important element of the situation. They define the issues which the termination of the military struggle has prepared for discussion among the European Powers. After a bloody spasm of war, the thread is taken up where it was left at the Conference of Constantinople. The preliminaries of peace of January 31st, 1878, are the new form of the proposals pressed upon the Porte in January, 1877.

It has been truly said that there is much disputable ground left wide open by more than one of the clauses. They have no air, however, of being more loose than the delicacy and complexity of the matter necessitates. Nothing can be more irrational, whether in the head of the most sanguine enemy of Turkey or of the most rancorous enemy of Russia, than to dream that such a group of problems as are contained in the Eastern Question can be solved in half-a-dozen smoothly worded propositions; and that the succession to the Turkish empire can be settled without a hundred profound and inevitable embarrassments. These embarrassments lie in the very nature of the questions themselves, and would hardly be a whit less perplexing if the government of each of the countries concerned were as able, as singleminded, and as straightforward as its most staunch admirers could contend. The violent gusts of suspicion that have on two or three occasions swept over England during the last month were not to be wondered at, if we consider the trouble that has been taken to

inflare public opinion against Russia. The only wonder is that opinion has on the whole remained so steady, and returned with such uniformity to the wise position that the defeat of Turkey was a work that we could not interrupt, even if it was no business of ours to accelerate it. These gusts have subsided, and men will have once more to sit down steadily to look the fundamental difficulties of the Eastern Question in the face. They exist in almost overwhelming force, quite apart from the selfishness, cunning, or dishonesty so freely imputed to the statesmen who will have to find some way out of them; and it seems both mischievous and childish to attempt to narrow the public consideration of so immense a matter as the settlement of Eastern Europe down to malignant, unproved, and unproveable suspicions of foreign governments.

In trade, men of the largest experience and the greatest success always tell you that it is a fatal mistake to deal with every man as if he sought to cheat you; people have a keen eye to their own interests, but most of them are passably honest. The same is true in international politics. Russia has selfish interests of her own; so has Germany; so has Austria; so even has our own virtuous and gentle land. But it does not follow that because a man's interests clash with yours, therefore he is faithless and unprincipled. If a recollection of this had prevailed among all Englishmen, as it has perhaps prevailed among most of them, we should have been spared some of the angry and ignoble scares that have disturbed the surface of our national self-possession during February.

It would have spared us that deplorable scene in the House of Commons (Feb. 7) when on the strength of nothing more cogent than a telegram from Mr. Layard, the Liberal leaders lost their heads and withdrew Mr. Forster's amendment on the Vote of Credit. The amendment was a mistake from the beginning. It is now admitted on all hands that it would have been better to meet the vote by a direct negative. But as the amendment was resolved upon, it should have been adhered to. The eagerness with which Mr. Forster threw it over on the pretext of the Russian advance to Constantinople, only showed how little heart or conviction there was about it. And that the Russian advance was only seized as a pretext, and was not the true motive of the retreat, was made clear by Mr. Forster's refusal to stand to his guns, after the Chancellor of the Exchequer explained that the telegram had been wrongly interpreted. Mr. Bright's sagacity had already divined the true state of the case; he wondered "whether there was really any positive information which made the Government believe that whatever has occurred has not occurred by connivance with the Porte. That is the opinion which I should form from the circumstances. An armistice has been signed, the preliminaries of peace have been agreed upon, and there is, it is alleged, some advance of some portion of the Russian troops in the direction of Constantinople. And this leads me to the conclusion that it is a matter of

arrangement between the two Powers; that it is not on the part of Russia an act of war; and that it, therefore, in no degree changes the position as regards either the interest or the objects of this country." This proved to be perfectly true, and Mr. Bright was led to it not merely by intellectual acuteness, but by the great principle of which he has always been the steadfast spokesman, namely to judge the action of other European nations on the assumption that they are not less honest and not less sensible than we are. He has always insisted on patience, courtesy, moderation of language, even a wise silence when there was nothing expedient to be said, about foreign nations. In this very debate on the Vote of Credit he reminded his hearers of the huge responsibilities of parliamentary speech on international affairs, and pointed the much-needed admonition by the hint that if Russia possessed a parliament whose members indulged in such language about England as has been common from the Tory benches about Russia, a fury and hatred would be kindled that must make war inevitable.

Mr. Cross's singularly violent and unstatesmanlike denunciation of Russia was the "awful example" of the harsh and inequitable frame of mind which Mr. Bright condemned. To read Mr. Cross's speech in the light of the actual facts of the Russian advance, as we now know them, is not a pleasant exercise, when we remember that the speaker is one of the dozen men who have it in their power to commit the country to a war. And such a speech becomes the more objectionable when we discover that Mr. Cross had been aware ever since last July that this advance was within Russian intentions, as formally announced to the English Government, and was not resented by himself or his colleagues. So far as Russia is concerned, it has been a surprise to the kind of persons who cheered Mr. Hardy's explosive declamation, and who were thrown into raptures by the irresponsible ferocities of Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Hall, to find that the English government have known all along what the Russian demands were going to be. What secret terms between Russia and Turkey may prove to exist, nobody knows, nor whether there are any at all. So far, all that can be seen is that Russia presses terms of settlement which she made known to Lord Derby as the terms that she ultimately intended to press. The collapse of Turkey, the vacillations of the English cabinet, the reserve of Austria, had made no change in her plan of final solution. The Czar seeks the assent of Europe now to a settlement which commended itself to him long before he or the court party or the military party or any other mysterious phantom of our alarmists could have been "flushed with victory," "intoxicated with the insolence of success," or otherwise driven out of the course of sound and justifiable policy.

The settlement is one that, in spite of the immense difficulties that the condition of the heterogeneous empire of Austria imposes, plainly furnishes a practicable basis for a new establishment

in the south-east of Europe. Everybody feels that the Turkish Empire is now hopelessly shaken. The Sultan and the Porte can never be replaced in the position which they threw away at the Conference. That is too plain to be invisible even in the thick darkness of the Cave where the angrier malcontents of the Tory party play at Chauvinism and Spread-Eagle-ism. Even Mr. Layard, whose advice has been so disastrous to Turkey, must perceive to what he has brought them.

The speakers and writers who cry out most loudly about the horrors of the war of the last six months, are also, strange to say, exactly those who are most restlessly intent on extending their area in the future by lighting up a European conflagration, and most intent on minimising such compensation for the miseries of the past as would be furnished by withdrawing as large a tract of country as possible from the bad government of the Porte. The only thing that can compensate for the war is a good and a durable peace. The one great charge against the English government in the past, the one great danger in the future is that they have never seen, and are unlikely to see, that a good peace must be a peace involving a radical reversal of policy, a genuine revolution, in the traditions of the London Foreign Office.

The Danish War opened an era—which is not likely to be soon closed—of immense re-adjustment in Europe. The collapse of Turkey is only one episode in the movement, and possibly it will not end without the collapse of the Austrian Empire. The fault of the London Foreign Office is that it treats each crisis in this re-adjustment as if it were single and detached; a tiresome interruption of the old European order, and not a phase of the construction of a new order. Hence it produces not diplomacy, but only a sulky grumble; that is our contribution to the prodigious work that has been going on in Europe for the last fourteen years. There never was a moment when English diplomacy might have played a more effective part, if the English government would only clearly make up their minds what sort of Europe they hope or expect to come out of the present era of war, and if they would only firmly set to work to impress their own views on the other Powers. This is not done by foolish manœuvres with a fleet, nor with such trumpery as a Vote of Credit for six millions. It can only be done by ideas, and by ideas conformable to the nature of things and the true forces of the situation. But who can find the idea of a policy in the half-hearted see-saw that has been going on in Downing Street since the first crackling of the flame in Herzegovina? There is really nothing to hope from a Conference in which the English representative will be forbidden to think of a great stable Treaty that might settle Europe for twenty years to come, or to contribute even to the rudimentary scheme of such a settlement, and will be only expected to do as much as he can to setting up the broken Turkish pyramid once more on its apex.

However much many persons may dislike the situation which Russia has left for the Turks, and that which she has secured for herself, yet it cannot be pretended that it was not foreseen. Nor can it be pretended that such a situation can be effectively altered. If we commit the folly of going to war with Russia, and if we succeed in beating her, the essential conditions of the problem will be very slightly changed. We shall only have the East on our hands for our pains. The idea of England going to war on a question about the limits of the proposed Principality of Bulgaria is too absurd to be stated. The diplomatic struggle about the boundaries may be intricate and vehement enough, but Englishmen are not going to pay a shilling income-tax to prevent Kastoria and Greveno as well as Monastir from governing themselves. What does it matter to us whether the new Bulgaria stops at the Maritza defiles east of Philippopolis or runs down to the Aegean at Dédéagatsch? The wider the Principality the better. Mr. Layard, in his memorandum on Count Schouvaloff's memorable conversation with Lord Derby last summer, remarked that a huge Bulgaria would practically put an end to the Turkish Empire. But a moderate Bulgaria will do no less. Practically there is an end to the Turkish Empire, and to recognise this is to possess the key of the situation. Russia at last holds the Turkish government in the hollow of her hand. As Prince Bismarck said, "The armistice which has now been concluded gives the Russian army a consecutive position from the Danube to the Sea of Marmora, with the Danubian fortresses as its base—a fact which appears to me most important, and which has not been assailed from any quarter." Those who most firmly believe such a position full of inconveniences and danger to England and to Europe, are even more bound to accept it frankly as a preliminary to discovering means of meeting such inconveniences and dangers, than those who have no alarms about Russia, and who regard her descent to the south as being as natural as the migration of any other northern race towards the lands of the sun. We have only to say now what we have been saying all along, that those who most ardently wish and expect to keep a bad Russian government out of the succession to a bad Turkish government, are exactly those who ought to be most anxious to make the new Principality as strong as possible. Weak principalities are precisely what will make a strong Russia, and to resist proposals for making them as strong as possible is to show that the resisting party are not moved by statesmanlike policy, but by vindictive jealousy. If Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria cannot in the course of years to come form a sufficiently strong position, materially and morally, in the face of Europe to withstand Russian aggression, then that will be a reason for acquiescing in whatever may befall them. The weakness of the principalities hitherto has been due to the proximity of the Turks, and their inclination to Russia has been due to the fact that

Russia has been the only active friend that they have had in the world. There has been no fair experiment, and it is a singular instance of want of political resources, of political flexibility, of political common sense, that people should be found in the English parliament who, while seeing that the experiment is now inevitable, would like to have it tried under the most unpromising conditions, simply from an obstinate and sullen aversion to facing an unwelcome change in the distribution of European power.

The tone of Prince Bismarck's speech is full of strong sense. It is exactly what the speeches of Lord Beaconsfield should have been, even if Lord Beaconsfield disliked the proceedings of Russia. Substitute England for Germany, and how much better both for England and for Europe if the English minister had spoken in the spirit of the following sentences, and governed himself accordingly :—"If there have been many voices in the press, and if we have received other well-meant advice from this House to make our policy plainly known and coerce others to adopt it in one shape or another, I must say that I consider that to be more newspaper policy than State policy. I am not of the opinion that we ought to follow the Napoleonic course and desire to be, if not the arbiter, at least the schoolmaster of Europe." Compare this with the hollow and vapid braggadocio of the Prime Minister of England, and of his followers in parliament. If you say that England is a nation whose interests are at stake, the answer is that, however that may be, England has after all *done* no more than Germany, and has only made mischievous feints of doing. She has wisely shown no energy in action, but then why not have matched this by the dignity of self-control in speech? Yet Prince Bismarck made it clear enough that he was as alive as anybody to the interests that Germany has in the East. His language about the Danube and about the freedom of the Straits is not quite clearly reported, but it is tolerably easy to see what he was thinking of in the latter case. He spoke of the importance to Germany of the waterway to the Black Sea being free commercially. This must have had some side reference to the prohibitory policy of Russia on her land frontier—the one source of trouble between Russia and Germany since 1870—and must have meant that no restrictive regulations in any form could be permitted on German trading-ships, if Russia were to acquire control of the Straits or either exit of the Bosphorus. This is a solid German interest, and Prince Bismarck knows that Germany, placed as she is on Russia's flank, could very quickly make it respected, if the need arose. * And Austria? The German Chancellor believes that Austria will think twice before she goes to war in order to find herself left with the government of the Turkish provinces on her hands. If the anti-Slavonic part of her people are bent on resisting further Slavonic additions to the Empire, they will shrink from a war that must end—now that the Turkish government is

broken up—in something like an involuntary annexation, and the very result which they dislike. If there had been an Anglo-Austrian alliance to prevent the breaking up of the Turkish government, that would have been another thing. But such an alliance now would have no intelligible aim, and if it were successful it would mean war with Russia again as soon as ever Russia could be again ready for war. Finally, what is the interest of Russia? First, it will be best for her to be content with a settlement in which Austria and England may, however unwillingly, acquiesce, and acquiesce for good. She says, and rightly, ‘We have no inclination to expose ourselves, every ten to twenty years, to the necessity of a Turkish campaign, but we have just as little desire to see an Anglo-Austrian complication, recurring every ten to twenty years, substituted for it.’” Second, it will be less expedient, but it will be perfectly possible for her to be content with the beatitude of possession, in spite of Austria and England, and to trust to the chapter of accidents to break the opposition in course of years. Third, if the English and Austrians inflict crushing defeat on Russia, this may be the surest means of causing the same revival of national spirit and energy in Russia as was caused in Prussia by the defeat of Jena.

It would no doubt be a great error to assume that nations or their rulers are always guided by computations of their real interests. But at least this scientific kind of survey of the forces, alternatives, and probabilities, is worthy of a statesman.

Meanwhile, though it seems for the hour, even to Lord Beaconsfield himself, that the crisis will probably end in peace, it will be long before quiet observers forget the exhibition that the dangerous classes in this country have made of themselves. We have had a glimpse not soon to be forgotten of the temper of the people who haunt courts, and make up the opinion of clubs and country houses. It is not merely that they take one view of the Eastern Question, and we take another. It is their contempt for freedom, their resentment against principles, their rancour against justice, their desperate blindness to the great moving forces in Europe. These are the things that astonish one. We might take as a curious illustration of this bad spirit the tone of a recent utterance by Sir Garnet Wolseley. He cannot write about the French army without sprinkling his pages over with unwise impertinences about the Republicans of France. “It remains to be seen whether, if the party which now commands a majority in the Chamber obtain the control of military affairs, it will carry out this law impartially, or use it as a cover for Republican jobbery, regardless of the interests of the army.” “If Marshal MacMahon fails, it is possible that the army may be used as a stalking-horse for Republican jobbery, and that its direction may pass into the hands of men more desirous of party success than of national strength and greatness.” Calumnious nonsense of this kind should

to veterans who are too old to unlearn the prejudices of the last century, and to subalterns who are too young to form serious judgments outside of the sporting newspapers. Sir Garnet Wolseley has filled, and now fills, responsible posts, and he should know how to discuss the scientific technicalities of his own profession without introducing the crude politics of the Aldershott hut. It is a pity that a member of the Indian Council should borrow the temper of the *Figaro* and the *Monde*, and it is the more a pity because he does not at the same time borrow either their vigour or their point. We might have expected him to remember that it was exactly those officers who delighted to vapour and swagger about *avocats* and republicans under the Empire, who seven years ago brought defeat and ruin upon France by their own ignorance, presumption, and incompetence. If he had followed French affairs with decent attention since that defeat, Sir Garnet Wolseley would have known that even the extreme section of the republican party have invariably, and without a single instance to the contrary, sunk party differences in patriotic willingness to rely on the knowledge, and to assent to the requirements, of the military experts in the restoration of that strength which had been corrupted and broken by the Empire. Sir Garnet Wolseley, picking up the worn-out phrase of the second-rate newspapers of the boulevards, sneers at the "Ministry of *avocats*" who raised ghosts of armies after Sedan. We are no admirers of the policy of the resistance which was then offered, but it is rather surprising to find a soldier, of all people in the world, sneering at the only men who were resolute not to despair of their country, and who moreover, in the opinion of some who had better means of knowing the circumstances than Sir Garnet Wolseley can have had—to wit, some of the German leaders themselves—were more than once very near to accomplishing their object. The task was beyond them, but then to drive the Germans from before Paris was not exactly like driving a few poor naked savages out of Coomassie. And the task was not made easier for patriotic *avocats* by the treason of imperial marshals. Perhaps Sir Garnet Wolseley would agree that the black coat of the republican *avocat* was a more respectable decoration than the gold epaulets of the imperialist soldier, on the day of the surrender of Metz.

The want of intelligence in all such talk as this is at least as curious as its moral friendliness to a régime of violence, corruption, and deadly failure. And this want of intelligence in the war-party is just what has been the most striking thing about them ever since the Eastern crisis set in. Witness the pass of ruin to which their friendship has brought the Turks, and the ridicule and humiliation which their shrill cries and impotent bustling have brought upon the name of England.



THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CXXXVI. NEW SERIES.—APRIL 1, 1878.

THE POLITICAL ADVENTURES OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

I.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S career has been reviewed at different stages of it by many able critics and biographers variously affected to their subject. Perhaps the time has now come when it may be expedient to take another survey of it. Lord Beaconsfield has reached a point beyond which it is not constitutionally possible that he should pass. He cannot be more than Prime Minister of England and a peer of the realm. Whatever be the duration of his premiership and his parliamentary life, his career will simply be continued; it can scarcely have new features. The point will be lengthened into a line, and that is all. The record is not closed, but there cannot be much to add to it of a kind likely to affect its general character or the public judgment. Lord Beaconsfield has been the subject of bitter attack and of unscrupulous praise. His career has been described as demoralising to the national character, and as lowering the standard and aims of English politics. We should say that it is rather un-moralising than demoralising. We are, at any rate, not conscious of depraving influences as the result of a continuous survey of it; its effects seem to be merely privative. Lord Beaconsfield appears somehow or other to be outside the sphere of moral judgment. You do not, as a too indulgent critic said of the dramatists of the Restoration, get into a world in which considerations of right and wrong have no place, but you see introduced into the affairs of the ordinary world a creature to whom apparently these considerations do not apply. Like the Sorcerer, in Mr. Gilbert's play, he moves about taking part in all that concerns men's businesses and bosoms, wearing the dress, speaking the language, using the slang, and not exempt from the other vulgarities of ordinary life. Still you feel that he has come from another world, and that he is to be judged by the law of his domicile, wherever that may be, rather than by the rule according

to which Englishmen pass moral sentence upon each other. Robin Goodfellow, or the Elfin King, or any other weird or graceful creature of extra-natural superstition, seems to have as much connection with our prosaic world as the Earl of Beaconsfield. If some fine day he should cast aside his peer's robes, and the dull vesture of decay which seems to hem him in less closely and more incongruously than it sits upon other men, and if he should appear in a blaze of light as the Genius of the Gardens of Joy, or descend in red fire through a trap-door, the transformation would not appear more strange or theatrical than many incidents of his history. On the whole, we are not disposed to think that Lord Beaconsfield has done as much harm to political morality as might be thought likely. People have declined to think of political morality in connection with him; they have found it impossible to associate the two ideas, and therefore it has escaped injury or deterioration. He has done most mischief by the sort of charm which he has exercised over creatures of a different sphere. He has tempted ungainly mortals of respectable character, successful parliamentary lawyers, and squires moulded out of their own heavy clays, to imitate his wanton and sportive gambols with a result to which no *Æsopian* fable can do justice. He has done Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Henry Chaplin much harm. On the other hand, he has been of some use to the British public. He has helped to prevent them from taking life and politics too ponderously; he has stimulated their sense of wonder, and applied incentives to the somewhat slow and feeble imagination of a rather dull and prosaic community. From the beginning Lord Beaconsfield has at least never failed to pique curiosity. We propose to try and satisfy it by following, in two or three articles, his political life. Before essaying to do so, it may be well to endeavour to get some general idea of the influences of race, of ancestry, and of contemporary circumstances which at least contributed to make the man what he was and is. Lord Beaconsfield's parliamentary career began with the first session of the first parliament of the present reign. In some respects no single life more instructively connects and illustrates the various aspects of the Victorian epoch of our history.

Very early in his career, Lord Beaconsfield—or as he then used to style himself, Disraeli the Younger—published a pamphlet with the title, "What is He?" The He in question was of course Mr. Disraeli, who has always been a good deal occupied with himself. The inquiry to which in this instance he volunteered a reply is said to have been made in conversation by the late Earl Grey. The Whig chief had heard with amazement, and probably some feeling of half articulate indignation, of a young man unknown in the lobbies and saloons, unvouched for either by Mr. Ellice or by Lady Holland,

who had ventured to stand against one of Lord Grey's sons as a candidate for High Wycombe, that "very respectable street" which subsequently had the honour of being represented by Mr. Bernal Osborne, who paid historic tribute to it in the phrase which we have just quoted. On a later occasion, when a candidate for another constituency, Mr. Disraeli explained to a plebeian inquirer, as curious as Lord Grey, that High Wycombe was a borough in Buckinghamshire belonging to his father, who, he added with a certain territorial pride which has marked him through his career, owned property in three counties. Since Dogberry modestly vaunted his possession of two gowns and everything handsome about him, a more ingenuously pleasing declaration has not been made. Unhappily the pamphlet in which the younger Disraeli stood and unfolded himself for the edification of Lord Grey has perished. It is unknown to the shelves of the British Museum. It remains dispersed over a multitude of scattered trunks, defying the industry of the most indefatigable collector to bring them together and to reconstruct it. The loss is to be deplored. In this little work Lord Beaconsfield stood forth, avowing in substance: "I am my own interpreter, and I will make it plain."

The pamphlet is probably, like its author, unique in English, or in any other literature. There have been men in abundance who have written apologies and confessions, some of which the world could have very well spared. They have given an account of the things they have done and of the motives by which they were actuated. Lord Beaconsfield took a different course. He began his career by writing a preface to a life of which scarcely the first pages were composed, and of which nobody had at that time shown any disposition to turn the leaves. In one of his essays, Dr. James Martineau refers to a German play in which Adam is introduced crossing the stage, going to be created. This is something like the position in which Mr. Disraeli presents himself in this early explanation of himself to the wondering mind of the old Whig peer. The loss of Mr. Disraeli's early treatise upon himself is irreparable, and there is no use in shedding more tears over it. In one sense the pamphlet and the question to which it offers a reply may be considered as prefiguring the attitude of the public to Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Beaconsfield's attitude towards himself. For fifty years "the great lubber," as he somewhere styles the nation which has made him Prime Minister, has been rubbing its eyes and scratching its head, and asking, with a perplexed amazement like Lord Grey's, "What is He?" Lord Beaconsfield in his turn has made reply, during half a century, in speeches and essays and novels, which together form a considerable bulk of literature. Still his countrymen ask, "What is

he?" So we get no further. He is himself alone. To explain is to refer to more general categories. Lord Beaconsfield can scarcely be classified; no one but himself can be his parallel.

Nevertheless attempts have been made from time to time to gather together the scattered voices and to put some sort of interpretation upon them. They are likely to be continued. An enigma however trivial, a mystery however worthless, piques curiosity; and Lord Beaconsfield's strange character and fortunes, neither trivial nor worthless, will always possess a certain degree of interest for the student of human nature in its more eccentric and whimsical developments. In the dull succession of arch mediocrities who for the greater part make up the list of English prime ministers, his fantastic figure must always draw attention and stimulate speculation. How he came to be what he was and where he is, is likely to be a theme of mildly renewed surprise and conjectural explanation for many generations. A Hebrew proverb which Lord Beaconsfield quotes in one of his novels, speaking of what is to happen in the fulness of time, announces that "We shall yet see an ass mount a ladder." We are reluctant to quote the proverb in this connection; but the ass, it must be remembered, is in the East a very fleet, spirited, and beautiful creature, and is held there in high and just esteem. Lord Beaconsfield, if we recollect rightly, applies the proverb to the wonderful elevation of his own wonderful Alroy, who, from being the prince of the captivity, became the King of Judah and the deliverer of his people. In a similar sense, and disembarrassed of the injurious associations with which centuries of oppression and domestic servitude have surrounded a once noble and still useful quadruped, the image may be applied to Lord Beaconsfield. The Hebrew proverb has received its fulfilment: we have seen the ass mount the ladder. Not only so, he has maintained himself there as if the posture and situation were natural. This personal elevation may, perhaps, be considered as part of a more general phenomenon. It applies not only to Lord Beaconsfield, but to the historic race of which he is one of the most remarkable illustrative ornaments. Some time ago a respectable member of Parliament in arguing some question, we forget what, found it necessary to recall to the recollection of his hearers the historic fact that we do not now live under the Mosaic dispensation. Lord Beaconsfield held office at the time, and gazed at the orator from the Treasury bench. The Opposition laughed. Even the docile ministerialists tittered and coughed. The impression seemed to prevail that we do live in some sense under a Mosaic dispensation. In administration, in finance, and in journalism, Jewish influences notoriously shape and guide English politics. This is not a new thing in European history,

though in England it is now more pronounced and obvious than it has ever been before. The phenomenon itself, however, is two thousand years old. In the latest volume of his *Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*, M. Renan, speaking of Josephus, says: "Il avait cette facilité superficielle qui fait que le Juif, transporté dans une civilisation qui lui est étrangère, se met avec une merveilleuse prestesse au courant des idées au milieu desquelles il se trouve jeté, et voit par quel côté il peut les exploiter." The same phenomenon is observable now. The politicians and journalists who carry on the largest trade in patriotic phrases and national prejudices, are Jews who, like Josephus, transported into a civilisation which is foreign to them have placed themselves with marvellous dexterity in the current of the ideas which float about them in order to find a means of turning them to account. In one of his early papers, Thackeray describes an incident at a city dinner: "The Royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the national anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them personally in mentioning that this eminently religious hymn was performed by Messrs. Shadrach and Meshech, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion." Later in the evening, "the elderly Hebrew gentleman before mentioned began striking up a wild patriotic ditty about the 'Queen of the Isles' on whose sea-girt shores the bright sun smiles and the ocean roars, whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a people true who scorned all foes." Practically this has been the course of politics during the last two years. The parliamentary Shadrachs and the journalistic Meshechs have been singing the national anthem and patriotic melodies to an amused and excited audience who have shouted and banged their glasses, and have believed in the spontaneity and disinterestedness and genuine British feeling of Shadrach and Meshech and the other Hebrew gentleman, who pays these pipers.

Everybody who has read Lord Beaconsfield's novels must recollect one of the cleverest things in any of them,—the conversation in Tancred about *The Revelations of Chaos*, a work which occupied the world of Lord Beaconsfield's characters at the time when the world of flesh and blood was talking about *The Vestiges of Creation*. "You know all is development: the principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then, I forget the next, I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came. Let me see—did we come next? Never mind that, we came at last: and the next change, there will be something very superior to us; something with wings. Ah, that's it: we were fishes and I believe we shall be crows." No one, however proud he may be of having been a fish, or however anxious he may be to

become a crow, can object to banter of this kind which, like the noises in Prospero's island, "gives delight and hurts not" even the doctrine which it plays with. Earlier, however, in his course of philosophic speculation, Lord Beaconsfield had professed a different theory, which has more affinity than his later view with what is fundamental in his writings, and especially with his doctrine of race. In *Contarini Fleming* he sets forth the proposition that "the various tribes (of men) that people this globe, in all probability spring from different animals." Civilisation, he complains, has deserted the regions and intellects she once most favoured. The Persians, the Arabs, the Greeks are now unlettered slaves in barbarous lands. "The arts are yielded to the flat-nosed Franks." Lord Beaconsfield has never been able to get over his dislike, or even to refrain from the expression of his deep-seated repugnance for the unfortunate Frankish nose. "And they toil and study and invent theories to account for their own incompetence. Now it is the climate, now the religion, now the government; everything but the mortifying suspicion that their organization may be different; that they may be as distinct a race from their models as they undoubtedly are from the Kalmuck and the negro." We may admit to Lord Beaconsfield that distinctions of race, whether they be aboriginal or derivative, of animal or of circumstantial origin, have at last been formed, and ought to be taken into account. There is no one from a consideration of whose life they can be less safely omitted than from his own. There is little need of reserve on the subject, for Lord Beaconsfield has practised none himself, and his relations to his own people are the most honourable and attractive element in his story.

Lord Beaconsfield is the most remarkable illustration of his own doctrine of the ascendancy of Hebrew genius in modern Europe. The latest philosophy propounds that what is peculiar to himself in each individual is really a smaller part of him than the qualities which he derives from his personal ancestry and the race to which he and they belong. Lord Beaconsfield unites, in a manner which the history of his family explains, the qualities of the Hebrew and of the "super-subtle Venetian." In the sketch of his father's life which is prefixed to one of the editions of the *Curiosities of Literature*, he narrates the fortunes of his house. In the fifteenth century, some of his ancestors, driven from Spain by Torquemada and the Inquisition, took refuge in Venice. During two centuries they remained there. Possibly sufficiently careful research might detect some trace of them in the relics of the old Hebrew burial-ground on the Lido. Like Timon "entombed upon the very hem of the sea," these poor Jews have "nth" their everlasting mansion upon the beached

verge of the salt flood." Slabs of stone, half buried into the earth or covered with grass and creeping vegetation, recall in their often still legible Hebrew characters the names and families of the Jews banished in their death from the society in which they were barely tolerated during their lives. The favourable position of Mr. Pelham gave a new opening to Jewish enterprise in England towards the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1749 Benjamin Disraeli, the grandfather of the present Prime Minister, who may, perhaps, have had Shylock or Tubal among his ancestors, settled in England. At this time, Lord Beaconsfield records, "There might be found, among other Jewish families flourishing in this country, the Villa Reals, who brought wealth to these shores almost as great as their name, though that is the second in Portugal, and who have twice allied themselves with the English aristocracy: the Medinas, the Laras, who were our kinsmen, and the Mendez de Costas, who, I believe, still exist." Mr. Pelham's good intentions bore fruit, but not very lasting fruit. The Jews' Naturalisation Bill, which he succeeded in passing in 1753, was repealed the next year after his death by the Duke of Newcastle, under the influence of a popular and ecclesiastical clamour which must have taught the Venetian emigrant that he had little to expect from liberal opinion in England. Sir John Barnard put the conclusive argument that if the Jews were allowed to hold land in this country, all security would be gone for the maintenance of Christianity as the fashionable religion. But the argument of the streets was yet more decisive. Political recognition would probably have cost the Jews such social toleration as they enjoyed by the connivance of interest rather than that of generosity or friendship. If the policy of Mr. Pelham had been persisted in and extended, the character and career of the present Prime Minister might have been very different from that which we propose to examine. The Jewish families, his among the rest, were forced to remain foreigners and Israelites. They were not allowed to become Englishmen. The development of a new species, by the process of evolution and transformation, is, according to the most trustworthy authorities in natural history, a very slow one, except in cases of very rare flexibility. There has not yet been time for the conversion of the Jew into the true Briton. This would require Ovid's metamorphosis, and not Darwin's. Certainly a century and a quarter of residence in England on the part of his ancestors and himself has left little trace on the mind and character of Lord Beaconsfield. He is in almost every essential point far more of a Venetian and a Jew than of an Englishman. The two cities to which his imagination stretches backwards most constantly and affectionately are Jerusalem and Venice. They enter into his political visions, in which Lord

Beaconsfield takes things a great deal more seriously than he does his dealings with practical English politics, in which there is always a great deal of make-believe, too obvious to be called deceptive. Thackeray has remarked upon the odd fate which sent Mr. G. P. R. James as consul to the only city in Europe in which it would be impossible for him to encounter the two horsemen, at least with their horses, who figure on the first page of nearly all his romances. It was an odder destiny which derived the champion of the British territorial interest and landed aristocracy from a race debarred from owning property in land, and from a city in which from the nature of the case a territorial aristocracy could not exist. Perhaps the principle of reaction and antagonism made the descendant of a family of Venetian Jews, the champion and representative of the large-aced lords and squires of England. More probably it was his possession in the nineteenth century of that faculty which Renan has noted in the Jew of the first century. It is another instance of the wonderful dexterity of the Hebrew in throwing himself into the current of ideas foreign to him, and of humouring the prejudices of the people among whom he may be thrown for his own advantage.

Lord Beaconsfield has described the home of his grandfather at Enfield in a few delicate yet distinct touches. The Venetian settler was a zealous man of business and an accomplished man of the world. He occupied himself impartially in trade and pleasure, dividing his time between activity in making a fortune and the sweet indolence of its enjoyment. He laid out an Italian garden at Enfield, he played whist with Sir Horace Mann, he ate macaroni which was dressed by the Venetian consul—who, we hope, was worthy of the confidence thus reposed in him, and dressed his macaroni as skilfully as the Prime Minister in Contarini Fleming was reported to have made cream cheeses. Lord Beaconsfield, who was a lad of twelve when his grandfather died, draws his character with evident sympathy for it, both in its fine gentleman or macaroni aspect, and on its more strenuous business side. Perhaps there is some consciousness of inherited qualities and aptitudes in his delineation of the Venetian emigrant as a man of "ardent character, sanguine, courageous, speculative and fortunate; with a temper which no disappointment could disturb and a brain amid reverses full of resource." In the sketch of his father there is more tenderness, and even a touch of something like affectionate compassion. Isaac Disraeli lived only in his library and his literary projects, careless of the politics of the day, and indeed utterly unintelligent of them. In these two men it is not perhaps fanciful to trace, in addition to the workings of natural character and tastes, the influences of isolation from the society in which they lived, owing to the prejudices of race, religion,

and the undefined social prescription thence derived, which hemmed in them in a sort of moral Ghetto or Juden Strasse. The grandfather sought a refuge in the ordinary commercial enterprises of the Jew and in the amusements of the exile. The father fled from his own world and his own time into the past and to his books. A sense of isolation and detachment was apparently impressed upon the household.

But to complete the understanding of the silent influence of persons and feelings which is likely to have contributed insensibly to shape the character and aims of the lad who was afterwards to be Prime Minister of England, another figure needs to be sketched in the family group. Lord Beaconsfield has not omitted it from his picture of a Jewish interior, though it must have required some courage to draw its outlines, as he has done, with stern strokes and an unflinching hand. In the two men, father and son, we see the flexible and accommodating nature of the Jew who bows to circumstances, and with a patient shrug lets the world pass in which he is disinherited and proscribed. But the Jewish character has another side than that of accommodation and acquiescence. It has a fierceness of hate and resentment which, when it cannot wreak its passions upon its enemies and persecutors, preys upon and rends itself. Lord Beaconsfield describes his grandmother as hating her race, and as detesting the very name which her marriage had given her, and which was a perpetual witness of her Jewish connexions. He adds that she was "so mortified by her social position that she lived until eighty without indulging a tender expression." It is perhaps from this strange figure, in which it is easy to recognise in an introverted form the stern lineaments that have marked the zealots and fanatics of the race, that the author of *Daniel Deronda* has drawn the Jew-hating Jewess who is the mother of her hero. Lord Beaconsfield had never probably at any period of his career much in common with the amiable walking gentleman whom the genius of George Eliot has vainly endeavoured to convert into a man of thought and action. But *Daniel Deronda* could not more thoroughly and openly avow the ties of blood, which in spite of an ostensibly Christian profession and training bound him to his people, than Lord Beaconsfield has always done. So far as has depended upon himself, he has been faithful to the purpose of his ancestors, who on their escape from Spain to Venice "assumed the name of Disraeli, a name never borne before or since by any other family in order that their race might be for ever recognised." Lord Beaconsfield has never been untrue in spirit to this virtual vow of a persecuted house, "grateful to the God of Jacob, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them

through unheard-of perils." Perhaps on the whole, though the error is on the side of courage and manliness, he has been almost too ostentatiously faithful to it. Judaism and the Jews have been thrust by him with an almost unnecessary pertinacity into English politics and literature. The consciousness of his race and of their faith seems never to escape him. Lord Beaconsfield has made that a matter of honourable pride, and even occasionally of something like bravado, which was to his ancestress one of life-long shame and torment. He has never been able to leave the matter alone, and to consider the question of Jew or Gentile as a thing socially and politically indifferent. Perhaps this would have been impossible in the midst of the prejudices of race and religion by which he has been surrounded, and in face of the coarse insults which those prejudices have occasionally prompted. Lord Beaconsfield's conduct on this point during the whole of his political and literary career is entitled to genuine and cordial respect. Even the extravagances into which he has been betrayed are extravagances of courageous championship and of manly self-assertion. They deserve indulgent and tender treatment. No one can judge of them fairly who does not keep in mind the mortifying and sometimes painful and cruel domestic experiences out of which they have sprung. Of the builders of the Temple in Jerusalem it is recorded that "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders every one had his sword girded by his side and so builded." In rebuilding the fortunes of their race in Europe the Jews have laboured under precisely similar conditions. Toiling under the eyes of watchful and relentless enmity, with one of their hands they have wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. In no one has this militant attitude, half defensive, half offensive, but only aggressive for the sake of more effectual self-defence, been more conspicuous and successful than in Lord Beaconsfield. But the success is not personal merely or his alone. He is but the signal type, the prerogative instance of the completeness of the conquest by which the Jewish captivity, like captive Greece, has taken captive its fierce victor. Lord Beaconsfield has been in his way, not less than his Aloy, a Prince of the Captivity, and to have become Prime Minister of England, even at the cost of quitting the faith of his fathers, is not a less achievement than, like his hero, to have become caliph.

In literature, Lord Beaconsfield has been essentially a Jewish apologist; Josephus and the false Aristobulus simply anticipated his method, or rather he applied theirs with a difference. They set themselves to prove to an indifferent and laughing Gentile world that the

philosophy and morals of the Greek and Roman poets and sages were derived from the Hebrew Scriptures; and perpetrated not a few forgeries to make good their point. Lord Beaconsfield has with more boldness claimed as of Jewish race nearly all the most distinguished men of science and art, of thought and action, whom modern Europe has produced, and in doing so has been genealogically a rather credulous Apella. He has pleaded the cause of his race and original faith with one great advantage. He has done so as an ostensible convert to Christianity. But he is essentially, if we may use a distinction as old as the religion itself, a Hebrew and not a Gentile Christian. His view of the religion is perhaps rather peculiar in our day, whatever it may have been two thousand years ago. He apparently regards it as a kind of second part or continuation of Judaism, bearing the same sort of relation to it of affiliation and of inferiority as that which the second part of Faust sustains to the first; or which Paradise Regained has to Paradise Lost. The work is genuine; it is, perhaps, a necessary supplement to its predecessor and recompletion of it, but showing signs of the old age and the declining powers of the race from whose religious genius it has sprung. Of course, Lord Beaconsfield does not say as much as this. He does not even insinuate it. Nevertheless, an impression such as that we have conveyed is distinctly produced. If we may trust statements commonly made, Lord Beaconsfield owes in the main to accident his opportunity of pleading, in the character of a professor of the second part of the Jewish religion, on behalf of the social and personal claims and the civil rights of those of his race who accept only the first. Through a personal quarrel Isaac Disraeli broke off relations with the synagogue without entering into any relations with the Church. It is said that the Church of England is indebted to the good nature of that heathen money-changer and verse-maker, Samuel Rogers, for the presence of Lord Beaconsfield among its faithful sons. Rogers did not kidnap the young Benjamin Disraeli as the young Mortara was kidnapped. He was not consumed by any zeal for souls. Thinking it hard that an empty form should stand in the way of a clever boy's prospects, Rogers it is said, we do not know with what truth, took him off to St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. There it is certain that on 31st of July, 1817, Benjamin Disraeli, "said to be about twelve years of age," as the baptismal register records, was made perhaps as much of a Christian as he ever became. Whatever the instrumentality employed, Benjamin Disraeli became a member of the Church of England in the year 1817, and as such entered upon all the privileges, civil and political, which were still denied not only to Jews and unbelievers but to Papists and dissenters.

The discipline of a private academy, and, it is said, of a solicitor's office, were substituted in his case for that of the public school and the university. Whatever the loss to him may have been morally and socially, Lord Beaconsfield has never been deficient in those intellectual attainments which it is common to connect with university training—too exclusively, as the names of Mill and Grote have sufficiently shown even to a British House of Commons. It is perhaps to be regretted that what seems a premature inannishness should have thrust young Disraeli into the world of action and of authorship, when he would have been more naturally and profitably under the discipline of pupilage and spurred by the emulation and friendships of college life. A certain self-enclosure and isolation to which he has been prone through life might have been in some degree combated, if Lord Beaconsfield had ever been a boy among boys or a young man among young men. Silence and the concentrated self-absorption, which save at rare moments have marked him in Parliament and in general society, might have given way if more genial influences in early manhood had followed upon the unhappy experience to which his race and religion subjected his childhood. It would probably be a mistake to read the more remarkable of his earlier novels, *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming*, as directly and designedly autobiographic. If the author had been consciously drawing his own portrait in either, the lineaments would almost certainly have been more pleasing. The tone of mockery and burlesque with which the young heroes comment on their own proceedings would have been spared. It is quite obvious that the author of *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming* regards those young gentlemen as very often a pair of intolerably conceited and unamiable jackanapes, who would have been the better for a chastening. Unconsciously, however, the ideas over which the author's mind was brooding, ideas springing out of his own position in society and his relations to life, constantly appear. A very young writer who has had very little experience of mankind and the world, describes himself without knowing it because he has nothing else to describe. *Vivian Grey's* lament: "If I were the son of a millionaire or a noble, I might have all. Curse on my lot! that the want of a few rascal counters, the possession of a little rascal blood, should mar my fortune," is very likely, with the patriotic change of a single word, to have been on the lips of the younger Disraeli. In the preface to *Contarini Fleming*, again, the author sets forth one of the aims which he had in writing. He "endeavoured," he says, "to conceive a character whose position in life should be at variance and, as it were, in constant conflict with his temperament. . . . The combination that connected in one being Scandinavia and the South,

and made the image of a distant and most romantic city continually act upon a nervous temperament surrounded by the snows and forests of the north, though novel, it is believed, in literature, was by no means an impossible or even an improbable one." If we substitute the mist and rain of England for the snows and forests of Scandinavia, and conceive the image of Jerusalem as well as that of Venice constantly present to the mind of the exile, we have a combination not only possible in literature but actual in the author's own experience. Contarini Fleming grew out of a pilgrimage to the East and to Jerusalem, which took in Spain and Venice and all the ancestral lands through which the author's race and house had passed during the long wanderings of their exile. The feeling which animates the passage we have quoted from the preface of Contarini Fleming, finds constant expression all through the work. There is very likely no conscious personal identification of the author and the hero; but the pervading sentiment is for that all the deeper. "Some exemption," Contarini hopes, "from the sectarian prejudices which embitter life may be surely expected from one who, by a curious combination of circumstances, finds himself without country, without kindred; and without friends. Wherever I moved I looked around me and beheld a race different from myself. There was no sympathy between my frame and the rigid climate whither I had been brought to live." "Their blue eyes, their flaxen hair and their white visages claimed no kith and kindred with my Venetian countenance." Again Contarini declaims against "the vast quantity of dull, lowering, entangling ties that formed the great domestic mesh, and bound me to a country which I detested, covered me with a climate which killed me, surrounded me with manners with which I could not sympathize." In Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming the two barriers which stood in the way of political ambition are presented separately. In a plutocratic aristocracy a poor plebeian laments his possession of rascal blood, or blood more damaging than that of rascaldom, and his lack of rascal counters. In Scandinavia the hero meets the obstacle of foreign race and uncongenial temperament. The foreign adventurers who have been able to overcome difficulties such as these are the object of Contarini Fleming's most constant and earnest admiration. Alberoni and Ripperda are statesmen for whom something like enthusiasm is expressed. Lord Beaconsfield has been more lucky or more dexterous than either of these political fortune-hunters, between the latter of whom and himself there is a certain resemblance, especially in the theological speculations with which they have amused their leisure.

A character and a mind formed in the domestic and social circumstances out of which the stories of Vivian Grey and Contarini

Fleming naturally came, and which they expressed with a faithfulness all the greater for being undesigned, needed above all others the discipline of an English home, and would have been the better for the equal companionship of the public school and the university. By no one of these roots was Lord Beaconsfield fixed in British soil. He may be compared rather to one of those air-plants which draw their nourishment and take their colour from the atmosphere which surrounds them, and in which they float, but which lay no hold of the solid earth. Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming were written at some interval of time, the former appearing in 1826, the latter in 1831. There is, however, a certain natural connection between the two in the unwitting disclosure of their author's purpose and character which they contain. They reveal to us the aims and feelings with which their author entered upon the political career which we propose to review, and of which they are the preface. It is impossible to understand Lord Beaconsfield without them. It may not be possible quite to understand him with them. But neither the books nor the man can be comprehended or judged with due indulgence apart from each other. To the same literary period belong *The Young Duke*, *Alroy*, and *The Revolutionary Epic*. All these works seem to have been produced not because the writer was full of some theme or conception which claimed expression, but because he was a candidate for personal distinction, and was resolved to obtain it by one means or another. *The Revolutionary Epic* is suggested by the reflection that Homer having produced the heroic epic, and Virgil the political epic, Dante the national epic, and Milton the religious epic, for Disraeli the Younger there remained the revolutionary epic. In the event of the public failing to recognise, and to be quick about it, the poetic heir of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, the inspired poet pledged himself "without a pang to hurl his Lyre to Limbo," both of which words begin most fortunately and expressively with L. He had no desire to sing to a world which was as the deaf adder to the charmer. Repeating a remark which he had formerly put into the mouths of Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming, "I am not," he says, "one of those who find consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity." With Lord Beaconsfield it is all a question of applause. The title-page of the *Revolutionary Epic* sets forth in monumental style that it is "the work of Disraeli the Younger, author of the *Psychological Romance*," a species of composition of which Disraeli the Younger seems to have supposed that he was the inventor in Contarini Fleming. In that work he had set forth a doctrine of poetical expression which seems afterwards to have commended itself to Mr. Carlyle. Lord Beaconsfield holds, or then held, that the metrical

form of poetry is due to the fact that it was at first composed to be sung to the lyre, and that the artifices of diction and the barbaric clash of rhyme are ill adapted to an age in which reading has taken the place of recitation.

The Wonderful Tale of Alroy, which, however, does not want its artifices of diction, and its occasional clash of rhyme, was composed in its more impassioned portions on this principle. Disraeli the Younger was essentially an inventor and projector in literature. The craving for fame prompted one extravagant design after another. Expressed in the plainest terms, and urged with a reiteration which even the author's liveliness does not always rescue from tediousness in his early writings, Vivian Grey and Contarini Floming have no other aim in life than to be notorious and powerful, chiefly by duping or terrifying others. Contarini had a deep conviction that life would be intolerable unless he were the greatest of men. The desire of distinction and of astounding action raged in his infantile soul. Nor does he care to win by fair means. His description of a schoolboy fight and of his demeanour in it is prophetic of the spirit in which the writer's political gladiatorship has been conducted. It is the author of the Letters of Runnymede and the assailant of Sir Robert Peel who writes of this schoolboy struggle: "I would not have waited for their silly rules of mock-combat, but have destroyed him in his prostration." A similar indifference to the rules of the ring and to fair hitting has frequently been observable in Lord Beaconsfield's political encounters. Fame is essential to Contarini, though not posthumous fame. Whether it is to be won as a brigand or as a warrior, as a prime minister or as a revolutionary leader, as a diplomatist or as a conspirator, is a matter of only secondary moment. That may be as time and chance shall determine. The great thing is to wield authority conspicuously and magnificently, to be feared and to be envied. That this power is to be used for the good of others never for one moment occurs to the heroes of Lord Beaconsfield's early novels. It may be said that he is simply describing the wild notions and dreams with which the brains of boys swarm, while they are still in the merely predatory and animal stage which precedes the civilised and human one, in the development of individual character as well as of nature and society. We are quite ready to make such allowance as this consideration requires. But Lord Beaconsfield's heroes never pass into a further stage. There is no sign that he recognises one. It is quite easy to see the explanation of this shortcoming. The bonds of country and of class have from the very nature of the case scarcely existed for Lord Beaconsfield. The non-personal elements which bind most men by a thousand ties to the community of which they are members, and to

the lesser communities, local or of organized sentiment and opinion, into which every nation is divided, have been for him as if they were not. The circumstances of his birth, the legislation and social temper of the country to which his ancestry transferred themselves a century and a quarter since, the inherited qualities of a race whose habits of mind and character have been formed by nearly two thousand years of persecution and social slight, have hindered Lord Beaconsfield from cultivating that subordination of mere personal greed, whether of fame, or wealth, or power, to the well-being of a sect, a party, a class, a nation, without which a genuine community is impossible. In this moral banishment the social and even human element in man is suppressed, or grows up but feebly from its root in what is individual, self-seeking and animal. The one apparent exception in Lord Beaconsfield's case is, when properly viewed, simply an illustration of the general rule. He has been true to the Jewish people who are really his country and church. He has quitted them in semblance, but in so doing he has helped them, to plead for them the more effectually. For the rest a certain fidelity, as of a Swiss mercenary to the chief or party in whose service he has enlisted, belongs to him conspicuously.

It is scarcely Lord Beaconsfield's fault, all things considered, that his career has not been in its main features that of an English statesman, but rather that of a foreign political adventurer. An unfair standard is applied to it when it is judged by the tests by which we try politicians of English blood and training. The Philippe Daims, the Alberonis, the Ripperdas of countries and times different and remote from our own, are the politicians with whom at least during a great part of his public life he may most naturally and fairly be compared. Among political adventurers, admitting the lawfulness of the calling, he holds an intellectually conspicuous, and even by comparison a morally respectable place. The hatred of the Whig oligarchy which runs through the Letters of Runnymede, and which has inspired many a gibe and scoff from Lord Beaconsfield's lips and pen during half a century, is probably as genuine a sentiment as either he or any one else has ever entertained. It springs from the same root as his admiration of Bolingbroke. A personal rule, the monarchy of a patriot king holding himself above the strife of party, and therefore beyond its control, gives the adventurer and the favourite opportunities which it is not easy to find under any other system. It opens doors which an oligarchy, Venetian or Whig, tries to keep closed. Lord Beaconsfield has not only defended Bolingbroke's doctrines in his Letters to a Noble and Learned Lord in Vindication of the English Constitution, and elsewhere, but he has striven in later

years to give effect to them. He has done so, it is true, by the instrumentality of that very system of government by party, which in his more candid moments he decries, and of that aristocratic class for which he every now and then intimates a sort of good-natured contempt. Circumstances made Lord Beaconsfield a political soldier of fortune. In the reign of Queen Anne he would probably have been the pamphleteer of a faction. Under George III. he would have been the dependant and parliamentary spokesman of a great noble, as Barré was of Lord Shelburne, whom Lord Beaconsfield admires only less than he admires Bolingbroke, and in part for the same reasons. Under the reign of Queen Victoria he has passed through both these embryo stages, as is the law with fully developed animals. He has been the pamphleteer of a party, and the parliamentary spokesman of aristocratic chiefs. He was the Barré of Lord George Bentinck and of Lord Derby. But he has brought the art of political adventure to a higher point than it has reached in England since the full development of parliamentary institutions. Probably two things were needed for this perfect and final success. The formation under the personal and hereditary influences which we have endeavoured to trace of a typical adventurer was one of these conditions. The reign of a female sovereign was the other. It was Queen Anne who made Bolingbroke possible. Queen Victoria has been as essential to Lord Beaconsfield. The faint parody of Bolingbroke's career and doctrine which Lord Beaconsfield has been able to exhibit has required a state of things resembling, though but distantly, that which prevailed under the latest preceding Queen Regnant.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS IN AUSTRALASIA.

It was inevitable that, directly the Australian colonies emerged from the plantation stage of existence, and a native population had grown up which regarded them as its home, new and peculiar problems would arise which would test the political capacities of our race to the highest degree, and might, in their solution, afford examples which would as largely influence the course of government in Great Britain as the successful embodiment of republicanism in the United States has done. Such problems have already presented themselves; and their appearance has been hastened by the swift development of steam and telegraphic communication, which has vastly tended to consolidate society in the colonies. Five-and-twenty years ago, nine-tenths of the European inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand regarded those countries as mere camping-grounds for money-making purposes, and looked forward to a return to Great Britain as a matter of course. Now, nine-tenths of them treat the colonies as their homes, and political aspirations are awakened accordingly. They find themselves in new countries, freed from the social ties of Europe, able to build up any form of society which they please, and guarded against foreign aggression by a mighty protectress, so leaving them at liberty to concentrate their whole energies upon working out a noble destiny for themselves; and forthwith the national desire for progress receives an amazing impulse, while yearnings for social improvements of every kind stir within their breasts. These desires are beginning to vent themselves in action, and if the union between the mother country and her Australasian colonies is gradually to be drawn closer, until finally a complete fusion is effected, then it is of essential importance that the political views of the colonies should be understood and to some extent at least sympathized with in Great Britain.

One need, however, only take up the first London journal one meets with containing an article upon Australasian affairs (I use the term "Australasia" as a convenient designation for Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand) to learn how little comprehension of or sympathy with the political aims of the settlers is to be found in England. A fair knowledge of the finance and commerce of the colonies is displayed, and of the advantages which they respectively offer to immigrants, but everything beyond is treated as lying in mist and darkness. The cause of this imperfection of knowledge is simple. The knowledge of Australasian politics exhibited in the

columns of the London newspapers and the speeches of members of Parliament seems to be gained for the most part, not from personal experience or conversation with genuine settlers, but from blue books, from squatters and successful traders who, after a sojourn in some colony for a few years, have returned to England, imbued not with colonial ideas, but with the conviction that a colony is an excellent money-making machine, which would be perfect but for the interference of the land agitators. The information thus gathered is supplemented with pickings from the voluminous essays of ambitious colonial politicians, who have made their way to England in the hope of acquiring a political position there, and accordingly frame their dissertations, not with a view to expressing the ideas of the permanent colonists, but so as to meet the current fancy at home respecting the government of the colonies. It is not, however, with non-resident speculators or ambitious politicians, who merely regard the colonies as stepping-stones to greatness, that the Imperial statesman will have to reckon, when he comes to touch those large colonial questions which are looming up for his consideration, but with the body of permanent settlers, many of whom have never seen England, and none of whom intend to place their foot on its shores, except for a passing visit, and he must satisfy their hopes and longings before he can achieve a satisfactory result to his labour.

There is a second reason for the lack of appreciation of colonial politics to which I have adverted. Colonial politics, when discussed in Great Britain, are invariably treated from a home point of view. Free Trade has proved remarkably successful in promoting the commercial prosperity of the mother country; therefore the colonists of Victoria ought to adopt a Free Trade tariff, and are rank heretics for presuming to think that Protectionist principles are better suited to the peculiar circumstances of the colony. The argument, indeed, is not put in that bold shape—there is much talk of immutable principles and the like, but that is the pith of it. Immediate confederation of groups of colonies is the ruling fancy in Downing Street; therefore the Cape colonists are singularly blind not to see the advantages of confederation at a glance. And so on all round the compass. The colonists, who understand their own wants and surroundings, are always wrong; the home mentors, who are usually quite ignorant of them, are invariably right. The general conservatism of thought in Great Britain helps to keep up the misconception. An English Liberal is, in many respects, a Tory as compared with his Victorian brother.

The student of Australasian politics must start with the axiom that society in Australia and New Zealand is democratic to the core. The terms Liberal, Conservative, and Democrat are bandied about in those colonies, but they are merely used for want of more

appropriate terms. They are names and nothing more. There is a plutocracy, but no aristocracy. Hence arises one of the difficulties which have occurred in the working of parliamentary institutions in Australia and New Zealand. Suitable materials for a second legislative chamber are lacking. All the colonies which are under responsible government possess a second chamber; and in each of them more or less of dissatisfaction prevails regarding its constitution and working. These chambers are variously constituted. In New South Wales, Queensland, and New Zealand their members are nominated by the Crown, while in Victoria and South Australia the elective principle is in force. Yet it is in Victoria that the conflicts between the Upper and Lower Houses of the Assembly have been the warmest, and the popular dislike of the Upper House is the most intense. These chambers, whatever the nature of their constitution may be, always fall into the hands of one particular class of the community—the squatters and their business connections—and the interests of this class are directly antagonistic to those of the bulk of the people on the question which is the moving-spring of Australasian politics, namely, the land question. If that were got rid of, it might be tolerably easy to devise a two-chamber system, in which the two Houses could work in harmony together and in accord with public opinion; but, as I shall presently show, the land question is likely to prove a permanent source of trouble to these colonies.

If the Upper Houses of the Australasian Assemblies have failed to obtain public confidence, the Lower Houses have been equally unsuccessful in securing public respect; while the Parliaments as bodies have failed to establish a sound system of government, and to vindicate their right to be treated as permanent institutions. Here, again, a little reflection will reveal the causes of the mischief. The colonists have no foreign affairs to discuss; hence there is nothing *ab extra* to give a tone to the debates in the assemblies, or open up broad lines of policy; while from within, corrupting influences are for ever welling up to disturb the mind of the legislator, and prevent him from carrying out projects having for their sole end the common weal. What has chiefly served to demoralise the colonial assemblies is the large-sums of money which they are called upon to appropriate for public works, and the extensive inroads which they have made upon private enterprise. The assemblies, in addition to being legislative bodies, are likewise huge Boards of Works. They spend sums of money which, in comparison of the size of the communities, must be styled immense, in constructing railways, roads, bridges, telegraphs, public buildings, wharfs, and works of every kind adapted, or supposed to be adapted, to promote the development of the country and the prosperity of its inhabitants. To confine the expenditure to works of real utility is impossible. A minister, when

contemplating a new public work, has to consider not only what ought to be done, but what he is likely to be able to carry through the Assembly. The most he can expect to accomplish is the construction of some arterial work, by giving sops to places which will not directly benefit by it. If he be unscrupulous he finds little difficulty in lengthening his tenure of office by means of expenditure on works which are not required, and so virtually buying the votes of the members for the districts which profit by the outlay. "Political railways" is a colloquialism with a definite meaning in the Australasian colonies. It is one of the evil effects of the heaping up of what should be local functions upon the legislatures, that the constituencies, like their representatives, become demoralised, so that executive, legislature, and constituencies fall into the common pit. A late prime minister of New Zealand once frankly told a constituency represented by a member of the parliamentary Opposition that, if they wanted roads and bridges made in their district, they must elect a representative who would support the Ministry. He was experienced in these matters, and knew very well what he was about. In a country district, where a general rise in the value of property might possibly ensue from the construction of a railway or some other costly public work, what the settlers demand of a candidate for their suffrages is not high personal character and fixed political principles, but ample promises to badger the Ministry and strive by hook or by crook to get this work executed. In a competition of this kind, the enterprising storekeeper will always beat the educated gentleman. These remarks may be illustrated by reference to the House of Representatives of New Zealand. Until recently the settlers of New Zealand were accustomed to point to that House with pride, as being distinguished above all the Australian legislatures by the high tone of its debates and proceedings; and the justice of the claim seemed to be generally admitted. Up to the year 1870 the General Government had spent scarcely anything in public works, the Provisional Government performing the task of opening up the country for settlement and providing funds for immigration. But in 1870 the General Government took a new departure, and entered upon a scheme of public works and immigration which has already entailed an outlay of some thirteen millions of borrowed money, and the certainty of a large supplemental expenditure. The immediate effect was the utter demoralisation of the House of Representatives. Members sold their votes for "billets" (in plain English, government situations), or for the purpose of securing a heavy expenditure in their respective districts; the Ministry was compliant; the House virtually abandoned its control over the public purse, and permitted the Ministry to do what it pleased; until finally the Government, plunged into financial

difficulties, grasped at the provincial revenues for relief; provincial institutions were destroyed, and the constitution fell with a crash, leaving the House of Representatives a mark for every reviler. There is not at this moment a representative assembly in the Australian colonies which stands lower in public estimation than the New Zealand House of Representatives.

It has frequently been said that the existence of parties is essential to the proper working of the system of responsible government. In Victoria a "Liberal" party has developed itself with fixed aims and principles; but it has no rival party to contend with. It has to fight with numerous and powerful adversaries, now gathered under one standard and now under another, united only by the tie of hatred to the common foe, but not with an organized party. Elsewhere political parties have not yet sprung into existence. In New South Wales for many years political struggles have turned mainly on the question whether Sir John Robertson or Sir Henry Parkes should hold office, and this circumstance may be taken as an example of the want of dignity in the contests in the Australian assemblies. A ministry holds office just so long as it can satisfy the selfish demands of a section of its supporters, and no longer. The want of parties with definite principles gives rise to a deplorable laxity of conduct in public men. The grossest treachery is constantly committed in the assemblies and condoned. One year a member will be found on the Opposition side of the House vigorously denouncing a certain measure as being fraught with the deepest injury to the country, and using his utmost exertions to get it rejected; but when the next session opens, he is discovered seated on the ministerial benches, among his quondam opponents, extolling that selfsame measure, and promoting fresh measures to give it greater effect. And very little is thought about the matter. The deserter is subjected to a few taunts from his former allies, but the affair is taken almost as a matter of course. He is only one among a multitude. The honourable politician is heavily handicapped in a race of this kind. He is left in the lurch, while his unscrupulous competitor wins the prize which he knows how to use so well to his own advantage. And the loser is comforted by the reflection that the authorities in Downing Street, in the distribution of Imperial titles and decorations, confine their favours to those whose names come most prominently before them, without reference to personal character or the manner in which power has been acquired. The assembly's sense of honour is deadened, and the public learn to regard politicians as *arcades omnes*. The majority of a colonial assembly will permit the ministry to violate any constitutional principle or do any dirty action. It is quite impossible to imagine an Australasian assembly in which the Government had a large working majority

passing a vote of censure upon it for the same reason as that which induced the House of Commons to censure Lord Beaconsfield's Government on account of Mr. Pigott's appointment. On the contrary, if I wished to pursue an unpleasant theme, I could give a score of instances in which the majority in an Australian assembly has refused to express its disapproval of perfectly scandalous transactions, lest it should weaken the position of the ministry. Yet, in the abstract, there is no reason why a colonial assembly should be less sensitive on such points than the House of Commons.

The creed of the Victorian Liberal party consists of two fundamental articles—the destruction of the overgrown landed estates in the colony, with a view to creating a numerous body of freeholders; and the development of local manufactures by means of a protective tariff. The two principles are not inseparably allied (and, in point of fact, the bulk of those who advocate a wide distribution of landed property in the neighbouring colonies are Free Traders), but still a certain connection between them may be traced. The Land Reformers of Australia and New Zealand have deeply studied the social system of Great Britain. Like most European students of the same subjects, they have come to the conclusion that those inequalities in the distribution of wealth by which nearly one million of our fellow-countrymen have been reduced to pauperism, and three or four times that number virtually stripped of their independence, are principally due to a bad land system, which has forced an excessive number of the poorer classes into the towns, where they are brought under the dominion of a hard mercantile and manufacturing régime, which throws enormous riches into the bags of a few and converts millions into drudges. The aim of the Land Reformers is to prevent such a state of things being reproduced in Australia, and the first step is obviously the reduction of the vast freeholds, which have already been created, to reasonable dimensions. Yet every practical politician knows that the genius of our race will not be satisfied with agricultural pursuits alone, and were the case otherwise, it would still be desirable to direct the energies of the people to varied fields of industry. The doctrines of the Victorian Liberals go beyond the bounds of positive politics, and get into the regions of philanthropy. They seek to use the State as a vast engine for improving the condition of the poorer classes of the community, and what the labouring man demands more than anything else is that he shall be provided with plenty of work at high wages. This the Protectionists promise him, and even hard-headed men, destitute of sympathy with abstract theories, are nevertheless found supporting the system of Protection on the simple ground that it serves to keep money and create work in the country. The argument which hits the popular taste is that, while Free Trade doctrines may suit the

circumstances of an old country like Great Britain, they are totally inapplicable to a young one, where manufactures require fostering during the early stages of their existence. This argument is wonderfully captivating; in fact, it seems irresistible. Nor have the Victorian Protectionists been unsuccessful in their efforts. They have not, indeed, so far as one can judge from the conflicting statistics which are quoted on both sides, contrived to establish a greater variety of industry, or more flourishing industries, than New South Wales and New Zealand have done under Free Trade tariffs (although it must be observed that the latter colony has given considerable aid, in one shape and another, to local manufacturers); but, on the other hand, they have made substantial progress. And of course it is always open for the Protectionists to contend that, but for their assistance, Victoria would have possessed few or no manufactures at all. The favourite assertion of zealous Free Traders, that Protection not only fails to promote, but actually retards the development of local manufactures, is scarcely supportable so far as Victoria is concerned. In testing the working of the rival systems it must be remembered, too, that custom-house returns, from the nature of the case, are but imperfect tests; and it may be laid down as a general principle that human happiness, or the real prosperity of a community, is not to be gauged by mere compilations of figures which, reckoning up the sum total of the recorded trade of the country, divide the product amongst the population *per capita*, and adjudge it blessed or unblest accordingly. Practically, the profits of trade do not flow into the pockets of the inhabitants of a country in equal shares, and it may well happen, under a vicious mercantile and manufacturing system, that the larger the trade, the deeper will be the degradation of the bulk of the people. Hence the parade of figures in which the Free Trader delights, exercises little influence over the mind of the Australian Parliament. There is not the slightest sign of the decadence of Protectionist principles in Victoria. On the contrary, the Free Trade League, started a year or two ago under the supposition that the Free Traders of the colony required but proper organization to enable them to crush their opponents, frankly threw up the sponge at the last elections, and now drags out a miserable existence. The Protectionists are fully triumphant in Victoria, and their leaders are animated by almost as burning a zeal for the propagation of their doctrines as that which spurred the Free Trade leaders in days gone by in England. They are carrying the war into the heart of the enemy's camp, and have even succeeded a short time ago in winning a parliamentary seat in New South Wales, to the astonishment of these New South Welshmen.

New Zealand is likewise feeling the effects of the movement; and although the cry for Protection has not yet been openly

heard there, a cognate demand that the Government should cease to import railway and other material which could be manufactured in the colony, was recently supported by striking "demonstrations" in the large towns, in which both employers and employed took part. The Government immediately yielded, and the rising storm was quelled; but I look upon these demonstrations as indicative of a coming struggle between Free Trade and Protection in New Zealand. The origin of this outburst is worthy of note as illustrating how labour disturbances frequently arise in these colonies. The mechanics and other labouring men who were the prime movers in the agitation, were mostly immigrants who had been brought into the country at the public expense. The persons who principally promoted their introduction were the large landowners and the importers, the former being desirous of a plentiful supply of cheap labour, and the latter of a quick increase of the population, which would enable them to realise fortunes rapidly. Tens of thousands of immigrants were consequently procured from Great Britain and the Continent by the Government, but no provision being made for their settlement upon the land, as soon as the loans began to run short and a reaction to set in from the abnormal activity which had been temporarily imparted to trade, many of these immigrants found themselves without work and without resources. Forthwith they raised the cry we have heard, and, together with the rest of the working population and other persons of small income, began to clamour for measures which, if they receive legislative sanction, will materially reduce the business of the importer, and impose heavy taxation upon him and the large landowner. A kind of retributive justice is thus inflicted. Similar incidents have happened in other colonies as the fruit of an excessive indulgence in free immigration. The Protectionists are as a body opponents of free immigration, otherwise they would be inconsistent. But in practice it is difficult for any of these colonies to adhere to the system of leaving immigration to take care of itself, because sudden flushes of prosperity every now and then come upon the community, when a demand for labour, which the local market is unable to satisfy, springs up in all quarters and the Government is bound to move. Protection, I repeat, however unpleasant it may sound in the ears of political economists in England, is waxing, and Free Trade waning, in strength in Australia and New Zealand.

When Great Britain presented to her Australasian colonies hundreds of millions of acres of Crown lands, free and unencumbered, to do what they pleased with, she made them the noblest gift which a parent country ever bestowed upon its offspring, and one which, if wisely used, would have served as a means by which communities could have been created enjoying more equably diffused social pros-

perity than the world has yet seen. Had the State retained in its hands the freehold of the soil, while granting fixity of tenure to the occupiers, a certain fund would have been provided capable of defraying all, or nearly all, the expenses of Government, and so have exempted the community from taxation. But the gift has proved a curse instead of a blessing. The administration of the public estate has given rise to unbounded jobbery and corruption. It has awakened bitter class hatreds. It has aroused the demagogue from his slumber, and caused the richer classes to fight furiously for political power in order that they may thereby be enabled to manipulate the Government so as to put money into their own pockets. Instead of a better state of society, precisely the same state of society as exists in Great Britain is growing up in Australia and New Zealand. We have our almshouses, our charitable relief committees, reporting that, but for their exertions, human beings would have died of starvation; seamstresses keeping body and soul together on a few shillings a week; filthy slums; degraded vagrants; a class devoted to crime.

By way of contrast to these incipient developments of want and woe, we have runholders owning their quarter of a million of acres of land apiece, with hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle; merchant farmers with palatial residences and immense wealth. Is it not plain that there is something radically wrong in a system of colonisation which produces such results? Is it surprising that those persons who regard the colony in which they dwell as their home, should seek to apply a searching remedy to such a fundamental disease, even though that remedy must perforce be of a nature alien to British modes of political thought? The remedy, if it could be used, is simple enough. The population must be distributed over the country instead of being kept unduly concentrated in the towns. Victoria, roundly speaking, contains about 840,000 inhabitants, of whom some 240,000 are living in Melbourne and its suburbs, to say nothing of the residents in other large towns. Melbourne is the most striking instance of excessive urban development, but in all the colonies the same unfortunate tendency of the population to gravitate towards the towns prevails, although it should be noticed that a happy result has accrued in New Zealand through its being colonised from different centres, aided by its peculiar physical configuration, so that instead of having one overgrown capital like Victoria and New South Wales, it possesses four or five towns not materially differing in size from one another, and whose rivalry seems likely to preserve a useful distribution of the urban population of the colony. Since all the colonial governments still own large tracts of Crown land available for cultivation, it might at first sight appear a comparatively easy proceeding to reduce the town population within reasonable

limits by offering proper facilities for settlement. But the insuperable difficulty presents itself that the bulk of the land within paying distance of a market has already passed into private hands, or is held under pastoral leases. While settlement is thus balked or progresses at a snail's pace, vast freehold estates capable of furnishing all the land required for the farmer in suitable localities, are being used for the grazing of sheep and cattle, while their owners, who have in many instances acquired them at an almost nominal price, use their political influence to shirk their fair share of the public burdens, and league with the pastoral tenants of the Crown to exact from the Legislature improper concessions in favour of the latter.

What renders the schism between the two divisions of the community the wider is the fact that, taking the colonies all round, the bulk of the squatters do not regard them as their homes, and look forward to returning to Great Britain as soon as fortune permits them to do so. Hence a wide divergence of aim exists between the squatters and the permanent settlers, which it is impossible to reconcile. The squatters, in comparison of their numbers, exercise a remarkable political sway in Australia and New Zealand. They have hitherto been the dominant faction in both, and the advocates of settlement have had to fight their way inch by inch. The first real political defeat sustained by the squatters occurred recently in Victoria, where matters have been brought to a crisis at an early period through the bulk of the agricultural land having already been alienated from the Crown. Victoria contains the largest population, and, next to Tasmania, the smallest area of any of the Australasian colonies; while its settlers have always been distinguished for the vigour of their political life. The squatters, had they stood alone, would probably long since have been compelled to surrender at discretion, but they have found powerful allies in the banks and loan companies. The power of these bodies is enormous. No person can understand the political events which have happened in New Zealand during the past six or seven years without taking into account the vast influence exercised by them over the administration of public affairs in that country. The loan companies, for the most part, have their headquarters in London, where they are controlled by men whose only interest in the colonies is what they derive from the investment of money there. At the best, the companies are but money-making machines, and their action upon a government is proportionately mischievous. Both the banks and loan companies advance extensively upon station properties, and the latter frequently possess runs of their own. At the present moment probably one-half of the runs in New Zealand are mortgaged to these institutions, and the nominal owners are merely tenants of the properties. Political power fortified by associated wealth in this fashion is very hard to

shake. Hence much of the bitterness displayed in Australasian politics.

It is a grand mistake to suppose, as many writers for the London press seem to do, that the battles over the land question in these colonies are conflicts between a landed gentry on the one side and an uncultivated mob on the other. The large landowners of Australia and New Zealand have no pretensions to be a landed gentry. Many of them, indeed, are educated gentlemen, and in former days, when they got most of their recruits from home, a still larger number were so; but the bulk of the squatters now consists of successful speculators, and consequently do not command the respect of the mass of the community, who, moreover, are unable to forget the political machinations by means of which the large estates were created, so that they do not look with the same reverence upon "the rights of property," as embodied in these recently acquired domains, as people in England are accustomed to feel with regard to the possessions of the large territorial proprietors there. The fact is likewise constantly present to the minds of the colonists that by the sheer progress of settlement and the expenditure of public money in the construction of roads, bridges, and railways, the value of the properties of the large landowners has been enormously enhanced without the outlay of a single penny on their part. Doubtless the large landowner is not the only person who reaps the benefit of "unearned increment," but his gains are visible to every eye, and when he becomes odious for other reasons, they are neither likely to be overlooked, nor their proportions nicely weighed. While the squatters are leagued with the moneyed interests, the educated classes are mostly ranked on the popular side. An educated man who lands in a colony without capital has little chance of growing rich. He is nowhere in the race with the rough, rude fellow, able to live anywhere and on anything, and not very particular how he gets money so long as he gets it somehow. The former is apt to become the servant of the latter,—his clerk,—maybe his shepherd or stockman. But he does not love his new-found superior for all that. His need for bread may compel him to refrain from noisy demonstrations; but his vote at the ballot-box is given, not for his employer, but for the candidate who promises to tear up his employer's power by the roots. There are thousands of such men in these colonies—men who are staunch Conservatives at heart, yet will vote even with the demagogue, in order to free the country from the tyranny of rich *parvenus*. A more stirring element of colonial society is, however, the numerous pushing young men of the humbler classes, who often possess a considerable knowledge of the science of politics, are always distinguished by mental vigour, and find a ready-made path before them in the colonies. Such men take the first place amongst popular favourites.

And a complete survey of the various forces which are moving colonial society will further show that the labouring classes display more political activity than their brethren at home are wont to do, and greater impatience of control. Those who have come from the mother country have brought with them the traditions of their order, but the superior social independence, the wider field for their ambition, which they enjoy in this part of the world, and the intermixture of ranks which prevails here, make them naturally jealous of the growth of a state of things which, if consummated, must needs reduce them to their former condition of dependence, to escape from which was the prime motive of their emigration from Great Britain. They are likewise permeated with the doctrines of modern philosophy, with its sceptical and unsparing criticism of all things, sacred and profane. The high-class London periodicals and the works of the best modern writers on politics, sociology, and physical science are far more widely read among the working classes of Australia and New Zealand than they are amongst the labouring classes at home. An atheneum, with its library and reading-room well supplied with the literature of the day, is to be found in every colonial town. Debating societies abound. Abstract questions are keenly discussed, and the younger members vie with one another in holding "advanced" views. And when such ideas sink into the minds of men of humble rank, they are more prone to blossom into action than in the case of persons of broader mental cultivation, who have eaten of the tree of knowledge, and for penalty have lost the innocence of belief. Hence we find that colonial society is stirred by forces which might, if unduly repressed, produce a terrible explosion, but capable, on the other hand, of patiently working out great ends by legitimate means.

All of these colonies, displaying the bent of modern democracies, have enlarged the area of the functions of Government considerably beyond the limits which, until recently, were accepted in Great Britain as the proper bounds of Government action. The Government has, in all of them, undertaken the construction of railways and telegraphs as part of its ordinary work; and in New Zealand it has established a life assurance and annuity department, which touts for business like an ordinary company. The municipalities, to a large extent, are their own gas manufacturers and water suppliers; and, where opportunity offers, turn an honest penny by reclaiming land from a harbour or a river. I quote these things merely by way of illustration, the subject being too extensive to pursue into detail. This tendency to multiplication of functions augments the difficulty of good government. It converts an undue proportion of the population into government servants, while it is impossible for the State to manage railways and telegraphs on strictly commercial principles.

Doubtless joint-stock companies have frequently made railways which have turned out unprofitable, but there has usually been some chance of success, whereas lines have been built in the colonies without any chance of success whatever, but solely for the purpose of obtaining political support for the ministry of the day. Nor would a joint-stock company, possessing a magnificent estate of waste land, first sell it out and out, and then make a railway through it, so as to increase its value tenfold. If it sold the land at all, it would do so in alternate sections, or in some other way which would enable it to reap at least a share of the augmented value given to the land by the railway. The Australasian governments, however, have, except in rare instances, followed the former course, and so put hundreds of thousands of pounds into the pockets of private individuals which ought to have gone into the public treasury. A telegraph company will not establish a new station unless it is likely to prove at least self-supporting; but a colonial government is perpetually fighting with the inhabitants of out-districts who want the telegraph brought to their doors irrespective of pecuniary results.

While all the colonies have this disposition to augment the duties of the Government, the Australian Liberals and the New Zealand Democrats (if I may be pardoned the use of the term) differ widely in their theoretical views of the functions of Government, for whereas the former seem to wish to stretch those functions to the utmost extent, the latter desire to restrict them as much as possible. I have said that the Victorian Liberal party is the only real political party in these colonies. The destruction of provincial institutions in New Zealand has, however, forced above ground the young shoots of a democratic party there, with aims as yet somewhat indefinite, but nevertheless assimilated to those of the Victorian Liberals, and still distinct from them. The elements of the party had, indeed, long existed, but they were dispersed over the country and their force spent within the provincial arenas. This party seeks, like the Victorian Liberals, to break up the overgrown landed estates and shift the basis of political power, but it differs from the Victorian Liberals in that it desires to reduce the functions and authority of the General Government to a minimum, and to retain that individuality of political action which was generated by the provincial system, whereby the colony, receiving nervous vigour from several centres instead of one, has been enabled to overcome the vast difficulties which have beset its career. The precise mode by which it will be sought to attain this result has not yet appeared; but I apprehend that the struggles which are now proceeding in the colony will necessarily lead to the more or less complete political separation of the two islands. Apart from the practical value of a strong system of local government, which can only be rightly appre-

ciated by the colonists themselves, the advisability of securing particularity of government is supported by abstract considerations. It is needful for the people themselves, whose excessive devotion to money-making necessitates the application of a sharp stimulus for the preservation of their political vitality. That New Zealand colonists at all events have a tendency to lose that individuality of character which is so conspicuous a feature in the mental organization of the Anglo-Saxon race, has already attracted notice in the colony, and its effects upon the physiognomy of the colonial-born youth were referred to in a paper read before the Wellington Philosophical Society, by Dr. Newman, in September, 1876.¹ That gentleman remarks, "In New South Wales and Victoria the colonial-born youth grow tall and thin, wanting the breadth and robustness of the parent race—in these respects resembling the 'slab-sided' Yankee. In young New Zealand the same changes obtain: they are spare, wanting in solidity, and less of bulk. Other points are noteworthy. The noses and features are more regular: the great variety of noses and the irregular features and amorphous faces so common in an English crowd would be absent in a crowd of colonial-born. Uniformity is here the rule." Colonial schoolmasters complain that the native-born youth lack "go"; and when they attain early manhood, in place of the spirit of enterprise and love of adventure, we find a strong development of bumptiousness and self-sufficiency. I do not know in all these colonies of a single man of first-rate talent who is of colonial birth and breeding.

A population of this kind is peculiarly liable to fall into the toils of a centralized government; capable, indeed, of securing uniformity of administration, but involving the loss of much political liberty and capacity for self-government. Broader ground may be taken. It may be urged that one of the chief political problems of modern times is, how to handle large democracies. The democracies of ancient Greece were small, but even then the action of the populace sufficed to prevent stability of policy, and frequently plunged the State into humiliation. The condition of the United States is a signal illustration of the inability of democratic institutions, in the form which they have latterly assumed, to insure good government. In Great Britain itself, with all its conservatism, the growing influence of the popular voice and of the press over the administration of public affairs is rendering the foreign policy of the country remarkably vacillating and undignified. The attitude of Great Britain during the present war is a case in point. And, as the tide of democracy rises throughout the world, it will become

(1) Speculations on the Physiological Changes obtaining in the English Race when transplanted to New Zealand. By A. K. Newman, M.B. Trans. of N. Z. Institute, vol. ix. p. 37.

more and more difficult for statesmen to mark out lines of policy, and diligently pursue them to the end. It is impossible to make masses of people engaged in varied occupations, and of all degrees of education, fully comprehend important questions of State, especially when suddenly brought before them. They cannot even be told many of the circumstances, a knowledge of which is essential to the proper understanding of the question at issue. The difficulty culminates in a young colony, where there is a perpetual influx of newcomers necessarily ignorant of even the ordinary affairs of the country, and yet able, after a brief residence, to place their names on the electoral roll and record votes of equal legal weight with those given by old settlers, to whom the history of the colony and the respective merits of its public men are thoroughly familiar. Democratic institutions evidently require to be linked in small sections, with a federal bond to unite the constituent parts of the nation.

We must, however, distinguish between the federal principle here enunciated and the "Federation" which is so much in vogue in Downing Street just now. The latter is Centralism in disguise, and the Australian colonists know it: hence their indifference and even aversion to the subject. Because Federation is regarded at home as the proper and immediate destiny of the Australian colonies, the writers for the London press eagerly snatch at every circumstance which they imagine betokens a desire on the part of the colonists for the change. It is the old story of picking up facts to fit your theories, instead of framing the theories to fit the facts. Let a governor make a speech, or a colonial minister, for reasons obvious enough to persons on the spot, write a memorandum advocating the Federation of the Australian colonies, and the expression of opinion is quoted as an index of public sentiment. Yet there is nothing more certain than that the colonists, as a body, do not care a fig for Federation. The subject has been discussed by the colonial press, in a languid way, in the dull seasons of journalism, for the last ten years, and the pros and cons of the matter are thoroughly understood; yet public feeling remains dormant. As an abstract proposition, most Australian colonists would admit, that Federation might be a good thing fifty years hence, but not now—possibly not then. At present no substantial benefit could accrue from the change, while fierce jealousies, now slumbering, would assuredly be awakened. Why should the Australian colonies federate? Each is surely large enough to satisfy all the energies of its inhabitants. New South Wales, with a population of some 630,000 souls, possesses a territory as large as France and the United Kingdom combined; South Australia, with 225,000 inhabitants, is as big as the United Kingdom, France, Austria, and Spain put together; Western Australia, with its handful of 27,000

settlers, contains nearly a million of square miles. Queensland is twice the size of New South Wales, but its population only counts about 190,000; and even little Victoria has an area in square miles almost equal to that of Italy, and although she is the most thickly populated colony of the Australian group, her inhabitants are but 840,000.

Much of Australia is doubtless barren, but the extent of arable and pasture land is nevertheless enormous, and the available territory in each colony is ample enough to tax all the abilities of its administrators in the development of its resources, and the management of the affairs of the immense population which it is capable of supporting. The colonies, moreover, differ greatly from one another in climate and physical conditions, and consequently special legislation is required for each. The general impression in this part of the globe, indeed, is that, with the exception of Victoria, the colonies are too large. The outlying districts get neglected, and discontents arise which would be avoided were the government more localised. Society and politics in these countries are alike in an amorphous state, and should be permitted to crystallize before an attempt is made to fix the nature of the government permanently. Military necessity may have rendered the formation of the Dominion of Canada expedient; but the same necessity does not exist in Australia. She has not a restless nation of 40,000,000 of people on her borders, ever watching her territory with covetous eyes; and the different colonies are just as well able to provide the means of defending their own ports against hostile attack as a central government would be, perhaps better. It so happens that while Australia possesses a very long coast-line, the ports requiring defence are few in number—Sydney and Newcastle, in New South Wales; Melbourne, in Victoria; Adelaide, in South Australia; Brisbane, in Queensland, and the coaling station at King George's Sound, make up the list. The last-mentioned is really the only place which needs combined action for its defence; but if war actually broke out, the colonies would quickly adopt joint measures for its protection. Movements of this kind should spring spontaneously from the communities interested; the Home Government ought not to meddle.

Upon the cognate subject of a Federation of the empire a similar apathy of feeling prevails, and for equally cogent reasons. Why should the *status quo* be disturbed? Is not the empire loyal throughout its length and breadth? Do the colonists exhibit dissatisfaction with the existing state of things? Are they not wonderfully prosperous under their own local governments? Would a grand British Confederation be more powerful for military purposes than the empire as now constituted, or would it not rather be weakened by the introduction of conflicting interests in military councils, where

unanimity ought to prevail? Would such a confederation stand before the world clothed in the robes of a superior majesty to those worn by the British Empire? I fancy not. The civilised world cares little for names, and reckons up the value of a State, not according to the title with which it is pleased to decorate itself, but according to the strength of its armies, its fleets, and its commerce. Then, has anybody yet devised a practicable scheme of confederation? It is easy, of course, to lay down "general principles" in a flowing essay, and to conjure up visions of States crowned with unprecedented glory. The real test of statesmanship begins when we enter the region of detail. Numerous projects for an Imperial federation have been propounded, but only two present anything like the features of practicability. The first involves an entire reconstruction of the empire on what may be called a Home Rule basis; the second is the odd notion of granting to the colonies representation in the House of Commons. The former is so obviously premature that it would be waste of time to discuss it at length; and having thus referred to it, I shall pass it by. As to the second, it would necessarily entail a military tax upon the colonies, as their contribution towards the maintenance of the federal army and navy, and the smallness of the taxable population would make the tax one of considerable weight. It may safely be asserted that the colonists would never pay it. No Australasian government has yet succeeded in persuading the Assembly to which it was responsible to vote funds enough to place the colony in an efficient state of defence against external foes. Not many months ago the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, with an overflowing treasury, and fully conscious of the fact that England might become a party to the Turko-Russian war, declined to vote a sum of £160,000 for the purchase of an ironclad, which Sir William Jervois had reported to be requisite for the protection of the colony against hostile attack. When so much reluctance is exhibited to place money at the disposal of the local Government for military purposes, is it reasonable to suppose that the settlers would submit to taxation for expenditure by a government holding its seat fourteen thousand miles away? The fact is, the colonists of Australia and New Zealand are so engrossed in money-making, and have been allowed such exclusive enjoyment of the revenues accruing within their own borders, that they have almost forgotten that they owe any duties to the empire whatever. They are loyal, but their loyalty is not of a hardy nature. The Irish and foreign elements of the population are hostile to it. From these sources have sprung the notion of an "Australian" people, as distinct from the British people, together with the doctrine of the neutrality of the colonies in time of war, which, if granted, would of course make them virtually independ-

ent States. The local journals which advocate these views seize every opportunity of picking holes in the conduct of the Imperial Government, and invariably refer to England as a "foreign" country. These efforts have hitherto met with little direct success, but they have, I verily believe, produced a certain effect upon the loyalty of the community, and rendered it less willing to make sacrifices for the retention of the Imperial connection. What, indeed, have they to gain by separation? They now enjoy all the real benefits of independence, and, in addition, the advantages of a powerful protectorate. The connection costs them nothing; and I apprehend the same remark may be made as to the mother country, for not a soldier of the Imperial army is stationed on these colonies, and if a fleet be kept in Australian waters it could hardly be withdrawn were Australia and New Zealand declared independent to-morrow. Where English merchant ships sail in large numbers, there England is bound to keep a fleet to protect them; and at the present moment the Australian squadron is weaker than that on the west coast of South America, where England does not own a foot of territory.

To give the colonies real weight in Parliament, they must have a considerable number of representatives there, and how could the Australian colonies spare the men? The lack of statesmanship in their public men is painfully visible, and to draw away their first-class politicians to England would be the height of folly. The Imperial Government has, in my humble opinion, for many years pursued an extremely vicious policy in this respect. The men whom it has delighted to honour have been those who, by making for themselves costly and often useless missions to the home country, have contrived to parade their own merits before the eyes of the Secretary of State, whereas the true policy seems to be to encourage talented men to make the colonies their homes, and to mark out paths of distinction for themselves there. If, however, the colonies could spare the men, it would nevertheless be extremely difficult to select suitable representatives for the House of Commons. The representatives of a colony in such an assemblage ought to be the representatives of at all events a substantial majority of the population; otherwise large minorities would repudiate the actions of their nominal representatives, for minorities in these colonies are much less disposed to accept defeat placidly than minorities at home. Then you might have one half of the members from a particular colony representing one set of views, and the other half a different set; and how could the House of Commons decide on which side the right lay? What would the Canadian members know about the merits of a New Zealand dispute, or the New Zealand members about a political struggle in Canada? Colonial debates in the House of

Commons would degenerate into free fights between the members for the colonies concerned, while the rest of the House would decline to listen to the wrangles. The ablest of the colonial members would naturally seek distinction in those paths by which home politicians mount to fame, and then they would cease to be colonial representatives in the true sense of the term.

• The hands of Australian politicians are full of complicated problems, and they have no leisure to spend in the solution of others. The Land Question alone will tax all their statesmanship to settle; it is not a passing trouble. The battle is beginning to rage fiercely between the large landowners and the advocates of settlement; but if the Crown continue still to part with the fee simple of the soil, and the quantity of land which any individual or family may lawfully possess is left unrestricted, directly the Crown has sold its last acre, the Land Question will suddenly develop a new phase, and an endless vista of conflicts will be opened. Nor is it the lightest of their tasks that they have still to invent proper machinery for working the system of self-government which they enjoy. They all know, by painful experience, that the parliamentary institutions which they possess, while securing to them ample political liberty, are nevertheless marred by inherent defects which prevent their running smoothly, and that those defects, instead of disappearing with the growth of population and the crystallization of society, are becoming worse and worse every year, until it seems as if parliamentary institutions would before long fall into such general contempt as to render them incapable of performing their functions at all. Here is a problem of the utmost moment, and its urgency is more obvious, if not more pressing, to-day than it has ever been before. It is to this rather than to foolish dreams of a remote future that English statesmen should have been giving their minds for the last ten years.

CHARLES W. PURNELL.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

"Fuss' io pur lui! C' a tal fortuna nato
Per l' aspro esilio suo, con la virtute,
Daro' del mondo il più felice stato."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE Risorgimento, or Resurrection of Italy, one of the noblest themes which our century has offered, still awaits the philosophic historian. The writings of the friends or disciples of one or other of the three leading characters in the great drama introduce the reader into a world of contradictions more befitting a solar myth than a serious history. Grave biographies have been written of Cavour as the regenerator of Italy, in which Mazzini is mentioned only with an incidental sneer. Noble poems¹ have been dedicated to Mazzini as the regenerator of Italy, in which Cavour is not mentioned at all. And there is a whole Garibaldian literature in which Mazzini stands quite in the background, while Cavour plays indeed a prominent part, only he is no longer the hero but the villain of the tale.

I propose to attempt a less one-sided estimate of the least conspicuous but not the least interesting of the three—a man who may be said to have been at once more known and more unknown than almost any man in Europe, whose designs were discussed in every Cabinet, and his words welcomed in every "upper room" of political or religious reformers on the Continent, while at the same time his writings and himself were proscribed in every country except our own, and he lived in lodgings of which not a dozen persons knew the address.

Giuseppe Mazzini, son of a professor of anatomy, was born in Genoa in 1805, and died at Pisa in 1872.

The years in which he grew up to know Italy were among the most perplexing and desperate of her long decline. The year 1700 has been sometimes fixed as the darkest moment of her second night—the night between the Renaissance and the Risorgimento—but such revival as had come since then had consisted rather in a wakening consciousness of her shame than in any effort to remove it. A few figures appear amid the gloom—figures, some of them, which we may take as typical of the three aspects of ruined Italy—her unabashed sensualism, her rebellious passion, her vanishing and mournful soul. We see Casanova, the gaudy flower of decay, con-

(1) For example, Mr. Swinburne's magnificent Song of Italy and Super Flumina Babylonis, and the pathetic poems called The Disciples, by Mrs. Hamilton King.

ciliating by the intensity of his corruption tyranny itself, and flaunting through Europe his triumphant charlatanism and his greedy amours. We see Alfieri—his republicanism strangely complicated by an intercurrent passion for high-born dames—making of his whole strong life a kind of tragic protest and declamation, living melodrama and thinking in heroics. And we see Leopardi wandering unrestingly among “the arches and deserted towers,” appealing for a visionary sympathy to an impalpable mistress, for a visionary honour to an unassembled host of war, till “not the last hope only of beloved illusions, but the last *desire*, had flown.”

The “last illusion” in the sphere of politics which Italy underwent was the French invasion of 1796. For a time the word *Francese* was used by ardent Italians as synonymous with patriot. But unfortunately the armies of the French Revolution were admirable only till they were successful; and it has been remarked that the proclamation in which Napoleon held out Italy to his troops, not as a nation to deliver, but as a prey to seize, marked the first step in the metamorphosis of the soldiers of the Republic into the soldiers of the Empire. The French yoke was thrown off for a few years, but Austria was an equally brutal master. Napoleon’s second rule, after Marengo, with its juster codes, its sounder finance, its public works and education, seemed at first a relief; but under Napoleon good government itself became the instrument of tyranny, and his equalising institutions served but to level all pre-existing rights beneath a single will. And he was not content with exacting money or pictures—he needed men. Thirty thousand Italians were carried off to Spain, forty thousand to Russia. Piedmont, Genoa, Tuscany, Rome itself, were annexed to the French Empire. Italy was not even the subject of France, but her slave.

Napoleon fell; Austria again overran Lombardy; the petty princes returned. Murat from Naples made a vain attempt to unite Italy under himself; then he too fell, and Naples was restored to Bourbon rule. The Congress of Vienna, ignoring nationality or national wishes, and preoccupied with a system of guarantees against France, confirmed Austria in the possession of Lombardy and Venice, and gave her, through her archdukes, a preponderating influence in Central Italy. The statesmanship of the Congress of Vienna belongs to a past era, both of politics and of humanity; but it must be noted that no counter-propositions were urged with authority, no powerful voice from Italy protested against the restoration of these foreign masters; and the common people, who still were strongly Catholic, received with satisfaction the return of princes and popo.

The restored rulers brought with them all the errors of restorations in a form at once exaggerated and paltry. A Bourbon on the

throne of France carries with him a historic majesty to which much that is not royal may be forgiven, but it was hard for Modena or Parma to idealize the petty poltrooneries of a grand duke, or the gallantries of a dowager empress. There is no need to repeat the long indictment against the rulers of Italy. While liberal tongues were still being torn out with pincers in Rome,—while innocent women were still being flogged in batches through the streets of Milan, while,—in the dungeons of Naples, the “cap of silence” was still being pressed on the head of any man who showed himself more than a slave,—no words were too strong to use; but as things are now, we may be content with noticing how surely from each of these powers has been exacted the penalty of a false position. Austria, once the favourite, as it were, of unjust Fates, the “felix Austria” of a theory of territorial aggrandisement which ignored all rights but those of kings, has suffered more severely than any nation in Europe from the crumbling of errors which she shared with them all, and scarcely knows even yet how far she must contract her imperial structure before she can find it founded on the rock. The Papacy itself is learning to regret the worldly ambition which confounded the things of God and Caesar, and added a perishable coronet to the triple crown. And in Naples the irony of fate has been yet more personal and bitter. Seldom was so grotesque a sport of fortune as that which gave the absolute rule over millions of lives to “Bomba” and his kin. And seldom, as Plato would say, have the souls of slaves been laid bare so shamefully from beneath the vesture of a great king.

It was in Naples, in 1820, that the long series of revolutions began. This first insurrection founded a type which became common to many Neapolitan insurrections. The people demanded a constitution and marched on Naples. The king’s troops ran away. The king granted a constitution, and swore on the crucifix that he would be true to it, invoking the instant vengeance of God if he had a lie in his heart. The Austrians marched on Naples. The parliamentary troops ran away. The king tore up the constitution and hung whom he chose.

This revolution aimed at internal reform,—always the most urgent preoccupation of Neapolitan patriots. But in 1821 an insurrection broke out in Piedmont, having for its object not merely the grant of a constitution to Piedmont, but the liberation of Lombardy from Austrian rule. Betrayed by Prince Charles Albert, this rising collapsed for want of leaders, and Austria was harsher than before. Ten years later the French revolution of 1830 spread excitement through Italy. Risings in Bologna, Parma, and Modena revealed the same lack of leaders and of programme, and were repressed by Austrian intervention. These failures made the cause of Italian liberties seem more hopeless than ever. It was plain that there was

no organizing bond of union, no leader, no definite plan or idea round which the lovers of Italy could rally; while Austria was always on the watch to resent not only overt revolts against herself, but even constitutional reforms in the other Italian States. Ruling by right of conquest, she chose that the smaller princes, who were in effect her vassals, should keep the liberties of their subjects down to the same level.

In one direction only was there any sign of hope. The educated class was beginning to recover from the confusion and stupor produced by the French invasions, and to interest itself in patriotic causes. In Tuscany especially a literary movement began,—cautious and tentative, but important as accustoming men to speak, and giving them some reason to trust and respect each other. Science and agriculture—every pursuit, from astronomy to whist, which can unite mankind—was soon used for the same end, and professors or landowners meeting from different parts of Italy, learnt to feel that they had a common country. In their various discussions the question really at issue was never mentioned, but never forgotten.

But means like these could never reach the mass of the people. A more outspoken influence, a new moral force, was needed, and when Charles Albert succeeded to the throne of Piedmont, in 1831, a *Letter to the King, by an Italian*, showed that the new force was there. “The people,” said this stirring appeal, “are no longer to be quieted by a few concessions. They seek the recognition of those rights of humanity which have been withheld from them for ages. They demand laws and liberty, independence and union. Divided, dismembered, and oppressed, they have neither name nor country. They have heard themselves stigmatized by the foreigner as a helot nation. They have seen free men visit their country and declare it the land of the dead. They have drained the cup of slavery to the dregs, but they have sworn never to fill it again.”

The letter pointed out to the king how, by appealing to the whole of Italy, he might unite her people in the struggle for independence. “There is a crown brighter and nobler than that of Piedmont—a crown that only awaits a man bold enough to conceive the idea of wearing it, resolute and determined enough to consecrate himself wholly to the realisation of that idea, and virtuous enough not to dim its splendour with ignoble tyranny.” This letter, written at the age of twenty-six, was the first manifesto of principles which Mazzini afterwards more fully expressed, but which he retained unchanged through life. The problem with which he had to deal was a complex one. How were moral and political unity and strength to be won for Italy, partitioned as she was between Austria and semi-Austrian princes, and morally divided into the ultramontane and materialist camps? A brief statement of his political creed,

elicited from his various writings, will show to what extent he was at first alone in the views which he held, and to what extent he was in unison with other patriots. His programme, then, reduced to its simplest expression, may be stated as follows:—

- (1) First of all the Austrians must be driven out of Italy.
- (2) This must be attempted at once, and constantly.
- (3) All Italy must unite into one nation.
- (4) The form of her government must then be submitted to her deliberate choice.
- (5) A republican government must be recommended to her by fair argument.
- (6) It is useless to expect help from Catholicism in regenerating Italy.
- (7) A purer religion must be preached from Rome; and Rome must once more assume the moral leadership of the world.

(1) The first of these propositions was controverted by some of the best men in Italy—for instance, by Romagnosi, Ricasoli, and Mayer. They held that internal reforms should first be achieved, and that then Austria, whom it was impossible to dislodge, would soften her rule as well. Had Austria taken advantage of this suggestion she might possibly have kept Lombardy and Venice to this day, or at least have sold them to Italy without war. If Francis II. had not flogged so many innocent women through Milan and Verona, if he had not chained so many innocent men to the walls of the Spielberg, and fed them on bread and tallow, Europe might long have looked coldly on Italian claims to independence. But he showed plainly that he preferred to rule Lombardy as a conquered country, and, moreover, that he would allow no changes in the neighbouring Italian States. Men who saw Radetzky making it the regular business of his life to put down revolutions, could not long deny that the expulsion of the Austrians was the prerequisite of all other reform.

(2) The second point was much more controvertible. The great mass of patriotic Italians, not only the Moderates, but the Carbonari, believed that Italy ought to wait for the chapter of accidents, that the expulsion of the Austrians was more than she could manage alone. They pointed to the failures of 1821 and 1831, afterwards to the failure of Mazzini's expedition into Savoy in 1834, and said that it was cruel to lead men on to perish when there was no hope. Among the many men who bitterly blamed Mazzini on this ground one name only need be mentioned, that of Cavour. But in the way in which Cavour treated this accusation may be found the key to its true meaning. Cavour's object, though perfectly patriotic, was patriotic in a different sense from Mazzini's. He wished to liberate Lombardy and Venetia, and to add them, and the small States of the North of Italy, to the Sardinian kingdom. He did not wish to

touch Rome or Naples, nor to see Lombardo-Venetia liberated to the profit of a republic. He was, in short, a Piedmontese patriot before he was an Italian patriot. His first object, therefore, was to acquire for Piedmont such a reputation that all that was gained from Austria might fall into her grasp. He wished to make her known as a model constitutional monarchy, equally aloof from Austrian despotism and from republican anarchy. In this plan he completely succeeded. He added its finishing touch by despatching Piedmontese troops to the Crimea, where his was not the only government which sought and found a needed advertisement. And when he met the representatives of the Great Powers on equal terms at the Congress of Paris, it was felt that his tone on Italian matters was greatly changed. Till then he had always spoken with horror and contempt of the isolated outbreaks of the revolutionary spirit, and had begged that Piedmont might not on their account forfeit the sympathy of the Powers. But now, in that famous note to which the Austrian plenipotentiary refused to reply, he vehemently alleged those constant and irrepressible uprisings as a proof of the intolerable character of Austrian, Papal, and Neapolitan rule. It was then that the opinion of Europe—Count Walewski speaking for France, and Lord Clarendon for England—ranged itself definitely on the side of Italian freedom; the Austrian occupation was admitted to be an abnormal, therefore a transitory thing, and the Pope and the King of Naples received hints to set their houses in order, which it was their own fault if they ignored. It was seen by all, as it had, no doubt, been seen by Cavour all along, that the conduct which gains sympathy for oppressed peoples is neither tame endurance nor empty declamation, but heroic, even if unavailing, courage. For the success of Cavour's projects it was as necessary that the people of Lombardy, Parma, Modena should show this courage, as that Piedmont should show herself fitted by constitutionalism and good order to reap the harvest of which the blood of "Young Italy" had been the seed.

We cannot doubt, then, that these recurrent revolutions were of service to Italy, even if her independence was to be ultimately attained on Cavour's plan—by awaiting a series of happy conjunctures and alliances with other powers. But to defend Mazzini's policy thus would be to shirk his main issue; for he did *not* wish to call in the help of other nations—he did not intend his risings simply as demonstrations, but as a mode of warfare which, if persisted in, would gradually make the Austrian position untenable. No one can say with certainty how this plan would have worked, if it had not been superseded by Cavour's. But what is doubtful is not so much the feasibility of the plan in itself, if the Italians acted up to it, as the possibility of eliciting from them as much heroism

and patience as the plan required. If all Italy had made common cause with Lombardy and Venetia, if each of her cities had fought like the Romans under Mazzini, or the Venetians under Manin, if there had been twenty such guerrilla bands as that "thousand" with which Garibaldi conquered a kingdom, Austria could not have held her ground for long. The disparity between her strength and that of Italy was after all by no means overwhelming, and to occupy a mountainous and bitterly hostile country needs overwhelming force. The intervention of foreign powers might have complicated the problem, but if, as Mazzini wished, the war had been conducted with strict respect for Catholicism, and the question of form of government deferred for the consideration of United Italy, foreign powers, in the growing coldness with which the treaties of Vienna were regarded, would have had no adequate reason to interfere. Still, they *might* have interfered; the spirit of Italy might have given way, and her freedom might have been deferred for generations. On Mazzini's, as on Cavour's plan, there was a chance of failure, and Mazzini's plan was sure to cost more blood, though it might gain more Italian territory than Cavour's. Our preference for one or the other plan will, in fact, depend upon the objects for which we desire the existence of Italy as a nation. If we care mainly for her material prosperity and peace, for the "white flocks of Clitumnus," for the "heavy-hanging harvests and Bacchus in his Massic flow," we may feel that Cavour led Italy along her surest way. But if we desire first of all that the "Saturnian land" should once again be the mighty mother not only of fruits but of heroes, if self-respect and constancy seem to us things worth purchase at the cost of any pain, then we may feel that it had been better for her if "fire-breathing bulls had ploughed the soil and dragon's teeth been sown, and helm and javolin had bristled in a crop of men."

"Italy will never live," said Emilio Bandiera, "till Italians have learnt to die." No word need be uttered in disparagement of a people to which the whole world wishes well, which men of so many nations have loved the next to their own. But are not the best Italians themselves the first to say that their redemption has been too often received as a gift from others instead of being worked out by themselves? that there might be something more of nobility, distinction, power in Italy's bearing among the nations now, if she had felt within her more of the spirit of that of other people of the past, who "dared beyond their strength, and hazarded against their judgment, and in extremities were of an excellent hope"?

(3) "All Italy must unite into one nation." Now that all Italian soil (except Nice, Corsica, and the Trentino) is, in fact, united under one government, this proposition needs no defence. It is plain that there was no reason for leaving out any part of Italy, and that her

independence and progress depend in even an exceptional degree on her status as a great power. She has a danger which other powers have not; she has to face the Ultramontanism of the world.

And, in fact, no exclusion of any integral part of Italy, of Rome or Naples, could have been long maintained. The history of the struggle shows that the resolution to achieve Italian unity was the one strong popular feeling on which either republicans or monarchists could count. This was a surprise to both parties; for the lesson of combination and self-restraint was one which it had seemed that no suffering could teach to Italy. When, after the internecine struggles of her republics, she sank into her second night, she was still passionately attached to small civic units and to the very extravagance of self-government. But when her new day dawned, she was found to be bent above all things on national unity, and so indifferent to her form of government, that this was decided almost wholly by Cavour's genius and by the accident of Garibaldi's admiration for the personal courage of Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi was a more typical national hero than either Mazzini or Cavour, and his eagerness to seize on Naples for Italy, with his grotesque perplexity as to what to do with it when he had got it, represents well enough the national ardour for union, and the national irresolution as to anything beyond.

But, however necessary the union of the whole of Italy may seem to us now, Mazzini at first was almost alone in preaching it. In 1831, and for long after, alliances between the princes, the formation of three Italian States, or an Amphictyonic council under the presidency of the Pope, were the alternatives most often urged. It was an alliance of constitutional States that was desired by Cesare Balbo, Romagnosi, Massimo d'Azeglio. It was an alliance of aristocratical States that was the ideal of Alfieri, Gioberti, Botta. And even so late as 1859 it was the extension of the Sardinian kingdom over North Italy which was the limit of the aspirations of Cavour.

But in this case also Mazzini's programme was based not only on political foresight, but on what was to him a religious principle. The principle of nationalities was one which he deduced directly from his conception of the moral universe. The nation, he said, is within humanity what the family is within the nation—a divinely constituted group with a special mission of its own, to be pursued independently, though in association with the groups around it. To break up a nationality—a group set apart by race and tongue—was to deny to it the only right which an individual or a society can possess, the right of developing itself freely along its appointed path. And much of his energy was spent in insisting on this view; not in the case of Italy alone, but on behalf of the Greeks, the Belgians, the Slavs, the Roumanians, the Magyars. The principle, as these names suggest to

us, is a hard one to apply. It is subject, perhaps, to more limitations than Mazzini supposed. But no one can deny him the credit of having been its first systematic, persistent, and influential supporter. And it is a commonplace to remark that in the history of the last half-century, in Europe, the principle of nationalities has been superseding the old system of territorial compensations and dynastic claims as irresistibly as the natural system of botany has superseded that of Linnæus.

(4) The next point in Mazzini's programme—that united Italy should be left to choose her own government—seems plainly just. In his view, each party and province ought to help every other in the attainment of the common end, but without pledging any ally to the acceptance of its own scheme of rule. On two occasions Mazzini was strongly urged, from opposite quarters, to give way on this point. In 1848 Charles Albert, fighting against Austria in alliance with revolted Lombardy, wished to enrol all Lombard and other volunteers in his own army. His obvious preference of Piedmontese to Italian interests had in other ways much injured the movement, and this proposal had the effect of greatly checking the influx of soldiers. Mazzini stood out, and the Lombard volunteers were incorporated in regiments of their own, though officered by Piedmontese. He thus protested, not against the union of Italy under a king, but against a king's assumption of a right to rule over Italy, made in a manner which lessened the chances of Italian union.

The other occasion when his firmness in this matter was tested was when he spoke to Italy in the name of the Republic of Rome. Men whose hopes, like his own, were fixed on a Republic of Italy, urged him to use the unique opportunity to found at least in title the unique ideal. But he refused to prejudge in any way the decision of the rest of the country, and in his brief hour of triumph he did not derogate from the principles of his long defeat.

(5) The next article of his belief is far more open to debate. The question whether a monarchy or a republic is indicated by history as the government best fitted for a united Italy, may be plausibly argued on both sides. If we consider Italy simply as one of the provinces of the dismembered Roman empire, analogy is in favour of monarchy. Speaking generally, each of the principal provinces of that empire associated its fortunes sooner or later with some family of Germanic princes, and the hereditary succession of these princes served as a nucleus for the newly formed State. The prince's power was from the first limited by the rights of minor chieftains and heads of families, and from these limitations the civil liberties of Europe sprang. Italy alone rejected consolidation under a northern prince; she refused the hereditary dominion of a Gothic or Lombard family; she preferred an anarchic liberty modified by external Powers, whose

indefinite pretensions she vaguely admitted, and whose incursions her factions or her patriotism alternately invited and repelled. This system of municipal self-government broke down, and Italy was parcelled out under foreign rulers, identified not with her interests, but with the interest of the reigning families of other countries. It might seem, therefore, that the surest way of guaranteeing the continued existence of an united Italy would be simply to replace her in the road which she should never have quitted—to identify her with the fortunes of some family of northern origin, and to trust that the stability and progressive constitutionalism which had on the whole followed on such a course in France, Austria, England, Spain, and Portugal, might result in Italy as well. In the latest instance of the revival of a nation of Southern Europe this plan was tried: Greece was placed under a northern family; and, if the experiment has not been fully successful, there has at least been no sign that a republic, or a federation of republics, would have answered even as well.

The house of Savoy fulfilled the necessary conditions; and there was a kind of historic propriety in giving the leadership of Italy to Piedmont, the province of Italy as yet least distinguished in history. Even so had each plain and promontory of Greece in turn held the hearthfire of her national existence; in each in turn that fire burnt low; and her last renewal came to her from the unexhausted byways of her people, from villages unnoticed by Thucydides, and goat-pasturing islets almost unnamed amid the sea. These, in one view, are the analogies of history, and these analogies history has confirmed. Italy has been remade into a nation in the easiest way.

Few historical problems, however, are so simple as to admit of only one solution by analogy, and the same broad facts of Italian history may be read into a very different meaning. We miss, it may be said, the very lesson which the exceptional character of Italy's history should teach us, if we attempt to force her destinies into the vulgar mould. At a time when monarchy was essential to the very existence of other States she refused monarchy—refused it on account of her excess, not her defect, of national life;—because the patriotism of her sons lay in devotion to a country and not to a king; because each group of Italian men and women, each sacred shrine and hill, was enough to give scope to all human faculties, to form a centre of heroism, art, and love. Meantime other nations grew strong by their very subjection, by the want of individuality in their units, by the joyless discipline which made the State a machine of war. Then came the time when small States could exist no longer, and the Italian communities were delivered over to northern tyrants. But now that Italy was to rise again, she ought surely to retain her old strength while avoiding her old weakness. Her strength was in her democracy, in the vivid sense of participa-

tion in the national life which animated the least of her citizens. Representative government, — unknown to the ancient or the mediæval world, — makes possible the existence of large republics with all the institutions of local freedom, and without the perils of federation. It is in this direction that the civilised world tends. Even the old monarchical States of Europe are being republicanised now. The only great new State which the modern age has produced is the republic of North America. If Italy is to head the world she must range herself on the winning side.

Balanced in this way, the argument leaves much to the bias of individual minds. And it was not in reality from a comparison of historical analogies that Mazzini was a republican. It was because "to the unhappy he felt himself near of kin," because his sympathies moved most readily with the hopes of the masses, and the upward struggles of toiling men.

In men who have risen to wide-reaching power we generally observe an early preponderance of one of two instincts—the instinct of rule and order, or the instinct of sympathy. The one instinct may degenerate into bureaucracy, the other into sentimentalism. Rightly ordered, they make the master or the leader of men.

The earliest anecdotes told of Cavour and Mazzini will illustrate my meaning. When Cavour was about six years old he was taken on a posting journey. On one stage of this journey the horses were unusually bad. The little boy asked who was responsible for the horses. He was told it was the postmaster. He asked who appointed the postmaster. He was told it was the syndic. He demanded to be taken at once to the syndic to get the postmaster dismissed.

Mazzini as a child was very delicate. When he was about six years old he was taken for his first walk. For the first time he saw a beggar, a venerable old man. He stood transfixed, then broke from his mother, threw his arms round the beggar's neck and kissed him, crying, "Give him something, mother, give him something." "Love him well, lady," said the aged man; "he is one who will love the people."

The tendency of recent thought has been to dwell rather upon the hierarchy than upon the unity of mankind. And as the race develops, the difference between man and man, already vast, may perhaps grow not less, but greater. We can place no limit to the ascendancy which may be exercised by the mere intellect of some epoch-making man. But we may safely prophesy that no one will ever uplift his fellow-men from within, or leave a name which draws tears of reverence from generations yet unborn, who has not himself, as it were, wept over Jerusalem, and felt a stirring kinship with even the outcast of mankind.

"God and the People," Mazzini's watchword, was no mere phrase

to him. It represented the two streams of adoring and of compassionate sympathy which make a double current in the generous heart, unless fate sends an object around which both can flow, and mingles either effluence in a single love.

There is, indeed, no reason whatever why God's worship or the people's welfare should be bound up with a republican form of government. The danger of modern societies comes from plutocracies rather than from kings or nobles, and against the power of money republics offer no safeguard of their own. Mazzini, perhaps, hardly realised this. Or rather, what he desired was hardly what we call democracy; for he defines democracy as "the progress of all through all, under the leadership of the best and wisest." And what he desired was, in truth, the common weal, was Public Virtue, and it was because the monarchies around him gave him no sufficing image of her rule, that he pictured her re-arisen in her ancient vesture and called by her Roman name.

6. "No help in the deliverance of Italy is to be looked for from the Catholic Church." This principle also has been proved to be sound by the march of events. But it was opposed to some of the strongest currents of popular feeling in Italy, and to the aspirations of some of her noblest minds. The political programme of the "new Guelph movement" may seem to us plainly futile; its political leaders,—Gioberti or Rossi,—may be little to our taste. But behind them there was a force which was even tragic in its intensity,—the passionate reluctance of men who have intrusted their souls to a spiritual guide to admit to themselves that that guide betrays,—the determination at any cost to reconcile Catholicism with patriotism, the creed of the fathers with the duty of the sons.

The real knot of the situation was in the temporal power, which throughout this century, at least, has been a very millstone round the neck of the Papacy. The recent Popes, in fact, have been in a false position in which their predecessors were seldom placed. In the days of the great Popes of the Middle Ages the temporal power was an almost nominal or at least a slightly regarded thing. The policy of a Gregory or an Innocent was Catholic, not Italian. After the return of the Popes from Avignon the character of their aspirations changed: they sank into petty intriguing princes like the princes around them. The policy of an Alexander or a Leo was Italian, and not Catholic. But the time came when each of these terms might be interpreted in two ways. An Italian policy might mean a policy by which the Pope aimed first of all at preserving his position as an Italian prince, or a policy by which he placed himself at the head of the national aspirations of Italy. A Catholic policy might mean a policy by which he conciliated the despotic governments of Austria and Naples in return for material support, or a policy

which kept him the spiritual leader of that great religious movement which is proceeding, quite independently of forms of civil government, in the old and the new world. Attachment to the temporal power has led the recent Popes in each case to choose the narrower alternative. How much the Catholic Church has lost through the endless series of compromises and concordats which the interests of the temporal power have necessitated, it is hard to say. In such traffic the rate of exchange rises all too rapidly against the vendor of impalpable wares. And now that the struggle is over and the temporal power gone, it is felt by the wisest Catholics themselves that a new independence is breathed into the Vatican counsels. If, then, it has been well for the Popes even to be forcibly deprived of the temporal power, what might they not have gained by its voluntary reform;—nay, even by its dignified and timely surrender! No party in Italy deserves a deeper sympathy than the men, Catholics at once and patriots, who watched with powerless regret the loss of this unique opportunity. What chivalry in d'Azeglio, unable to the last to conceive of a severance between religion and honour! what pathos in Tosti, as he called to the marching patriots from the sanctuary of his Benedictine hill, "Sitting among the ruins of a day that is gone, I follow you with my love from far!"

This great problem of the relation of regenerate Italy to Catholicism was at once a personal and a public one to every Italian. Cavour and Mazzini solved it in their different ways. For his own part, Cavour specially retained a devoted priest to absolve his last hour, and made his way into heaven itself by a stroke of diplomacy. And his solution of the general question was of a similarly diplomatic kind. The Free Church in a Free State is a political and not a moral remedy for the deep division of the Italian people; it is all that statesmanship can offer, but it is no more than a *modus vivendi* between two halves of a nation.

To Mazzini, on the other hand, the spiritual unity of Italy seemed far more necessary, though far harder to achieve, than the political. He could more easily endure that Italian labour should enrich foreign rulers, than that in Italian hearts there should be any impulse of truth or virtue which did not unite in that full current of spiritual influence which it was Italy's mission to pour upon the world. And yet how was this unity to be attained? A moral force can be absorbed or modified only by a stronger force of the same kind. And he who would offer to Catholics an ideal higher than the Catholic Church must needs resemble that Indian hermit of whom M. Renan tells us, who, expelled from the heaven of Indra, *created*, by the force of his meditation and the intensity of his merits, *another Indra and a new heaven*.

(7) And this brings us to the last article of Mazzini's programme:

“Rome must give Europe a new religion—must a third time head and regenerate the world.”

It is enough for the present to say that this has not been done. When we discuss Mazzini's own springs of action we shall be better able to estimate the value and the future of his religious ideas. But in the world of public action these hopes have failed. And here, at last, we come upon a point which seems to justify the common view of Mazzini as a visionary and a Utopian.

In using these words, however, we must beware of confusion of thought. In dealing with men there are two distinct questions—How can we improve their condition now? and, How far may that condition be improved ultimately? If a man through holding enthusiastic views as to the future of the race mistakes or neglects the measures which they need now, it is just to censure him as a fanatic. But it is possible to combine glowing hopes for the future with cautious sagacity in the present. The founders of the United States believed that their republic would be a moral pattern to mankind; but this did not prevent them from constructing a business country on business principles. Hardly Plato himself was in the world of theory more visionary than Bacon; and yet Bacon was the Apostle of Experiment, and in his conduct of the Court of Chancery was found to err even from excess of practicality. If we are to call men like Washington and Bacon Utopians, the word has lost its sting.

And, like these men, Mazzini had two aspirations, the one practical and the other visionary. The first was the unity of Italy; the second the establishment therein of a religion and a republic. But the line which he took with reference to these two objects was essentially different. As to the first he accepted no compromise. He forgave no dereliction of this end, no halt on the road to its attainment. But his second object, though he held it the higher one, was never suffered to interfere with the first. Although nothing was done for Italy in the way that he would have chosen, there was nothing done for Italy which he did not support. For proof of this assertion there is no need to appeal to any controverted matter. His public manifestoes, which extend over his whole career and determined the action of his party, are evidence enough. This surely is all that we have a right to demand of a reformer, that he shall set before him some actually attainable ideal, and secure it at whatever cost of self-suppression or compromise. If he does this, we need not blame him if he would have liked to do more. We need not blame him if in his desire for the happiness and virtue of others he refuses to be satisfied with the attainment of any given step upon an upward progress whose limit is unknown; if in reviewing his own work he will call nothing good which might have been better.

These, then, were the leading principles which Mazzini upheld through life by every line of thought, every form of action, which circumstances allowed. At first his influence was mainly through the press and correspondence. In literary and critical essays he gave to his views on life and duty a clear and dignified expression. By the association of "Young Italy"—so called from no fantastic preference for youth, but because hardly any grown men remained to Italy who still dared to hope—he spread these views through the length and breadth of the land. Another association, "Young Europe," brought the revolutionary element in other nations into sympathy with Italian freedom. And in a host of articles and pamphlets he afforded the impulse necessary to evoke the spark of patriotism in many a hesitating company of men, to "beat the twilight into flakes of fire."

It is of course impossible to define with exactness the amount of influence thus exerted; but it is noticeable that we seldom find an Italian patriot ascribing his first ardour of public spirit to any other source; nor does any other source seem to have existed from which the rising people of Italy could draw their necessary and sustained inspiration. Giusti gave them trenchant satire. Guerrazzi gave them a mass of vigorous polemic. Gioberti offered such incitement to greatness as can be drawn from volumes of panegyric of a type which we are more accustomed to see addressed to the people of Paris. But Mazzini almost alone gave what they needed most, a strain of manly virtue. "I love you too well," he wrote in the preface to his treatise on *The Duties of Man*, "either to flatter your passions or caress the golden dreams by which others seek to gain your favour. My voice may sound too harsh, and I may too severely insist on proclaiming the necessity of virtue and sacrifice, but I know, and you will soon know also, that the sole origin of every right is in a duty fulfilled."

The short treatise to which these words are prefixed should be read by those who have been accustomed to think of Mazzini as a violent revolutionary. Their first impression will probably be one of surprise at the subordination of political to religious dogma. The author has plainly more in common with Huss or Savonarola than with Robespierre or Mirabeau.

It will then be observed that if we except his preference for a republic as the logical form of government by the people, there is little in his opinions which would have disqualified him (for instance) from forming a member of an ordinary English liberal ministry. Even on questions of political economy—the great crux of the reformer—it may surprise us to find him both sound and inventive. Co-operation is his leading economical doctrine, and some of the practical measures by which he would encourage this are already at

work in some towns of Italy, and are likely enough to spread farther. On one point alone economists will agree in pronouncing him mistaken;—in his wish to raise the public revenue almost wholly by an income-tax. This is an extreme view, but it is still far enough from socialism or anarchy.

His literary work was much broken by the active business of insurrections. He took a personal part in all the movements which he originated, as well as in many which he disapproved as immature, but was unable to arrest.¹ He was remarkable for his cool courage in the presence of danger, and Colonel Medici has described his conduct as a private in the disastrous campaign of Garibaldi's Volunteers near Milan in 1848, in terms which recall the well-known story of the constancy of Socrates in the retreat from Potidæa. His skill as a tactician was thought highly of by his party. We know too little of the chances which were seized or missed to enable us to form an independent opinion, but it is plain that he applied to the art of war the same humble and painstaking spirit which led him to shrink from no duty as paltry or uncongenial if it could serve Italy. We read his Catechism of Guerrilla Warfare, and find the delicate student who began life with an Essay on a European literature applying his mind to the right rules for lighting delusive camp fires and firing at the enemy's legs. And then in the intervals of these adventures we find the dangerous outlaw spending almost every evening for seven years (1841—48) in teaching a night-school of Italian organ boys in his shabby lodgings in Hatton Garden.

Work such as this may seem a waste of time in a political leader. But the potency of Mazzini's sympathies was much increased by his coming thus to Italy as one that ministered—by his being, like Dominic, the *amoroso drudo* of a lofty and absorbing faith. And time was preparing for him a culminant opportunity when no fragment of knowledge, influence, reverence which he had won should be forgotten or in vain. The things which he had done in secret were to be proclaimed openly, and the banner of "God and the People" was to fly from the Capitol of Rome.

FREDERIC W. II. MYERS.

(1) See Joseph Mazzini, a Memoir, by E. A. V.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

MODERN JAPAN.¹

II.

MODERN JAPAN has existed for a very few years only, the most important changes having taken place during the new era of "Meiji" within the last decade; it is not yet twenty years since the treaty ports were opened to foreigners, and it is less than a quarter of a century since the American, Commodore Perry, sailed into the bay of Yedo. From this occurrence the modern history of Japan may be said to date, and accordingly the arrival of the American squadron in July, 1853, is the first event chronicled in the *Kinsé Shiriaku*, a native work giving an account of the most critical period in the annals of Japan, recently translated by Mr. Satow, of the English Legation in Tokio. This chronicle concludes with the capture of Hakodaté by the Mikado's forces in 1869, when the existing government was definitively established, and the great struggle between the south-western and north-eastern clans terminated in the triumph of the former. Again and again in Japanese history this struggle has been renewed with varying success, and within the last few months it has been waged with as great determination as ever, the scene of action being changed from the northern island of Yesso to the south-western corner of the empire. Here the energetic and warlike clan of Satsuma has measured its strength single-handed against the Mikado's army, to which it so long furnished the most important contingent, and has at last succumbed. The revolution which overthrew the "Bakufu"² was entirely the work of the south-western clans, among which stand conspicuous as leaders Satsuma, Tosa, and Choshu. They enjoyed the advantage of having in their possession the person of the Mikado himself, while their eastern adversaries were stigmatized as being at once friends to the hated foreigner and traitors to the lawful emperor. Then, in addition to this moral superiority, the western clans, Choshu and Satsuma in particular, had the still more important advantage of being well drilled, lightly clothed, and provided with excellent firearms, while the eastern troops were encumbered with heavy armour, and their weapons were principally swords and spears. In the last struggle, which has just been brought to a close, these conditions have been entirely reversed. The cause which brought Satsuma into the field, and roused Tosa to indignant protest, may be as worthy as that for which they both fought victoriously eight or nine years ago, but now the big battalions, the best

(1) Concluded from the preceding number.

(2) Bakufu means literally the "Curtain" or "Tent" Government, in allusion to the original position of the Shogun, as a great military commander.

rifles and cannons, and the Mikado himself are all with their adversaries, who bear the title of the "loyal army," and brand with the name of rebels the clansmen of the west. It is hard not to feel sympathy in its downfall with the proud clan of Satsuma, which has played so leading a part in Japanese history as almost to justify the vaunt that "if all Japan weighs one hundred, then Satsuma weighs fifty." Seven years ago the Daimio of Satsuma stood foremost among the peers of Japan, his territory extended over three provinces, his revenues were inferior in amount to those of one Daimio only, and in political influence he was second to none, holding as he did the Liu Kiu Islands in tributary dependence, and having at his absolute disposal the most warlike and ambitious of the clans. In 1872 four-fifths of those who held the higher offices of the Japanese Government belonged to Satsuma and three other allied clans. In a civil war the beaten party is certain to be regarded as in the wrong, and the case of the Satsuma insurgents has never been publicly stated, except by their adversaries, but a fair idea of their leaders' views may probably be obtained from a memorial presented to the Mikado in July, 1877, by the Rissisha, a political society formed in the province of Tosa a few years previously. The insurrection was then limited to Kiushiu, the extreme western island of the Japanese Archipelago, but grave apprehensions were entertained that an outbreak would take place in the neighbouring island of Sikoku, where the influential clan of Tosa is located. At this juncture the Rissisha drew up a memorial, setting forth in temperate language the grievances felt by Japanese reformers, and petitioning the Mikado for the establishment of free representative institutions. The principal evils complained of were the despotic nature and changeable policy of the existing government, financial mismanagement, the working of the conscription, extreme centralization, and a lack of patriotic spirit in the conduct of foreign affairs, notably in the cession of Sagalien to Russia without a proper equivalent. That substantial grounds exist for these complaints no one conversant with Japanese affairs will deny, and the proposed remedies of free discussion and representative control on behalf of the people recommend themselves naturally to every Englishman, but it may well be doubted whether Japan is yet ripe for a complete parliamentary constitution. Anyhow, the peaceable remonstrance of Tosa was not more successful than the armed insurrection of Satsuma, and all hopes of immediate constitutional reform have perished with the gallant Saigo, whose voluntary death by the sword of his best friend was that of a true Japanese gentleman, and who may bear in future the title of the Last of the Samurai.

The clan of Choshu has played a part in recent events hardly second even to that of Satsuma, and with the Daimios of these two

great clans foreign powers have been brought into actual collision—never with the Mikado or the Shogun. The affairs of Kagoshima and Simonoscki have been the only occasions on which Japanese blood has been shed by British arms, and it is needless to say that Japanese writers take a somewhat different view of those actions, with their causes and their consequences, to that taken generally among ourselves. The attack on Kagoshima, the capital of Satsuma, in August, 1863, was brought about by the murderous attack made upon a party of English gentlemen on the Tokaido road, near Yokohama, in September, 1862, the assassins being the retainers of Shimadzu Saburo, father of the Prince of Satsuma. With respect to this affair, the Japanese allege that, while negotiations were still pending, the British admiral seized three steamers lying in a bay near Kagoshima, that this forcible seizure being regarded as an act of hostility the Satsuma batteries opened fire, and that the engagement resulted in severe damage to the English ships, and in the burning of the town of Kagoshima. A gale of wind was blowing at the time, and it is evident to any one familiar with the combustible nature of a Japanese city, that one or two stray shells would be sufficient in such a case to produce a general conflagration, however careful the British artillerists might have been to direct their fire against the batteries and arsenal only. Except as regards the seizure of the Satsuma steamers during the progress of negotiations, no blame, even by the Japanese account, seems to attach to the British in the affair of Kagoshima. It may be conceded that Shimadzu Saburo was not personally implicated in the death of Mr. Richardson, but it is certain that the fatal blows were struck by his retainers and in his presence. If he had given strict orders, as alleged, that his people were to abstain from all demonstrations of hostility against any foreigners whom they might meet, his duty and his dignity alike required that his disobedient followers should be punished with the utmost severity. The Satsuma ministers did not even pretend that this had been done. They expressed regret indeed for the fatal event, but maintained that the foreigners, in impeding the passage of the Tokaido road, had broken the laws of Japan, and had thus brought violence upon themselves. As to those who committed the violence, it was said that "if after examination they were found to be guilty they should be punished." This was the reply made to a demand for the "immediate trial and capital execution of the chief perpetrators of the outrage," exactly eleven months having elapsed without any action being taken for the punishment of Shimadzu's murderous and mutinous retainers. Thus, upon their own showing, the Satsuma authorities had given just cause of complaint to the British Government, and their chastisement seems to have been fully deserved, so far as they were chastised

by the bombardment of Kagoshima, or the payment of "£25,000 to be distributed to the relations of the murdered man and to those who escaped with their lives." A promise was also exacted that a diligent search should be made for the murderers, but none of them were ever brought to justice, and our government have laid themselves open to the taunt of having dropped the entire subject as soon as their pecuniary demands were complied with. There would have been little force in such a taunt, perhaps, had there been no other payment demanded beyond the moderate indemnity of £25,000 for the actual sufferers. Unfortunately, the British Foreign Office gave instructions that the Daimio of Satsuma was to be held responsible in the second place only, and that the Bakufu must bear the primary responsibility. The two conditions to be exacted were, "an ample and formal apology for the offence of permitting a murderous attack on British subjects," and "the payment of £100,000 as a penalty for this offence." As to this part of the Richardson affair, the injustice of English policy seems clear, and there is too great an appearance of truth in the accusation that a private crime was made the pretext by a powerful nation for extorting money from a feeble one.

In 1862—63 the Shogun was not ruler of Japan *de facto*, any more than *de jure*, and the unfairness of exacting from his government a large pecuniary penalty is enhanced by the fact that his helplessness at the time was due mainly to the action of foreign powers. To arrest so important a grandee as Shimadzu was quite beyond his power, humbled as he then was. Even in the plenitude of their power, the rulers of Yedo left remote and powerful clans very much to their own devices, but of late years the Shogun had been deprived of all authority to the westward of Yedo by the united hostility of the western Daimios, acting with the co-operation of the Mikado's court. Meanwhile, foreign governments continued to treat with the Shogun or Taikun as if he were Emperor of Japan, and to wring from him concessions which he had neither the right nor the power to grant, ignoring alike the theoretical supremacy of the Mikado and the practical independence of the great Daimios. By this policy the waning authority of the Shogun, founded solely upon military strength and prestige, was rapidly destroyed, and it might be said that his writ had ceased to run, except in the north-eastern provinces.

The Bakufu Government were never suspected or accused of complicity in the murder of Mr. Richardson; they did what they could beforehand to obviate by warning and expostulation the catastrophe; and their regret was subsequently expressed in the strongest possible language. *Non possumus* was in their case a genuine plea, and the want of power, which was their only crime, rendered the

extortion from them of £100,000 an easy but dishonourable proceeding, while the unfortunate minister who paid the indemnity was censured and disgraced by the court of Kioto. On the other hand the display of artillery power in the bombardment of Kagoshima, which seemed to many a harsh act at the time, may fairly be said to have prevented serious collisions and much bloodshed by humbling at once and decisively the arrogance of the most pugnacious clan.

The Simonoseki affair furnishes another important episode in modern Japanese history, being the second instance in which a war-like clan defied the foreigners, and paid the penalty of such rashness. Here the conduct of the Maritime Powers, and that of Great Britain especially, cannot be regarded with complete approval by the impartial historian, and the case for the Japanese is certainly stronger than at Kagoshima, where the original outrage is beyond dispute, and the doubtful point is merely whether a fitting punishment was inflicted upon those who were the true offenders. In the case of Simonoseki it is disputed whether an illegal act was ever committed by the Japanese, it is denied that the British authorities had any concern at all in the matter, and it is maintained that the penalty was exacted from persons in no way responsible, and was altogether in excess of the alleged offence. The facts appear to be these. In 1863 the powerful house of Mori, Daimios of Choshu, or Nagato, constructed batteries at Simonoseki with the avowed object of opposing the passage of the western barbarians through the narrow straits, which here separate Kiusiu from Hondo, the mainland of Japan, and are the channel of navigation between the Inland Sea and the outer Sea of Japan. American, French, and Dutch vessels passing through these straits were successively fired upon by the Japanese, one of the ships so attacked being the Dutch man-of-war *Medusa*, which at once took her own part so effectively as to silence one of the batteries. The insults to the American and French flags were in their turn promptly avenged by the *Wyoming* and the *Sémiramis*. Supposing the foreign vessels to have been justified by law or treaty, which the Japanese deny, in passing through these very narrow straits into the Inland Sea, it seems impossible to find fault with the action thus far of the three foreign nations concerned. It is not necessary here to discuss whether England was justified in her intervention, no injury having been inflicted upon any of her subjects, or to enter into details as to the diplomatic action of the combined powers. The main interest of the whole matter now consists in affording an illustration of the peculiar political situation at the time in Japan, and the ignorance or perversity of foreign governments as to Japanese affairs. Envoys were dispatched by the Bakufu to reprimand the Daimio of Choshu for having fired without orders upon foreign vessels, but the Choshu people justified their

own conduct, and imprisoned one of the envoys, who never returned home, his ultimate fate remaining unknown. A complete breach was caused between the Government of Yedo and this headstrong clan, and soon afterwards the troops of Choshu were removed from their accustomed post at one of the palace gates in Kioto, whereupon they retreated bodily into their own western land. The Mori family were now prohibited from entering the Imperial capital, and found themselves involved in hostilities not only with the Maritime Powers, but also with the Mikado, the Shogun, and all the other clans, including their old allies of Satsuma. Their case seemed hopeless, but their courage did not falter, and far from submitting they actually assumed the offensive. On the 20th of August, 1864, the Choshu clan marched in three divisions upon Kioto, which was then full of troops. A desperate engagement took place, and by the united efforts of all the most warlike clans the Choshu forces were finally repulsed with severe loss, but the greater part of the capital was reduced to ashes. Twenty-one clans were ordered at once to invade the province of Nagato, while the Shogun prepared to take the field in person with his own immediate vassals in order to chastise the rebels. At the same time a still more formidable foe was approaching Nagato by sea: sixteen men-of-war, British, French, and Dutch, together with a small vessel bearing the Stars and Stripes, appeared before Simonoski on the 5th of September, 1864. The attack lasted during a portion of three days, and resulted in the destruction of the batteries, the town being spared, in consideration of which forbearance a special indemnity was demanded. The policy of making every disturbance a pretext for extorting money, or trade concessions, or both, from the defenceless Bakufu was in this case followed up with remarkable energy, and \$3,000,000 were required as the total indemnity to the four powers, payable by instalments of \$500,000.

Meanwhile the stubborn clan of Choshu withstood the united forces of the Japanese Empire, and the Bakufu, between the foreigners and the rebels, found itself "like a tom-tom beaten on both sides." For a short time the partisans of peace, who were stigmatized by the opposite faction as the "Vulgar View" party, gained the upper hand in Nagato, and made submission to the officials of the Bakufu; but the warlike spirit of the clan soon blazed up afresh, and the struggle was renewed with increased fierceness. The chiefs of the Vulgar View party were decapitated, a reconciliation was effected with Satsuma, the eastern invaders were defeated at all points in a series of well-contested actions, and compelled to evacuate the rebellious provinces, while the victors proceeded to carry the war into the enemy's territory. On the 19th of September, 1866, the Shogun died, and the Imperial court imme-

diately gave orders for discontinuing operations against Choshu. "The war was now over at last. During its continuance the Bakufu had expended vast sums of money, until its treasures were almost exhausted, and yet it was unable to have its way with Choshu. From this time onwards the great clans neglected to obey the commands of the Bakufu, and its power eventually decayed." Thus the Kinsé Shiriaku writes the epitaph of the great Tokugawa family, dominant in Japan for two centuries and a half. In January, 1867, was appointed the last of the Shoguns, now living in retirement, and in the following month the reigning Mikado ascended the throne, the one hundred and twenty-third sovereign of his dynasty. Foreign encroachments, which were made chiefly at the expense of the Shogun, and for which he was held responsible by patriotic Japanese, proved fatal to the Dual Government established in 1192 by Yoritomo, the first Sei-i Tai Shogun, or "Barbarian-subjugating Generalissimo." Feudalism, which had been established under the military usurpers of the Kwantô (eastern provinces), did not survive their downfall, and three years after the deposition of the Shogun the Feudal Daimios and Samurais were things of the past.

Duarchy and Feudalism both received their final death-blow during the war in which the foreign attack on Simonoseki was merely an episode, and the successful resistance offered by the Choshu clan to forces apparently overwhelming, must be regarded as the victory of regular troops over a feudal militia. Takasugi Shinsaku revolutionised the military system of Japan: he enlisted picked men from the common people, as well as from the Samurai class (who had hitherto monopolised the privilege of bearing arms), and formed them into a body of troops receiving high pay and subject to the strictest discipline. He thus created a force, bearing the somewhat inappropriate name of Irregulars, before whom no eastern army, however numerous, was able to stand. The new régime in Japan, which claims to be merely the ancient system restored as it was before the usurpations of the military caste under the Shoguns, is now founded upon the organization of a national army drawn from all classes of the community, and raised, not by voluntary enlistment, like the soldiers of Shinsaku, but by conscription. In time of war the total strength of the regular army amounts to 50,000 men, drilled, armed, and even fed like European soldiers. By this new army, the Satsuma insurrection has been crushed, and the Mikado's Government are by its means enabled to withstand alike reactionists and reformers, although the Imperial proclamation which called it into existence was published only five years ago. The central authority, wielding as it now does so formidable a military force, besides possessing a small but efficient navy under trained officers, has little to apprehend from local disaffection. Finance will probably be the

serious difficulty of Japanese rulers in the immediate future, if they persist in their ambition of taking rank among the civilized powers of the world. The land tax is the source from which five-sixths of the public revenue is derived, and this produced a large increase in 1875—76, according to official estimates, as did also the returns from postage, and from spirits and tobacco; on the other hand, there was a serious falling off under the head of customs. By far the largest item of public expenditure is for Samurais' salaries and pensions, but this is a diminishing item, and as there is also a considerable reduction in the army estimates, the most recently published financial statement, showing a small favourable balance, is hopeful enough on the whole, if the figures can be trusted.

The political and social revolution which created modern Japan, has been as sudden and complete as a theatrical transformation scene. A country sealed from time immemorial against all outsiders is suddenly thrown open, and foreign ideas, inventions, and fashions are welcomed and adopted by Government and people. A mysterious dignitary, supposed to resemble in his spiritual attributes the Dalai Lama of Thibet, is drawn forth from invisible seclusion, is arrayed in European uniform, and appears before the astonished world as ruling Emperor of Japan, while the usurping Shogun, the representative of military domination, retires into peaceful obscurity, his title and his office being suddenly extinguished after a duration of seven centuries. A great territorial aristocracy, owning impregnable fortresses, princely revenues, and the allegiance of devoted military retainers, decrees its own overthrow, and subsides without a struggle, almost without a murmur, into the position of private citizens pensioned by the State. A proud and warlike caste, enjoying a monopoly of arms, of scholarship, and of social privileges, "jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel," two-sworded Tybalts and Mercutios of the nineteenth century, lay down their cherished blades, abandon their distinctive dress, mingle with the common herd, and peaceably accept their reduction to equality with merchants and mechanics. Such changes seem too vast and too rapid to be permanent, and a certain amount of reaction may be fairly anticipated; but whatever the future may have in store for Japan, it is clear that the duarchy of Mikado and Shogun, the feudal sway of Daimios, and the privilege of Samurais are all as completely things of the past as the corresponding institutions of mediæval Europe, and that none of them can be re-established any more than the national isolation, which alone rendered possible their existence at this period of human history. The entire political system of Japan was effete, and had long resembled a structure of timbers, the interior of which has been devoured by white ants: it was barely able to support its own weight, and it crumbled into dust at the first external touch. Like the

Mikado himself, the Shogun in the Castle of Yedo, and the Daimios in their provincial capitals, while retaining all external attributes of greatness, had become, with a few distinguished exceptions, mere puppets in the hands of their ministers, many of these being *novi homines*, to whose new ideas the modern revolution is mainly due.

Scattered throughout the length and breadth of Japan are mighty fortifications, with broad deep moats, and earthworks faced with huge granite blocks, rivalling in extent and in artificial strength the elaborate constructions of Vauban. Six years ago these were the strongholds of great chiefs, by whom, or in whose name, wealthy provinces were ruled like independent principalities, and at whose word thousands of clansmen were prepared literally to sacrifice their lives. Now these fortresses are ruined and deserted as completely as the robber castles of the Rhine, the wooden towers and pavilions which adorned their interiors having in some cases entirely disappeared, while in others they are rapidly falling into decay. Such is the style of Japanese architecture that half-a-dozen years seem to have done the work of centuries; and for centuries to come there will be but little further change in the Cyclopean foundations upon which were raised the ephemeral palaces of paper and wood. The magnificent old trees, which lately overshadowed those structures, remain intact in their grandeur, but the moat has been converted into a rice field, the bamboo jungle grows already on the threshold, and huge spiders spin their "thin grey pall" in the massive gateways. The men who once lived there in feudal state are still alive; the knights are not dust, nor are their good swords rust; the individual has survived the system, and an ex-Daimio still young may stand under the secular pine-trees amid the ruins of his own castle, and muse over his own departed greatness, departed as utterly as that of the Cæsars from the Palatine Hill. In India we have learnt by sad experience what it may cost to capture the mud fort of a Talukdar, even with the aid of artillery. The original number of great Daimios is said to have been sixty-six, but the official list of 1862 gave the number as two hundred and sixty-six, with incomes varying from nearly a million sterling down to £15,000. To subdue by force such an array of chiefs, many of whom merely recognised the supremacy of the Mikado, very much as did an Earl Douglas or a Lord of the Isles that of the Stuart kings of Scotland, was a task far beyond the strength of the central government.

Effluit et dissipati sunt—the spirit of the age seems here to have wrought a miracle, and before its breath feudalism, "unsmote by the sword, has melted like snow." In the "last year of foudalism," Mr. W. E. Griffis has described the impressive scene which he witnessed on the 1st of October, 1871, when Matsudaira Mochiaké, Lord of Echizen, bade farewell to his clan in the castle

hall of Fukui, his capital city, transferring the allegiance of his retainers to the Mikado, and surrendering his territorial fiefs. All over Japan similar scenes were enacted. With a calmness which would have been pusillanimous had it not been patriotic, the haughty chiefs laid down their power, and left their ancestral homes for ever, exchanging in some cases a principality for the directorship of a joint-stock company in Tokio. Upon their immediate retainers the blow descended with terrible severity; by the stroke of a pen they were all at once converted into Ronins, masterless men, Samurai without occupation or residence. Mr. Green, speaking of the West Saxons one thousand years ago, tells us that "the 'lordless man' became a sort of outlaw in the realm," and his words are applicable to the modern Japanese. It is true that small pensions are paid by the State to the "discestablished" Samurai, but these are at the best mere pittance, and have been in many instances commuted for the payment of a round sum with a view to business speculations. The result too often has been that these persons, utterly devoid of all business experience, have lost or consumed their capital in the vain attempt to increase it. Many of the Shizoku, or ancient gentry of the land, are now in abject poverty, and are compelled, they and their families, to earn a livelihood in menial and even degrading occupations. Discussing this subject with an American gentleman who had been brought up in Japan, I asked, "Are the Shizoku discontented?" His reply was, "Discontent is a state of mind scarcely compatible with the Japanese temperament: I should rather say that they feel thoroughly humbled and ashamed of their position. Certainly they have abandoned their peculiar costume, and keep as much as possible out of sight, being now as careful to conceal their humiliation as they once were to assert their dignity. They were accustomed to be treated with deference by all, and to carry everything before them; now their swords have been taken from them, they are regarded as stingless drones, and are despised by those who used to fear them." A trying position, beyond question, but one which time will remedy.

Japan has been styled the Britain of Asia, and certain analogies undoubtedly exist between the two groups of islands as to their geography and history, their area and population; but the Japanese have always been more truly *toto divisos orbe* than the inhabitants of the British Isles. Dai Nihon has been only once invaded and never conquered by a foreign foe, and it has very rarely assailed its neighbours, China and Corea. Hence the Japanese differ from the neighbouring continentals, not in mere insular peculiarities of dress and manner, but in essential details of character and customs, so that the traveller passing from China to Japan feels at once that he is among a totally distinct people from those whom he has quitted.

The Japanese received the Buddhist religion through China from India, they make use of the Chinese written character, and they study the Chinese classics. They have really far less in common with the Chinese than modern England has with Imperial Rome. Their religion and literature, their arts and laws, have felt the influence of the great neighbouring empire; but the natural genius of the Japanese people, their language, features, and habits, all are perfectly distinct from those of the Middle Kingdom, and seem to indicate Malay or Polynesian rather than Mongolian affinities. While in Japan I was much more frequently reminded of Java than of China, and when allowance has been made for difference of climate, the resemblance between the Japanese and Javanese races in manners and appearance is as strong as that between the two countries. The likeness may be illusory like that of the names (more correctly written Nihon and Djuwa), but there are considerations of physical geography which connect Japan and Polynesia with the Malay Archipelago far more closely than at first sight appears, and it is certain that ocean currents have done much to distribute inhabitants over the vast island system of the Pacific.

The Japanese islands lie in comparatively low latitudes—Yedo, which is centrally situated in Hondu, the principal island, being actually to the south of Gibraltar and Cape Matapan, the southernmost points of Europe. Lying to the eastward of a great continent, the shores of which stretch away to north-east and south-west, these islands are brought under the influence of two ocean currents, one flowing to the south-west from the arctic regions between Japan and the mainland, the other, known as the Kuro Shiwo or Black Stream, flowing to the north-east from the tropic of Cancer along the southern coasts of the archipelago. In consequence of this peculiar position between a warm and a cold current the islands are liable to severe gales and even typhoons; and, notwithstanding the possession of a coast line indented with countless bays and fiords, the Japanese have never been a truly seafaring people, and have displayed no maritime enterprise beyond that of fishermen and coast traders. Unskilful seamanship and defective construction cause many coasting vessels, Chinese as well as Japanese, to be swept out to sea by the sudden and violent storms of these regions, and if they do not founder at once, they are very apt to lose rudder and masts, when of course they drift along helplessly with wind and current. The Kuro Shiwo, sweeping up from the Philippines, flows rapidly by the shores of Japan towards the Aleutian Islands, curving to the south down the American coast, and returning by the Hawaiian Archipelago across the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. C. W. Brooks, for many years Japanese consul at San Francisco, has published in the Proceedings of the California

Academy of Sciences, 1875, all attainable information relating to junks stranded on the coast of North America, and on the Hawaiian or adjacent islands. He finds that in every instance these have proved to be Japanese, no case being on record of a Chinese junk having been so stranded or found adrift in the North Pacific; this might have been anticipated from the set of the current along the coasts of Corea and China from the Kurile Islands into the Straits of Formosa. During the present century the number of persons rescued from Japanese junks wrecked or disabled in the North Pacific has amounted to hundreds, and it is certain that, since the time when ships are first mentioned in Japanese history, *n.c.* 81, many natives of Japan must have found their way to the American and Hawaiian coasts, where they have been so often wrecked in our own days, and must have remained there for the remainder of their lives. Square rudders and open sterns have been compulsory by edict for Japanese craft since *A.D.* 1639, the intention being to prevent ocean navigation: at the same time, the return home of any Japanese who had visited a foreign country, however involuntarily, was prohibited under pain of death, which law was rigidly enforced until recent times against all shipwrecked sailors sent home by Portuguese, Russians, or others. Recent changes in Japan are well illustrated by the fact that the present government are in the habit of rewarding foreign captains who rescue their shipwrecked seamen, and in 1874 they ordered models of vessels from the United States, recommending their adoption to shipbuilders in place of the old-fashioned junk. The crews of ordinary junks average about ten men each, but the largest are nearly four hundred tons in burthen; as many as seventeen persons have actually been rescued on board a disabled junk, and sometimes the crew consists of double that number. When blown out into the open Pacific, a rudderless dismasted vessel is safe from typhoons, and drifts steadily eastward with the current (besides the aid of prevailing westerly winds), at an average rate of full ten knots a day. When carrying, as very many do, a cargo of rice or dried fish, there is a fair probability that the junk, passing through a region subject to much rain, will reach land with some of her crew alive, even if carried by the return current as far back as the Sandwich Islands, and as a matter of fact men have been rescued after drifting helplessly for more than a year. In no reported case has a Japanese woman been found on board, but it is common for entire families to sail in junks, either as passengers or residents, and one vessel so freighted might people a group of islands previously uninhabited. It must naturally have occurred that shipwrecked Japanese sailors intermarrying with the natives of inhabited coasts would transmit to their descendants some special characteristics, as well as terms of speech, such as are actually to be found in the dialects of Indian

tribes in Oregon and California. The frank and friendly manners of the Japanese, so different from those of continental Asia, have their exact counterpart in Hawaii, and it is easy to understand the remark of a Japanese on landing there, "Why, here we are among our own people!" So strange, on the other hand, do the Chinese appear in Japanese eyes as to resemble Europeans rather than themselves; and in remote districts a European is frequently received by the children with shouts of "Chinaman! Chinaman!" It is clear from all the facts before us that a blood relationship must exist between the races inhabiting the shores washed by the vast circuit of the ocean current, best known as the Black Stream of Japan.

Among the many points of difference which separate the Chinese and Japanese, one of the most striking is that the former (alone, I believe, among Asiatic races) make use of chairs, which are conspicuous articles of furniture in every respectable Chinese house, but were unknown in Japan until within the last few years. However far a Chinaman may go in modifying his habits conformably with foreign fashions, he always clings to his pigtail, and except among prisoners I have never seen a Chinaman of any class minus that ornamental appendage. A Japanese, on the other hand, indicates his political proclivities by the mode in which he wears his hair, and may be recognised as an imperialist, a feudalist, or a radical, by his top-knot, his shaven temples, or his close-cropped head. The orthodox Samurai fashion is still in high favour, with the front part of the head shaved, a small short cue worn as a sort of crest, and all traces of a beard carefully removed. A native gentleman, who had adopted the coiffure of Young Japan, assured me that the growth of his moustache, small as it was, had greatly increased his travelling expenses: "They treat me now as if I were a foreigner."

Feminine dress and fashions in Japan are quite distinct from those of China; the barbarous custom of crushing the foot is unknown (as also are high-heeled boots), and small well-shaped hands and feet are characteristic of Japanese women. They continue, however, to blacken their teeth and shave their eyebrows when they marry, although the present Empress has set her face against these time-honoured observances. The Japanese in general affect a simple style of dress, without gaudy colours or ostentatious ornaments; except for fastening up their hair, even women wear no jewellery, and do not, like their Aryan sisters, pierce the cartilage of nose or ears in order to insert metallic rings. Japan seems to be a country where men never lose their temper, where women and children are always treated with gentleness, where common labourers bow and beg pardon of each other if they happen to jostle accidentally, where popular sports do not inflict suffering upon the lower animals, where a paper screen is a sufficient protection against all intrusion—even that of

burglars, and where cleanliness takes such a high rank among social virtues as to be carried almost to a ludicrous excess.

Japanese manners are certainly very different from our own; but even according to such a standard as is generally accepted in Europe, the Japanese are a thoroughly well-bred people. And "manners are not idle:" urbanity, gentleness, and consideration for others are not mere superficial qualities; when such national characteristics are found combined with courage, energy, and intellect, they may surely be accepted as evidence of an advanced civilisation. Foreigners, after living in the interior of Japan for a considerable time, on returning into "civilised society," have even stated that the manners of their own countrymen appear to them vulgar and almost brutal, accustomed as they have become to a courtesy singularly free from servile or mercenary considerations. The readiness of the Japanese to adopt what seems to them worthy of imitation in foreigners is regarded by some as indicating a lack of originality and independence. But if they imitate, it is not without discrimination, and their willingness to accept what is new and strange, when convinced of its merits, seems rather to indicate acute intelligence with remarkable freedom from prejudice. The Chinese have just succeeded in getting possession of the only railroad in China, and have at once proceeded to destroy the obnoxious innovation. The Japanese railways are being steadily improved and extended, so as to compare creditably, under native management, with any railways in the world.

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

THE RESETTLEMENT OF THE TURKISH DOMINIONS.

NOTHING can be more true than the way in which Lord Derby lately put the alternatives which were before us at the commencement of the war. Neutrality undoubtedly meant that sooner or later Russia must overthrow the Turks, and that great territorial changes must result. But looking that in the face, we elected neutrality; and it is only to be regretted that our neutrality was not real, impartial, and dignified, and has been disfigured by a bitter partisanship at Constantinople, and by an unfriendliness of tone towards Russia and a succession of words and acts of irritation which go far to deprive us of our just influence in the eventual settlement. In fact, we have so ostentatiously separated ourselves from Russia that we cannot be surprised that, so far as Turkey is concerned, the new arrangements are dictated by Russia, and little is left to a European conference. So far we can only accept what has been done, and try to make the best of it in working out the details with a view to a European sanction.

As regards our special British interests, the Russian terms seem to be as moderate as could be expected. In Europe I have always thought that the liberation should at present stop at Adrianople. That place is not Bulgarian, and to give it to the Greeks before they have got Constantinople would involve certain trouble. They would be interposed between the Bulgarians and the Turks, and could hardly fail to quarrel with either, especially with the Bulgarians. In Asia, where, if not our serious interests, at least our susceptibilities are most concerned, it turns out that the terms which the Russians announced at the beginning, and adhered to till they had crossed the Balkans, were singularly moderate. They then proposed not to exceed the annexation of Batoum, which, under the circumstances, could hardly be grudged to them. Even now, when their triumph is complete and their great sacrifices enable them to calculate an indemnity hardly to be satisfied by any territorial compensations, I think they are moderate in accepting the Kars section of Armenia, and not pressing for Erzeroum and Van. After all, on the map of Asia that is not a very great advance, and need not seriously alarm us.

But there is another standpoint from which we must consider the arrangements made by Russia. I most strongly hold the opinion so well expressed by Mr. Laing in the last number of this Review, that the real danger of Russian preponderance lies, not in their doing too much, but in their doing too little for the Christians of Turkey, and

that it is madness in us to seek to minimise the Turkish concessions in this direction. Free autonomous states would very soon develop their own ambitions, and would be very unwilling to become mere slaves and tools of a despotic Russia. But half-freedom, half-subjection to the Turks, and a heavy tribute, mean the necessity of Russian protection and aid, and a tribute to Russia in payment of the expenses of the war. In every way it seems clearly to be our function to maximise, and not to minimise, the freedom and the independence of the Christian provinces.

There is yet one more question on which I am inclined to take a view which may seem not moderate. I mean in regard to the position of the Turks in these Christian provinces. And that I may not be subject to misconstruction on this subject, I may be permitted first to say that I am most assuredly not influenced by any prejudices against the Turks as Turks, or against Mahommedans as Mahommedans. On the contrary, I believe the Turks, Pashas apart, to be an extremely fine race; and so far from persecuting Mahommedans, in India (where I have thought the men of that persuasion rather hardly treated) I have always been notorious for espousing their interests, even to the point of exciting a good deal of indignation against me on the part of some of the educated Hindoos. I am, too, one of those who would like of all things to see religion kept apart entirely from civil affairs. Nothing would gratify me so much as to see a Mahommedan population accepting a fair and equal citizenship in communities in which Greek and Roman, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Mahommedan, might manage their civil affairs together, and keep their religious affairs to themselves. It is, therefore, from no undue prejudice that I incline to a sort of bag-and-baggage policy, but for two reasons which I will state. First, I wish to see the Turks as strong and independent as possible, and I think that they would be much stronger and more independent if their population was concentrated in the very fine and wide countries which still remain to them, than if they continue separated and scattered. And, second, I believe that the presence of a large Turkish population in the enfranchised provinces is the very thing which must prolong and, perhaps, perpetuate Russian control and domination. I never for a moment believed that the Russians wished to expel the Mahommedans from Bulgaria. Nothing could be more contrary to their practice and policy, which has always been to retain and conciliate the Mahommedan races whom they have conquered. They have proved in their territories, as we have in India, that under a superior rule Mahommedan and other subjects may live very well together. But such an arrangement is infinitely more difficult in an autonomous self-governing state. And, much as I should like to see tried the experiment of self-government in

which religious differences are put out of sight, I fear that the most unlikely field for such an experiment that it is possible to devise would be this Bulgaria, where Christian and Mahommedan, already separated by religion, laws, and social arrangements, are embittered by terrible massacres and an internecine strife. The Mahommedan population of Bulgaria is very considerable—certainly a fourth, possibly almost a third of the whole, even after the Mahommedan Dobrudzha is excluded. It is a population used to domination and to arms, and very much of the property of the country is in its hands. It is too important by far to subside into a humble and unobtrusive position. If that population remains such as it was before the war, it may well be doubted whether anything but foreign occupation can prevent the most serious troubles. While, then, it would be impossible to expel the Turks, I would certainly give them every encouragement towards, and facilities for, emigrating. I would promote a sort of exchange of the populations: inducing the Turks to move and occupy the rich lands which were once the home of so many great, rich, and prosperous nations of Asia Minor, but are now not a tithe occupied; while, a definite settlement being arrived at, those of the Christians now dwelling in Turkish lands who seek independence may move to Christian territory. I believe it must come to this at last. Small states cannot exercise the same impartial rule as great empires. See the case of Roumania and Servia; practically Mohammedans are obliged to abandon those countries. In Bulgaria, as in some parts of Greece, I hope that the Mahommedans of Bulgarian race and language may remain and become good citizens; but I really do believe that the sooner all the true Turkish-speaking Turks, who are not willing to become mere sojourners in an alien land, move to proper Turkish soil, the better. Those who are satisfied to cling to the soil without political power may be protected as Jews are to be protected, but that is all. So great an emigration has already taken place that such an arrangement as I propose is much facilitated and might be further promoted by arrangements to render available the lands now lying waste and unoccupied.

The questions arising in the re-settlement of the Turkish territories may be grouped under three heads—

Constantinople and the Straits; Europe; and Asia.

I. I believe that it would be much better for the Turks if they could give up Constantinople and the Straits, and become again wholly an Asiatic people in Asia Minor. That withdrawal would save them from the responsibilities attached to the guardianship of the Straits, and from the European jealousies and temptations to attack which it involves. And it would probably free the real Turkish people from

the incubus of that great and corrupt bureaucracy of the Pashas—that mongrel race of unwholesome growth which has been the outcome of the peculiar position at Constantinople. Retired into Asia Minor, with much of the old blood of that country in their veins, and carrying with them a good deal learned in contact with Europe, the Turks might still become a very good, compact, homogeneous, self-governing people, very superior to modern Persians or Arabs or Egyptians in many respects. I hope they may eventually attain such a status; but they must for the present be burdened with Constantinople and the Straits, because no other arrangement is possible. The Russians must not have that position. They say, fairly enough, “We do not claim it, but neither the Greeks nor any great European power shall keep the key of our house.” A free self-governing city is impossible on account of the very discordant elements which compose it, *i.e.* Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and people of every nationality of Europe and Asia. Turkish rule alone is possible. The Turks are already about half the population of the Peninsula from Adrianople to Constantinople—immigration will make them more than half: they must at any rate hold that tract till they die away and shrink by a natural process. After that the Greeks may get their own again, under the changed political circumstances of some other day. Meantime, if we look at the map, this Constantinopolitan Peninsula goes almost as well with Asia as with Europe. Seeing the easy water traffic on the Bosphorus, one feels that the two sides could hardly belong to different Powers. So for the present both must be held by the Turks.

As regards European interests in the Straits, the question what is to be done, may probably be settled in the easiest way by doing nothing—leaving things as they are. I never believed that the Russians were very anxious to come out of the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, and I do not think they would do us very much harm if they did. A third-rate naval power which has exhausted its resources, and has great military necessities, is not likely to be formidable on the seas to the greatest and richest of naval powers—especially now that nava^l power is so much matter of money. Even if any naval power greater than Russia did become hostile to us in the Mediterranean, I have my own views about the possibility of shutting up the Canal to hostile fleets during war, and taking to the Cape route ourselves, as a course much cheaper and easier than defending a long route through inland seas. But I will say no more of that at present, even though several ship-owners and others of weight tell me that they agree with me, and that for selfish English interests the shutting of the Canal would probably in the long run be the best. It is enough that the Russians do not seek to open the Straits of Constantinople to ships of war, and have

wittingly or unwittingly got from us the expression of a desire that the question should not be raised. I have no doubt they would much like an arrangement by which in a quiet way they might bring vessels built or bought out of the Black Sea into that sea, and establish a preponderating fleet there. But, for the rest, what they want is to close the Straits to fleets, not to open them. As to the liability to have the Straits opened to hostile fleets in time of war, of which they complained, it is only in time of war with the Turks that it would be so, and no treaty could prevent the Turks opening the Straits to their allies if they are at war with Russia. It comes then to this, that when the Russians can manage to get up a fleet, while the Turks for want of resources fail to maintain theirs, the Black Sea will become a Russian lake, subject to the engagement for the freedom of commerce of all nations, and subject also to this, that the Straits may be opened if the Russians again make war on the Turks. No doubt if we were at war with Russia while the Turks remain neutral, we could not get at the Russians in the Black Sea. Perhaps that is so far no great evil: there would be the less possibility of fighting. And as to India, the case would not be half so bad as that of the Caspian, which is a Russian lake with no risk that the Persians may let in a hostile fleet; and which is very much nearer to India and very much more handy for an advance in that direction than the Black Sea. We may be pretty sure that seeing how many and how powerful are those who share with us the claim to free commerce in the Black Sea, we shall successfully maintain that right. As Prince Bismarck says, that is much more important than the question of ships of war. We have begged that this latter question may be dropped from the new Treaty. Dropped it is, and dropped let it remain. Let the old arrangements be maintained.

II. As respects the settlement of European Turkey, I have never doubted that the establishment of an autonomous Bulgaria in due ethnographical limits means the destruction of the Turkish Empire in Europe—it is the excision of the backbone; but that destruction being accepted, as I suppose all must now accept it, I cannot imagine how any party among us can be opposed to the full freedom of the races hitherto subject, or desire to interpose limitations and conditions which can only prolong the necessity for foreign occupation and control. We at any rate have little occasion for an excessive jealousy of the extension of the Slav peoples in Europe. And, after all, the Bulgarians, though they may have a large Slav element in their blood and language, are not Slavs but Bulgars;—and their more or less of Russianisation will depend on the degree to which other Powers by an unfriendly attitude towards them drive them into the arms of Russia. The

best of the race, and those most requiring deliverance from a rule of oppression and massacre, are South of the Balkans, and a Bulgaria confined to the north of that range would have been no Bulgaria. I am extremely glad that the Russians were firm on that head, and that Bulgaria is really to be the country of the Bulgarians. Something has been said of the enormous and overshadowing power of this new Bulgaria. A fine country and fine people of perhaps five millions, more or less, no doubt it will be: but after all, at the utmost, neither in size or population will it exceed or equal the present Roumania—to say nothing of possible extensions of the latter country. If the people of Servian race could be united, they also would form a large and strong state; and an extended Greece will be in no danger from the Bulgarians. The Turks will still be more than strong enough to hold their own against any of these peoples.

In nothing has so much vent been given to pro-Turkish prejudices as in the unfair condemnation of the Christian races who are, as it were, unrepresented in our public opinion. Not only are the facts distorted, but in judging of them we apply a preposterously unfair standard; condemning them in the severest terms because at the moment of emerging from a long political slavery they do not at once come up to the highest ideas of chivalrous, Christian, and civilised conduct, which are quite recent among ourselves, if, indeed, we have yet learned to practise them on all occasions. The Bulgarians in particular are very commonly spoken of as a brutal race, for whom not a word can be said. I believe that nothing can be more untrue. I saw a good deal of the South Bulgarians, and am quite satisfied that they are a very good, steady, reliable, industrious race—apt in education, apt in all industrial arts; the very people most likely to govern themselves in a sober, temperate manner, and to attain great material prosperity without danger to their neighbours. Then as to the barbarities attributed to them. Our ambassador at Constantinople, while ready to throw doubt on the atrocities of the Turks, even when substantiated by the official inquiry of his own English officials, has never failed to bring the most sweeping accusations against the Bulgarians on the strength of the vaguest stories told by any anonymous Jew or Turk. I have carefully watched the real evidence which we have had, and am convinced that by far the greater part of these accusations cannot be supported. North of the Balkans the facts come to nothing more than this—that when the Turks fled, the Bulgarians plundered the goods left behind. South of the Balkans, where they had so recently suffered such terrible things at the hands of the Turks, they rose and committed some excesses in a few places on the occasion of Gourko's first advance. When Gourko retired, the Turks dealt out a retribution more terrible than any of which modern history makes mention—not

only on those guilty of excesses, but on all who had welcomed or even accepted the Russians, and on all who had property worth plundering. Again, when the Russians advanced there were some Bulgarian excesses, but there is not a tittle of substantial evidence that there was anywhere a large and general massacre of the Turkish population such as the Turks had committed. I have always said that nothing that we ever did in India or anywhere else can for a moment be compared to the terrible massacres of which the Turks have been guilty; but I do deliberately assert that we have in recent times done things quite as bad as anything that has been proved against the Bulgarians, with less provocation; and that we cannot consistently be very hard on these people for such reprisals as they took on those from whom they had suffered so much.

Lord Salisbury, by his delimitation of the two Bulgarias (the western province of which he quite correctly brought up to the Albanian frontier, and to the neighbourhood of Salonica) has become sponsor for the claims which seemed to excite at first so much surprise and indignation in this country. In Eastern Bulgaria he expected that the Mahomedans and Greeks would unite to counter-balance the Bulgarians, but I confess that I have always doubted whether such a balance of power would work. The most Mahomedan part of that country is the Dobrudcha and the north-east: that tract is not properly Bulgarian, and, so far as Bulgaria is concerned, it is well that it is to be cut off.

It is very important that the position of the Greeks in the Bulgarian country should be fully understood. In truth, so far as the rural population is concerned, the two races are not much intermixed. There will be very little difficulty in drawing the ethnographical line between them. The Greeks are only found in considerable numbers as traders and shopkeepers in some of the principal towns, exactly as are the Jews. In the town of Philippopolis the Greeks are about one-seventh of the population, and there are a few Greek shops in some of the smaller towns, but there are only three Greek villages in all that district. There can be no dispute that the country is Bulgarian, and that the Greeks are only settled as traders. It would be very hard indeed on a great country, situated as Bulgaria is, to have no access to the Ægean Sea, but the Greek fringe along the coast is no doubt a difficulty. Salonica is more Jew than Greek, and might have been given over without positive injustice—but the susceptibilities of the Greeks have been rightly spared there. Adrianople and the country thence to the sea being Greek and Turk, not Bulgarian, the latter people could not, without injustice, have been brought to the sea at Dedeagatch. The plan for giving them Kavala seems a happy compromise. I do not personally know the neighbourhood of that place, but wherever I

have tested Kiepert's map I have always found it extremely accurate, and Kiepert brings the Bulgarians close to the sea at Kavala, only a few Turks being interposed. On the whole, the best arrangement might be as follows: on the South-Albanian frontier and in the Salonica quarter, attach to the Greek provinces as much as possible; give the Greeks the benefit, as it were, of every doubt in the delimitation between them and the Bulgarians. That will be a set-off for the very few Greeks who may come under Bulgarian dominion at Kavala. The Bulgarian tract at the latter place will then divide the Greek provinces from the Turkish province stretching to Constantinople, till in the days of our sons or grandsons the Greeks may possibly acquire this latter. In that case the empire of the Greeks must be so much a maritime one, composed so much of islands and peninsulas, and their communications by sea would be so easy, by land so difficult, that the separation of their provinces would be no real disadvantage.

If then Bulgaria be fairly defined, and free institutions be fairly given to it—if the head of the government be fairly selected, and the necessary occupation till the new government is started be so arranged that, both in respect of its duration and its too exclusively Russian character, the other powers may not have cause for complaint, I am very sanguine of the future of that province—excepting only the difficulty about the Turkish population. So long as that remains in great strength, I very much doubt the possibility of terminating a foreign occupation; and I sincerely hope that the emigration which has already so largely taken place will continue, every effort being made to alleviate and minimise the hardships attending it, and the future benefit to the Turks themselves being fully borne in mind.

I think we are too apt in our jealousy to confound Slav extension with the absolute rule of Russia; forgetting that the Russian despotic system is an oriental importation brought in by the Tartars, and that the Slavs are properly a very democratic race. Pan Slavism appears to be a mere modern philosophic idea got up in Moscow. The South Slavs are allied to Russians only as English, or Dutch, or Swedes, or Danes are to Germans; they have altogether escaped the Oriental reverence for a despot which has had so much hold in Russia. It is the democratic element in Russia itself which has chiefly allied itself with the South Slavs. Surely, then, if we are jealous of Russian despotism, we should promote, not restrict, the freedom and the territorial extension of the democratic South Slavs. Servia especially represents the triumph of popular institutions; not the communism of modern Russia, but the conservative peasant-proprietor sort of democracy. It was no doubt the fear of the too great spread of liberal ideas which made the Russian government so backward in

helping the Serbs in 1876, and it was that feeling which led them to keep the Serbs out of the war of 1877 till the stubborn resistance of the Turks rendered Servian aid very acceptable.

The Servians have very great claims. Not only have they done and suffered very much in the war of independence, but till one goes into that part of the world, as I have this season, one hardly realises what a great name Servia is in the East of Europe. There has been some disposition to ridicule their songs of old Servian heroes; yet, in the border-lands of Austria and Turkey, one learns that in race, language, and history, the Servians almost represent the South Slavs. Only difference of religion separates them from the majority of the Austrian Slavs. Even in Austria, all Slavs professing the Greek religion are popularly called Serbs, and the race and language are recognised as having much wider limits than the modern Servia. Clearly in the partition the Serbs have a just claim to all the extension in old Servia which the ethnical character of the population can justify, and have been very hardly treated.

Bosnia is a great difficulty. Looking only to race and to the feelings and interests of the Christian inhabitants as well as to the claims of Servia, I believe that it might with great advantage be united to Servia. But the large Mahomedan population, being indigenous and Slav, cannot be got rid of, and an internecine war has been carried to such an extremity that Christians and Mahomedans can hardly unite in self-government for years to come. I am inclined to think that the police of Bosnia must, for the present at any rate, be imposed on Austria. Perhaps Bosnia might be united with the Austrian military frontier territory, which is chiefly of the Greek religion, and the arrangement might last as long as Austria lasts—even possibly it might be the beginning of a new Austrian confederation, which might replace the present unworkable duality, when the two or three million Turks of Hungary, whom we call Magyars, are reduced to their proper limits as a small state in Central Hungary.

North Albania would be a difficulty. The Catholic Miridites seem to have been almost independent, and might remain so. It has been supposed that Italy cherishes ambitions beyond the Adriatic. If she were at all in the same position as Austria, she might well risk a good deal, but it is far otherwise. The freest country in Europe, with a compact and magnificent territory, and need only of financial repose and internal consolidation, it would be madness in her to enter on such a new and most difficult political theatre; and I am assured that no such idea is seriously entertained by sensible Italians; if it exist, it is only among a very few excitable people without real influence.

The Greeks are already half Albanian, and South Albania which has so many Greek affinities might be treated as a Greek province.

I very much regret that the Greek provinces are not to have the same complete autonomy as Bulgaria; but since Russia, which has fought the battle, has so willed it, we must be content that they should have such a constitution as is conceded by the treaty; and that, no doubt, will prepare them for complete freedom at a comparatively early date. A maritime and commercial people as the Greeks are, it is certainly our interest that they should be made as strong as possible. Despite much misgovernment, no one can doubt that they are one of the most energetic and rising peoples in the world. Greece is too small for them; they are too clever for the rôle they now play. By all means let us look to a greater Greece as soon as may be; but rather a Greek confederacy than a direct extension of the present too highly centralized Greece. I think it clear that this greater Greece, besides Epirus, Thessaly, and good slices of Macedonia and Albania, must comprise all the islands—Crete, Cyprus, Rhodes, Mitylene, Samos, and the rest.

From a Russian point of view, perhaps, we can hardly wonder that the Emperor should seek to recover the territory lost in the Crimean war. Yet it was not old Russian territory, it was only acquired by conquest in 1812; the population is Rouman. We must hope that the Roumanians will hold out; and the scandal which would attach to a military conquest from their allies may, in that case, suffice to deter the Russians. If not, it rests with greater military powers more directly interested than we to stop them. In any case it will be very difficult to dispose of the Dobrudcha. The Mahommedan population makes it unsuited to Roumania. Yet it is hard to see what else could be done with it. The Turks could hardly continue to hold it—it could hardly be independent—it must not be Russian. The Roumanians are the people who have the chief interest in the navigation of the lower Danube, and of whom others need not be jealous. I suppose Roumania must take the Dobrudcha.

III. I am sanguine, then, that if the new Conference meets in a fair spirit, there is no reason why the settlement of what was Turkey in Europe may not be effected very satisfactorily. I fear that it may be more difficult so to settle the Asiatic dominions of Turkey as to give prospect of lasting peace and progress. The Christian provinces being freed, we must all heartily desire to see the Turks in real Turkey as strong and independent as possible. They really have some considerable virtues, and if the new constitution was not intended as a mere diplomatic instrument to stave off Europe, they might well become self-governing and progressive. The Turkish population in Asia Minor is already large, and I hope that it may receive considerable accessions from Europe. A Turkey of the Turks in Asia Minor would be a very good, stout, highly respectable second-class state. But what of the remainder of the Turkish

dominions in Asia and Africa—Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, the Kurd country, Egypt, and the rest? That may be, no doubt, a very great difficulty in case the populations of those countries should seek to throw off the Turkish yoke.

I most sincerely wish it were true that the Sultan had a great religious power in those Mahommedan countries—that (as Mr. Layard, who ought to know better, asserts) even if he were reduced to be a fifth-rate military power, he would still be Caliph of the western Mahommedans. As regards India I have not the least jealousy of a real Mahommedan power. We did not conquer and keep down the Mahommedans in India, but came in at the request of the effete Mahommedan powers when they had been wholly worsted by the uprising of the inferior Hindoo races. Mahommedan States have never been a danger to us there, but on the contrary have owed entirely to us such existence as they have dragged on. Hyder and Tippoo in Mysore might seem an exception; but they were mere successful freebooters who happened to be Mahommedans; they had their very short day and left nothing behind them. If, then, the Sultan could be a great and independent power in West Asia, it would suit our purposes well enough. I fear, however, that in fact the Sultan's religious power has no vitality whatever—that Arabs and other Mahommedan races look on him as a mere barbarian who has taken a title which only military power can justify. Still the Turks are the best and strongest of these Asiatic races; if they were well-governed at home, they might still regulate and control the other Mahommedan races which have become accustomed to their dominion. A great difficulty is the personal character of the present Sultan, and the apparent effoteness of his race. The Sultan himself seems to be very deficient in health and courage, and one does not see much prospect of a strong man occupying his place. The best hope really would be in a constitution which should enable the better and more genuine elements of these Mahommedan countries to come together and establish a real system of self-government. The great obstacle to that is unwillingness on the part of the Sultan and the corrupt Pashas to submit to such control, and their preference for Russian support.

There is another view of the matter which a good deal exercised my mind during a recent visit to the East. Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the adjoining territories, are mostly Arab, or what is called Arab. The career of Mehemet Allee and his son Ibraheem suggested the idea of a new power rising up in those countries to take the place of the decaying Sultanat. I confess to have been a good deal bitten with this idea of a new and vigorous Arab empire on a large scale, and to have been inclined to question the policy of England and her allies in stopping the revolution which threatened

to bring that about. I fancied that the Arabs might be looked on as the Greeks of the South, a people once very great, and still extremely vigorous and enterprising. No one can doubt the capacity which they showed in the early centuries of Arab rule. In more recent historical times they have been the rulers and colonisers of the countries on the Southern Seas; improving by an intermixture of Arab blood many coasts and islands, converting great populations, and carrying their religion all over the Southern hemisphere. In Africa, slave-traders as they are, the Arabs seem to have shown great enterprise and daring, and they have pushed their way over most of the Continent. Surely, I thought, these people must have the materials of greatness in them.

My illusions on that subject have been dispelled. In a paper in the January number of this Review I have described the blood and character of the Egyptians. I have come to the conclusion that they are not Arabs at all, but a very different people of an entirely different character. Recent experience has apparently satisfied those competent to judge that they are not remarkable for military qualities. The Egyptian troops are far better officered and organized than those of Turkey; yet, without accepting all that has been said to their disparagement, (because, dragged to fight in causes in which they had no heart in Abyssinia and Turkey, they have not much distinguished themselves), I think it may be believed that they are as soldiers decidedly inferior to the Turks.

In Egypt I was particularly anxious to know what position was held by real Arabs as distinguished from Egyptians, but I have not been able to learn that they have taken any superior position. Syrians there no doubt are in Egypt in abundance, very prominent and very prosperous, disputing with the Greeks commercial pre-eminence, but they are neither Arab nor Mahommedan; they are all men of the Christian races of Syria. I think it is Mr. Palgrave who draws a broad line between northern and southern Arabs. I have not had an opportunity of seeing much of these people in their own country, but I have talked the matter over with those who have the most thorough knowledge of them. I am inclined to think, from all I can gather, that the northern Arabs, found in Syria, Egypt, and elsewhere, have not very remarkable qualities. The strongest of the Arab race, those substantial peoples of the unknown central lands of Arabia of whom Mr. Palgrave gave us a glimpse, have been by circumstances for very long cut off from modern progress and civilisation; and zealous as they are in a democratic Wahabee faith, it is quite impossible that they should become the mainstay of a new Egyptian Empire. It seemed at one time possible that they might have broken out and established a new popular Arab dominion of their own, but they have been repressed

by Turkish arms, and are now tolerably quiet. The southern Arabs do not now exhibit much vitality. They have lost their place in the commerce and navigation of the Southern Seas, and in slave-dealing only do they exhibit some of the old energy of their race. I think we must believe that the materials for a great Arab Empire do not at present exist: we must look to some other plan for the settlement of the Turkish dominions.

There has been a certain seriousness in the popular idea that Lord Beaconsfield had contemplated some grand stroke in regard to Egypt, something before which the Suez Canal purchase was a mere kite to see the way the wind blew—in fact an occupation of that country, or a transfer from the Porte to England of the suzerainty over it. When Parliament was summoned and rumours of such coups were in the air, the Egyptian bonds went up at the very time when it was known that the coupons could not be paid, evidently in the hope that England would become responsible to pay the bonds in full. And the same thing has again recently occurred. The more I inquire, the more I am convinced that an English Egypt cannot be. The mere financial position—the existence of these bondholders, not repudiated and always ready to look to England for their pound of flesh—makes the undertaking far too onerous, even though from some points of view it would be very tempting, very beneficial to Egypt, and probably popular there. I calculate that, the recent amortisation of the land revenue apart, Egypt under an English administration would yield a revenue of about seven millions sterling; the amortisation, to which the Government is pledged and for which it has received cash, would reduce that to about five millions. It is quite impossible that the claims of the creditors could be met, and an English army and administration maintained with such revenues.

Then—though no doubt for the moment the French moneyed interest would hail with delight an English intervention which would bring up their depreciated bonds in the market and enable them to sell—after that was done, French jealousies would revive and become a most serious and embarrassing difficulty. The occupation of Egypt would involve our being constantly prepared to fight great European nations for it,—in addition to the defence of Britain and the defence of India we should have to undertake an equally onerous defence of Egypt. We have enough already, let us not think of it.

We must come back, then, to the plan of looking to the Turks as the only possible power that can exercise some imperial control over the Asiatic and African countries hitherto subject to them, and I believe that upon the whole we should rather seek to strengthen than to weaken their position there.

The state of affairs in Egypt is now very bad. The people suffer terribly from exactions to satisfy one demand and another. The Khedive is partly dependent on the Sultan, and spends much money which the country can ill spare to conciliate Constantinople influences; yet he is not really subject for any useful purpose. He is so far independent as to be exposed to plunder by foreign financiers and adventurers, and to unfair pressure by foreign consuls, without assistance from the Porte; and he squeezes his subjects to a degree which the Porte does not attempt. If he is to remain subject to the Porte, I think it would be on the whole better that the subjection should be real and well regulated. That is the course to which I now incline. Turkey and Egypt are in many respects fitted to complement one another. Turkey, deprived of most of her European provinces, will much require some aid to her resources: it would be well that she should have a well-ascertained right to count Egypt as part of her empire, and to avail herself of its means in her necessities. The Porte has carried too far its assertion of independence and its resistance to European dictation; while Egypt has yielded far too much. It would be a decided advantage to the latter country that its foreign relations should be transferred to the Turks—made wiser, we may hope, in the school of adversity. There has no doubt arisen a decided liberal school among the young Turkey party—men who are, it may be said, enthusiastic in seeking constitutional rights for Mahomedans at least. The Sultan has pledged himself to a constitution which may bear fruit in a Mahomedan Turkey. Egypt has had no glimpse of freedom for her people. The Khedive, with European aid and encouragement, has for them become absolute and uncontrolled by the Mahomedan or any other law. The Egyptians have so long been slaves that they will hardly achieve self-government for themselves. It might be well for Egypt that its ruler should be required to some degree to conform to the spirit of the institutions which the Sultan has put forth for his subjects.

I really hope that a respectable Turkey of the Turks, relieved of the Christian provinces and of the false position which attaches to them, might both improve itself and learn usefully to control feudatory autonomies in Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Arabian borders, and that we might then have again a strong and independent Mahomedan empire placed between Europe and Asia—an empire to which we could conscientiously give encouragement and support—which, surrounding several seas, would be accessible to European influences and to European support in case of differences with powerful neighbours, fairly referred to Europe—and which would then be strong enough to hold its own against unjust oppression, but not strong enough or remote enough to endanger

our peaceful traffic, our road to India, or the quiet of its Christian neighbours.

If the Straits are left as at present arranged, and the bulk of European Turkey is set free, while Asiatic Turkey is preserved, no doubt our main object in the settlement of Turkey will be that it may not be completely at the mercy or under the dominion of Russia. I believe that so far as we have a direct interest in the matter, what we have occasion to fear is not so much that the Russians may bully and destroy the Turks and other Mahommedan states, as that they may conciliate them, become too friendly, and enlist them under their banner. Our own unwillingness to join in coercing the Turks into the terms agreed on by the Conference seemed to be very much due to an idea that we should thus mortally offend the Turks and other Mahommedans. The truth is that Orientals, and perhaps a good many other people, are more guided by visible power than by sentiment—they will much more respect the Russians who have overthrown the Turks than ourselves who have held aloof. Still it is not in human nature that the real Turks should like the Russians, and be willing to submit to their dominion. They are not, like some of the Asiatic tribes, barbarians inhabiting a horrid and fruitless country, who might have nothing to lose and everything to gain by joining the Russians; they are a quiet steady people, who will still have a magnificent country of their own, and their wish will be to possess it in independence. It is not the Turkish people, but the Sultan and the Pashas, who may henceforth seek to lean upon the Russians for their security and support. In this view I think that in the resettlement of Turkey it should be our object to bind the Sultan down to his constitution, and to secure that the deputies who were dismissed when they showed signs of independence should be recalled; and if possible to put things on such a footing that there should not be continual fear of anarchy in the Turkish administration, and necessity for Russian or any other tutelage, but rather a self-governing system independent of the accidents of a day, and such that if the Turks choose to have changes, and even revolutions, it may be their affair and not that of foreign Powers, just as in the case of a revolution in Paris.

The Pashas strove desperately for a centralized constitution as opposed to a federal one, or even to real and substantial local institutions, as a means for defeating the demand for the autonomy of the Christian provinces, and insuring that all power should rest with an authority or a body in which the Mahommedan element should altogether prevail. But when the Christian provinces are separated by an arrangement not to be recalled, there will not be the same motive for resisting a federal, quasi-federal, or local-government arrangement, such as is really necessary for the successful

administration of the Asiatic and African territories. Syrians, Arabs, and Kurds are so different from Turks, that when the power and prestige of the Turks are so weakened, they will be difficult to hold without some local liberties. It might not be impossible to arrange some sort of local government for them, while they would be represented in a central Parliament. It is in this way, as a member of the Turkish Empire, that Egypt might have much of local administration and local self-government together with a subordination to Turkey in foreign, military, and some financial affairs. The opportunity might also be taken to assure to the Armenians, Nestorians, and perhaps some other local bodies such liberties as the Maronites already have.

The Armenians are a great difficulty. They have much claim to protection and self-government; but the population of what is called Armenia is so mixed that it would be very difficult to give local liberty to them without establishing a very active Russian protection over them. Possibly some might apply to Armenia the same arguments which I have used in regard to Turkey in Europe, to justify a possible displacement of the population to a considerable extent. With its present annexations Russia will hold half Armenia. Perhaps they might say to the Armenians of the remaining half, "If you want special protection you must migrate into Russian Armenia;" and to the Turks and others in Russian Armenia, "If you are dissatisfied, you must migrate into Turkish territory." Failing such an arrangement the treaty provision for the protection of the Turkish Armenians will lead to future trouble and Russian intervention.

As respects the liability of reduced Turkey to Russian domination, especially in case the Black Sea should become in one sense a Turkish lake, we must always remember that if Turkey will be accessible to Russia on the Black Sea and Armenian sides, on the other hand it will be equally accessible to us and to other powers from the Ægean, the Mediterranean, and the Persian Gulf. Egypt and Syria will always be more accessible to us. There is certainly no reason why an Asiatic Turkey should be more exclusively under Russian influence than Persia: on the contrary, it would be far less controlled; for while the Caspian is exclusively Russian, the Black Sea might any day be opened, and the Russian power on that side cut off. After all, too, as regards India, Turkey could only be used as a way to Persia; and as the Russians already have a much easier way to Persia on one side, as we have on the other, anything short of a complete conquest and incorporation of Turkey in Asia by Russia may be put out of the question in considering the security of India.

My own belief is that a strong Turkish population concentrated in Asia Minor as an independent Asiatic people will offer a far

greater obstacle to absorption by Russia than a great loosely connected empire, many provinces of which being opposed to Turkish rule, were a source of weakness rather than of strength, and the decadence of which offered a continual temptation to interference. Such a truly Turkish Turkey will have a much better power of resistance than any territory with which Russia has yet come into contact; and reasonable ground for interference being wanting, the European Powers may well insist that Russia should not attempt a conquest there, which would seriously disturb the balance of power.

The best hope of peace is this, that even those who are most bellicose and most anxious on general grounds to fight Russia, when asked, "What are we to fight about?" are unable to suggest anything in the Russian conditions of peace that need cause us to fight. We now know that most of the alleged conditions which were telegraphed from Constantinople were deliberately manufactured there in order to excite hatred against Russia; they were on the face of them impossible, and only an insufficient knowledge of Oriental duplicity could have induced any one to believe them. The real conditions are certainly so far hard that they are without the mitigations which the Russians at one time seemed willing to concede. My theory is that our irreconcilable attitude has led the Russians to think that concessions were useless, or at any rate had better be reserved for the Conference. As it is, there is nothing wholly inadmissible, and details may be modified—I hope, in a sense not adverse to freedom, but rather favourable to it, and calculated to diminish the necessity for Russian protection and interference.

GEORGE CAMPBELL.

THE INFLUENCE UPON RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF A RISE IN MORALITY.

THE British empire has so much concern with great non-Christian populations, whose religious ideas and institutions are being rapidly transformed by English notions of law and morality, that the influence upon religious beliefs of a rise in morality may be almost as interesting a question as the recent discussion of the influence upon morality of the decline in religious belief. It is possible, moreover, that some far-away connection may be recognised between the two subjects, and that the examination of one may throw some light upon the other.

At first sight the two standpoints from which religious belief is regarded by primitive and by civilised men respectively, appear as wide apart as possible. In Europe a large majority still holds that morality could not endure without the authority of religion; but most people also admit that a creed which should be found not useful to morality would fall into disuse, would in fact cease to be believed, and would thus dissolve of itself. In India, on the other hand, few people would admit that their religious beliefs were necessarily connected with morality, and a good many might even say that morality would be none the better for such a connection. If primitive men were asked the use of their beliefs, they might in substance reply that theology is like navigation, or astrology, or any other empiric art which helps one among the risks and chances of the voyage through sensitive existence; that it is the profession of interpreting signs and tokens of the divine caprice, and of propitiating powerful deities, who take a sort of black-mail upon human prosperity. Nevertheless the real difference between the two standpoints may perhaps be expressed by saying that, whereas a civilised religious belief cannot do without the sanction of accepted morality, in primitive times morality (or at least expediency and utility) must seek the patronage of some accepted religious belief. In Europe morality can, on the whole, dictate terms to theology; and though both sides still equally dread an open quarrel, yet theology has most to fear from a dissolution of partnership. In Asia theology is still the senior partner, with all the capital and credit, and can dictate terms to morality, being quite independent of any necessary connection with it. Asiatic theology transacts with the gods all matters touching the material interests of humanity, and in this very speculative business, as in many others, morality is by no means essential;

whereas in Western Europe theology now deals almost exclusively with matters spiritual.

Now it is well known that the primitive mind finds relief from the perplexity caused by things passing its understanding in the theory that the gods swarm all round men, and are incessantly interfering, either to help or to hinder. From the promulgation of a code which is to direct society in the minutest particulars, down to the swallowing of a drug or the moment of starting on a journey, every act of life, great and small, requires the assent of the divinities, and is assumed to be done after ascertaining their good pleasure, through stewards of the mysteries.

Hence it follows naturally that with a paramount authority so close at hand and so constantly meddling irresistibly, no man can act with independence or on his own judgment; he must obtain the proper sanction of theology for all that he wants to do, just as a petty Indian Raja finds it safe to refer to the British Government through the proper officer before taking any important step. Theology is thus the most essential and comprehensive of all sciences, since it teaches men how to obtain the sanction without which no step in advance, however useful or expedient, can be ventured upon by mankind. An ethical reform, a sanitary improvement, a new medicine, any useful discovery or moral axiom, must first be presented at the court of the gods before it can be received into society; and the priest acts as lord chamberlain. Moreover, it constantly happens, as in mundane courts, that disagreeable and immoral candidates for court favour get presented by help of powerful patronage; certain practices and rites are introduced and sanctioned by theology which run directly counter to elementary morality, and even to a sense of natural expediency. The excuse is that it has been the gods' good pleasure to ordain and sanction these practices; but it will almost always be found that they are really founded upon some selfish material interests, and are not, as they are usually supposed to be, merely whimsical superstitions as to what will please the gods, or is right and proper. In short, all novelties and changes, whether the move be forward or backward, must be undertaken by theological word of command, and the gods get the credit or discredit. Perhaps the best example of a selfish device obtaining vogue under the cloak of a necessary rite is afforded by the famous practice of a widow becoming *sati*, or burning herself alive with her dead husband, which is undoubtedly, as Sir H. Maine has pointed out, connected with the desire to get rid of her right, if she is childless, to a tenancy for life upon her husband's lands. It is also connected, among the great families, as may be easily observed still in certain parts of India, with the wish of an heir to free himself, by this simple plan, from many inconveniences and encumbrances entailed upon him

by the bequest of a number of step-mothers who cannot marry again.

Other instances might be given ; but though this habit of lending the names of the gods to dubious transactions and conspiracies to defraud has always prevailed more or less, yet it may be affirmed that on the whole we find the primitive deities almost as often patronising good as evil. Theology is usually well pleased to grant its patents to improvements and to adopt simple discoveries, in expediency or even in ethics, so long as the inventor or moralist is abjectly submissive, and ascribes all the glory to the proper quarter. And this is readily done in a state of society when no sort of venture or enterprise has the slightest chance of being well received or becoming popular unless the gods appear in the prospectus. A good example of the address with which elementary science avails itself of theological protection may be taken from the practice of medicine, which has to be carried on entirely under the name and colours of theology, which is here so confidently supreme that it does not even condescend to stipulate for any concealment of the material processes. One may observe the native practitioner, learned in charms and simples, openly mixing a drop of croton oil with the ink with which he indites his charm for a purge, and the patient swallows the paper pill in cheerful reliance upon the combined effect. Many other practices, ascertained experimentally to be fit and expedient, have become in course of time so overgrown and concealed by the religious observance in which they were originally wrapped up, that it is now very difficult to extract the original kernel of utility, and one only hits upon it by accident, when, in trying to abolish what looks like a ridiculous and useless superstition, the real object and reason are disinterred, and sometimes prove worth knowing. Thus the rule of burying Hindus who die by small-pox or cholera, is ordinarily expounded by priests to be imperative because the outward signs and symptoms of those diseases mark the actual presence of divinity—the small-pox is, not the god's handiwork, but the god itself manifest. But there is also some ground for concluding that the process of burying has been found more wholesome against contagion than that of the hurried and ill-managed cremation which prevails during a fatal epidemic. If vaccination could only be ordained theologically, it would have an immense success in India ; but the English insist on explaining it otherwise, and thereby of course set theology against it, raising grave suspicion of witchcraft, which is as the sin of rebellion. All elementary methods of natural science which are practised independently of theologic authority are thus stigmatized ; and as the gods gradually acquire some tincture of morality, any very discreditable and mysterious misfortunes to pious and innocent people are traced to the same source. Men attribute

their failures and mishaps to the gods; the gods pass on to the sorcerer the blame of those accidents which it is not quite convenient to explain. The system is not favourable to a development of self-reliance, but the people are not by any means so blindly superstitious as they pretend to be, and both gods and sorcerers yield like prudent ministers to an advance of public opinion.

In fact, the more one watches the actual working and disposition of primitive religion, the more one is impressed by its elasticity and accommodating changeableness. So long as the single principle of the supreme authority of the gods is left undisputed, it may be invoked for the sanction or support of any practice or belief upon which men are tolerably agreed; and it may be used, like steam, as a prime mover of any machinery constructed by ingenious mortals. The extraordinary variety and multiformity of polytheism largely represent the endeavours of the vagrant imagination of the people, much aided by priests and other astute leaders of society, to bring their religious ideas into working correspondence with their earthly needs. Discoveries of social utility are brought out as revelations from on high, and necessary changes in the way of life, for good or for bad, are shown to be distinctly ordained, while, as all the credit is given to theology, it is easy to see what enormous influence the science continues to accumulate. Comte has noticed the manner in which a religious belief adapts itself to genuine social and political needs; and personal observation proves that this goes on rapidly and incessantly in the loose incoherent formations of the earliest types. As the state of society improves, the religious beliefs seem to develop themselves by a sort of natural selection. We may here put aside mere ritual and the innumerable forms of worship, which are only devices for propitiating the unseen, and which continue to be used, like the telegraph, just as long as people have reason to believe that their messages arrive and are answered, but no longer. The early religious beliefs are not only propitiatory, but contain rules of conduct by which a man is to be guided in all circumstances of his existence, the main difference between earlier and later religion being that the first looks almost as entirely to man's material, as the second does to his spiritual, well-being. And, as it has been truly remarked in regard to the latest and highest religion that any religious movement is doomed to sterility if it cannot assimilate some philosophical element, if it is not what the age calls moral and reasonable, so also, in early religions, an ordinance or rule of conduct will only endure and develop if it is founded on some true notion or conjecture of material utility or expediency. If it is useless or harmful, a simple caprice of inspiration, it will not last. In the midst of countless random and whimsical guesses at what is fit and suitable, among various tricks and pretexts meant to give a

religious colour to some selfish interest, those religious commands alone survive long and develop which are or have been somehow connected with the real needs of the people to whom they were delivered. The moral and material progress of a country goes on pushing before it the religious beliefs, and shaping them to suit it on exigencies; while theology slowly and reluctantly repeals and disowns the rules which become obsolete, or which are found to have been issued under some very inconvenient error of fact. Morality is not yet essential to religion, but if an inspired command turns out to be a blunder as well as a crime, it is short-lived, and will soon be amended by a fresh ruling. Nevertheless the gods in no way admit themselves to be bound by human views of morality, and the functions of religion very much resemble, in their highest range, the functions of a modern government: its business is confined to procuring material blessings, warding off evil, and codifying rules of social utility which have been verified by experience. As the scene of operation of an early religion is the visible world only, there is no scheme of future rewards or punishments; for such a scheme must not be confounded with vague beliefs in places of refuge for disembodied spirits, which may be either different kinds of limbo from which the ghost issues forth and meddles again with the world, or Elysian shades for heroes, or an Olympus to which dead magnates ascend on special promotion to apotheosis. There are heavens and hells in Indian theologies; but it is remarkable that a doctrine which in highly civilised religions is usually regarded as the most important, and is certainly the most impressive upon the masses, is in primitive religions of almost insignificant effect, and makes no mark upon popular imagination. The reason is that the Indians, as a mass, still consider religion as the supreme authority which administers their worldly affairs, and not as an instrument for the promotion of moral behaviour.

As the confirmed perceptions of utility develop moral sentiments, these colour slightly the notions of the gods, who are soon credited with some indignation at wrong-doing, at any rate when the sufferer is one of their constituents. But the idea is still that the gods punish or avenge in this life by material curses, or aid by lending a material hand at critical moments; and as they begin to be affected by the sight of a good man struggling with adversity, the feeling develops that virtue ought to be divinely helped against vice. Nevertheless the primeval thinkers very soon observed that as a matter of fact the gods seem to be often on the side of the wicked, or at least against the innocent; and here comes in the complication between sin and evil which runs through all phases of religious speculation, from Job and Buddha to J. S. Mill. The earliest and most simple attempts to account for evil are by assuming that the

gods must have in some mysterious way been offended; whence come the institution of the scapegoat so well known in India in plagues of cholera, which embodies that idea of expiation which has had such immense development in the history of religions, and the various receipts for discovering Jonah, the man with a contagious curse, not necessarily a moral offender, but only a vessel of wrath, who is also common throughout all Asia. Next follows the advanced notion that this offence against the gods is not only some insult or sacrilege, as when Ulysses killed the sacred oxen, but is a moral sin, an offence against society of which the gods take magisterial cognisance. Job's comforters try hard to prove to him that he must be reaping the fruit of his own guilt, and in all times the early theologian has made desperate endeavours to connect misfortune with misconduct, though often driven to explain the connection by references to ancestral sin, or to something done in a previous existence. But the more vigorous and daring minds rejected these subtrefuges; and finding themselves landed in the dilemma between the omnipotence and the perfect justice of divinity, they solved it in different ways. Buddha held firmly to morality, threw over the gods altogether as immoral and troublesome powers from which a philosopher has to escape as fast as he can, and objected even to heaven as a final resting-place, on the ground that you are never safe so long as you own a sentient existence. Nothing but *Nirvana*, or being blown out like a lamp, will set men finally beyond the reach of the demon who afflicts them with sensation. This teaching was, however, a moral rise vastly above the heads of his age; for practical common-sense Hinduism has never allowed moral deficiencies to be sufficient reason for turning one's back on the gods or refusing to deal with them. Philosophers may have concluded privately that the gods are either incompetent or ill-disposed—a class of beings who must be endured and ignored; but the people have always made the best of their divinities so long as they did not oppose themselves to reasonable improvements in the moral standard, adapted themselves to circumstances, and recognised governments *de facto*. Mere peccadilloes attributed to one or two out of many gods are of little account. Arthur Young ridicules a Frenchman who denounced to him the profligacy of Louis XV.; and he says that Frederick the Great was a much more objectionable despot, because it is infinitely less important to the commonwealth that a king should take a fancy to his neighbour's wife than that he should fancy his neighbour's provinces. This view, though questionable, is precisely that taken by polytheists of their divinities; so long as the gods do not bring more tremendous misfortune upon the country they need not be particularly moral; their speciality not being the direction of morals, as in later faiths, but the distribution of temporal blessings and curses.

This process by which the divinities absorb and sanctify useful ideas and convenient reforms evidently tends to improve and elevate the whole religion in its Legislative Department; but as the creeds thus refine and cleanse themselves, the authoritative revelation comes to be recorded in writing and gets into professional hands, which of course makes an important change of type. The scripture is much less easily questionable, the rules become more precise and consistent, and consequently much less elastic; the change is analogous to that whereby a scientific code supplants judge-made law and free construction of precedents. Interpretation of holy writ supersedes oracular delivery of messages and traditions; and a favourable reading of texts, even under the cloud of a sacred language, is not so easy to negotiate as a fresh oral inspiration, though the latter is largely retained to help out the former. Nevertheless, as the world changes gradually for the better, these concessions and compromises have to be managed; since there are always impatient reformers who will arise to denounce the *parole morte* if it falls too much behind the times, and will come forward with a new prophet, a new symbol, or a new revelation more in accordance with actual needs and convictions. And the sects and diverse creeds thus generated represent the constant oscillations of ideas and opinions beyond and below the orthodox standard—not only the high but also the low water-marks of the restless tides of superstition, because occasionally there is a relapse into some grotesque or immoral belief decidedly below orthodox level. When a liturgy becomes established and recognised on a wide scale, as is the high-class Brahmanic ritual, it is sure to be more decent and respectable than less public worships of a looser structure; and though it may become flat, stale, and emotionally unprofitable, it retains the support of all quiet respectable conservatives.

Now it is to be observed that even Brahmanism has never yet been forced into admitting openly any necessary connection with morality. It has sanctified a good many rules of life and conduct which are decorous and expedient, but these are issued theologically; and the ethical Hindu reformer who insisted on a moral foundation for his beliefs has had to leave the pale. That righteousness is better than sacrifice has not yet been openly acknowledged by the high church of Hinduism; its ultimate teaching points directly, not to a moral Providence of any kind, but to Pantheism, which has no ethical basis. Pantheism and final absorption are not esoteric doctrines; they underlie and give form to the common popular beliefs, and are thoroughly accepted by men of ordinary intellect and culture. In the West the Jews had distinctly founded religion upon righteousness before Christianity came to confirm and perpetuate the connection; and so the new religious doctrine had only to satisfy

morality, which it did by the doctrine of a final state of rewards and punishments, beyond which consummation no one desired to go, because this was a sufficient explanation. Whereas in the East morality has never been strong enough to demand of theology a satisfactory explanation; and no such terminus as a single future state satiates the deeper Indian sense of immensity. The Hindu fancy does not repose eternally in a heaven or a hell; he must go on through an endless rotation of existences until absorption or extinction stave off his pertinacious logical craving for knowledge of the "whence and whither." In his country the moral purpose running through countless ages has never been demonstrable enough to serve as a final cause; while the incessant flux and change of religious ideas and shapes supports that analogy between the nature of things human and of things divine which is the origin of all primitive religions, and makes the gods appear as ephemeral as mortals. Mr. Swinburne's Hymn to Proserpine represents the attitude of the pagan worshipper who refuses to abandon the old gods, consoles himself for their overthrow by declaring the modern creed just as transitory as the ancient one, will not adore the new divinity, "but standing, looks to the end." This is the true spirit of philosophic paganism; but the popular religious beliefs must obey the pressure of slowly rising moral influence, and if the social condition of a people continues to advance, this process goes on until at last the authority of morals becomes as necessary to theology as at first the authority of theology was to morals. We may some day find in India, as elsewhere, theology reduced to the humiliating necessity of applying to morality for its warrants and passport; indeed there are already indications of a tendency towards this inversion of original parts, though the material impediments to be surmounted are still considerable.

Here it is obvious that the acknowledgment of the duty of moral government must expose the old divinities to great danger; they are very much in the same predicament with hereditary despotic rulers who are forced to admit the rights of man; there is no knowing how the admission will be used against authority and prescription. The analogy from nature, which is the root of all natural religions, becomes gradually subjected to a severe strain, because it is difficult to reconcile this analogy with a moral purpose, and yet this analogy is really what makes all early religions credible, since they are built up out of actual observation and experience of the stern and incomprehensible working of natural laws. This is a solid and for the time being an incontestable basis for inferences about supernatural beings who administer the visible world, whose acts and behaviour prove them to be careless and cruel; but on the other hand these observations disagree widely with a presumption of moral govern-

ment, and so whenever the ethical reformer attempts to take his stand on morality as a divine institution, he is instantly challenged to show his authority for any such belief. A theological authority of course he must have, or he must give up all hope of popularising his teaching; while in times of material distress and disorder, and in countries where "the amazing waste in nature, the destruction and misery" are quite unaccountable and prevail on a large scale, the difficulty of making credible the moral government and benevolence of divinity is perhaps rarely realised by people in more comfortable and enlightened parts of the world. So the analogy from nature constantly trammels the advance of morality, and drags back the higher moral teaching into the slough of despond; because the people still insist upon inferring the nature of the gods from their experience of the misery and disorder of human life, which the gods are supposed to regulate. In a country subject to wars, famines, cyclones, pestilences, and scandalous tyrannies, and in a state of thought which attributes directly to the divinities all the remarkable accidents or events of life, the resistance offered to an advancing morality by natural religion is constant and powerful, it is the incessant gravitation of the earth-born deities whom morality endeavours to lift up.

It is only when, as time goes on, the gradual perception of the order and sequence of things withdraws from the divinities by tacit consent a great deal of direct responsibility for the course of affairs, that the road ahead is cleared for morality to advance without parting company with theology. The old gods may either fall below the raised level of public opinion and become discreditable, or they may be provided with an improved set of attributes. Some powerful religious reformer steps in, and strikes a religious note above the ordinary level. His strength lies in this—that he collects, and, as one might say, edits, puts into popular shape and effective form, all the ideas and feelings about purer morals and worship which have been floating about, usually in the form of sayings and maxims, on the highest surface of the popular mind; these he delivers as his message from heaven, and sanctions it by a more refined ritual. Nevertheless the difficulty of a religious reform lies always in this, that to improve religion it is also necessary to rehabilitate the divinities, and to achieve this without parting company with them, seeing that no reformer will be listened to at all by the masses unless he can prove his warrant from the powers that be, and can produce his signs and tokens. When Elijah challenged the priests of Baal, he put the authenticity of his authority upon a palpable and immediate issue to be judged by all men. And as in certain states of society the ordinary visible facts are usually against any one who attempts to prove that the gods are good, while the extraordinary

signs and tokens are not always on the better side, the reformer runs great danger if he pushes ahead too fast. He exposes his communications with natural religion, and endangers his theologic base; orthodoxy closes in round him with all the strength of prescription and of the sacred writings that have recorded in ancient days the words of gods speaking with men; so that the new notions have to fight hard to keep their ground. Yet they do keep it if the conditions of existence are favourable, for the influence upon general morality, and thus upon theology, of changes in the material conditions of a people's existence is very observable. J. S. Mill writes in his autobiography that he is "convinced that no great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought;" but to those who see the effect upon Indian modes of thought of simple peace and good government the converse view seems equally true and even more important. A great improvement in the lot of a people begins immediately to affect the sources of their ideas, while it must obviously touch the springs of natural religions which simply reflect and record mankind's lot upon earth, represented as the ways of gods with men. It is probable that some substantial improvement in the national condition of a people is a necessary antecedent to any wide or lasting intellectual advance.

The problem, then, for all these indigenous beliefs which have grown up and been moulded by their environment, is to admit the influence of morality brought about by change of circumstance and mental atmosphere, and to rise gradually without losing their footing upon their native earth or their authority derived from religious prescription. And the problem, conversely, is for morality to raise and shape these beliefs without disowning them or breaking off from them; for the stay and sanction of theology are still absolutely essential, and the morality which lets go its hold of them must fall. It is not necessary, however, as it is in many parts of Europe, to conform to a powerful orthodoxy, and to allow the moral or material improvements to be stamped with the one trade-mark without which no principles are genuine—the Brahmins are ready enough to say of any new discovery or doctrine that it is "the same concern," and the law of patents in theology is very loose. But a moralist must not go so far as to deny altogether the prescriptive authority, or he will surely be attacked in a way which will make it very hard for him to hold his ground *coram populo*. A very good example of the danger of too rapid an advance over the Balkans of superstition may be drawn from the fortunes of a well-known sect called the *Brahmo Somāj*. This sect professes an exalted deism, which was imported from Europe by its founder about fifty years ago, and has taken some root in Bengal, where it suits the taste of the educated classes,

to whom orderly government and the comforts of civilisation have suggested a refined and mild ideal of the divine governor of their world. At first the Brahmists attempted to hold by the Vedas, but this involved them in sundry inconsistencies, and the more advanced section has now staked its belief upon pure *a priori* assumptions of a just and benevolent deity. The consequence has been that the sect has made no substantial progress beyond Bengal, because it can appeal to no authoritative warrant or prescriptive sanction; while throughout the greater part of India experience and observation of the natural world tell directly against the assumption that the deity is either just or benevolent. The argument from the analogy of nature which Butler applied so unanswerably to the deism of his time is as effective when used by Hinduism against the optimistic speculations of India; indeed in India the deist is very much more puzzled than in England to explain upon his theory the condition and prospects of mankind; for if the visible world is directed by the divinities, as both sides agree, there can be no doubt that in Asia the system and purpose are at least very incomprehensible. And between the two explanations offered, of terrible and capricious or of just and benevolent deities, the probabilities to simple folk appear very much on the side of the former; so that we begin to see that Butler's famous argument from the analogy of nature is really connected with the ideas that lie at the roots of all religions which have grown up out of this very analogy, that is, of all natural religions. He revived in logical form the unconscious train of thought out of which all beliefs are more or less evolved; he proved that the incomprehensible and pitiless working of natural laws warranted the inference of any degree of stern severity in the character of the administrator; and it is precisely in this demonstration that the strength of all natural religions lies. Butler set this out for the first time forcibly and scientifically, and the position is doubly impregnable when held by those who are not concerned, as Butler was, to prove that a moral and beneficent government of the world is nevertheless credible. Wherever morality and the refinements of an improved state of life begin to press in upon the older and rougher conceptions of divinity, we shall always find theology entrenched behind the undeniable concordance of what is recorded about the gods with what is seen of their doings in the visible world—so long, that is, as they are allowed to be responsible for what is done. Morality can carry this entrenchment either by relieving them of this responsibility or by dissolving connection with them—both very perilous manœuvres for morality to attempt in almost every part of the world as it now is, and certain to be ruinous in Asia. On the other hand, theology, if not openly bombarded, is accessible to terms, compromises, and propositions for an alliance,

and will even consent to march several stages on the same road with morality, provided that theology has nominal command of the whole force.

After this manner, therefore, does the gradual and constantly interrupted advance of moral and material improvement influence the religious beliefs, which adapt themselves good-humouredly to new-fangled ideas upon decency and the like, so long as their infallibility is not openly defied. Yet to this general rule that for every social reform must be given theologic authority, the legislation of the British Government forms one great exception; because instead of seeking diligently to find sacred warrants for its acts, this government eliminates with minute care from its laws any kind of reference to or recognition of religious belief as an authority. This is one of those curious contrasts which modern India exhibits at every turn. On one side of a river we may have a British legislature proclaiming incessantly and laboriously its total freedom from any taint whatever of theological considerations; on the other we may have a native ruler obliged to explain as sedulously that what he does is entirely supported by sacred authority, or by prescription resting ultimately upon such authority. British law-giving is only troubled by prescription in so far as it respects customs and prejudices that are tolerably harmless; native administrators can do nothing important without attaching it to prescription; and the most powerful and unanswerable prescription is obtained by tracing back a rule to a divine mandate. This is, as has been already observed, the reason why morality is still so entirely dependent upon religious beliefs, and the same necessary connection holds good between religion and all social and political movements—except only when the prime mover is the British Government, which alone in Asia is strong enough to put out a measure upon its intrinsic merits. Indeed the British legislature goes much further, for it has fixed bounds within which theologic authority shall have no jurisdiction at all, and expediency, if not morality, shall reign triumphant. Nor is this objected to by the people, which in fact desires mainly to find out where lies a supreme irresistible power in temporal matters; and if the British Government is strong enough to assume that position, and to undertake responsibilities and duties usually laid upon the gods, there can be no reason why the *de facto* Providence should not have their allegiance. On the other hand the responsibilities thus assumed are enormous, for one of the conveniences of the old theocratic system was that disasters or afflictions might be shifted by the government on to the shoulders of the priests, who usually passed them on downward, if uncommonly damaging, to the sorcerers or to any class unpopular at the moment. Now the British Government, having thrown aside these lightning conductors, is much more

exposed than a native ruler would be to shocks from famines or other widespread misfortunes; and in fact the native newspapers already indicate that the tendency to cry out upon government when the world goes in any way wrong is actually becoming immeasurable. Cholera, famine, and great sea inundations, when they are not made the text of invectives against the British Government, do at least in some confused way bring upon it great discredit, not apparently from the idea that the gods are angry with the government which has ignored them so persistently as to have pretty well established its independence of them, but upon the dim feeling that the government has undertaken the gods' business and is breaking down.

This feeling, moreover, when we consider it, must be admitted to be the natural outcome of the movement and direction given to ideas by the British empire in such a country as India. We have in many ways openly undertaken the business and liabilities usually left by the Indians, at least in form, to divine authority; the science of administration is supplanting the science of theology, the cool scorn of the English legislature and its force are fatal to the prestige of divinity, whose sphere of action contracts perceptibly under that influence. Rules of conduct which hitherto have rested upon theologic sanction gradually drop the connection with theology, when they come to be adopted and enforced by a penal code; while theology is forced, to save its credit, to drop rules of misconduct which the code prohibits. Under these favourable auspices the reforming of religious beliefs, pushed forward by a morality so powerfully backed up, is likely to be abnormally rapid, and one is almost inclined, out of pure cautious conservatism, to question whether the assertion of independence by morality and its annexation of the old theologic dominions may not go on too fast. It may be well enough, in Europe, for morality to be thrusting theology altogether outside the sphere of political and social administration, and to be relegating it to cloud-land. There we have just now the spectacle of morality and theology about to dissolve their long partnership, and already disputing which put in the original capital, and to whom is due the credit of floating the great enterprise of the civilisation of mankind. Theology is undoubtedly the senior partner, and may be right in maintaining that the affairs of the world can never go on when her name shall have been entirely withdrawn from the direction; but as a matter of fact theology in Europe has abstained of late from interference with the visible world, and draws mainly upon the bank of the future. It is at least possible in Europe that morality may take up the position and responsibilities for temporal affairs which theology has very nearly relinquished, and manage to go forward upon her own score and venture; but even

with the aid of British penal codes this would be a very perilous venture in India. In Asia prescriptive authority, which necessarily means divine authority, is the only explanation upon which the Hindu mind, so primitive yet so restlessly inquiring, can find repose; and morality must still be content with playing a secondary rôle underneath the religious beliefs.

As with moral and ethical explanations, so it is with political and social institutions, they must have their basis on religious prescription, except where the British Government undertakes to demonstrate that the thing must be so. You must trace the pedigree of a rule or a right far away up into the mists of the past, up to a myth or a divine message; its origin must transcend man's understanding and his memory, or the title becomes incomplete and disputable. One would suppose that the title by which the Chiefs of Rajpút clans of Central India hold their dominion would be ancient enough, for their possession has lasted many ages, and their lineage is accurately preserved; and yet to this day the chiefs of the oldest states obtain a sort of religious investiture, upon each accession, from some representative of the aboriginal races whose land the Rajpúts took centuries ago. Asiatic dynasties lie under the necessity of either attaching the beginning of their line to that other line which they cut short, or of carrying the chain of inheritance back to a demigod, or else of quoting a special revelation in their favour, as when Islam conquers under a divine mandate. The right is thus asserted in a form acceptable to the customary apprehension of the people; nor has any despotism in Asia ever attempted to do without some such religious warrant, excepting only the British Government, which is itself a sort of incarnation of inexplicable power. In short, the whole notion of rights is still so closely tied up with the religious beliefs, that any premature endeavour to sever the connection would be a very delicate operation.

In all this there is, of course, nothing very new. Religion has in all countries at one time been the basis of society; and the divine right of kings is not a very old story in England. Morality and religion everywhere act and react upon each other; everywhere the slow improvement of the world has produced dynastic revolutions among gods and kings, and the traditional beliefs must accommodate themselves to the change of circumstance. But in India the peculiarity of the situation is that very primitive religious beliefs are being unexpectedly overtaken by an unusually high tide of public morals and spreading knowledge, which has come upon them without due warning; and the nature gods are confronted by penal codes and modern education in a sudden way that is hardly fair. They have no time to reform, hardly time to change their costume; it is even questionable whether they will easily manœuvre their

retreat out of the material into the spiritual world, give up the distribution of material blessings, and fall back upon future states of existence over which their power cannot be tested. It has already been noticed as a characteristic of the phase of religious beliefs hitherto prevailing, that the doctrine of heaven and hell, though well known and accepted in Hinduism, has not exercised any great influence over the people. The ordinary worshipper looks for material blessing or ban; the philosopher, especially the Buddhist, accepts heaven and hell not as departments of reward or punishment, but as places of purification whereby a soul might be cleansed of its sensations and escape into nothing. Both these conceptions arose out of a thorough distrust of the gods, the people dealing with them just as far as they could see (or thought they could see) that worship was answered by works, the philosopher renouncing them and all their works as completely as he dared. Nevertheless, if these beliefs are prematurely submerged, we may have an awkward break in the continuity of theologic development, to which they appear usually necessary; and it is not quite clear how this may affect morals. We may after all find morality in India, as elsewhere, looking dubiously at the ladder she has kicked down, and seriously alarmed at the decline of religious beliefs which has been the necessary consequence of her own rise. Or it may be that those are right who insist that Asia has always been too deep a quicksand for Europe to build upon it any lasting edifice of morals, politics, or religion; that the material conditions forbid any lasting improvement; that the English legions, like the Roman, will tramp across the Asiatic stage and disappear, and that the clouds of confusion and superstition will roll up again. Then after all the only abiding and immovable figure in the midst of the phantasmagoria will be that of the Hindu ascetic and sceptic, looking on at the incessant transformation of men into gods and gods into men, with thoughts that have been caught by an English poet, and expressed in lines that have a strange Asiatic note—

“All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass and be past;
Ye are gods, and behold, ye shall die—and the waves be upon you at last.
In the darkness of times, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of things
Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world shall forget you as kings.”

A. C. LYALL.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

IN a letter to Sainte-Beuve, expostulating with the great critic for his judgment on *Salammbô*, the author asks the judge, "Êtes-vous bien sûr d'abord de n'avoir pas obéi un peu trop à votre impression nerveuse? l'objet de mon livre vous déplait *en soi*." Perhaps M. Flaubert, having been early put on his defence by the prosecution of *Madame Bovary*, is a little too prone to be piqued at criticism. But it is hardly doubtful that the feeling which, as he thinks, prejudiced even Sainte-Beuve is one against which the critical reader of his books has to be decidedly on his guard. Both *Madame Bovary* and *Salammbô* are very apt to produce the unfavourable nervous impression of which he speaks; *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, with its unbroken presentment of meanness, feebleness, irresolution, vice without glamour, and virtue without charm, is open to the same charge; and though I myself consider *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* attractive in the highest degree, I do not know that this is a general opinion. Of the three short stories recently published, *La Légende de Saint Julien* is, I should think, beyond reproach, and *Un Cœur Simple* almost equally so; but *Hérodias* is, in defects as well as merits, almost a replica on a small scale of *Salammbô*. Thus it happens that the reader of this very singular novelist has to win his pleasure at the cost of a considerable effort. Like Saint Julian himself, he has to endure repulsiveness in order to gain the subsequent charm, and even when that charm is gained it is, perhaps, rather the charm of exquisite literature than of perfect fiction.

One thing that distinguishes M. Flaubert in these days of easy writing is his determined and conscientious patience of workmanship. The short list of books I have already given represents—if we add the unimportant comedy, *Le Candidat*—the whole of his published work up to the present time, and yet *Madame Bovary* was issued twenty-one years ago. Even Thackeray's allowance of two years for the writing of a good novel sinks into insignificance beside this almost Horatian reticence. M. Flaubert, a man of nearly sixty years, has in his lifetime produced about twice as much as one of our quarterly novelists accomplishes in a twelvemonth: but then M. Flaubert's work is work which a man may be proud of at the close of a lifetime spent upon it, and the quarterly novelist's work is work which, if it cost as many minutes as it has hours, would still have deserved the Æschylean verdict—

μόχθος περισσὸς κοφάνους ἢ εὐθλία.

It has sometimes been thought—in my judgment erroneously—

that much of the character of M. Flaubert's work was determined by the prosecution of his first book. I believe there is now no difference of opinion about the injustice as well as the unwisdom of that prosecution. *Madame Bovary* is, I frankly admit, a repulsive book in more ways than one; but I should as soon think of calling a Dance of Death or a Last Judgment immoral, as of applying that epithet to it. An American critic—Mr. Henry James—has pleasantly suggested that it might make a useful Sunday-school tract, and Mr. James is a person who is wont to speak with all the sternness of New England concerning any transgression of the proprieties. But I do not think that the author was at all induced by the fate of this first book to aim at topping his part in the effort to obtain successes of scandal. It has always struck me that the outcry over *Salammô* arose mainly from the determination of the public to be shocked, and its disappointment at finding nothing to shock it. As for *L'Éducation Sentimentale*—forty years ago it would have been entitled *Physiologie de l'Homme Manqué*—there is little enough to scandalise anybody in that vast treasure of pitiless observation, and the *Trois Contes* contain next to nothing that can be called bravado. M. Flaubert gives me the impression of a man of saturnine temperament who happens to combine in very unusual measure the observing with the imagining faculty, and he has probably developed himself with hardly any reference to the opinion of the public or the critics about his successive developments. His work is all worthy of attention, and its extent, fortunately, enables me to give some detailed notice of all of it here.

It is a peculiarity of M. Flaubert that he has been not merely a little-writing but a late-writing novelist. Some fragments of *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, which was not in its entirety to be published till quite recently, appeared in *L'Artiste* at the time when Gautier edited it, more than twenty years ago. But *Madame Bovary* was not given to the world until its author had passed the half-way house of his three score years and ten. It appeared at first in the *Revue de Paris*, and in this publication some unwise omissions were made, notwithstanding the author's protest. Omissions have the force of asterisks—they are simply provocatives to the prurient; and *Madame Bovary* found itself greeted with a "*fié fié*" almost before it was in the hands of the public. Now it so happened that the Second Empire was just at this time very anxious to justify its famous boasts as to the glorification of religion and the guardianship of the family. *Madame Bovary* was thought to be a proper object of its holy zeal, and was prosecuted accordingly. The proceedings are appended to the later editions of the book. M. Flaubert was luckier than Baudelaire, for he escaped with a gentle censure. An incident of this kind influences the future of a book in the eyes of almost all

readers, and of all critics but a very few. But I need say no more about it, except to reiterate what I have already said, that the prosecution is now defended by nobody. The second title is *Mœurs de Province*, and the two between them describe more accurately than is the wont of titles the contents. On the one side it is an analytical description of a new Harlot's Progress; the history of the fall and punishment of a woman who happens to unite strong aspirations after luxury, in both senses of the word, with a superficial sensibility, an utter heartlessness, and an incurable vulgarity of mind. On the other it is a minute account from the outside of the pottinesses of provincial life, recounted not ill-naturedly or satirically, for M. Flaubert is the most impersonal and passionless of writers, but with fidelity and indifference, which are quite as ruthless as any satire.

Emma Rouault is the daughter of a farmer of the Pays de Caux in Normandy, who is a widower. He is able to live in a kind of sluttish plenty, and withal to have his daughter educated at a convent. Here she acquires a reasonable measure of accomplishments and a still greater measure of sensibility in its eighteenth-century meaning. She reads endless romances and keepsakes, and dreams the usual dreams of girlhood, except that her dreams are apt to concentrate themselves much more upon Prince Charming's pomp and magnificence than upon his personal characteristics. At last her father takes her to the farm, and she subsides for a time into the uncongenial occupations of the housewife. All things considered, it is of course natural that she should marry the first man that asks her, and it so happens that her father, who is in no position to furnish her with a good *dot*, is not at all inclined to make any objections. The suitor is, as fate will have it, the doctor of the district, one Charles Bovary. He is a young man and not bad-looking, but hopelessly commonplace and uninteresting, with barely brains enough to enable him to scrape through his examinations and start himself as a general practitioner. He has already been once married, young as he is; for his mother, who altogether disposes of him, has chosen him a wife as she has chosen him a profession. But this wife is dead, and he, now having been thrown by chance in Emma's way, thinks of choosing for himself. They are married, and the description of the wedding guests is an early example of M. Flaubert's peculiar style and power. Then Emma goes to live with the most honest, most affectionate, and most stupid of men, whose delicacy is pretty well gauged by his leaving the withered wedding bouquet of his dead wife to greet her successor as an ornament of the conjugal chamber. He is on his part more than satisfied with his bargain, and enjoys the same sort of quiet animal felicity as that which possesses a ruminating cow. With Emma, as it may be supposed, things are different. She has married in expectation of all the mysterious

delights of which her romances have told her, and as she altogether fails to experience them she is at first a good deal puzzled. Of such puzzlement there can be only one end, and she gradually begins to hate her husband, to watch with a sort of fascinated aversion his unrefined ways, his slovenly habits, his stupid and commonplace remarks. She is absolutely without society. Her home is in that marvel of dreary untidiness, an average French village, and she is one of those women who are always dull without excitement. The climax is put to it all by a casual visit to a neighbouring château, whither the pair are invited with a view to electioneering matters. The dinner, the ball, the costly furniture, the viscounts and dukes, the champagne, and the Persic apparatus generally, are too much for Emma. Her merely passive dulness changes to an active rage because she has not all these things which the great ladies have; and happening to pick up an embroidered cigar-case which one of the visitors has dropped, she preserves it as a kind of fetish, a relic of the luxury and excitement from which she is debarred. At last she becomes seriously ill, and Bovary, who adores her in his stupid way, is prevailed upon to remove from Tostes, where they have been living, and where he has got together a fair practice, to Yonville, in another district, a larger place and within reach of Rouen. Here Madame Bovary's moral malady is not long in coming to a crisis. A neighbouring squireen, a coarse brute enough, whom she takes for a model cavalier, soon perceives that the pear is ripe, and at his first touch it drops. For a time Emma persuades herself that she is happy, and indulges in the wildest eccentricities in order to build up her romance. She is gradually disenchanted, and at last, trying to lash herself into fresh excitement, she suggests elopement. But Rodolphe, the lover, has not the least intention of saddling himself with such a burden. The revulsion is, of course, violent, and the usual devotional reaction sets in. But the excellent country priest to whom she has before her transgression tried to explain her spiritual state, is as unwilling and as unable to play the part of spiritual healer as an old-fashioned English parson, and cannot for the life of him make out her drift. "If she is ill at ease," he had asked her at her first confidence, "why doesn't she ask her husband to prescribe for her?" So Emma is not long in returning to her first works. A lawyer's clerk, with whom she had a platonic flirtation before the days of Rodolphe, reappears, and a second liaison is entered upon as rashly as the first, and carried on almost more shamelessly. All this time she has been as extravagant as she has been unfaithful. A cunning village tradesman has got her completely in his clutches. She has obtained from her foolish husband a power of attorney, and has signed bill after bill, until the whole amount is to her immense. Payment is suddenly demanded. She

tries her old lover in vain ; her new one, frightened at the proposals she makes to him that he shall embezzle the money, leaves her, and she is equally unsuccessful with the people she knows in Yonville, though she descends to the lowest means of persuasion. At last in despair she poisons herself with arsenic, and expires in horrible tortments. Her husband is totally ruined, but this is nothing in his eyes compared with the loss of her. He neglects his practice, sinks into poverty, and only when he is utterly broken down discovers her treachery by chance. This is the last blow, and he dies of a broken heart, while the one child of the miserable pair becomes a factory-hand.

I never myself read *Madame Bovary* without thinking of another masterpiece of French fiction ; and I have no doubt that the comparison has occurred to others also. *Madame Bovary* and *Manon Lescaut* are both histories of women whose conduct no theory of morality, however lax, can possibly excuse. Both are brought to ruin by their love of material luxury. Both are not only immoral, but cruelly unfaithful to men who in different ways are perfectly true and faithful to them. Both perish miserably, not in either case without repentance. Why does Emma Bovary repel while Manon Lescaut irresistibly attracts us ? I think the answer is to be found in the ignoble character of the former as compared with Manon. The mistress of Desgrioux loves wealth, splendour, sensuous gratification of all sorts, for themselves with a kind of artistic passion. They are the first necessity to her, and everything else comes second to this passionate devotion. On the other hand, *Madame Bovary* sets up lovers, spends her husband's money, cheats and deceives him, because it seems to her the proper thing to do. Her countesses and duchesses all had lovers and gorgeous garments, so she must have gorgeous garments and lovers too. Her first reflection after transgressing is almost comic—"J'ai un amant !" She has a sort of Dogberry-like conviction that a pretty woman ought to have a lover and everything handsome about her ; the same sort of conviction which more harmlessly leads her English sisters to be miserable if they have not a drawing-room with a couch and chairs, and a chimney-glass, and gilt books on the table. Her excesses come from a variety of feminine snobbery, and are not prompted by any frank passion or desire.

The reproach usually brought against the book is that it is too dreary, and that there is not a sufficient contrast of goodness and good humour to relieve the sombre hue of the picture. I believe myself that the author felt this, and that he intended to supply such a contrast in the person of M. Homais, the apothecary of Yonville. It has been suggested that Homais is not intended to be favourably drawn, but I think that this is a mistake. Homais has indeed the

slight touch of charlatanism which half-educated and naturally shrewd men, whose lot is cast among people wholly uneducated and mostly stupid, often acquire. But he is an unconscious humbug, and not a bad fellow as the world goes, besides being intensely amusing. Much of the amusement, indeed, results from the impassably saturnine way in which M. Flaubert directs even the gambols of his puppets. This impassibility is the great feature, as we have said, of all his books, and notably of this. The stupid commonplaceness of Charles Bovary's youth, the sordid dulness of his earlier married life, the more graceful dulness of the second, the humours of a county gathering and agricultural show at Yonville, the two liaisons with the vulgar roué squire and the dapper lawyer's clerk, the steps of Emma's financial entanglement, the clumsy operation by which Bovary attempts to cure a clubfoot, the horrors of the heroine's deathbed, and the quieter misery of her husband's end, are all told with the material accuracy of a photograph and the artistic accuracy of a great picture. As a specimen of the style I may quote the passage in which Emma's first conscious awakening to her mistake in marrying Bovary is described :—

“ She began by gazing all round to see if nothing had changed since her last visit. The foxgloves and the wallflowers were in the same places, the clumps of nettles still surrounded the great stones, and the blotches of lichen still stretched across the windows, whose closed shutters on their rusty hinges were slowly mouldering themselves away. Her thoughts, at first of no precise character, flitted hither and thither like the greyhound which ran round in circles, barked at the butterflies, hunted the field-mice, or nibbled the cornflowers at the edge of the wheat. Little by little her ideas grew more definite; and as she sat on the grass and dug her parasol here and there into the turf, she kept repeating to herself, ‘Why did I marry him?’ She asked herself whether she might not by some other chance have fallen in with some other husband, and she tried to imagine what these events which had not happened, this life which had never existed, this husband whom she did not know, would have been like. All men surely were not like Charles. He might have been handsome, witty, gentlemanly, attractive, like the husbands whom her old schoolfellows no doubt had married. What were they doing now? In Paris, amid the bustle of the streets, the excitement of the theatres, the brilliance of the balls, they were living lives where the heart had room to expand and the senses to develop. But as for her, her life was as cold as a garrot that looks to the north, and ennuï like a spider spinning its web in the shadow of the corners of her heart. She thought of the prize days at the convent, when she had to go up to the platform to take her crown. With her long hair, her white dress, and her kid shoes, she must have looked pretty doubtless, for the gentlemen as she passed to her place leant over to pay her compliments. The courtyard was full of carriages, good-byes were sounding from the windows, and the music-master bowed as he passed with his violin case under his arm. How far off it all seemed ! ”

One might multiply passages of this sort almost indefinitely, but one more extract must suffice. For my own part I do not know where to find a greater masterpiece of ironical contrast than the following pair of pictures. The wife in the heyday of her passion

for Rodolphe has recovered all, and more than all, her spirit and good looks; she already dreams of an elopement and of the stock scenery and joys of her novels and her books of beauty. The husband dreams too of a happy future, when his daughter shall have her mother's charms :—

“When in the middle of the night he returned from a visit to his patients, he did not dare to wake her. The shade of the night-light threw a circular flicker on the ceiling, and the closed curtains of the little cradle looked like a white tent in the shadow by the side of the bed. Charles gazed at both, and listened to the light breathing of the child. She would soon grow big; every change of the seasons would bring a change on her. He saw her in fancy coming home from school at evening, smiling, with her sleeves stained with ink and her basket on her arm. She would have to go to boarding-school, and that would be expensive. How should they manage? Then he began to plan. He would take a little farm in the neighbourhood, and manage it himself, visiting it on the way to visit his patients. He would save the proceeds, and lay them up in the savings-bank. Then he would invest the sum, no matter how. Besides, his practice would increase. It must, for he had made up his mind that Bertha should be well brought up, that she should be clever, that she should play on the piano. How pretty she would be in fifteen or sixteen years, when she would wear straw bonnets like her mother's in summer, and they would be taken for a pair of sisters. He fancied her working in the evening by their side under the lamplight, embroidering slippers, managing the house, and filling it with her gracious ways and her cheerfulness. Then they would take care to settle her well; they would find some honest fellow with a good livelihood; they would make her happy for ever.”

Madame Bovary's dreams are somewhat different :—

“Behind four horses at full speed she had been travelling for a week to some new country, never to return! From the mountain brow they saw some splendid city with domes, ships, bridges, forests of orange-trees, and cathedrals of white marble, with storks' nests in their slender pinnacles. Bells sounded, mules whinnied, the guitars played, and the fountains plashed, while their spray as it floated cooled piles of fruit heaped pyramid-wise at the foot of smiling statues. Then one day they came to a fishing village, whose brown nets were drying on the shore beside the huts. There they would stay and live in a low house with flat roofs, shaded by a palm-tree, at the bottom of a gulf on the edge of the sea. They would sail in gondolas, swing in hammocks: their life should be as soft and as easy as their silken garments, as passionate and starry as the nights at which they would gaze.”

The contrast between these aspirations is only less striking than the contrast of the actual to-morrows which light both these fools on their way to dusty death. For the domestic happiness which Bovary forecasts, come shame, ruin, and misery; for the dissolving-view and opera-scenery delights which Emma promises herself, come cheap debauchery, insult, persecution, cowardly desertion, hideous suffering. There is no fault in the composition of the picture; every line tells, every line would be missed if it were away. Perhaps there is some unnecessary exaggeration in the loathsomeness, if not in the horror, of the deathbed. Lamartine, who was a sentimental person, is said to have objected to this deathbed because it seemed to him that heavy

as were Emma's crimes, her punishment was heavier still. I do not agree with this, and I do not miss or question the powerful relief which the details give when one remembers the sybaritic tastes and the horror of the disagreeable which characterized the victim. But I am not sure—falling in to this extent with the tract theory—that M. Flaubert was not reprehensibly influenced in this particular by a desire to point a moral; and if this be the case it is certainly a painful instance of a lapse into the heresy of instruction on the part of a faithful servant of art.

Few greater contrasts can be found in fiction than the subject of M. Flaubert's first book and the subject of his second. Five years after *Madame Bovary* appeared *Salammbô*. From the dullest and flattest modernness the author had shifted to remote antiquity—to the nation of which less is known than of any other civilised nation, and which has to us the strangest and most unfamiliar characteristics and history. *Salammbô* is a Carthaginian story, the history of Hannibal's sister. Before writing it, M. Flaubert visited Carthage, and saw that of the ancient city there was nothing to be seen. He sought out with laborious erudition all the scattered fragments of historical information that yet exist respecting the city of Dido and Sophonisba, and discovered that there was little to be learnt. All his scanty information he has woven into the narrative, supplementing it with the results of his vivid imagination and his endless patience. The merits of the book were violently contested, and on the whole its reception was scarcely favourable. I have already indicated what seems to me to have been one at least of the causes of dissatisfaction. It had been impressed on the public that M. Flaubert was improper, and the expected impropriety was not discoverable. From this came disappointment, which, if not respectable, was, perhaps, according to the ways of this world only to be expected. Furthermore, there can be little doubt that the barbaric scenery and the shadowy characters were not relished. It was said by an acrid critic that *Salammbô* might or might not be Carthaginian, but that she was not human; and though the retort, that if it had been otherwise the critic would have said that she might be human but not Carthaginian, was witty, it was hardly valid. Lastly, it must be admitted that the indulgence in repulsive detail, which is one of the author's undoubted faults, is here rather painfully marked. The book is full of blood and torture, and, perhaps, this is justifiable enough by what we know of Carthage and Carthaginian institutions. But the way in which the leprosy of the suffete Hanno pursues us through it, is surely gratuitous.

The story opens at the close of the first Punic war. The mercenaries have already begun to clamour for their pay, and the senate, half to appease them, half to spite the absent Hamilcar Barca, have

appointed his gardens as the scene of a great banquet to the soldiers. Wine leads to riot, and the gardens are ravaged by the drunken throng, who, however, refrain from injuring the house or insulting Salammbô. The soldiers are cajoled into leaving Carthage, but faith is not kept with them, and they at last break out into open mutiny under their historical leaders Spendius and Matho—the latter a Libyan, who has conceived a mad passion for the heroine. The mercenaries besiege Carthage, and it occurs to Spendius, a freethinking half-caste of Magna Græcia, to attempt to carry off the mantle of the goddess Tanit, the sacred Zaimph, the talisman of Carthage. He and Matho penetrate into the city by an aqueduct and achieve their object—the narrative of the capture of the Zaimph being a miracle of description. But Matho cannot bring himself to leave the city without trying the effect of his prize on Salammbô, who is known to be a frantic devotee of the goddess, and he nearly falls into the hands of his enemies in consequence. Then the mercenaries retire to Utica, and the suffote Hanno is sent to chastise them. He is at first successful, but is finally defeated with horrible carnage, and just at this crisis Hannibal comes home. After a violent debate in the senate full powers are given him, but the forces at his disposal are too small, and he can effect hardly anything against the mercenaries. Salammbô is therefore stirred up by her father confessor (to give old things new names) to attempt the recovery of the Zaimph. This, after a mysterious incantation scene with a tame python, she endeavours to do, and she succeeds by her blandishments in carrying it off from Matho's tent. But the effect is not miraculous. The mercenaries still prosper, and the popular fanaticism shifts from the milder goddess Tanit to the terrible Moloch. One of the auto-da-fés common at Carthage is resolved on, and Hannibal himself only escapes the fire by his father's artifice. The citizens gather courage, the Numidian prince, Nurr Havas, who has hitherto supported the mutineers, deserts them for love of Salammbô, and Carthage at last triumphs, her rebellious soldiery perishing almost to a man by a horrible mixture of force and treachery. Matho alone is reserved for the sport of the capital, and dies at Salammbô's feet after running the gauntlet of hideous torture through the streets. Almost instantly she herself dies as she pledges the genius of Carthage, "for that she had touched the mantle of Tanit."

I do not know a more difficult book to judge than *Salammbô*. At the first reading—at least this was my own experience when about the time of its publication I first read it—its absence of human interest, its profusion of hideous details, its barbaric and unreal world, where the figures seem half shadows, and the scenery and properties leave a confused impression of gold and blood, of gorgousness and horror, on the mind, it is difficult to avoid experiencing that nervous

impression of which its author speaks. But at every successive reading this disappears. The enormous genius which can thus reconstruct—or invent if you will—a world so different from the world we know, yet coherent, consistent, possible even, and tallying well with the few known facts of the matter, the absolutely unsurpassed excellence of the descriptions which have the matter-of-fact exactitude that Macaulay was pleased to laugh at in Dante, the power and art of the thing in short, grow on one strangely. To read *Salammbô* has an effect something like the described effect of hashich or opium without the unpleasant after-results, and it may be added that each successive exhibition of the drug is more potent and less deleterious than the earlier experiences, a characteristic not common in artificial paradises. We grow accustomed to the grisly gorgeous world in which we find ourselves, the painting of God's judgments in purple and crimson becomes as natural as it was in a certain Hollow City, and the cruelty and the vigour, the hideous diseases and the hideous worship of the Semite, cease to affect us other than dramatically. If *Salammbô* is colourless, we remember that Jephtha's daughter owes most of her colour to the *Dream of Fair Women*. If Hamilcar is treacherous and cruel, it occurs to us that some casuistry has been expended on the performances of Jacob and David. If Hanno is a leper, what was Nuaman? But for all this I do not know that *Salammbô* is to be recommended for general reading. It is altogether an esoteric book requiring initiation, training, preliminary ceremonies and efforts. Now the novel-reader, not unjustly, is little inclined to comply with such a demand. He prefers that his books should please him at the first reading, not at the second, third, or tenth.

Another long interval—seven years—passed, and M. Flaubert once more presented himself. This time his burden was again of an entirely different nature. *Salammbô* is hardly more different from *Madame Bovary* than *L'Éducation Sentimentale* is from both. There are here no horrors, no splendours, no unfamiliar scenery, no hazardous description. I have already suggested an alternative title for the book, and of such alternatives very moderate ingenuity might supply half-a-dozen. It is an encyclopædic sort of novel, and goes some way towards being a whole *Comédie Humaine* of failure in two volumes. But M. Flaubert's critics were equal to the occasion. M. de Pontmartin had informed him that *Salammbô* might be Carthaginian, but was not human. M. St. René Taillandier now informed him that Frederic Moreau might be human, but was unreadably dull. Dulness, indeed, is a favourite charge against *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, and the latest criticism I have read of it pronounces it full of all sorts of admirable things, but "dead," "sawdust and ashes." Let us see what it is really like.

We are introduced to the hero on board a Seine steamboat which is taking him home at the end of his college days,—college be it remembered in the French and Scotch, not the English sense. He meets on board the boat an affable gentleman, one M. Jacques Arnoux, with whose wife Frederic Moreau instantly falls in love, as in 1840 a young gentleman of eighteen years old was bound to do, considering that the lady had black hair and an olive skin, and was therefore strictly *comme il faut* in the romantic sense. Before he leaves the boat, the affable Arnoux invites him to go and see them in Paris, whither he is soon to return to study law, and he reaches his mother's house convinced of a great passion. As soon as he returns to the capital he makes his call, uselessly at first, but afterwards with better success. Arnoux is an editor of an art journal, and his office is the regular lounging place of a large floating circle of artists, men of letters, amateur politicians, and the like, with most of whom Frederic soon makes acquaintance. He is also, after some little time, made free of the drawing-room as well as the office, and finds Madame Arnoux as charming as he had thought her, but altogether free from coquetry, indeed a model wife and mother, while he himself is much too young and too diffident to lay violent siege to her. His acquaintance, moreover, is not confined to this clique. He makes friends up to a certain point with many of his fellow-students. He has introductions to a M. Dambreuse, a provincial seigneur who has amalgamated his *de* and taken to financing. After a time, too, his school crony, Deslauriers, comes up to Paris and keeps house with him. But he does not take much to the study of law, and he does not find that his friends and the amusements of Paris give him much pleasure. He discovers, while at home on a visit, that he is much poorer than he had thought, and this makes a very disagreeable change in his ideas, the only consolation he has being the small auburn-haired daughter of a rich country neighbour, to whom he reads much romantic literature, and who is immensely fond of him. Suddenly an old uncle dies and leaves him twelve hundred a year. He of course returns to Paris expecting to lead a perfectly happy life. He renews his old friendships and makes new ones, some of them not of the most edifying description, for Arnoux introduces him to a certain Mademoiselle Rosanette, with whom Frederic in his lazy irresolute manner proceeds also to fall in love, though he never ceases to regard Madame Arnoux with the old timid adoration. Thenceforward the book is a chronicle of the history of all these persons, and of many others whom we have not mentioned. The central figure is still Frederic and his irresolute philanderings with Madame Arnoux, Rosanette, the auburn Louise Roque, and Madame Dambreuse, who at last admits him as *amant en titre*, and after her husband's death wishes

to marry him. He is always going to do something, but never does it, and his usual mental attitude is typically represented in a scene where he is on the point of indulging his tender emotions, but reflects that "somebody may come," and so doesn't. There is not a character of the scores which figure in the book that is not in itself a masterpiece. The feminine but somewhat colourless virtues of Madame Arnoux, the amiable vulgarity and matter-of-fact caprice of Rosanette, the calculating coldness of Madame Dambreuse, the feather-headed oddities of Arnoux, who really loves his wife while he is ruining himself on her rival, and who loves art too much to make profit, and profit too much to be really an artist, the slangy romanticism of the journalist Hussonet, the crazes of the dauber Pellerin, the amateur politician Regimbart, the honest clerk Dusardier, the fatuous aristocrat De Cisny, the model man Martinon, who "always presents himself in three-quarter profile, and looks as neat as a piece of Sèvres china," the vulgar lawyer Deslauriers—are all admirable. But most admirable of all is Frederic himself, good-hearted, not destitute of talent and culture, but unstable as water, given to look at all sides of a question, and so to take neither, and subjected to all sorts of humiliations and disappointments at the hands of men less gifted in every way than himself. Nor is the scenery worthy of less praise. The interiors throughout are perfect. The descriptions of a visit to the Alhambra—in the Champs Elysées, not in Granada—of the fancy ball in Rosanette's apartments, and, above all, of the revolution of 1848, of which Frederic is in his external way a spectator, yield to few things of the kind. But the greatest attraction of the book is the profusion of observation and knowledge of the intricacies of action and conduct which it displays, and which I do not hesitate to say is not excelled in the work of any contemporary writer.

To what, then, are we to attribute the comparative unpopularity of the book, which in some ten years has passed through but four editions, while MM. Belot, Droz, Daudet, can count their reappearances by fifties? I can only recur to my original explanation—the explanation suggested by the author himself—that of an unpleasant nervous impression. The reader of *L'Éducation Sentimentale* does actually journey from Dan to Beersheba, and find that all is barren. The book comes to no particular end, but years and years after its active story ceases Frederic meets first his early love, Madame Arnoux, and then his early friend, Deslauriers. Madame Arnoux comes nominally to restore him a sum of money which he has long ago lent her husband, but really to make a tacit confession of that regret respecting which Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and a good many other people have wondered whether it is not worse than remorse. Deslauriers and Moreau as they review their lives decide

that the mere schoolboy follies of their early youth are perhaps the happiest times they have known, and so the curtain falls on a "set grey life and apathetic end." Now the novel-reader does not like this. He probably knows in his secret heart that this setness and apathy are the actual end of an enormous number of lives. But he is not accustomed to have the fact thus sharply brought before him. The accepted laws of novel-writing require a *dénouement*, tragic it may be, arbitrary and insufficient it may be, even to the extent of the traditional marriage bells, but still a *dénouement* of some sort. The passionless review of folly and weakness which *L'Éducation Sentimentale* contains is too cold-blooded for most people to accept. They would rather have downright satire, even of the red-hot brand of Swift, than this cool depicting of failure and impotence. To a certain extent no doubt this is a question of taste and not arguable; to a certain extent, also, it is one proper to be argued, but not to be argued here. I should only say that to me it appears that M. Flaubert's process is a perfectly allowable one, and that the result certainly gives me pleasure. If the last remark should appear egotistical, I can only say in excuse that I know no other test of the pleasure-giving properties of a novel, or for that matter of anything else, than its effects on one's self.

Five years again passed, and then appeared *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, a republication in part, and scarcely in strictness to be called a novel, but far too remarkable to be passed over here. It is in semi-dramatic form, the descriptions and scenery being given in the form of stage direction. For his details M. Flaubert has ransacked all the pictures of Breughel, Teniers, Callot, De Bles, and a score of others, not to mention written fancies, and has added thereto, as usual, very much of his own. The book opens thus:—

"The scene is in the Thebaid on the heights of a mountain, where a platform of semicircular shape is surrounded with great stones. The hermit's cell occupies the background. It is built of mud and reeds, is flat-roofed and doorless. Inside are seen a pitcher and some black bread; in the centre on a wooden stand a large book; on the ground, here and there, split rushes, a mat or two, a basket, and a knife. Half-a-dozen paces from the cell there is a tall cross planted in the ground, and at the other end of the platform a gnarled old palm-tree leans over the abyss, for the side of the mountain is scarped. At the bottom of the cliff the Nile spreads like a lake. To right and left the view is bounded by the rocks, but on the side of the desert immense undulations of a yellowish ash colour rise, one above and beyond the other, like the lines of a beach, and far off beyond the sands the mountains of the Libyan range form a chalklike wall shaded with violet haze. In front the sun is setting. To the north the sky is of a grey colour. But towards the zenith purple clouds like flakes of hair stretch over the blue vault. These flakes grow browner, the grey paleness spreads over the bluer patches, the bushes, the pebbles, the earth become of a hard bronze tint, and through space there floats a fine gold-coloured powder, hardly distinguishable from the vibrations of the light."

The saint begins to meditate over his past life. As he recounts it

a feeling of bitterness comes over him. His lot as anchorite is so hard and then so useless. Would he not have done better to have used his talents in some worldly employment, and to have lived virtuously but in moderate comfort? While he muses thus and grows more and more discontented with his fate, strange things begin to happen. Shadows flit about; voices are heard. At last, when hungry and thirsty, he finds that his water-jug is empty and that the jackals have stolen his last crust, the temptation becomes definite. A mighty table with all sorts of eates arises before him. But he resists this, and all is once more dark. His foot strikes a cup; it contains money—first small silver pieces, then gold. His thoughts go on gradually. With the first piece of money he can buy a sheepskin—even an anchorite may have a sheepskin. Then the ideas of avarice grow for a moment; he has almost succumbed, and, thinking with a shudder how near he has been to mortal sin, he is on the point of despair. Suddenly a vision seizes him; he is transported to the capital, is made the emperor's first favourite—his minister—emperor himself even; then from Constantine he becomes in fancy Nebuchadnezzar, and revels and is degraded like the great king. But this vision, too, passes, only to be followed by others. The Queen of Sheba comes, fantastically attended, to offer herself to him. When she has departed, his old disciple, Hilarion, appears. He discusses theology and ecclesiastical affairs with Antony, hints evil things of the great bishops of the day, points out discrepancies in the gospels, all in a kind of tentative way, till the saint is puzzled and weary. Once more he is transported to a vast temple or series of temples, where all the myriad heresies and fanaticisms of Eastern Christianity are represented. The Gnostic, the Manichean, the Marcionite, assault him in turns; Valentinus lectures him on the pleroma; the feminine devotees of Montanus wrangle as to their master's affection for them; the lower Gnostic sects celebrate orgies of all sorts in his presence. Then he is wafted into the prisons of the Christian martyrs and the cemeteries where they are buried. In the former he finds the martyrs regretting their rashness, and only sustained in their resolution by pride; in the latter he discovers mourners consoling themselves in strange but historic fashion for their nightly vigils by the martyrs' graves. Other tempters haunt him next—Simon Magus, an Indian gymnosophist, Apollonius of Tyana; and the last especially almost converts him with his pompous theosophy. Then Hilarion reappears, and causes all the gods of old, from formless idols to the inhabitants of Olympus, to file before Antony. He recounts the chief points of the respective cults, and while he makes them all ridiculous, he puts them in such a fashion as always to recall something similar in the Christian faith or practice. The procession is closed by Jehovah himself, who laments the overthrow

of his service at Jerusalem. At last Hilarion declares himself. He is the devil, ready to show himself, if Antony will, in his proper form. The saint, struck with curiosity, consents, and the devil, obtaining by this consent some power over him, carries him off as on a cloud into space. There he reveals to him the truths of natural philosophy. The sun does not set, there is no firmament, all things are infinite, and the saint receives from the devil explanations more and more Pantheistic, which lead up subtly to the last suggestion, "Suppose there should be no God?" But Antony has just resolution enough to refuse the fatal answer, and the fiend disappears. The temptation, however, is not over. Two women, one old and withered, one young and fair, dispute him. One is Death, the other Vice. Death offers him rest, Vice offers him pleasure. They wrangle over him, each striving to show that the joys which the other can offer are paralleled by her own: and at last they wrestle with one another, and disappear, strangely blended in one monstrous figure. Saint Antony has still his philosophical ideas in his head, and he begins to reason somewhat arrogantly on what he has seen. Then the Sphinx and the Chimera present themselves, and these two emblems of philosophical speculation argue like mediæval disputants. They are followed by a procession of the "fauna of fancy"—the pigmies and all the fantastic tribes that Herodotus tells of—the basilisk, the unicorn, and their fellows. All mysteries of the living world pass before Antony down to the creatures of the microscope, until once more the Pantheist ideal comes back on him, and he nearly blasphemes. Then the day dawns, the sun rises, and in the middle of the sun glows forth the face of Christ. The saint crosses himself and falls on his knees.

This *Temptation* is my own favourite among its author's books. It is the best example of dream-literature that I know, and the capacities of dreams and hallucinations for literary treatment are undoubted. But most writers, including even De Quincey, who have tried this style, have erred, inasmuch as they have endeavoured to throw a portion of the mystery with which the waking mind invests dreams over the dream itself. Any one's experience is sufficient to show that this is wrong. The events of dreams as they happen are quite plain and matter-of-fact, and it is only in the intervals, and, so to speak, the scene-shifting of dreaming, that any suspicion of strangeness occurs to the dreamer. This truth is fully kept in view in *La Tentation*, and I do not know any other book in which it is so kept. One views all Antony's experiences exactly as Antony himself would have viewed them. The occasional misgiving of the supernatural is there: but the actually supernatural occurrences are related with strict simplicity and verisimilitude.

Last year M. Flaubert published, under the title of *Trois Contes*, a

volume which has the curious merit of giving in little examples, and very perfect examples, of all the styles which have made him famous. *Un Cœur Simple* displays exactly the same qualities of minute and exact observation, the same unlimited fidelity of draughtsmanship, which distinguish *Madame Bovary* and *L'Éducation Sentimentale*. *La Légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier* shows the same power over the mystical and the vague which is shown in *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*. *Hérodiade* has the gorgeousness, the barbaric colours, and the horror of *Salammbô*. Of the three I have no hesitation in preferring *La Légende de Saint Julien*. The history of the Norman *bonne Félicité*, her fidelity, her narrow brain, her large heart, the way in which employers, relations, and all connected with her make use of her and owe her no thanks, is a wonderful *tour de force*, but it has the defects of its quality. One feels that the author is in effect saying, "I am going to make you, whether you will or no, take an interest in this commonplace picture of humble life;" and though he is successful, there is a certain sense of effort and of disproportion. *Hérodiade*, again, has much the same defects as its prototype. The sketch of Aulus Vitellius is faithfully loathsome, and the scenery of the sketch is as a piece of scene-painting unsurpassable. The breath of the Dead Sea and the desert, the atmosphere of Jewish, Idumæan, and Arab savagery, is all over it; but the "nervous impression" still stands in the way. In *Saint Julien* this is no longer the case, and the effect is admirable.

The legend begins, in true legend fashion, at the very birth of the saint. He is the son of a wealthy baron and a noble dame who live at peace and in plenty. At his birth marvels are presaged of him by strange visitants, and he is brought up in all the exercises of chivalry. He early develops, however, a certain propensity to bloodshed. He kills the mice in the chapel, the pigeons in the garden, and soon his advancing years gave him the opportunity of indulging this taste in hunting. He spends whole days in the chase, caring less for the sport than for the slaughter. One winter day he starts early, and game is more than usually plentiful. He slays insanely without attempting to retrieve his victims, and at last massacres a whole herd of deer, finding them enclosed in a glen which has no outlet. Then—

"Across the valley, at the edge of the forest, he perceived a stag, a hind, and her fawn. The stag was black and of huge size. His antlers had sixteen points, and his beard was white. The hind, of the pale colour of dead leaves, was browsing, and gave suck to the dappled fawn without interrupting her steps. The whiz of the crossbow once more sounded and the fawn fell dead. Thereat his mother looking up to heaven belled with a deep voice, agonizing and human, and Julian, irritated thereby, stretched her on the ground with a second shot. Then the great stag saw him and made a bound towards him. Julian dispatched his last arrow, which hit him full in the forehead and stuck there. But the stag seemed not to feel it. He strode over the bodies, he came nearer

and nearer, he was on the point of ripping him up, and Julian slrank back in terror unutterable. But the mighty beast stopped suddenly, and with flaming eyes and a solemn tone, as of a hoary judge, he said three times, while a bell tolled in the distance, 'Accursed one! ruthless of heart! thou shalt slay thy father and thy mother.' Then his knees tottered, and closing his eyes, he expired."

Julian returns to the castle horrified at this prediction, and almost immediately accidents happen which seem on the point of fulfilling it. In alarm he quits his home and becomes a wandering soldier. His success in war is equal to his good luck in the chase, and at last he saves the Emperor of Occitania from the Moslem, marries his daughter, and lives in peace and splendour. But nothing will induce him to hunt, for he fancies that on his abstinence depends the fulfilment of the prediction. His wife tries to combat this idea, and one evening he sets out. For a long time no game at all appears, and when he meets a beast either he is unready for it or he misses it. By degrees his ill luck becomes mysterious. His lance splinters on the quarry, his arrows stop in mid course. At length—

"All the birds and beasts that he had been pursuing suddenly reappeared and closed round him in a narrow circle. Some wore in a sitting posture, others stood upright; he himself remained in the midst, frozen with terror and incapable of movement. With a final effort of will he made a step forward, and then the birds on the branches spread their wings, the beasts on the ground stirred their limbs, all accompanied him. Before him marched the hyenas, and behind him the wolf and the boar. The wild bull on his right swung his head from side to side, and at his left the serpent writhed through the grass, while the panther, arching her back, walked with dainty steps and long strides. He went as slowly as possible for fear of irritating them, and from the thickets there issued in crowds porcupines, foxes, jackals, and bears. He began to run: they ran too. The serpent hissed, the slayer of the foul creatures dropped. The wild boar rubbed his heels with his tusks, the wolf thrust his shaggy head into the hollow of Julian's hand. The monkeys pinched him and grinned, the polecat glided over his feet. With a blow of his paw a bear knocked off his hat, and the panther, as if in scorn of him, tossed away an arrow which she carried in her mouth. In all their gestures there was an air of irony; they watched him out of the corners of their eyes, and seemed plotting vengeance, till deafened by the buzzing of the insects, blinded by the flapping of the wings, choked by the noisome breath of the beasts, he walked with outstretched hands, and eyes shut like one deprived of sight, and had not even strength to cry for mercy."

No actual injury comes to him from this ghostly procession. Its effect, however, is not to warn, but to provoke him. He is furious at his impotence to harm; and when he is at the edge of the forest, though his hideous cortége leaves him as the cock crows, fresh delusions of a minor kind beset him. He makes his way to the castle in a mood of baffled rage, ready to break out on any object. During his absence his parents, who have wandered all over the earth to find him, have come to his castle. His wife has received them joyfully, and made them rest in her own couch. Julian returns late and silently, sees a beard on the pillow, and, mad with jealousy,

slays at a single blow, as he thinks, his wife and her paramour. He is not long in perceiving his mistake, and the horrible crime he has in consequence committed. His resolution is soon taken. He leaves his wife and his riches, and once more becomes a wanderer, but this time a wanderer of a different kind. He turns mendicant friar, giving himself up utterly to penance and good works of all sorts, and finally he establishes himself on the borders of a dangerous river, and ferries over passengers at the hazard of his life and for no reward. At last, one stormy night he is summoned to the other side, and there finds a leper in the most loathsome stage of the disease. With superhuman effort he crosses the stream, but his trial does not, as in the kindred instance of St. Christopher, cease there. The leper demands shelter and hospitality, and Julian gives him both, yielding up his whole scanty supply of food and drink,—an act which results, according to the horrible Jewish fancy, in the communication of the wretch's disease to the inanimate objects he touches. Then he demands Julian's bed, and it is given him. But he is dying of cold, and Julian must lie down by him, clasp him in his arms, revive him with his own vital heat. It is done.

“Then the leper embraced him closely and suddenly; his eyes had the brightness of stars, his hair grew long and shaped like the rays of the sun, the breath of his nostrils was as the sweetness of roses, from the hearth a cloud of incense arose, and the billows of the river sang in harmony. Into the soul of Julian there came an abundance of delight—a joy more than human and like a mighty wave. But he who held him closer and closer grew and grew till the walls of the hovel on both sides were reached by his head and his feet. Then the roof parted, and the firmament was seen, and Julian went up to the blue spaces of the heaven, face to face with Christ the Lord.”

No discussion of M. Flaubert's merits would be complete without some notice of the realism of which, it seems, he is the chief master. I do not know that this unlucky term has been included in the list of those fallen words whose history has been often bewailed, but the idle mind may contemplate with some interest the realism of William of Champeaux side by side with the realism of M. Emile Zola. In the latter sense it is, as the Marquis de Custine calls it, a *grossière étiquette* enough, and even, as it seems to me, one of which it is somewhat difficult to understand the precise meaning. As a term of abuse it is as intelligible as most terms of abuse, that is to say, it means that the speaker does not like the thing spoken of, but as a classifying epithet having any literary or scientific value it appears to me to be of but small account. I suppose, if it means anything, it means the faithful patience and the sense of artistic capacity which lead a man to grapple boldly with his subject, whatever that subject may be, and to refuse *tanquam scapulum* easy generalities and accepted phrase. This procedure is naturally more striking when the subject matter is of an unpleasant character, and hence the superficial critic runs away with the idea that realism means the choice of unpleasant

subjects. From this to the deliberate choosing of unpleasant subjects, in order to qualify for the title of realist, there is only a step. Now, in this sense, I venture to say that there is no reason whatever for affixing the etiquette to M. Flaubert. His subjects are doubtless often unpleasant enough, but I cannot see that there is the faintest evidence of their having been chosen for their unpleasantness. It is, perhaps, a question whether unpleasantness would not predominate in the absolutely faithful record of any life. It has been said that no man would dare to write such a record of his own history; and all that can be said of M. Flaubert is that he has dared to do, for certain classes and types, what they dare not do for themselves. The ordinary novel is a compromise and a convention. Of compromises and conventions M. Flaubert knows nothing. He dares in especial to show failure, and I think it will be found that this is what few novelists dare, unless the failure be of a tragic and striking sort. He draws the hopeful undertakings that come to nothing, the dreams that never in the least become deeds, the good intentions that find their usual end, the evil intentions which also are balked and defeated, the parties of pleasure that end in pain or weariness, the enterprises of pith and moment that somehow fall through. Perhaps this is realism, and, if it be, it seems to me that realism is a very good thing. It is pleasant doubtless to read about Sindbad as he comes home in triumph regularly after every voyage with his thousands or his millions of sequins. But the majority of Sindbads have experiences of a somewhat different sort, and I do not see why the majority also should not have their bard.

The antagonism, however, which has grown up as a matter of association between real and ideal makes the use of this word realism in this sense distinctly objectionable, for it leads the reader to suppose that a realist must necessarily be unideal. How far this supposition, taken in a prejudicial sense, may lead even grave and sober judges astray, may be seen in some criticisms on our author. One French critic, to whom I have before referred, M. St. René Taillandier, has persuaded himself that *Salammô* is an attack on the idea of womanhood, that *L'Éducation Sentimentale* is an attack on the idea of manhood, and that *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* is an attack on the idea of God! Of such a *bêtise* as this it is not easy to speak seriously; one can only fall back on the Dominie's vocabulary, and exclaim, "Prodigious!"

Enough must have been said to bear out the contention I have already made that the importance of this writer is very much greater as a maker of literature than as a maker of novels, though I am far from inferring that in the latter capacity he must not be allowed very high rank. His observation of the types of human nature which he selects for study is astonishingly close and complete; his attention to unity of character never sleeps, and he has to

a very remarkable degree the art of chaining the attention even when the subject is a distasteful one to the reader. He has been denied imagination, but I cannot suppose that the denial was the result of a full perusal of his work. The reader of *Madame Bovary* only might possibly be excused for making such a charge, the reader of *L'Éducation Sentimentale* only would be almost certain to make it. But *Salammô* supplies an almost sufficient answer to it, and *La Tentation* an answer very much more than sufficient. His imagination, however, is poetic rather than fictitious; it does not supply him with a rush of lively creations like the imaginations of the Scotts and the Sands, but with fantastic and monstrous figures, which his admirable writing power enables his readers to perceive likewise, and that not dimly, nor through a misty and hazy atmosphere. There are few things more curious than the combination of such an imagination with the photographic clearness of observation and reproduction which his less imaginative work displays.

His unpopularity as a novelist, such as it is, arises, I must repeat, in reality principally from the fact that he is a writer who not only deserves but demands to be read twice and thrice before he can be fully enjoyed. I have mentioned my own impression in first reading *Salammô*:—how I wondered at the lack of interest (as it then seemed to me) which distinguished it, although at the same time I found it impossible to drop or skip it, and how years afterwards I read it again, and then it no longer seemed to me to lack interest, and I was no longer in doubt as to what had made me read it through at first almost against my will. Much the same thing occurs, I think, with all M. Flaubert's books. One is struck at first by what can only be called the unpleasantness of the subject, and this colours the judgment. At the second reading the subject has ceased to engage the attention mainly, and the wonderful excellences of the treatment become visible, and at every subsequent reading this excellence becomes more and more apparent.

How great it is has rarely been denied by competent persons. Even M. Scherer, whose antipathy to certain subjects and certain styles not unfrequently weakens his critical faculty, has to confess how unmistakable is the position of the 'author of *Madame Bovary, comme écrivain*. Hazlitt says somewhere about Shakespeare that he is not for or against his characters. The same thing is eminently true of M. Flaubert. He is in his own person a sufficient and victorious refutation of the theory which will have it that the artist's choice of subjects must express his personal tastes. M. Flaubert is altogether an outsider to his subjects; as Falstaff would say, they have lain in his way and he has found them. Some very few personal or semi-personal traits emerge now and then, but very rarely. His medical education, for instance, may be responsible for the almost unnecessary display of the loathsome details of the

hospital in which he occasionally indulges. But even this cannot be affirmed with perfect certainty. It would seem indeed that there can be no absolute need of describing the appearance of a dead baby minutely, but yet this is, perhaps, explicable on the theory we have adopted. M. Flaubert's subjects are in a manner revealed to him, and the details hold therefore much the same place as the exact and careful enumeration of the armies of doubters and bloodmen in Bunyan's *Holy War*. The extraordinary pains which he takes to secure accuracy in matters of reference are sufficiently shown in the controversy which he carried on respecting *Salammô* with an antiquarian critic, and his accuracy in describing his own impressions and imaginations may be assumed to be equally minute. We cannot imagine M. Flaubert suppressing an idea because it was troublesome to express or unpleasant to handle, or in any other way intractable. He is altogether of the opinion of Gautier in his contempt for the writer whose thoughts find him unequal to the task of giving them expression, and he may be assumed to be of Gautier's opinion also respecting the excellence of dictionaries as reading, for his vocabulary is simply unlimited.

Now all these characteristics are distinctly those of the abstract-littérateur rather than those of the novelist. There is probably no other literary form in which they could have been so well displayed as in the novel, certainly there is none in which they would have been so satisfactorily enjoyed. One takes up M. Flaubert and reads a chapter or two or three with hardly any reference to the already familiar story. His separate tableaux are, as I have said, admirably and irreproachably combined. But their individual merit is so great that they possess interest independently of the combination. He is a writer upon whom one can try experiments with one's different moods, very much as one can try experiments with different lights upon a picture. The immense labour which he has evidently spent upon his work has resulted in equally immense excellence. His cabinets have secret drawers in them which are only discoverable after long familiarity. It has been justly said of him that he can do with a couple of epithets what Balzac takes a page of laborious analysis to do less perfectly. All this is so rarely characteristic of a novelist, that it has, perhaps, seemed to some people incompatible with the novelist's qualities—a parallogism excusable enough in the mere subscriber to the circulating library, but certainly not excusable in the critic. M. Flaubert is a novelist and a great one. As a dramatist or a poet he might, had his genius so inclined him, have been greater still in the general estimation; but he could hardly have been greater in the estimation of those who are content to welcome greatness in the form in which it chooses to present itself, instead of suggesting that it should suit its costume to their preconceived ideas.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

MEMORIALS OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

WHAT are the qualities of a good contributor? What makes a good Review? Is the best literature produced by the writer who does nothing else but write, or by the man who tempers literature by affairs? What are the different recommendations of the rival systems of anonymity and signature? What kind of change, if any, has passed over periodical literature since those two great periodicals, the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, held sway? These and a number of other questions in the same matter—some of them obviously not to be opened with propriety in these pages—must naturally be often present to the mind of any one who is concerned in the control of a Review, and a volume has just been printed which sets such musings once more astir. Mr. Macvey Napier was the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* from 1829—when Jeffrey, after a reign of seven and twenty years, resigned it into his hands—until his death in 1847. A portion of the correspondence addressed to Mr. Napier during this period has been recently printed for private circulation by his son. By his courteous permission I am allowed to refer to a volume that is full of personal interest both to the man of letters and to that more singular being, the Editor, the impresario of men of letters, the *entrepreneur* of the spiritual power.

To manage an opera house is usually supposed to tax human powers more urgently than any position save that of a general in the very heat and stress of battle. The orchestra, the chorus, the subscribers, the first tenor, a pair of rival prima donnas, the newspapers, the box-agents in Bond Street, the army of hangers-on in the flies—all combine to demand such gifts of tact, resolution, patience, foresight, tenacity, flexibility, as are only expected from the great ruler or the great soldier. The editor of a periodical of public consideration—and the *Edinburgh Review* in the hands of Mr. Napier was the avowed organ of the ruling Whig powers—is sorely tested in the same way. The rival house may bribe his stars. His popular epigrammatist is sometimes as full of humours as a spoiled soprano. The favourite pyrotechnist is systematically late and procrastinatory, or is piqued because his punctuation or his paragraphs have been meddled with. The contributor whose article would be in excellent time if it did not appear before the close of the century, or never appeared at all, pesters you with warnings that a month's delay is a deadly blow to progress, and stays the great procession of the ages. The contributor who could profitably fill a sheet, insists on sending a treatise. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who had charge of the *Edinburgh* for a short space, truly described

prolixity as the *bête noire* of an editor. "Every contributor," he said, "has some special reason for wishing to write at length on his own subject."

Ah, que de choses dans un menuet, cried Marcel, the great dancing-master, and ah, what things in the type and *ũca* of an article, cries an editor with the enthusiasm of his calling; such proportion, measure, comprehension, variety of topics, pithiness of treatment, all within a space appointed with Procrustean rigour. This is what the soul of the volunteer contributor is dull to. Of the minor vexations who can tell?

"Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam
Vexatus toties rauci Thescido Codri?"

There is one single tribulation dire enough to poison life—even if there were no other—and this is disorderly manuscript. Empson, Mr. Nupier's well-known contributor, was one of the worst offenders; he would never even take the trouble to mark his paragraphs. I have the misfortune to have a manuscript before me at this moment that would fill thirty of these pages, and yet from beginning to end there is no indication that it is not to be read at a single breath. The paragraph ought to be, and in all good writers it is, as real and as sensible a division as the sentence. It is an organic member in prose composition with a beginning, a middle, and an end, just as a stanza is an organic and definite member in the composition of an ode. "I fear my manuscript is rather disorderly," says another, "but I will correct carefully in print." Just so. Because he is too heedless to do his work in a workmanlike way, he first, inflicts fatigue and vexation on the editor whom he expects to read his paper; second, he inflicts considerable and quite needless expense on the publisher; and thirdly, he inflicts a great deal of tedious and thankless labour on the printers, who are for the most part far more meritorious persons than fifth-rate authors. It is true that Burke returned such disordered proofs that the printer usually found it least troublesome to set the whole afresh, and Miss Martineau tells a story of a Scotch compositor who fled from Edinburgh to avoid a great living author's manuscript, and to his horror was presently confronted with a piece of copy which made him cry, "Lord have mercy! Have *you* got that man to print for!" But most editors will cheerfully forgive such transgressions to all contributors who will guarantee that they write as well as Burke or Carlyle. Alas, it is usually the case that those who have least excuse are the worst offenders. The slovenliest manuscripts come from persons to whom the difference between an hour and a minute is of the very smallest importance. This, however, is a digression, only to be excused partly by the natural desire to say a word against one's persecutors, and partly by a hope that some persons of sensitive conscience may be led to ponder whether there may

not be after all some moral obligations even towards editors and printers.

Mr. Napier had one famous contributor, who stands out alone in the history of editors. Lord Brougham's traditional connection with the Review,—he had begun to write either in its first or third number, and had written in it ever since—his encyclopædic ignorance, his power, his great fame in the country, and the prestige which his connection reflected on the Review, all made him a personage with whom it would have been most imprudent to quarrel. Yet the position in which Mr. Napier was placed after Brougham's breach with the Whigs, was one of the most difficult in which the conductor of a great organ could possibly be placed. The Review was the representative, the champion, and the mouthpiece of the Whig party, and of the Whigs who were in office. Before William IV. dismissed the Whigs in 1834 as arbitrarily as his father had dismissed the Whigs in 1784, Brougham had covered himself with disrepute among his party by a thousand pranks, and after the dismissal he disgusted them by asking the new Chancellor to make him Chief Baron of the Exchequer. When Lord Melbourne returned to power in the following year, this and other escapades were remembered against him. "If left out," said Lord Melbourne, "he would indeed be dangerous; but if taken in, he would simply be destructive." So Brougham was left out, Pepys was made Chancellor, and the Premier compared himself to a man who has broken with a termagant mistress and married the best of cooks. Mr. Napier was not so happy. The termagant was left on his hands. He had to keep terms with a contributor who hated with a deadly hatred the very government that the Review existed to support. No editor ever had such a contributor as Brougham in the long history of editorial torment since the world began. He scolds, he storms, he hectors, he lectures; he is for ever threatening desertion and prophesying ruin; he exhausts the vocabulary of opprobrium against his correspondent's best friends; they are silly slaves, base traitors, a vile clique "whose treatment of me has been the very *ut plus ultra* of ingratitude, baseness, and treachery." He got the Review and its editor into a scrape which shook the world at the time (1834), by betraying Cabinet secrets to spite Lord Durham. His cries against his adversaries are as violent as the threats of Ajax in his tent, and as loud as the bellowsings of Philoctetes at the mouth of his cave. Here is one instance out of a hundred:—

"That is a trifle, and I only mention it to beg of you to pluck up a little courage, and not be alarmed every time any of the little knot of threateners annoy you. *They want to break off all kind of connection between me and the Edinburgh Review.* I have long seen it. Their fury against the article in the last number knows no bounds, and they will never cease till they worry you out of your connection with me, and get the whole control of the Review into

their own hands, by forcing you to resign it yourself. A party and a personal engine is all they want to make it. What possible right can any of these silly slaves have to object to my opinion being—what it truly is—against the Holland House theory of Lord Chatham's madness? I know that Lord Grenville treated it with contempt. I know others now living who did so too, and I know that so stout a Whig as Sir P. Francis was clearly of that opinion, and he knew Lord Chatham personally. I had every ground to believe that Horace Walpole, a vile, malignant, and unnatural wretch, though a very clever writer of Letters, was nine-tenths of the Holland House authority for the tale. I knew that a baser man in character, or a meaner in capacity than the first Lord Holland existed not, even in those days of job and mediocrity. Why, then, was I bound to take a false view because Lord Holland's family have inherited his hatred of a great rival?"

Another instance is as follows:—

"I solicit your best attention to the fate which seems hastening upon the *Edinburgh Review*. The having always been free from the least control of booksellers is one of its principal distinctions, and long was peculiarly so—perhaps it still has it nearly to itself. But if it shall become a *Treasury* journal, I hardly see any great advantage in one kind of independence without the rest. Nay, I doubt if its literary freedom, any more than its political, will long survive. Books will be treated according as the Treasury, or their understrappers, regard the authors. . . . But, is it after all possible that the Review should be suffered to sink into such a state of subserviency that it dares not insert any discussion upon a general question of politics because it might give umbrage to the Government of the day? I pass over the undeniable fact that it is *underlings* only whom you are scared by, and that the Ministers themselves have no such inordinate pretension as to dream of interfering. I say nothing of those underlings generally, except this, that I well know the race, and a more despicable, above all, in point of judgment, exists not. Never mind their threats, they can do no harm. Even if any of them are contributors, be assured they never will withdraw because you choose to keep your course free and independent."

Mr. Napier, who seems to have been one of the most considerate and high-minded of men, was moved to energetic remonstrance on this occasion. Lord Brougham explained his strong language away, but he was incapable of really controlling himself, and the strain was never lessened until 1843, when the correspondence ceases, and we learn that there had been a quarrel between him and his too long-suffering correspondent. Yet John Allen,—that able scholar and conspicuous figure in the annals of Holland House—wrote of Brougham to Mr. Napier:—"He is not a malignant or bad-hearted man, but he is an unscrupulous one, and where his passions are concerned or his vanity irritated, there is no excess of which he is not capable." Of Brougham's strong and manly sense, when passion or vanity did not cloud it, and even of a sort of careful justice, these letters give more than one instance. The *Quarterly Review*, for instance, had an article on Romilly's Memoirs, which to

Romilly's friends seemed to do him less than justice. Brougham took a more sensible view.

"Surely we had no right whatever to expect that they whom Romilly had all his life so stoutly opposed, and who were treated by him with great harshness, should treat him as his friends would do, and at the very moment when a most injudicious act of his family was bringing out all his secret thoughts against them. Only place yourself in the same position, and suppose that Canning's private journals had been published,—the journals he may have kept while the bitterest enemy of the Whigs, and in every page of which there must have been some passage offensive to the feelings of the living and of the friends of the dead. Would any mercy have been shown to Canning's character and memory by any of the Whig party, either in society or in Reviews? Would the line have been drawn of only attacking Canning's executors, who published the papers, and leaving Canning himself untouched? Clearly and certainly not, and yet I am putting a very much weaker case, for we had joined Canning, and all political enmity was at an end: whereas the Tories and Romilly never had for an hour laid aside their mutual hostility."

And if he was capable of equity, Brougham was also capable of hearty admiration, even of an old friend who had on later occasions gone into a line which he intensely disliked. It is a relief in the pages of blustering anger and raging censure to come upon what he says of Jeffrey.

"I can truly say that there never in all my life crossed my mind one single unkind feeling respecting him, or indeed any feeling but that of the warmest affection and the most unmingled admiration of his character, believing and knowing him to be as excellent and amiable as he is great in the ordinary, and, as I think, the far less important sense of the word."

Of the value of Brougham's contributions we cannot now judge. They will not, in spite of their energy and force, bear re-reading to-day, and perhaps the same may be said of three-fourths of Jeffrey's once famous essays. Brougham's self-confidence is heroic. He thought he could make a speech for Bolingbroke, but by-and-bye he had sense enough to see that, in order to attempt this, he ought to read Bolingbroke for a year, and then practise for another year. In 1838 he thought nothing of undertaking, amid all the demands of active life, such a bagatelle as a History of the French Revolution. "I have some little knack of narrative," he says, "the most difficult by far of all styles, and never yet attained in perfection but by Hume and Livy; and I bring as much oratory and science to the task as most of my predecessors." But what sort of science? And what has oratory to do with it? And how could he deceive himself into thinking that he could retire to write a history? Nobody that ever lived would have more speedily found out the truth of Voltaire's saying, "*Le repos est une bonne chose, mais l'ennui est son frère.*" The truth is that one learns, after a certain observation of the world, to divide one's amazement pretty equally between the literary volup-

tuary or over-fastidious collegian, on the one hand, who is so impressed by the size of his subject that he never does more than collect material and make notes, and the presumptuous politician, on the other hand, who thinks that he can write a history or settle the issues of philosophy and theology in odd half hours. The one is so enfeebled in will and literary energy after his *viginti annorum incubrationes*; the other is so accustomed to be content with the hurry, the unfinishedness, the rough-and-ready methods of practical affairs, and they both in different ways measure the worth and seriousness of literature so wrongly in relation to the rest of human interests.

The relations between Lord Brougham and Mr. Napier naturally suggest a good many reflections on the vexed question of the comparative advantages of the old and the new theory of a periodical. The new theory is that a periodical should not be an organ but an open pulpit, and that each writer should sign his name. Without disrespect to ably conducted and eminent contemporaries of long standing, it may be said that the tide of opinion and favour is setting in this direction. Yet, on the whole, experience perhaps leads to a doubt whether the gains of the system of signature are so very considerable as some of us once expected. An editor on the new system is no doubt relieved of a certain measure of responsibility. Lord Cockburn's panegyric on the first great editor may show what was expected from a man in such a position as Jeffrey's. "He had to discover, and to train, authors; to discern what truth and the public mind required; to suggest subjects; to reject, and, more offensive still, to improve, contributions; to keep down absurdities; to infuse spirit; to excite the timid; to repress violence; to soothe jealousies; to quell mutinies; to watch times; and all this in the morning of the reviewing day, before experience had taught editors conciliatory firmness, and contributors reasonable submission. He directed and controlled the elements he presided over with a master's judgment. There was not one of his associates who could have even held these elements together for a single year. . . . Inferior to these excellences, but still important, was his dexterity in revising the writings of others. Without altering the general tone or character of the composition, he had great skill in leaving out defective ideas or words, and in so aiding the original by lively or graceful touches, that reasonable authors were surprised and charmed on seeing how much better they looked than they thought they would." (Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, i. 301.)

From such toils and dangers as these, the editor of a Review with signed articles is in the main happily free. He has usually suggestions to make, for his experience has probably given him points of view as to the effectiveness of this or that feature of an article for its own purpose, which would not occur to a writer.

The writer is absorbed in his subject, and has been less accustomed to think of the public. But this exercise of a claim to a general acquiescence in the judgment and experience of a man who has the best reasons for trying to judge rightly, is a very different thing from the duty of drilling contributors and dressing contributions as Jeffrey dressed and drilled. As Southey said, when groaning under the mutilations inflicted by Gifford on his contributions to the *Quarterly*, "there must be a power expurgatory in the hands of the editor; and the misfortune is that editors frequently think it incumbent on them to use that power merely because they have it" (*Southey's Life*, iv. 18). This is probably true on the anonymous system, where the editor is answerable for every word, and for the literary-form no less than for the substantial soundness or interest of an article. In a man of weakish literary vanity—Jeffrey was evidently full of it—there may well be a constant itch to set his betters right in trifles, as Gifford thought he could mend Southey's adjectives. To a vain editor, or a too masterful editor, the temptation under the anonymous system is no doubt strong. M. Buloz, it is true, the renowned editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, is said to have insisted on, and to have freely practised, the fullest editorial prerogative over articles that were openly signed by the most eminent names in France. But M. Buloz had no competitor, and those who did not choose to submit to his Sultanic despotism, were shut out from the only pulpit whence they were sure of addressing the congregation that they wanted. In England contributors are better off; and no editor of a signed periodical would feel either bound or permitted to take such trouble about mere wording of sentences as Gifford and Jeffrey were in the habit of taking.

There is, however, another side to this, from an editor's point of view. With responsibility—not merely for commas and niceties and literary kickshaws, but in its old sense—disappears also a portion of the interest of editorial labour. One would suppose it must be more interesting to command a man-of-war than a trading vessel; it would be more interesting to lead a regiment than to keep a tilting-yard. But the times are not ripe for such enterprises. Of literary ability of a good and serviceable kind there is a hundred or five hundred times more in the country than there was when Jeffrey, Smith, Brougham, and Horner devised their Review in a ninth storey in Edinburgh seventy-six years ago. It is the cohesion of a political creed that is gone, and the strength and fervour of a political school. The principles that inspired that group of strong men have been worked out. After their reforms had been achieved, the next great school was economic, and though it produced a fine orator, its work was at no time literary. The Manchester school with all their shortcomings had at least the signal distinction of attaching their views on special political questions to a general and

presiding conception of the modern phase of civilisation, as industrial and pacific. The next party of advance, when it is formed, will certainly borrow from Cobden and Bright their hatred of war and their hatred of the silly policy of imperialism. After the sagacity and enlightenment of this school, came the school of persiflage. A knot of vigorous and brilliant men towards 1856 rallied round the late editor of the *Saturday Review*,—and a strange chief he was for such a group,—but their flag was that of the Red Rover. They gave Philistinism many a shrewd blow, but perhaps at the same time helped to some degree—with other far deeper and stronger forces—to produce that sceptical and centrifugal state of mind, which now tends to nullify organized liberalism and paralyse the spirit of improvement. The Benthamites, led first by James Mill, and afterwards in a secondary degree by Mr. John Mill, had pushed a number of political improvements in the radical and democratic direction during the time when the *Edinburgh* so powerfully represented more orthodox liberalism. They were the last important group of men who started together from a set of common principles, accepted a common programme of practical applications, and set to work in earnest and with due order and distribution of parts to advocate the common cause.

At present there is no similar agreement either among the younger men in parliament, or among a sufficiently numerous group of writers outside of parliament. The *Edinburgh Reviewers* were most of them students of the university of that city. The *Westminster Reviewers* had all sat at the feet of Bentham. Each group had thus a common doctrine and a positive doctrine. In practical politics it does not much matter by what different roads men have travelled to a given position. But in an organ intended to lead public opinion towards certain changes, or to hold it steadfast against wayward gusts of passion, its strength would be increased a hundredfold if all the writers in it were inspired by that thorough unity of conviction which comes from sincerely accepting a common set of principles to start from, and reaching practical conclusions by the same route. We are probably not very far from a time when such a group might form itself, and its work would for some years lie in the formation of a general body of opinion, rather than in practical realisation of this or that measure. The success of the French Republic, the peaceful order of the United States, perhaps some trouble within our own borders, will lead men with open minds to such a conception of a high and stable type of national life as will unite a sufficient number of them in a common project for pressing with systematic iteration for a complete set of organic changes. A country with such a land-system, such an electoral system, such a monarchy, as ours, has a trying time before it. Those will be doing good service who shall unite to prepare opinion for the inevit-

able changes. At the present moment the only motto that can be inscribed on the flag of a liberal Review is the general device of Progress, each writer interpreting it in his own sense, and within such limits as he may set for himself. For such a state of things signature is the natural condition, and an editor, even of a signed Review, would, I suppose, not decline to accept the account of his function which we find Jeffrey giving to Mr. Napier:—"There are three legitimate considerations by which you should be guided in your conduct as editor generally, and particularly as to the admission or rejection of important articles of a political sort. 1. The effect of your decision on the other contributors upon whom you mainly rely; 2, its effect on the sale and circulation, and on the just authority of the work with the great body of its readers; and, 3, your own deliberate opinion as to the safety or danger of the doctrines maintained in the article under consideration, and its tendency either to promote or retard the practical adoption of those liberal principles to which, and *their practical advancement*, you must always consider the journal as devoted."

As for discovering and training authors, the editor under the new system has inducements that lie entirely the other way; namely, to find as many authors as possible whom the public has already discovered and accepted for itself. Young unknown writers certainly have not gained anything by the new system. Neither perhaps can they be said to have lost, for though of two articles of equal merit an editor would naturally choose the one which should carry the additional recommendation of a name of recognised authority, yet any marked superiority in literary brilliance or effective argument or originality of view would be only too eagerly welcomed in any Review in England. So much public interest is now taken in periodical literature, and the honourable competition in securing variety, weight, and attractiveness is so active, that there is no risk of a literary candle remaining long under a bushel. Miss Martineau says:—"I have always been anxious to extend to young or struggling authors the sort of aid which would have been so precious to me in that winter of 1829-30, and I know that, in above twenty years, I have never succeeded but once." One of the most distinguished editors in London, who had charge of a periodical for many years, told the present writer what comes to the same thing, namely, that in no single case during all these years did a volunteer contributor of real quality, or with any promise of eminence, present himself or herself. So many hundreds think themselves called, so few are chosen. It used to be argued that the writer under the anonymous system was hidden behind a screen and robbed of his well-earned distinction. In truth, however, it is impossible for a writer of real distinction to remain anonymous. If a writer in a periodical interests

the public, they are sure to find out who he is. The writer on Goethe in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* is as well known as the writer on Equality in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

Again, there is unfathomable folly in a periodical affecting an eternal consistency, and giving itself the airs of continuous individuality, and being careful not to talk sense on a given question to-day because its founders talked nonsense upon it fifty years ago. This is quite true. There is a monstrous charlatantry about the old editorial *We*, but perhaps there are some tolerably obvious openings for charlatantry of a different kind under our own system. The man who writes in his own name may sometimes be tempted to say what he knows he is expected from his position or character to say, rather than what he would have said if his personality were not concerned. As far as honesty goes, signature perhaps offers as many inducements to one kind of insincerity, as anonymity offers to another kind. And on the public it might perhaps be contended that there is an effect of a rather similar sort. They are in some cases tempted away from serious discussion of the matter, into frivolous curiosity and gossip about the man. All this criticism of the principle of which the *Fortnightly Review* was the earliest English adherent, will not be taken as the result in the present writer of Chamfort's *maladie des désabusés*; that would be both extremely ungrateful and without excuse or reason. It is merely a fragment of disinterested contribution to the study of a remarkable change that is passing over a not unimportant department of literature. One gain alone counterbalances all the drawbacks, and that is a gain that could hardly have been foreseen or expected; I mean the freedom with which the great controversies of religion and theology have been discussed in the new Reviews. The removal of the mask has led to an outburst of plain speaking on these subjects, which to Mr. Napier's generation would have seemed simply incredible. The frank avowal of unpopular beliefs or non-beliefs has raised the whole level of the discussion, and perhaps has been even more advantageous to the orthodox in teaching them more humility, than to the heterodox in teaching them more courage and honesty.

Let us return to Mr. Napier's volume. We have said that it is impossible for a great writer to be anonymous. No reader will need to be told who among Mr. Napier's correspondents is the writer of the following:—

“I have been thinking sometimes, likewise, of a paper on Napoleon, a man whom, though handled to the extreme of triteness, it will be long years before we understand. Hitherto in the English tongue, there is next to nothing that betokens insight into him, or even sincere belief of such, on the part of the writer. I should like to study the man with what heartiness I could, and form

to myself some intelligible picture of him, both as a biographical and as a historical figure, in both of which senses he is our chief contemporary wonder, and in some sort the epitome of his age. This, however, was a task of far more difficulty than Byron, and perhaps not so promising at present."

And if there is any difficulty in recognising the same hand in the next proposal, it arises only from the circumstance that it is this writer above all others who has made Benthamism a term of reproach on the lips of men less wise than himself:—

"A far finer essay were a faithful, loving, and yet critical, and in part condemnatory, delineation of Jeremy Bentham, and his place and working in this section of the world's history. Bentham will not be put down by logic, and should not be put down, for we need him greatly as a backwoodsman: neither can reconciliation be effected till the one party understands and is just to the other. Bentham is a donyor; he denies with a loud and universally convincing voice; his fault is that he can *affirm* nothing, except that money is pleasant in the purse, and food in the stomach, and that by this simplest of all beliefs he can reorganize society. He can shatter it in pieces—no thanks to him, for its old fastenings are quite rotten—but he cannot reorganize it; this is work for quite others than he. Such an essay on Bentham, however, were a great task for any one; for me a very great one, and perhaps rather out of my road."

Perhaps Mr. Carlyle would agree that Mr. Mill's famous pair of essays on Bentham and Coleridge have served the purpose which he had in his mind, though we may well regret the loss of such a picture of Bentham's philosophic personality as he would surely have given us. It is touching to think of him whom we all know as the most honoured name among living veterans of letters, passing through the vexed ordeal of the young recruit, and battling for his own against the waywardness of critics and the blindness of publishers. In 1831 he writes to Mr. Napier: "All manner of perplexities have occurred in the publishing of my poor book, which perplexities I could only cut asunder, not unloose; so the MS. like an unhappy ghost still lingers on the wrong side of Styx; the Charon of ——— Street durst not risk it in his *sutilis cymba*, so it leaped ashore again." And three months later, "I have given up the notion of hawking my little Manuscript Book about any further; for a long time it has lain quiet in its drawer, waiting for a better day." And yet this little book was nothing less than the History of the French Revolution.

It might be a lesson to small men to see the reasonableness, sense, and patience of these greater men. Macaulay's letters show him to have been a pattern of good sense and considerateness. Mr. Carlyle seems indeed to have found Jeffrey's editorial vigour more than could be endured.

"My respected friend your predecessor had some difficulty with me in adjusting the respective prerogatives of Author and Editor, for though not, as I

hope, insensible to fair reason, I used sometimes to rebel against what I reckoned mere authority, and this partly perhaps as a matter of literary conscience; being wont to write nothing without studying it if possible to the bottom, and writing always with an almost painful feeling of scrupulosity, that light editorial hacking and hewing to right and left was in general no wise to my mind."

But we feel that the fault must have lain with Jeffrey; the qualifications that Lord Cockburn admired so much, were not likely to be to the taste of a man of Mr. Carlyle's grit. That did not prevent the most original of Mr. Napier's contributors from being one of the most just and reasonable

"I have, barely within my time, finished that paper ["Characteristics"], to which you are now heartily welcome; it you have room for it. The doctrines here set forth have mostly long been familiar convictions with me; yet it is perhaps only within the last twelve months that the public utterance of some of them could have seemed a duty. I have striven to express myself with what guardedness was possible, and as there will now be no time for correcting proofs, I must leave it wholly in your editorial hands. Nay, should it on due consideration appear to you in your place (for I see that matter dimly, and nothing is clear but my own mind and the general condition of the world), unadvisable to print the paper at all, then pray understand, my dear Sir, now and always that I am no unreasonable man, but if dogmatic enough (as Jeffrey used to call it) in my own beliefs, also truly desirous to be just towards those of others. I shall in all sincerity, beg of you to do, without fear of offence (for in no point of view will there be any), what you yourself see good. A mighty work lies before the writers of this time."

It is always interesting, to the man of letters at any rate if not to his neighbours, to find what was first thought by men of admitted competence of the beginnings of writers who are now seen to have made a mark on the world. "When the reputation of authors is made," said Ste. Beuve, "it is easy to speak of them *convenablement*: we have only to guide ourselves by the common opinion. But at their débuts, at the moment when they are trying their first flight and are in part ignorant of themselves, then to judge them with tact, with precision, not to exaggerate their scope, to predict their flight, or divine their limits, to put the reasonable objections in the midst of all due respect—this is the quality of the critic who is born to be a critic." We have been speaking of Mr. Carlyle. This is what Jeffrey thought of him in 1832.

"I fear Carlyle will not do, that is, if you do not take the liberties and the pains with him that I did, by striking out freely, and writing in occasionally. The misfortune is, that he is very obstinate, and unluckily in a place like this, he finds people enough to abet and applaud him, to intercept the operation of the otherwise infallible remedy of general avoidance and neglect. It is a great pity, for he is a man of genius and industry, and with the capacity of being an elegant and impressive writer."

The notion of Jeffrey occasionally writing elegantly and impressively into Carlyle's proof-sheets is rather striking. Some of Jeffrey's other criticisms sound very curiously in our ear in these days. It is startling to find Mill's *Logic* described (1843) as "a great unreadable book, and its elaborate demonstration of axioms and truism." A couple of years later Jeffrey admits, in speaking of Mr. Mill's paper on the Claims of Labour—"Though I have long thought very highly of his powers as a reasoner, I scarcely gave him credit for such large and sound views of realities and practical results as are displayed in this article." Sir James Stephen—the distinguished sire of two distinguished contributors, who may remind more than one editor of our generation of the Horatian saying, that

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,
 . . . neque imbellem feroces
 Progenerant aquilæ columbam."

—this excellent writer took a more just measure of the book which Jeffrey thought unreadable.

"My more immediate object in writing is to remind you of John Mill's book [System of Logic], of which I have lately been reading a considerable part, and I have done so with the conviction that it is one of the most remarkable productions of this nineteenth century. Exceedingly debatable indeed, but most worthy of debate, are many of his favourite tenets, especially those of the last two or three chapters. No man is fit to encounter him who is not thoroughly conversant with the moral sciences which he handles; and remembering what you told me of your own studies under Dugald Stewart, I cannot but recommend the affair to your own personal attention. You will find very few men fit to be trusted with it. You ought to be aware that, although with great circumspection, not to say timidity, Mill is an opponent of Religion in the abstract, not of any particular form of it. That is, he evidently maintains that superhuman influences on the mind of man are but a dream, whence the inevitable conclusion that all acts of devotion and prayer are but a superstition. That such is his real meaning, however darkly conveyed, is indisputable. You are well aware that it is in direct conflict with my own deepest and most cherished convictions. Yet to condemn him for holding, and for calmly publishing such views, is but to add to the difficulties of fair and full discussion, and to render truth (or supposed truth), less certain and valuable than if it had invited, and encountered, and triumphed over every assault of every honest antagonist. I, therefore, wish Mill to be treated respectfully and handsomely."

Few of Mr. Napier's correspondents seem to have been more considerate. At one period (1844) a long time had passed without any contribution from Sir James Stephen's pen appearing in the Review. Mr. Senior wrote a hint on the subject to the editor, and Napier seems to have communicated with Sir James Stephen, who replied in a model strain.

"Have you any offer of a paper or papers from my friend John Austin? If you have, and if you are not aware what manner of man he is, it may not be

amiss that you should be apprized that in these parts he enjoys, and deservedly, a very high and yet a peculiar reputation. I have a great attachment to him. He is, in the best sense of the word, a philosopher, an earnest and humble lover of wisdom. I know not anywhere a larger minded man, and yet, eloquent as he is in speech, there is, in his written style, an involution and a lack of vivacity which renders his writings a sealed book to almost everyone. Whether he will be able to assume an easier and a lighter manner, I do not know. If not, I rather fear for him when he stands at your bar. All I ask is, that you would convey your judgment in measured and (as far as you can honestly) in courteous terms; for he is, for so considerable a man, strangely sensitive. You must have an odd story to tell of your intercourse with the knights of the Order of the Quill."

And the letter closed with what an editor values more even than decently Christian treatment, namely the suggestion of a fine subject. This became the admirable essay on the Clapham Sect.

Mr. Trevelyan has published the letter to Mr. Napier in which Macaulay speaks pretty plainly what he thought about Brougham and the extent of his services to the Review. Brougham in turn hated Macaulay, whom he calls the third or greatest bore in society that he has ever known. He is furious—and here Brougham was certainly not wrong—over the "most profligate political morality" of Macaulay's essay on Clive.

"In my eyes, his defence of Clive, and the audacious ground of it, merit execration. It is a most serious, and, to me, a painful subject. No—no—all the sentences a man can turn, even if he made them in pure taste, and not in Macaulay's snip-snap taste of the lower empire,—all won't avail against a rotten morality. The first and the most sacred duty of a public man, and, above all, an author, is to keep by honest and true doctrine—never to relax—never to countenance vice—ever to hold fast by virtue. What? Are we gravely to be told, at this time of day, that a set-off may be allowed for public, and, therefore, atrocious crimes, though he admits that a common felon pleads it in vain? Gracious God, where is this to end! What horrors will it not excuse! Tiberius's great capacity, his first-rate wit, that which made him the charm of society, will next, I suppose, be set up to give a splendour to the inhabitants of Capreæ. Why, Clive's address, and his skill, and his courage are not at all more certain, nor are they qualities of a different cast. Every great ruffian, who has filled the world with blood and tears, will be sure of an acquittal, because of his talents and his success. After I had, and chiefly in the *Edinburgh Review*, been trying to restore a better, a purer, a higher standard of morals, and to wean men from the silly love of military glory, for which they are the first to pay, I find the *Edinburgh Review* preaching, not merely the old and common heresies, but ten thousand times worse, adopting a vile principle never yet avowed in terms, though too often and too much taken for a guide, unknown to those who followed it, in forming their judgments of great and successful criminals."

Of the essay on Warren Hastings he thought better, "bating some vulgarity and Macaulay's usual want of all power of reasoning." Lord Cockburn wrote to Mr. Napier (1844) a word or two

on Macaulay. "Delighting as I do," says Lord Cockburn, "in his thoughts, views, and knowledge, I feel too often compelled to curse and roar at his words and the structure of his composition. As a corrupter of style, he is more dangerous to the young than Gibbon. His seductive powers greater, his defects worse." All good critics now accept this as true. Jeffrey, by the way, speaking of the same essay, thinks that Macaulay rates Chatham too high. "I have always had an impression," he says " (though perhaps an ignorant and unjust one), that there was more good luck than wisdom in his foreign policy, and very little to admire, except his general purity, in any part of his domestic administration."

It is interesting to find a record, in the energetic speech of contemporary hatred, of the way in which orthodox science regarded a once famous book of heterodox philosophy. Here is Professor Sedgwick on the *Vestiges of Creation* :—

"I now know the *Vestiges* well, and I detest the book for its shallowness, for the intense vulgarity of its philosophy, for its gross, unblushing materialism, for its silly credulity in catering out of every fool's dish, for its utter ignorance of what is meant by induction, for its gross (and I dare to say, filthy) views of physiology,—most ignorant and most false,—and for its shameful shuffling of the facts of geology so as to make them play a rogue's game. I believe some woman is the author; partly from the fair dress and agreeable exterior of the *Vestiges*: and partly from the ignorance the book displays of all sound physical logic. A man who knew so much of the surface of Physics must, at least on some one point or other, have taken a deeper plunge; but *all* parts of the book are shallow. . . . From the bottom of my soul, I loathe and detest the *Vestiges*. 'Tis a rank pill of asafetida and arsenic, covered with gold leaf. I do, therefore, trust that your contributor has stamped with an iron heel upon the head of the filthy abortion, and put an end to its crawlings. There is not one subject the author handles bearing on life, of which he does not take a degrading view."

Mr. Napier seems to have asked him to write on the book, and Sedgwick's article, the first he ever wrote for a review, eventually appeared (1845),—without, it is to be hoped, too much of the raging contempt of the above and other letters. "I do feel contempt, and, I hope, I shall express it. Rats hatched by the incubations of a goose—dogs playing dominos—monkeys breeding men and women—all distinctions between natural and moral done away—the Bible proved all a lie, and mental philosophy one mass of folly, all of it to be pounded down and done over again in the cooking-vessels of Gall and Spurzheim!" This was the beginning of a long campaign, which is just now drawing near its close. Let us at least be glad that orthodoxy, whether scientific or religious, has mended its temper. One among other causes of the improvement, as we have already said, is probably to be found in the greater self-restraint which comes from the fact of the writer appearing in his own proper person.

EDITOR.

CEREMONIAL GOVERNMENT.

IV.—PRESENTS.

WHEN we read that Cook “presented the king [of Otaheite] with two large hatchets, some showy beads, a looking-glass, a knife, and some nails;” or when Speke, describing his reception by the king of Uganda, narrates—“I then said I had brought the best shooting-gun in the world—Whitworth’s rifle—which I begged he would accept, with a few other trifles;” we are reminded how travelers in general, coming in contact with strange peoples, propitiate them by gifts. Two concomitant results are achieved. There is the immediate gratification caused by the worth of the thing given, which tends to beget a friendly mood in the person approached; and there is the tacit expression of a desire to please, which has a like effect. It is from the last of these that the development of gift-making as a ceremony proceeds.

The alliance between mutilations and presents—between offering a part of the body and offering something else—is well shown by a statement of Garcilasso, respecting the Ancient Peruvians; which, at the same time, shows how present-making becomes a propitiatory act apart from the value of the thing presented. Describing people who carry burdens over the high passes, he speaks of them as unloading themselves on the top, and then severally saying to the god Pachacamac,—

“‘I give thanks that this has been carried,’ and in making an offering they pulled a hair out of their eyebrows, or took the herb called *coca* from their mouths, as a gift of the most precious things they had. Or if there was nothing better, they offered a small stick or piece of straw, or even a piece of stone or earth. There were great heaps of these offerings at the summits of passes over the mountains.”

Though, coming to us in this unfamiliar form, these offerings of parts of themselves, or of things they prized, or else of worthless things, seem strange, they will seem less strange on remembering that at the foot of a wayside crucifix in France, may any day be seen a heap of small crosses severally made of two bits of lath nailed together. Intrinsically of no more value than these straws, sticks, and stones the Peruvians offered, they similarly force on our attention the truth that the act of presentation passes into a ceremony expressing the wish to conciliate. How natural is this substitution of a nominal giving for a real giving, where a real giving is impracticable, we are shown even by intelligent animals. A retriever, accustomed to please his master by fetching killed birds, &c., will fall into the habit at other

times of fetching something to show his desire to please. On first seeing in the morning, or after an absence, one he is friendly with, he will join to the usual demonstrations of joy, the seeking and bringing in his mouth a dead leaf, a twig, or any small available object lying near. And this example, while serving to show the natural genesis of this propitiatory ceremony, serves also to show how deep down there begins the process of symbolization; and how, at the outset, the symbolic act is as near a repetition of the act symbolized as the circumstances allow.

Prepared as we thus are to trace the development of gift-making into a ceremony, let us now observe its several varieties, and the social arrangements eventually derived from them.

In headless tribes, and in tribes of which the headship is unsettled, and in tribes of which the headship though settled is feeble, the making of presents does not become an established usage. Australians, Tasmanians, Fuegians are instances; and on reading through accounts of wild American races that are little organized, like the Esquimaux, Chinooks, Snakes, Comanches, Chippewas, &c., or organized in a democratic manner, like the Iroquois and the Creeks, we find, along with absence of strong personal rule, scarcely any mention of gift-making as a political observance.

In apt contrast come the descriptions of usages among those American races which in past times reached, under despotic governments, considerable degrees of civilisation. Torquemada tells us that in Mexico, "when any one goes to salute the lord or king, he takes with him flowers and gifts." So too of the Chibchas we read that "when they brought a present in order to negotiate or speak with the cazique (for no one went to visit him without bringing a gift), they entered with the head and body bent downwards;" and among the ancient Yucatanese, "when there was hunting or fishing or salt-carrying, they always gave a part to the lord." Peoples of other types, as the Malayo-Polynesians, living in kindred stages of social progress under the undisputed sway of chiefs, exemplify this same custom. Speaking of the things they bartered to the Tahitian populace for food, native cloth, &c., Forster says—"However, we found that after some time all this acquired wealth flowed as presents, or voluntary acknowledgments, into the treasure of the various chiefs; who it seems were the only possessors of all the hatchets and broad axes." In Fiji, again, "whoever asks a favour of a chief, or seeks civil intercourse with him, is expected to bring a present."

In these last cases we may see how this making of presents to the chief passes from a voluntary propitiation into a compulsory propitiation; for on reading that "the Tahitian chiefs plundered the plan-

tations of their subjects at will," and that in Fiji "chiefs take the property and persons of others by force;" it becomes manifest that present-making has come to be the giving of a part to prevent loss of the whole. It is the policy at once to satisfy cupidity and to express submission. "The Malagasy, slaves as well as others, occasionally make presents of provisions to their chiefs, as an acknowledgment of homage." And it is inferable that in proportion to the power of chiefs, will be the anxiety to please them; both by forestalling their greedy desires and by displaying loyalty.

In few if any cases, however, does the carrying of gifts to a chief become so developed a usage in a simple tribe. At first the head man, not much differentiated from the rest, and not surrounded by men ready to enforce his will, fails to impress other members of the tribe with a fear great enough to make present-giving an habitual ceremony. It is only in compound societies, formed by the overrunning of many tribes by a conquering tribe, of the same race or another race, that there comes a governing class, formed of head chiefs and sub-chiefs, sufficiently distinguished from the rest, and sufficiently powerful to inspire the required awe. The above examples are all taken from societies in which kingship has been reached.

A more extended form is, of course, simultaneously assumed by this ceremony. For where along with subordinate rulers there exists a chief ruler, he has to be propitiated both by the people at large and by the subordinate rulers. Hence two kinds of gift-making.

A case in which the usage has retained its primitive character is furnished by Timbuctoo. Here "the king does not levy any tribute on his subjects or on foreign merchants, but he receives presents." But Caillié adds—"There is no regular government. The king is like a father ruling his children." When disputes arise, he "assembles a council of the elders." That is to say, present-giving remains voluntary where the kingly power is not great. Among another African people, the Kaffirs, we see gifts losing their voluntary character. "The revenue of the king consists of an annual contribution of cattle, first-fruits, &c.;" and "when a Koossa [Kaffir] opens his granary he must send a little of the grain to his neighbours, and a larger portion to the king." In Abyssinia, too, there is a like mixture of exactions and voluntary gifts: besides settled contributions taking the form of pieces of cloth and corn, the prince of Tigré receives annual presents. And a kindred system of partially settled and partially unsettled donations from people to kings is general throughout East Africa. How in addition to presents which, having become customary, cease in so far to be propitiatory, there is a

tendency to make presents that are propitiatory because unexpected, will be understood on remembering that where the kingly power has become great, subjects hold their property only on sufferance. When Burton tells us that in Dahomey, "there is scant inducement to amass riches, of which the owner would assuredly be 'squeezed' as often as he could support the operation;" and when we read of the ancient kings of Bogotá that, "besides the ordinary tributes paid several times a year and other numberless donations, they were absolute . . . lords of property and life of their subjects;" we may see why; beyond donations which at first voluntary and irregular have become compulsory and regular, there tend ever to grow up new voluntary donations.

If when a private person brings an offering to his chief or king, the act implies submission, still more does the bringing of an offering by a subordinate ruler to a supreme ruler: here, where disloyalty is more to be feared, the significance of the ceremony as proving loyalty becomes greater. Hence the making of presents grows into a formal recognition of supremacy. In ancient Vera Pás, "as soon as some one was elected king . . . all the lords of the tribes appeared or sent relations of theirs . . . with presents. . . . They declared [at the proclamation] that they agreed to his election and accepted him as king." Among the Chibchas, when a new king came to the throne, "the chief men then took an oath that they would be obedient and loyal vassals, and as a proof of their loyalty each one gave him a jewel and a number of rabbits, &c." Of the Mexicans, Torfbio says—"Each year, at certain festivals, those Indians who did not pay taxes, even the chiefs . . . made gifts to the sovereigns . . . in token of their submission." And so in Peru. "No one approached Atahuallpa without bringing a present in token of submission; and, though those who came were great nobles, they entered with the presents on their own backs." The significance of gift-making as implying allegiance is well shown by two contrasted statements in the records of the Hebrews. Of Solomon it is said that "he reigned over all the kings from the river even unto the land of the Philistines and to the border of Egypt;" and also that "all the kings of the earth sought the presence of Solomon . . . and they brought every man his present . . . a rate year by year." Conversely, it is written that when Saul was chosen king, "the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him, and brought him no presents." Throughout the remote East, the bringing of presents to the chief ruler has still the same meaning. In Japan it was "a duty of each lord to visit and pay his respects at the imperial court once a year, when they offered presents;" and further, "the secular monarch pays his respect and duty once a year to the

Mikado . . . by a solemn embassy and rich presents." In China the meaning of the act as expressing subordination is extremely marked. Along with the statement that "at the installation of the great Khan four thousand messengers and ambassadors who came loaded with presents, assisted at the ceremony," we read that the Mongol officers asked the Franciscan friars dispatched by Innocent IV., "whether the Pope knew that the grand Khan was heaven's son, and that the dominion of the earth belonged of right to him . . . what present they had^d brought from the Pope to the great Khan." And equally pronounced is the interpretation put upon gift-making to the monarch in Burmah, where, according to Yule, strenuous efforts were made "on former occasions to introduce foreign envoys as suppliants on 'beg-pardon days' among the vassals and dependants of the empire: their presents being represented as deprecatory offerings to avert deserved punishment for offences against their liege lord."

Nor does early European history fail to exemplify the meanings of present-giving, alike for general propitiation, for special propitiation, and as signifying loyalty. We learn that during the Merovingian period "on a fixed day, once a year, in the field of March, according to ancient custom, gifts were offered to the kings by the people," and that this custom continued into the Carolingian period: the presents being of all kinds—food and liquor, horses, gold, silver, jewels, garments. We have the fact that they were made alike by individuals and communities: towns thus expressing their loyalty. And we have the fact that from the time of Gontram, who was overwhelmed with gifts by the inhabitants of Orleans on his entry, it long continued the habit with towns thus to seek the goodwill of monarchs who visited them. In ancient England too, when the monarch visited a town, present-making entailed so heavy a loss that in some cases "the passing of the royal family and court was viewed as a great misfortune."

Grouped as above, the evidence will suggest to every reader the inference that from propitiatory presents, voluntary and exceptional to begin with, but becoming as political power strengthens less voluntary and more general, there eventually grow up universal and involuntary contributions—established tribute; and that with the rise of a currency this passes into taxation. How this transformation tends ever to take place, and what are the motives which continually press it on, and change extra voluntary gifts into extra involuntary ones, is well shown by Malcolm's account of the usages in Persia. Speaking of the "irregular and oppressive taxes to which they [the Persians] are continually exposed," he says:—"The first of these extra taxes may be termed usual and extraordinary

presents. The usual presents to the king are those made annually by all governors of provinces and districts, chiefs of tribes, ministers, and all other officers in high charge, at the feast of Nourouze, or vernal equinox. . . . The amount presented on this occasion is generally regulated by usage; to fall short is loss of office, and to exceed is increase of favour."

That under such kind of pressure regular tribute originated from irregular presents, is in various cases implied both by the nature of the things given and by the growing periodicity of the giving. Supposing them to be acceptable, gifts will naturally be made from among those things which people have that are at once the best and the most abundant. Hence it will happen that when they become regular in an extensive kingdom, they will represent the products of the respective districts; as in Ancient Peru, where from one province the people sent fragrant woods, from another cotton, from another emeralds and gold, from another parrots, honey, and wax; or as in Ancient Mexico, where the towns paid "what the country afforded, as fish, flesh, corn, cotton, gold, &c.; for they had no money." In other cases where the arrangements are less settled, the gifts from the same place are miscellaneous; as, for instance, those made by towns to early French kings—"oxen, sheep, wine, oats, game, wax torches, confections, horses, arms, vessels of gold and silver, &c." Clearly, if the making of presents passes into tribute in kind, there will result these varieties of articles; determined sometimes by the character of the locality and sometimes by the abilities of individuals.

The passing of present-making into payment of tribute as it becomes periodic, is well exemplified in some comparatively small societies where governmental power is well established. In Tonga "the higher class of chiefs generally make a present to the king, of hogs or yams, about once a fortnight: these chiefs at the same time receive presents from those below them, and these last from others, and so on, down to the common people." Ancient Mexico, formed of provinces subjugated at various times and dependent in various degrees, exhibited several stages of the transition from presents to tribute. Speaking of the time of Montezuma I. Duran says—"The list of tributes included everything. . . . The provinces . . . made these contributions . . . since they were conquered, that the gallant Mexicans might . . . cease to destroy them:" clearly showing that they were at first propitiatory presents. Further, we read that "in Meztitlan the tribute was not paid at fixed times . . . but when the lord wanted it. . . . They did not think of heaping up the tribute, but they asked what was wanted at the moment for the temples, the festivals, or the lords." Of the tributes throughout the country of Montezuma, consisting of "provisions, clothing, and a

great variety of miscellaneous articles," we are told that "some of these were paid annually, others every six months, and others every eighty days." And then of the gifts made at festivals by some "in tokens of their submission," Toribio says—"In this way it seems manifest that the chiefs, the merchants, and the landed proprietors were not obliged to pay taxes, but did so voluntarily."

The transition from voluntary gifts to compulsory tribute is traceable in early European history. Among the sources of revenue of the Merovingian kings, Waitz enumerates the freewill gifts of the people on various occasions (especially marriage), besides the yearly presents made originally at the March gatherings, but afterwards at other periods about the beginning of the year—voluntary when they began, but increasingly becoming a fixed tax. And then, speaking of these same yearly presents of the people in the Carolingian period, the same writer says they had long lost their voluntary character, and are even described as a tax by Hincmar. They included horses, gold, silver, and jewels, and (from nunneries) garments, and requisitions for the royal palaces; and he adds that these dues, or *tributa*, were all of a more or less private character: though compulsory they had not yet become taxes in the literal sense. So, too, with the things presented to minor rulers by their feudal dependants. "The *dona*, after having been, as the name sufficiently indicates, voluntary gifts, were in the twelfth century become territorial dues received by the lords." There is evidence that the voluntary presents made by towns to potentates on their entry, similarly passed from the voluntary into the compulsory. The express orders of the king were needed to make Paris give presents to the Duke of Anjou in 1584, as also on other occasions to ambassadors and foreign monarchs.

In proportion as values became more definite, and payments in coin became easier, commutation resulted: instance in the Carolingian period, "the so-called *inferenda*—a due originally paid in cattle, now in money;" instance the *oublies*, consisting of bread "presented on certain days by vassals to their lords," which "were often replaced by a small annual due in money;" instance in our own history, the giving of money instead of goods by towns to a king and his suite making a progress through them. The evidence may fitly be closed with the following passage from Stubbs:—

"The ordinary revenue of the English king had been derived solely from the royal estates and the produce of what had been the folkland, with such commuted payments of *feormfultum*, or provision in kind, as represented either the reserved rents from ancient possessions of the crown, or the quasi-voluntary tribute paid by the nation to its chosen head."

In which passage are simultaneously implied the transition from

voluntary gifts to involuntary tribute, and the commutation of tribute into taxes.

If voluntary gifts, made to propitiate the man who is supreme, by-and-by become tribute and eventually form a settled revenue, may we not expect that gifts made to subordinate men in power, when their aid is wished, will similarly become customary, and at length yield them maintenance? Will not the process above indicated in relation to the major State-functionary, repeat itself with the minor State-functionaries? We find that it does so.

First it is to be noted that, besides the periodic and ordinary presents made in propitiation and acknowledgment of his supremacy, the ruling man in early stages commonly has special presents made to him when called on to use his power in defence or aid of an aggrieved subject. Among the Chibchas, "no one could appear in the presence of a king, cazique, or superior, without bringing a gift, which was to be delivered before the petition was made." In Sumatra, a chief "levies no taxes, nor has any revenue, . . . or other emolument from his subjects, than what accrues to him from the determination of causes." There is a kindred usage in North-western India. Of Gulab Singh, a late ruler of Jummoo, Mr. Drew says—"With the customary offering of a rupee as *nazar* [present] any one could get his ear; even in a crowd one could catch his eye by holding up a rupee and crying out. . . . 'Maharajah, a petition.' He would pounce down like a hawk on the money, and, having appropriated it, would patiently hear out the petitioner." There is evidence that among ourselves in ancient days a like state of things existed. "We may readily believe," says Broom, referring to a statement of Lingard, "that few princes in those [Anglo-Saxon] days, declined to exercise judicial functions when solicited by favourites, tempted by bribery, or stimulated by cupidity and avarice." And on reading that in early Norman times "the first step in the process of obtaining redress was to sue out, or purchase, by paying the stated fees," the king's original writ, requiring the defendant to appear before him, we may suspect that the stated amount paid for this document represented what had originally been the present to the king for giving his judicial aid. There is support for this inference. Blackstone says—"Now indeed even the royal writs are held to be demandable of common right, on paying the usual fees:" implying a preceding time in which the granting of them was a matter of royal favour to be obtained by propitiation.

Naturally, then, when judicial and other functions come to be deputed, gifts will similarly be made to obtain the services of the functionaries; and these, originally voluntary, will become com-

pulsory. Ancient records from the East yield evidence. Thus, in Amos ii. 6, it is implied that judges received presents; as are said to do the Turkish magistrates in the same regions down to our day: the assumption of the prophet, and of the modern observer, that this usage arose by a corruption, being one of those many cases in which the survival of a lower state is mistaken for the degradation of a higher state. Thus, again, in mediæval France the king in 1256 imposed on his various classes of judicial officials "high and subalterns, an oath to make or receive no present, to administer justice without regard to persons." Nevertheless the gifts continued, if not in the same still in another form: judges received "spices" as a mark of gratitude from those who had won a cause. By 1369, if not before, these were converted into money; and in 1402 they were recognised as a due. The usage continued till the Revolution. In our own history the case of Bacon exemplifies not a special and late practice, but an old and usual one: local records show the habitual making of gifts to officers of justice and their attendants; and the facts are summed up in the statement that "no approach to a great man, a magistrate, or courtier, was ever made without the oriental accompaniment—a gift." That in past times the propitiatory presents made to State-functionaries formed, in some cases, their entire revenues, is inferable from the fact that in the twelfth century the great offices of the royal household were sold: the implication being that the value of the presents received was great enough to make the places worth buying. Russia in early days seems to have exemplified the phase during which the dependants and deputies of the ruler subsisted chiefly, if not wholly, on presents. Kuramsin "repeats the observations of the travellers who visited Muscovy in the sixteenth century. 'Is it surprising,' say these strangers, 'that the Grand Prince is rich? He neither gives money to his troops nor his ambassadors; he even takes from these last all the costly things they bring back from foreign lands. . . . Nevertheless these men do not complain.'" Whence we must infer that, lacking wages and salaries from above, they lived on gifts from below. Moreover, we are at once enlightened respecting the existing state of things in Russia; for it becomes manifest that what we now call the bribes, which the miserably salaried officials require before performing their duties, are the representatives of the presents which formed their sole maintenance in times when they had no salaries. And the like may be inferred respecting Spain, of which Rose says:—"From judge down to constable, bribery and corruption prevail. . . . There is this excuse, however, for the poor Spanish official. His government gives him no remuneration, and expects everything of him."

So natural has habit now made to us the payment of fixed sums

for specified services, that, as usual, we assume this relation to have existed from the beginning. But when we read how, in little organized societies, such as that of the Bechuanas, the chiefs allow their attendants "a scanty portion of food or milk, and leave them to make up the deficiency by hunting or by digging up wild roots;" and how, in societies considerably more advanced, as Dahomey, "no officer under government is paid;" we are shown that originally the subordinates of the chief man, not officially supported, have to support themselves. And since their positions give them powers of injuring and benefiting subject persons—since, indeed, it is often only by their aid that the chief man can be invoked; there arises the same motive to propitiate them by presents that there does to propitiate by presents the chief man himself: whence the parallel growth of an income. The inference that the sustentation of political officials begins in this way, will presently find verification from its harmony with the inference, more clearly to be established, that the sustentation of ecclesiastical officials thus originates.

Since at first the double of the dead man is conceived as being equally visible and tangible with the original, and as being no less liable to pain, cold, hunger, thirst; he is supposed similarly to want food, drink, clothing, &c., and to be similarly propitiated by providing them for him. So that at the outset, presents to the dead differ from presents to the living neither in meaning nor motive.

All over the world, in lower forms of society, past and present, we find gifts to the dead paralleling gifts to the living. Food and drink are left with the unburied corpse by Papuans, Tahitians, Sandwich Islanders, Malanans, Badagas, Karens, Ancient Peruvians, Brazilians, &c. Food and drink are afterwards carried to the grave in Africa by the Sherbro people, the Loango people, the inland Negroes, the Dahomans, &c.; throughout the Indian hills by Bhils, Santals, Kukis, &c.; in America by Caribs, Chibchas, Mexicans; and the like usage was general among ancient races in the East. Clothes are periodically taken as presents to the dead by the Esquimaux. In Patagonia they annually open the sepulchral chambers and re-clothe the dead; as did, too, the Ancient Peruvians. When a potentate dies among the Congo people, the quantity of clothes given from time to time is so great "that the first hut in which the body is deposited becoming too small, a second, a third, even to a sixth, increasing in dimensions, is placed over it." The motive for thus trying to please the dead man is the same as would have been the motive for trying to please the man while alive. When we read that a chief among the New Caledonians says to the ghost of his ancestor—"Compassionate father, here is some food for you; eat it; be kind to us on account of it;" or when the Veddah, calling

by name a deceased relative, says—"Come and partake of this! Give us maintenance, as you did when living!" we see it to be undeniable that present-giving to the dead is the same as present-giving to the living, with the sole exception that the receiver is invisible.

Noting only that there is a like motive for a like propitiation of the undistinguished supernatural beings which primitive men suppose to be all around them—noting that whether it be in the fragments of bread and cake left for the elves, &c., by our Scandinavian ancestors, or in the catables and drinkables which at their feasts the Dyaks place on the tops of the houses to feed the spirits, or in the small portions of food cast aside and of drink poured out for the ghosts before beginning their meals by various races throughout the world; let us go on to observe the developed present-making to the developed supernatural being. The things given and the motives for giving them remain the same; though the sameness is disguised by the use of different words—oblations to a deity and presents to a living person. The original identity is well shown by the words of Guhl concerning the Greeks—"Gifts, as an old proverb says, determine the acts of gods and kings;" and it is equally well shown by a verse in the Psalms (lxxvi. 11)*—"Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God: let all that be round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared." Moreover, we shall find a parallelism in the details that is extremely significant.

- Food and drink, which constitute the earliest kind of propitiatory gift to a living person, and also the earliest kind of propitiatory gift to a ghost, remain everywhere the essential components of an oblation to a deity. As, where political power is evolving, the presents irregularly and then regularly sent to the chief, at first consist mainly of sustenance; so, where ancestor-worship, developing, has expanded the ghost into a god, the offerings, becoming habitual, have as elements common to them in all places and times, things to eat and drink. That this is so in low societies at large, no proof is needed; and that it is so in higher societies is also a familiar fact, though a fact ignored where its significance is most worthy to be marked. If a Zulu slays an ox to secure the goodwill of his dead relative's ghost, who complains to him in a dream that he has not been fed—if among the Zulus this private act develops into a public act when a bullock is periodically killed as "a propitiatory Offering to the Spirit of the King's immediate Ancestor;" we may, without impropriety, ask whether there do not thus arise such acts as those of an Egyptian king who by hecatombs of oxen hopes to please the ghost of his deified father; but it is not supposable that there was any kindred origin for the sacrifices of cattle to Jahveh, concerning which such elaborate directions are given in Leviticus. When we read that

among the Greeks "it was customary to pay the same offices to the gods which men stand in need of: the temples were their houses, sacrifices their food, altars their tables;" it is permissible to observe the analogy between these presents of eatables made to gods, and the presents of eatables made at graves to the dead, as being both derived from like presents made to the living; but that the presentation of meat, bread, fruits, and liquors to Jahveh had a kindred derivation, is a thought not to be entertained—not even though we have a complete parallel between the cakes which Abraham bakes for the refreshment of the Lord when he comes to visit him in his tent on the plains of Mamre, and the shew-bread kept on the altar and from time to time replaced by other bread fresh and hot (1 Sam. xxi. 6). Here, however, recognising these parallelisms, it may be added that though in later Hebrew times the original and gross interpretation of sacrifices became obscured, and though the primitive theory has since undergone gradual dissipation, yet the form survives. The offertory of our Church still retains the words—"accept our alms and oblations;" and at her coronation, Queen Victoria offered on the altar, by the hands of the archbishop, "an altar-cloth of gold and an ingot of gold," a sword, then bread and wine for the communion, then a purse of gold, followed by a prayer "to receive these oblations."

Looked at without bias, the evidence coming from all parts of the world thus proves that oblations are at first literally presents. Animals are given to kings, slain on graves, sacrificed in temples; cooked food is furnished to chiefs, laid on tombs, placed on altars; first-fruits are presented alike to living rulers, to dead rulers, to gods; here beer, here wine, here *chica*, is sent to a visible potentate and poured out as libation to an invisible deity; incense, in some places burnt before distinguished persons, is burnt before gods in various places; and besides such consumable things, valuables of every kind, given to secure goodwill, are accumulated in the treasuries of kings and in the temples of gods.

There is one further remark of moment. We saw that the present to the visible ruler was at first propitiatory because of its intrinsic worth, but came afterwards to have an extrinsic propitiatory effect as implying loyalty. Similarly, the presents to the invisible ruler, primarily considered as directly useful, secondarily come to signify obedience; and their secondary meaning gives that ceremonial character to sacrifice which still survives.

And now we come upon a remarkable sequence. As the present to the ruler eventually develops into political revenue, so the present to the god eventually develops into ecclesiastical revenue.

Let us set out with that earliest stage in which no ecclesiastical organization exists. At this stage the present to the supernatural

being is often shared between him and those who propitiate him : the supposition, commonly vague and unsettled, being either that the supernatural being takes a substantial part of the food offered, or else that he feeds on its supposed spiritual essence, while the votaries consume the material shell. The meaning of this, already indicated in the case of some other early usages, is that while the supernatural being is propitiated by the present of food, there is, by eating together, established between him and his propitiators a bond of union : implying protection on the one side and allegiance on the other. The primitive notion that the nature of a thing, inhering in all its parts, is acquired by those who consume it, and that therefore those who consume two parts of one thing, acquire from it some nature in common which binds them together—that same notion which initiates the practice of forming a brotherhood by partaking of one another's blood, which instigates the funeral rite of blood-offering, which suggests the practices of the sorcerer, and which gives strength to the claims established by joining in the same meal, originates this prevalent usage of consuming part of the present of food made to the ghost or the god. In some places the people at large participate in the offering ; in some places the medicine-men or priests only ; and in some places the last practice is habitual while the first is occasional, as in Ancient Mexico, where communicants "who had partaken of the sacred food were engaged to serve the god during the subsequent year."

Here the fact which concerns us is that from the presents thus used, there arises a maintenance for priests. When we read that the Chippewayan priests "are supported by voluntary contributions of provision," and that the priests of the Khonds have certain perquisites, and receive gifts, we vaguely see how in these rude societies there begins the support of a priesthood out of sacrifices ; and in other cases we see this distinctly. Among the Kukis the priest, to pacify the angry deity who has made some one ill, takes, it may be a fowl, which he says the god requires, and pouring its blood as an offering on the ground while muttering praises, "then deliberately sits down, roasts and eats the fowl, throws the refuse into the jungle, and returns home." In like manner the Battas of Sumatra sacrifice to their gods, horses, buffaloes, goats, dogs, fowls, "or whatever animal the wizard happens on that day to be most inclined to eat." And again we read that by the Bustar tribes in the Mahadeva hills, Kodo Pen "is worshipped at a small heap of stones by every new-comer, through the oldest resident, with fowls, eggs, grain, and a few copper coins, which become the property of the officiating priest." More developed societies in Africa show us a kindred arrangement. Burton says that in Dahomey, "those who have the 'cure of souls' receive no regular pay, but live well upon

the benevolences of votaries ;” and Forbes more specifically states that in their temples, “small offerings are daily given by devotees, and removed by the priests.” Similarly in the adjoining kingdom of Ashantee, “the revenue of the fetishmen is derived from the liberality of the people. A moiety of the offerings which are presented to the fetish belongs to the priests.” It is the same in Polynesia. Ellis, describing the Tahitian doctor as almost invariably a priest, states that he received a fee, part of which was supposed to belong to the gods, before commencing operations. So, too, was it in the ancient states of Central America. A cross-examination narrated by Oviedo, contains the passage :—

“*Fr.* Do you offer anything else in your temples ?

“*Ind.* Every one brings from his house what he wishes to offer—as fowls, fish, or maize, or other things—and the boys take it and put it inside the templo.

“*Fr.* Who eats the things thus offered ?

“*Ind.* The father of the templo eats them, and what remains is eaten by the boys.”

And then in Peru, where worship of the dead was a main occupation of the living, and where the ecclesiastical system was elaborately developed, the accumulated gifts to ghosts and gods had resulted in sacred estates, numerous and rich, out of which the priests of all kinds were maintained. A parallel genesis is shown us by ancient historic peoples. Among the Greeks “the remains of the sacrifice are the priests’ fees,” and “all that served the gods were maintained by the sacrifices and other holy offerings.” Nor was it otherwise with the Hebrews. In Leviticus ii. 10 we read—“And that which is left of the meat offering shall be Aaron’s and his sons’” (the appointed priests) ; and other passages entitle the priest to the skin of the offering, and to the whole of the baked and fried offering. Neither does the history of early Christianity fail to exhibit the like development. “In the first ages of the Church, those *deposita pietatis* which are mentioned by Tertullian were all voluntary oblations.” Afterwards “a more fixed maintenance was necessary for the clergy ; but still oblations were made by the people. . . . These oblations [defined as ‘whatever religious Christians offered to God and the Church’], which were at first voluntary, became afterwards, by continual payment, due by custom.” In mediæval times a further stage in the transition is shown us :—“Besides what was necessary for the communion of priests and laymen, and that which was intended for eulogies, it was at first the usage to offer all sorts of presents, which at a later date were taken to the bishop’s house and ceased to be brought to the church.” And then by continuation and enlargement of such donations, growing into bequests, nominally

to God and practically to the Church, there grew up ecclesiastical revenues.

Doubtless sundry readers have made on the foregoing statements the running criticism that they represent all presents as made by inferiors to propitiate superiors; and that they ignore the presents having no such purpose, which are made by superiors to inferiors. These, though they do not enter into what can be called ceremonial government, must be noticed. The contrast between the two kinds of presents in meaning, is well recognised where present-making is much elaborated, as in China. "At or after the customary visits between superiors and inferiors, an interchange of presents takes place; but those from the former are bestowed as *donations*, while the latter are received as *offerings*: these being the Chinese terms for such presents as pass between the emperor and foreign princes."

Naturally it happens that as the power of the political head develops, until at length, with little or no check, he assumes universal ownership, there results a state in which he finds it needful to give back to his dependants and subjects part of that which he has monopolized. And having been originally subordinated by giving, these are now, to a certain extent, further subordinated by receiving. People of whom it can be said, as of the Kukis, that "all the property they possess is by simple sufferance of the rajah," or people who, like the Dahomans, are owned in body and estate by their king, are obviously so conditioned that property having flowed in excess to the political centre must flow down again from lack of other use; and hence in Dahomey, though no State-functionary is paid, the king gives his ministers and officers royal bounty. Without travelling further afield for illustrations, it will suffice if we note these relations of causes and effects from early European times downwards. Of the ancient Germans, Tacitus says—"The chief must show his liberality, and the follower expects it. He demands at one time this war-horse; at another, that victorious lance imbrued with the enemy's blood. The prince's table, however inelegant, must always be plentiful; it is the only pay of his followers." That is, a monopolizing supremacy had, as its sequence, gratuities to dependants. Mediæval times in France were characterized by modified forms of the same system. In the thirteenth century, "in order that the princes of the blood, the whole royal house, the great officers of the crown, and those . . . of the king's household, should appear with distinction, the kings gave them dresses according to the rank they held and suitably to the season at which these solemn courts were celebrated. These dresses were called *livrées* (*livrées*) because they were delivered," as the kings' free gifts: a statement

showing clearly how the reception of such presents signified subordination. Down to the fifteenth century on a feast-day, the Duke of Burgundy gave to the knights and nobles of his household, "presents of jewels and rich gifts . . . according to the custom of that day : " such presents, in addition to maintenance, house-room, and official dresses for themselves and their servants, probably constituting the sole acknowledgment for their attendance. It need scarcely be added that throughout the same stages of progress in Europe, the scattering of *largesse* to the people by kings, dukes, and nobles, was similarly a concomitant of that servile position in which such return as they got for their labour in addition to daily sustenance, was in the shape of gratuities rather than in the shape of wages. Moreover, we still have, down to our own day, in veils and Christmas-boxes to servants, &c., the remnants of a system under which fixed remuneration was eked out by gifts—a system itself sequent upon the earlier system under which gifts formed the only remuneration.

Thus it becomes tolerably clear that while from presents offered by subject persons, there eventually develop tribute, taxes, and fees ; from donations made by ruling persons there eventually develop salaries.

Something must be added concerning presents passing between those who do not stand in acknowledged relations of superior and inferior. Consideration of these carries us back to the primitive form of present-making, as it occurs between strangers or members of alien societies ; and on looking at some of the facts, there is suggested a question of much interest—Whether from the propitiatory gift made under these circumstances there does not originate another important kind of social action ? Barter is not, as we are apt to suppose, universally understood. Cook, speaking of his failure to make any exchange of articles with the Australians of his day, says—"They had, indeed, no idea of traffic." And other statements suggest that when exchange begins, there is little idea of equivalence between the things given and received. Of the Ostyaks, who supplied them "with plenty of fish and wild-fowl," Bell remarks—"Give them only a little tobacco and a dram of brandy, and they ask no more, not knowing the use of money." Remembering that at first no means of measuring values exists, and that the conception of equality of value has to grow by use, it seems not impossible that mutual propitiation by gifts was the act from which barter arose : the expectation that the present received would be of like worth with that given, being gradually established, and the exchanged articles simultaneously losing the character of presents. One may, indeed, see the intimate connexion between the two in the familiar cases instanced at the out-

set, of presents from European travellers to native chiefs; as where Mungo Park writes—"Presented Mansa Kussan [the chief man of Julifunda] with some amber, coral, and scarlet, with which he appeared to be perfectly satisfied, and sent a bullock in return." Such transactions show us both the original meaning of the initial present as propitiatory, and the idea that the responsive present should have an approximately-like value, implying informal barter.

Leaving this speculation, however, we have here to note the way in which the propitiatory present becomes a social observance. Like every other kind of ceremony which begins as an effort to gain the goodwill of some feared being, visible or invisible, gift-making descends through successive stages, until it becomes an act of civility between those who, while not actually subordinate one to the other, please one another by simulating subordination. That along with the original form of it, signifying allegiance to a chief or king, there goes the spread of it as a means of insuring the friendship of powerful persons in general, we see in ancient Peru, where, as already said, "no one approached Atahualpa without bringing a present in token of submission," and where also "the Indians . . . never thought of approaching a superior without bringing a present." And then in Yucatan the usage extended to equals. "At their visits the Indians always carry with them presents to be given away, according to their position; those visited respond by another gift." In Japan, so rigorously ceremonious, the stages of the descent are well shown: there are the periodic presents to the Mikado, expressive of loyalty; there is the fact named by Mitford that "the giving of presents from inferiors to superiors is a common custom;" and there is the further fact he names that "it is customary on the occasion of a first visit to a house to carry a present to the owner, who gives something of equal value on returning the visit." Other races show us this mutual propitiation taking other forms. Markham, writing of Himalayan people, states that exchanging caps is "as certain a mark of friendship in the hills, as two chiefs in the plains exchanging turbans." And referring more especially to the Iroquois, Morgan says—"Indian nations, after treating, always exchanged belts, which were not only the ratification, but the memorandum of the compact."

How gift-making, first developed into a ceremony by fear of the ruler, and made to take a wider range by fear of the strong or the influential, is eventually rendered general by fear of equals who may prove enemies if they are passed over when others are propitiated, we may gather from European history. Thus in Rome, "all the world gave or received New Year's gifts." Clients gave them to their patrons; all the Romans gave them to Augustus. "He was seated

in the entrance-hall of his house; they defiled before him, and every citizen holding his offering in his hand, laid it, when passing, at the feet of that terrestrial god. These gifts consisted in silver money, and the sovereign gave back a sum equal or superior to their presents." Because of its association with pagan institutions, this custom, surviving into Christian times, was condemned by the Church. In 578 the Council of Auxerre forbade New Year's gifts, which it characterized in strong words. Ives, of Chartres, says—"There are some who accept from others, and themselves give, devilish New Year's gifts." In the twelfth century, Maurice, Bishop of Paris, preached against bad people who "put their faith in presents, and say that none will remain rich during the year if he has not had a gift on New Year's day." Notwithstanding ecclesiastical interdicts, however, the custom survived through the Middle Ages down to modern times; until now priests themselves, as well as others, participate in this usage of mutual propitiation. Moreover, there have simultaneously developed kindred periodic ceremonies; such as, in France, the giving of Easter eggs. And present-makings of these kinds have undergone changes like those which we traced in other kinds of present-makings: beginning as moderate and voluntary, the presents have become extravagant and in a measure compulsory.

It thus appears that, spontaneously made among primitive men by one member of a tribe to another, or to an alien whose goodwill is desired, the gift becomes, as society evolves, the originator of many things.

To the political head, as his power grows, the making of presents is prompted partly by fear of him and partly by the wish for his aid; and the presents made, at first propitiatory only from their intrinsic worth, come presently to be propitiatory as expressions of loyalty: from the last of which there results present-giving as a ceremonial, and from the first of which there results present-giving as tribute, eventually developing into taxes. Simultaneously, the supplies of food, &c., placed on the grave of the dead man to propitiate his ghost, developing into larger and repeated offerings at the grave of the distinguished dead man, and becoming at length sacrifices on the altar of the god, differentiate in an analogous way. The present of meat, drink, or clothes, at first supposed to propitiate because actually useful to the ghost or the god, becomes, by implication, significant of allegiance. Hence, making the gift grows into an act of worship irrespective of the value of the thing given; while in virtue of its substantial worth, the gift, affording sustenance to the priest, makes possible the agency by which the worship is conducted: from the oblation originate Church revenues.

Thus we unexpectedly come upon further proof that the control

of ceremony precedes the political and ecclesiastical controls; since it appears that from actions which the first initiates, eventually result the funds by which the others are maintained.

When we ask what relations present-giving has to different social types, we note, in the first place, that there is little of it in simple societies, where chieftainship does not exist, or is unstable. In wandering headless tribes it manifestly cannot become established and systematized; nor in simple settled tribes of which the headships are nominal. But we find it to prevail in compound and doubly-compound societies, as throughout the semi-civilized States of Africa, those of Polynesia, those of Ancient America, &c., where the presence of stable headships, primary and secondary, gives both the opportunity and the motive; and recognising this truth, we are led to recognise the deeper truth that present-making, while but indirectly related to the social type as simple or compound, is directly related to it as more or less militant in organization. The desire to propitiate must be great in proportion as the person to be propitiated is feared; and therefore the conquering chief, and still more the king who has made himself, by force of arms, ruler over many chiefs, is one whose goodwill is most anxiously sought by acts which simultaneously gratify his avarice and express submission. Hence, then, the fact that the ceremony of making gifts to the ruler prevails most in societies that are either actually militant, or in which chronic militancy during past times has evolved the despotic government appropriate to it. Hence the fact that throughout the East, where this social type exists everywhere, the making of presents to those in authority is everywhere imperative. Hence the fact that in early European ages, while the social activities were militant and the structures corresponded, loyal presents to kings from individuals and corporate bodies were universal; while *largesse* from superiors to inferiors, also growing out of that state of complete dependence which accompanied militancy, was common.

The like connexion holds with the custom of making presents to deities. In the extinct militant States of the New World, sacrifices to gods were perpetual, and their shrines were being ever enriched by deposited valuables. Papyri, wall-paintings, and sculptures, show us that among ancient Eastern nations, highly militant in their activities and types of structure, the oblations to deities were large and continual; and that vast amounts of property were devoted to making glorious the places where they were worshipped. So, too, in early militant times throughout Europe, gifts to God and the Church were more general and extensive than they have become in later industrial times. It is observable, too, how, even now, that representative of the primitive oblation which we still have in the bread and wine of the mass and the sacrament (offered to God before

being consumed by communicants), recurs less frequently here than in Catholic societies, which are relatively more militant in type of organization; while the offering of incense, which is one of the primitive forms of sacrifice among various peoples, and survives in the Catholic service, has disappeared from the authorized service in England. Nor in our own society do we fail to trace a kindred contrast; for while within the Established Church, which forms part of that regulative structure developed by militancy, sacrificial observances still continue, they have ceased among those most uneclesiastical of dissenters, the Quakers; who, absolutely unmilitant, show us also by the absence of an established priesthood, and by the democratic form of their government, the type of organization most remote from militancy and most characteristic of industrialism.

The like holds even with the custom of present-giving for purposes of social propitiation. We see this on comparing European nations, which, otherwise much upon a par in their stages of progress, differ in the degrees to which industrialism has qualified militancy. In Germany, where periodic making of gifts among relatives and friends is a universal obligation, and in France, where the burden similarly entailed is so onerous that at the New Year and Easter people not unfrequently leave home to escape it, this social usage survives in greater strength than in England, less militant in organization.

Of this kind of ceremony, then, as of the kinds already dealt with, we may say that, taking shape with the establishment of that political headship which militancy produces, it develops with the development of the militant type of social structure, and declines with the development of the industrial type.

HERBERT SPENCER.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION AND THE PROPOSED MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY.

IN his paper in the number of this Review for January, Mr. Goldwin Smith declares the question of university extension one of the highest national importance, and entreats us not "to let it drift, or leave it to be decided by the pressure of forces external to the interests of national culture." I shall try to show that these interests are likely to be better served by adopting a proposal which is the result of years of quiet natural growth, than by a scheme which, like his, would involve the reconstitution of the two older universities after the model of the University of London.

He states our present position in this way: "The foundation of colleges, then, for final education and general culture, with facilities for taking corresponding degrees, in our leading cities, is, we believe, a necessity of the time, and one which has already announced itself in various ways. The question is whether each of these colleges shall be a separate university, or whether they shall be federated under some central institution or institutions, standing to them in a relation similar to that in which the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge already stand to the Oxford and Cambridge colleges: the colleges teaching, the central university regulating the curriculum, holding the examinations, and conferring the degrees." The foundation of at least one of these colleges—Owens College, Manchester—is not a necessity of the time. It is an accomplished fact. Owens College was founded in 1851. It has a staff of twenty professors and twenty-six lecturers and assistant lecturers for the day classes, with three additional assistant lecturers for the evening classes. In the day classes last session there were five hundred and ninety students, and in the evening classes nine hundred. The college thus stands on much the same level as University College and King's College, in London, which were founded considerably earlier; but there is no other institution, I believe, in England, which can at present compare with it in the number of its students, the extent and variety of its teaching, the eminence of its teachers, or the permanence guaranteed by the liberality of its local endowments. It is on its claim to be recognised as a degree-granting university, as recently submitted to the Government, that Mr. Goldwin Smith offers his complete alternative scheme of "the foundation of colleges" in all our large cities, to be managed and examined by Oxford and Cambridge, and to stand to them, as far as possible, as the colleges in these towns stand to the university.

How would this scheme differ, except in the exclusion from the new examinations of the students from no college at all, who supply nearly half of the candidates for London degrees, from that of the University of London, which now examines the students of all local colleges, and by determining the subjects of examination in advance practically directs and controls their education? Its author would claim for it some distinct advantages. Oxford and Cambridge are resident universities—each has a body of permanent teachers, and a rapidly changing staff of younger residents, constantly brought personally together. They are not mere aggregates of examiners from every part of the country, governed in an ill-defined way by a committee of the registrar of the university and the distinguished men who compose the London senate. But the main functions they would undertake to discharge under the new scheme would be those which London discharges at present. The old universities are not better able to regulate subjects and control examinations for outside colleges than London is, merely because their members reside together. There is no reason to suppose that an old university board or syndicate would have better information about the outside colleges, wider views of what an examination ought to be, or more skill in arranging and conducting it than the London senate, guided by the long experience of Dr. Carpenter. The two or three hundred resident teachers at Oxford or Cambridge would not hold frequent and anxious meetings on such subjects, and they have no special facilities for watching every detail and variation in the management and teaching of the outside colleges. A few able and active men must compose or control such an examination syndicate. Men of sound sense and administrative faculty, especially if these duties came to engross their whole time, would soon learn to do their work as well as the same kind of work is now done in London—no better and no worse. They might start, perhaps, with some advantage if the scheme, as ultimately adopted, threw open university and college honours and prizes to students of the outside colleges.

No doubt, if these universities conducted the examinations, the younger teachers at Oxford and Cambridge would be rather more eligible than other competitors for offices in the outside colleges. It may be wise to relieve what some suppose to be the apoplectic fulness of the treasuries of these universities; but if they have surplus revenues, and are willing or anxious to promote education in outside localities, there is nothing to prevent them spending these revenues. There are many great cities where no local colleges have been, or for many years, perhaps, are likely to be founded, except through external initiative. University colonies like that at Bristol, to which Dr. Percival has recently directed public attention, might be established at once. The founders would probably keep

such colonies for some time in a state of tutelage. Whether they ought ultimately to be organized as permanent extramural colleges, directed and examined by Oxford and Cambridge, and in a federal affiliation, or whether they might seek, and be able after some reasonable probation to profit by, a larger independence, is a question that cannot be answered, and that before their foundation scarcely needs be raised.

The first form of the university colony, which is nearly self-supporting, is the annual University Mission. Some of the more active fellows and lecturers connected with the university engage to deliver lecture courses in certain towns. They may take great trouble with these lectures—they attract numerous audiences—they hold voluntary examinations. This year, in a particular town, there may be three courses—next year, four or five—on new subjects, by new men, to new hearers. So long as the lectures are good, the towns and the lecturers benefit equally. New, useful, often profitable work, is provided for many of the younger fellows; pleasant intellectual occupation is found for many young people in the towns. A local committee advises the syndicate what lectures will be acceptable, and the syndicate does its best to meet their views. The instruction given cannot be very continuous or systematic, and it cannot replace the work of a permanent local college with a resident staff, whose students are constantly under their charge for eight months in the year, who prepare and work out a regular plan of study, who lecture, teach, and examine pupils whom they know as well as an Oxford tutor does the undergraduates of his college.

In its more permanently organized form, the university colony is such as Dr. Percival describes at Bristol. Mr. Payne has recently pointed out how most colonies began with roving bands of adventurous youths swooping down at irregular intervals on some savage paradise, whose visits gradually became periodic, and who ultimately settled and founded a new state. As the visits of these early adventurers grew into the plantation colony, the university mission will naturally develop into something like what we see at Bristol. To such an institution a college or two may for a time assign the revenues of a fellowship. In the first beginning of the new life the advice of the benefactor will be gratefully welcomed, and may well be useful. With such a start, enriched perhaps by a fellow from one of the supporting colleges established as a resident professor, and gathering together all possible local funds, the new institution has good prospects of success. If the local support increases it becomes permanent. In helping to set such colleges going, the universities seem to me to be doing very useful work. But the question whether these colleges should be affiliated in a federal relation to the old university to which they owe their foundation, has not much

practical interest at present. As far as I know, Bristol is the only college of the kind founded in connection with the older Universities, and with fellowship revenues assigned to it. Were Oxford asked to allow two or three years' residence at University College, Bristol, to count for the B.A. degree, as equivalent to residence at Oxford, she would raise many preliminary questions. She would inquire into the character of the teaching and discipline, she would require some guarantee that these would probably be kept at a high level, she would ask whether the fact that two of her colleges have assigned it a portion of their income justifies her singling out Bristol for exceptional university privileges. She would not bind herself beforehand to colleges which have yet to be erected, and she will scarcely organize a great scheme of outside colleges, affiliated to the university, till several such colleges have been founded and have for some years at least worked successfully. As the new institutions strike root into the soil, it is at least possible that their teachers may more and more find that they can teach best in the light of the results of their own experience; they may find less and less that is profitable in the friendly advice of their original founders. But these institutions are either in their infancy or in the air. Mr. Goldwin Smith says reproachfully that "forecast is banished from English statesmanship as inconsistent with practical wisdom." In this case, there seem to me advantages in its absence. Very few indeed of our statesmen have tried to legislate for a state of things not yet called into existence. But without committing themselves to any far-reaching plans, Oxford and Cambridge have no lack of channels through which their spare energy and capital can be used for the profit of outside localities. No one doubts the usefulness of what I have called the annual university mission. If they have the money to spare, very few will say that the old universities may not do admirable service by founding new Bristols in great centres of population, unlikely for some time to come to do anything effective for themselves.

Oxford and Cambridge are not the whole of educated England. Institutions of a university character exist which have not been founded by either. University College and King's College in London, Newcastle, and Leeds, are not old university colonies. Liverpool and Birmingham have, or will have, colleges of their own. Are these institutions all to be swallowed up, as I presume that Owens College is meant to be, with or without their own consent, and annexed to the old universities, London being stripped at once, I suppose, of all but her non-collegiate candidates for degrees? If not, what becomes of the majestic sweep and imposing generality of the scheme? Ten years ago substantially the same proposal was made in Manchester by Mr. Goldwin Smith, but it was never

put forward authoritatively, and it was not looked upon with favour. Two or three years ago negotiations were opened on a basis something like it between King's College, London, on the one hand, and Oxford and Cambridge on the other. King's College was ready to accept a sort of mutual affiliation with Oxford and Cambridge. King's College gives every guarantee of good teaching of a high character. After some deliberation and debate, however, Oxford finally broke off the negotiation. Cambridge, which has always been less inclined to think aloud than her sister university, let the question quietly drop without giving any public reasons. Surely the result is suggestive of the practical difficulties which surround the scheme. Had King's College become affiliated its friends might have been reasonably anxious about the results of a union on such a basis at least as that suggested in detail in Mr. Goldwin Smith's paper. I should fear that the affiliated college, at least in its art and science departments, might tend to sink into a preparatory institution, and that the university, the source of honour, the fountain of rewards and emoluments, the chosen seat of the higher learning, would be regarded as the indispensable finishing school for those compelled to pass their necessary years of common drill nearer home. In some subjects, such as medicine, metropolitan advantages would have placed the affiliated college in the higher position, and departments might happen to be taught more successfully at King's College than at Oxford. But the general result would, I believe, tend to downgrade the affiliated college. A union on a basis of absolute mutual equality, admitting residence for a few terms at either seat of the joint university as of no less value than residence at the other, a union such as exists between Oxford and Cambridge themselves, between the different Scotch universities, and, I believe, between the three Queen's Colleges in Ireland, is justified by convenience and has no bad results. Each of the constituents has complete direction of its own course of education, and directs it without reference to the union or to any external influence.

From what I know of the views of its governors and professors, I think I may say with confidence that Owens College is not likely to take the same step, or to accept such an affiliation, even if it were offered. They believe much of their teaching to be at present hampered, because one outside university prescribes the subjects of their studies and examines their students for degrees. They would be confused as well as hampered, if they were expected to prepare students either for Oxford, Cambridge, or London.

Were University College and King's College to unite, and to ask to be created a new university of which each was to be a constituent college, I think it would be difficult to resist the claim, if they offered adequate public guarantees of their degree examinations.

Confusion would be caused, of course, by the existence of a new teaching university of London side by side with the examining university of the same name. But University College has always been intimately associated in practice with the University of London, which, indeed, is virtually her creation; and no such application has been suggested on either side, or is, I believe, in the least likely. Outside of the metropolis no teaching institution but Owens College has advanced, or, it is supposed, could at present advance such a claim. The fear that an excessive multiplication of new universities is involved in its admission, is not one to alarm statesmen in whom the dangerous faculty of forecast has been so inadequately developed.

In fact, the alternative scheme is in the air. The old universities do not promote it—they are scarcely likely to consider it seriously. The application of King's College made a first step in that direction easy and almost tempting, but both omitted to take it. Without asking the control of all the higher education of England, they find plenty of work ready to their hands both inside and outside of their university seats. To adjourn the claims of Owens College till so large and theoretical a measure has been once more discussed, would be dealing ungenerously with an institution which has quietly grown into a *de facto* university before asking to be recognised as one *de jure*. Two years of debates in Parliament on the universities of Oxford and Cambridge issued in the bills of last session, and the administrative commissions which they created. It is not startling to be told by Mr. Goldwin Smith that, "To the eye of any one familiar with these matters, the Universities Act of last session betrays a want of grasp of the subject on the part of the framers;" for many people, and certainly most Liberals, admit that it leaves untouched some grave defects in the old universities, and relegates difficulties to the commissioners in a way which virtually surrenders the control of Parliament. But it is startling to learn that, "In the debates on the Universities Bill, neither the framers of the bill, nor, so far as we remember, any other speaker, approached the subject of university reform from that which seems to be the natural point of view." What hope can Mr. Goldwin Smith have in such a Parliament? Full of old university men, many of them not too friendly to any government scheme, ready to use any fair weapon against political opponents, well acquainted with this alternative affiliation scheme which has been before the public for the last dozen years, it seems not even to have paid it the compliment of any serious discussion. Why should we expect it, or its successor, to return upon its steps? No doubt we are a people deficient in forecast, perhaps "wanting in statesmanship." But where are we to find the new force to supply these familiar

deficiencies, so that instead of drifting under "influences little connected with the interests of education, acting amidst general apathy," we may recast our old universities, and reorganize the higher education of the country so as to provide for the wants of next century?

Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to me to make a curious mistake about the origin of the university demand which he recognises as growing up in the large cities. He traces it to "the immense development of the wealthy class, particularly in the great centres of manufacture and trade." The students of Owens College are not all of the wealthy class, any more than the students of Glasgow. We are apt sometimes to talk of Manchester as a city of wealthy cotton manufacturers. Every great city includes, of course, many poor people, whose boys and girls need those "flying bridges" from the elementary schools which Professor Huxley and Mr. Forster have made famous—children of clerks, tradesmen, schoolmasters, doctors, and clergymen, who think it a blessing to have the highest education brought to their doors. Knowing Manchester and Glasgow pretty well, I confess that I am surprised at the argument that, "as places of learning, the local colleges could hardly be expected to come up to a high level," and that, "left to themselves, colleges at Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and Bristol would be in great danger of yielding to the genius of the place, and becoming too exclusively 'bread and butter.'" The tendency and temptation of a knot of university men in a large town is to treat "bread and butter" somewhat too loftily, and the mercantile public in this country is not eager to resent the indignity. The universities of the large towns of Edinburgh and Glasgow, left to themselves, as they have been for centuries, have contrived to maintain a reasonably high level, and have not yielded more than others to the genius of bread and butter. Scotch metaphysics touch no material interests; and if the names of Reid and Adam Smith, of Dugald Stewart and Sir William Hamilton, remind us of their past glories, those of the living professors of Edinburgh and Glasgow are quite as conclusive against the unexpected argument. An affiliated college, indeed, with scanty resources and little local support, struggling for a precarious existence, with no independence and little sense of dignity, might be tempted to look to the hands of its masters, the rich men of the place, or the distant and dignified patrons at Oxford and Cambridge. Even if by becoming a university it should be left to itself, no one need be anxious about the honour and self-respect of Owens College in the hands of its present professors.

Mr. Goldwin Smith says that the precedents that have been quoted in favour of the issue of a charter to a new university are no precedents at all. London was a concession to the Nonconformists. So was the Queen's University in Ireland. Durham was somebody's

“happy thought” how to dispose of great surplus revenues, and the results have been disappointing. The precedents are good to show this only—that the nation has thrice in the last forty years refused to recognise finality in university matters, or to shut up the country to the programme of Oxford and Cambridge alone. They could never, certainly, have been adduced to prove more than this. The new university would not be established as a concession to Nonconformists, though it would not be troubled by questions about clerical fellowships or headships. *It would not start full-grown from the happy thought of any one. It cannot, of course, offer a pledge that the prosperity of Lancashire will never fail, and that Manchester will never be like St. Andrews. But it is not to it that the remark applies that “no institution when first founded is expected ever to become weak;” it is to the unborn university colonies of the future. Before asking recognition as a university, Owens College has waited till it has as many students and as complete a staff as Aberdeen. When other great cities follow on its lines and reach a similar position in respect of students and teachers, they will find many to support them in a similar claim.

One point has not perhaps been sufficiently adverted to in this discussion. The Owens College authorities ask power to admit to federation colleges similar to their own, if these colleges wish it and receive the sanction of the Privy Council. Under that power Leeds, for instance, might perhaps incline to join Owens College at an early date, and there would be some obvious advantages in her doing so. These colleges would be rather entering an alliance as of younger and of elder sisters, like that which is conceivable between University College and King’s College, London, than submitting to affiliation to a central and dominant university. One or more of the present or future neighbouring colleges in the northern district of England may come to wish for such an incorporating union. Such colleges, fit to take rank as permanent institutions of the higher learning adequate to the wants of a large local population, are not likely to be numerous in England for many years. Some may attach themselves to Oxford, some to Cambridge, some to Manchester. Others will doubtless continue their connection with the great examination centre in London. But England is a moderate and conservative country, and a precedent established by granting Manchester a charter as a new university would be very easily defended against unwarranted intruders. My fear is, that it would not often need to be defended.

WILLIAM JACK.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE preliminary treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey was signed at San Stefano, on Saturday, the 2nd of March. The history of March is summed up in that fact. From the beginning to the end of the month the national energies, not merely of England, but of Europe, have been absorbed in a kind of confused endeavour to learn what the conditions of peace amounted to, and what the several European powers ought, or are likely to do according as the terms bear this or that construction. The attention of the whole world has been concentrated on the Eastern Question during the past month; yet, so far from having discovered a solution, no nation appears to know how it would desire to solve it, were the task confided to its uncontrolled discretion. The effect of the pending crisis has been in England to paralyse action of all sorts. Parliament, which was summoned a month before the usual time to do, or to see done, something momentous on the subject of the relations between Russia, Turkey, and England, has used its leisure in interrogating ministers from day to day about the afternoon's news. This has come to be assumed to be so clearly the duty of Parliament, that Lord Middleton's chief argument for his suggestion, on the 4th of March, that the Lords should meet at four instead of five, was founded on the opportunity the change would give to that House of obtaining news from Lord Derby earlier than could the House of Commons, which meets at five, obtain any from Sir Stafford Northcote. Topics which at other periods would have attracted the most eager controversy have been passed over with something like neglect. The Contagious Diseases (Animals) Bill will, if passed, revolutionize the meat trade of Great Britain. Yet its most striking provision, which would compel the slaughter of all foreign cattle at the port of disembarkation, provoked only the tamest criticism in the Lords, and was referred willingly to a select committee, not because of the opposition it stirred, but from the general indifference of the House and country for any theme not touching the ownership of Constantinople. The House of Commons discussed during the month with such semblance of interest as it could affect measures like the Factories and Workshops Bill and the County Government Bill. The latter, defective as it is, will, if in spite of the reasoned opposition of Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, and others, it should become law, be the first step towards an utter change in county administration. But it showed as lively a partisanship respecting Mr. Pease's Abolition of Capital Punishment Bill, which it was

known was not to pass, and a feeling much more animated on the scandal-mongering propensities of Stamboul official society, as elicited by Mr. Ashley's motion of censure on Mr. Layard, for his part in the Negroponte incident. The discussion of the Army and Navy Estimates evoked some signs of real parliamentary life, so far as they indicated, or did not indicate, that the Government had been preparing them with a view to the Straits and Constantinople. But as a legislature, Parliament might as well never have met. Even its ordinary business, in spite of the month of additional time it has enjoyed, has fallen into arrear, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to threaten a postponement of the Easter holidays.

The country has no right to be severe on Parliament for having wasted its time. It has itself been just in the same way running round in a circle in the futile effort for the first three weeks of the month to guess at the articles agreed upon at San Stefano, and for the remaining week, when they had been published, to make out that they justified its fears. The financial and the ordinary business of the kingdom has been stagnant in the utter uncertainty, whether the resources of the nation might not soon be required to bear the brunt of a contest to keep a sandbank stationary while a torrent was rushing beneath. No doubt a nation lives its life whatever the convulsions and flux of all outside it. In Victoria the popular branch of legislature has been fighting the nominated Council on the right to provide for the payment of members; and though the Ottoman Empire has been breaking up, England has been at its usual work of setting back its boundaries in India and in Africa. But the administrative organism of the Empire has in all other matters been operating spontaneously, and without the continuous and universal control that public opinion in other times brings to bear upon its every act.

Never has England done less, or felt itself, so far as the force of public sentiment rather than opinion was concerned, called upon to do more than in this month of March. But happily even popular sentiment, in order to put effectual pressure on a Government, must be conscious of a more or less definite aim, and of any such object popular sentiment has been during the past month, even more conspicuously than during previous months, flagrantly and notoriously ignorant. When the news in its original and exaggerated form came of the negotiations at San Stefano, a vague desire manifested itself that the British nation should fling itself in arms upon the Russians. But a nation's dislike of something which has been effected by another State does not easily translate itself into so overt an act of will as war, unless it have a counter policy it desires to substitute for that of its rival. The difficulty that the war party in

England experienced throughout March has been much more complicated than its difficulty in launching the country into war would have been before Christmas. The rivalry and the jealousy and the fear of Russia were enormously enhanced in the last few weeks; but previously war with Russia would have meant an offensive and defensive alliance with the Porte. In that there was a positive policy, foolish and mischievous as it would have been. But in March, even had the Porte remained free agent enough to ally itself with England, no party in England worth the name felt the faintest wish to ally itself with the Porte. This is the one point on which the country came to know its own mind after the Treaty of San Stefano. During the siege of Plevna the Porte was a possible ally. The preliminary Treaty of San Stefano found England, in all its sections of opinion, absolutely careless of the fate of Turkey, except so far as it may involve British interests.

The utter confusion of ideas and incapacity of appreciating anything but the inconveniences of Russian encroachment which have distinguished English popular opinion during the past month, have displayed themselves in supreme indifference for, and want of sympathy with, European needs in regard to the Eastern crisis, and a consequent inability to find any sufficient point of contact between them and those of Great Britain. The possibility of Austrian co-operation against Russia has been canvassed, and uninformed English opinion assumed easily enough during March that, if England gave the signal for confronting Russia, Austria must strike in. But as for any popular understanding of the real difficulties and perplexities of Austria in the matter, or any affection for Austria as a possible ally, not a trace could be detected. In the Crimean War the alliance between France and England brought Frenchmen and Englishmen closer together. In the War for Maria Theresa, as in the wars of Marlborough, Englishmen and Austrians regarded each other as natural allies, and as having a common object. So they did in the wars with the first Napoleon. The war party in England during March never pretended to believe that the two countries had a common object; they simply hoped that in endeavouring to secure her own ends Austria might help England in securing hers. An international alliance is based on insecure ground, which rests merely on the negative foundation of a common antipathy. But there existed a very sufficient reason why Englishmen, who during the last month have been ready for a contest with Russia, should have shown no intelligent power of estimating the services any Continental power, Austria or another, might render us as an ally. They have exhibited no symptoms of understanding what our own British policy would be in engaging in such a conflict. Our ministers consumed a fortnight in insisting that St. Petersburg should consent to

lay before the Congress for discussion the whole Preliminary Treaty of Peace; but the nation which applauded the demand was scarcely aware that we were alone in making it. If we had definite objects to gain, we should have been keen to discover with whom we could act. Germany has been always regarded as England's natural ally. But the popular English feeling has been eager to detect the contrarieties, much more than the resemblances, between the English and German manner of looking at the Eastern Question. France, which might be supposed to have common ground with this country in questions affecting Turkey and Russia, might as well have been Japan, for all the interest French politics excited in England during March. France kept aloof from the Eastern Question, and that might be cause enough why persons whose whole mind was concentrated on one question, should be careless of controversies about colportage, and State of Siege bills, introduced to make another Sixteenth of May impossible, or of the definite dissolution of that league between Orleanists, Legitimists, and Bonapartists, which alone made one Sixteenth of May possible. But it could be no reason, if only they had themselves had a positive policy in the East, why Englishmen should not have been endeavouring to discover how far they would, when the occasion came, have France on their side or against them in pursuing that policy. The utter indifference in England, on the apparent brink of a general European war, towards the attitude of another important Mediterranean power, is another of the phenomena of March. The view Italy might take of the Treaty of San Stefano must be of critical importance if England were decided on vetoing that compact. But we have observed no indication that any Englishman who desired war with Russia ever bestowed a thought on the effect the fall of the Depretis-Crispi Ministry, or the still unsettled relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal, would have on determining the position Italy might be likely to take up in the struggle. As for the Scandinavian Courts and Holland, what Englishman has spent a thought on their possible policy? Yet the conflict which perhaps a majority of Englishmen in the last four weeks would have been content to see commence, must of necessity involve the whole of Europe. That popular opinion in England should be altogether careless of the bias of popular feeling elsewhere, is perhaps the less surprising when regard is paid to the recklessness as to the objects that war could, if entirely triumphant, procure for us. One intimation, and one only, has public opinion offered, since the conflict between the Czar and the Porte began, of a suspicion that, if England dislikes Russian plans for the reconstruction of Turkey, she should be prepared to suggest a plan of her own. Lord Derby's announcement on the 11th of March, that England had proposed that Greece should be repre-

sented at the Congress, met with a cordial reception in Parliament and a respectful reception outside; but of any enthusiasm which might suggest that Englishmen had begun to think a substitute must be provided for the Porte, and that, as the Duke of Wellington thought, when Turkey once before lay crushed at the feet of Russia, Greece might be the substitute, there has not been a trace. It is not that any considerable section of Englishmen desire to grasp at Turkish spoil for their own country. The persistent solicitations made in some quarters abroad as well as at home, that we should compensate ourselves for threatened Russian encroachments by snatching Egypt, have awakened no favourable response. The absence of any of the territorial greediness, with which we have been commonly reproached in other periods of European crisis, would be in itself matter of congratulation; but at the present time it has too close a resemblance to the general incapacity that English popular sentiment has evinced since the Russians came within sight of Constantinople to pass beyond the negative stage. When nations enter upon war, it is not very likely that their aims will undergo no modification as the war progresses; but it is a new national phenomenon to contemplate war with the hope, it is to be presumed, of victory, but without the faintest conception of the use to which we should wish to put victory. The Porte is annihilated as a European power. Every Englishman knows so much, excepting perhaps certain members of the House of Lords. For England to attempt to beat back Russia from the corpse of Turkey is simple enough. But *après?* With the doubtful exception of the patronage tendered to Greece, which itself we cannot yet venture to assert is more than a diplomatic feint, that question has never appeared to have presented itself to the general English intelligence, or, since the secession of Lord Carnarvon, to any member of the Conservative ministry.

It is an easy retort to make that Continental Europe is at least as much concerned in the reconstruction of European Turkey as England, and that the Continent has, no more than England, come to understand what it desires in the matter. The indecision of the Continent only renders the position of England, with the blind impulse to precipitate itself on Russia, and no instinct of a solution of the crisis which would be good either for England or for Europe, still more untenable. But it may be admitted that Continental nations have, in fact, during March, exhibited, though without the same irrational anger, very much the same suspiciousness as has been witnessed in England of Russian ambition, and very much the same inability to set up a positive counter policy. The Slav populations of the Austrian Empire have been supposed to desire the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. If Europe had given Austria a mandate to occupy those provinces, the Slavs of the

empire would have rejoiced ; but this inclination has shown itself by no overt act. Hungary is supposed to have desired an alliance with Turkey ; but Count Andrassy's exposition, in defending his demand for the credit of 60,000,000 florins, of the benefits of conditional neutrality, obtained even more apparent favour from the Hungarian delegates than from the Austrian. In Germany no pleasure has been displayed at Russian successes, and a certain amount of real dislike has appeared for the terms agreed upon at San Stefano. But Germany has manifested a good deal more interest in the power of Ultramontane and Separatist deputies to frot the petulant temper of Prince Bismarck, than in the position the Prince will assume on behalf of his empire in the presidency he is understood to have accepted over the contemplated Congress of Berlin. French national susceptibilities have at last, since the terms of San Stefano have been divulged, begun to pronounce themselves on the new situation created by Russian victories. But the only active sentiment that France has shown has been discontent, not that its own rulers are doing nothing, but that nothing has been done by Great Britain. Instead of encouraging Europe to unite in a Congress to coerce Russian ambition, France has displayed a mistrust that such an assembly might be used by Prince Bismarck not to reform Eastern Europe, but to obtain a European ratification of the advantages obtained in Western Europe by Germany. The only European power which might be supposed to have felt any pleasure at the consummation of the downfall of Turkey and the treaty of the 2nd of March, is Italy. Italy is still in that stage of national existence when territorial gain seems a good thing in itself, and Italy would have a part to play in any war which might break out. But what that part should be, Italy knows not, if it cares ; and during March Italian opinion has been more reticent than at any other period of the conflict. The Eastern Question has absorbed continental attention as it has done that of England. It has equally taken the heart out of matters of local concern, even when they have involved a local area so large as that concerned in the safeguards of Republican France, the realisation of German unity, the relations between the new Pontificate and the new reign in Italy. It has equally been prolific in vague discussion, with the sole result of darkening counsel. But one point it has made abundantly clear, and it is that continental populations and their Cabinets, not excluding Austria or even the Porte itself, have made up their minds to give events plenty of time to shape themselves in the East, and if England go to war with Russia, to leave the two rivals to fight it out.

In England itself the original exuberance of the warlike sentiment has been steadily dwindling since the Treaty of San Stefano was signed. The fire-eating zealots who dispersed Mr. Auberon Herbert's

following in Hyde Park on Sunday, the 9th of March, made themselves as much objects of ridicule as their opponents. We no longer hear even the fierce sneers at the claims of humanity, which for months before March were the retort to the generous indignation against the Porte which had been stirred by the outrages in Bulgaria. The sneers have died away, and so has even much, though not all, of the passion for war for fighting's own sake. But it may be questioned if Englishmen can have much satisfaction in the calmer temper, which is simply a settled determination to care for nothing besides what are imagined to be purely British interests. National self-love and the faith of nations in themselves are a useful element in the world's economy. Certainly Europe would benefit by the payment of all proper regard to true British interests. But it has been hard to discover during the last few weeks that anything else was commonly understood by British interests than that England has an interest in compelling the world to stand still. Passion has a license to be blind, and the attitude of the unreflecting portion of our countrymen was intelligible when, in the first shock of the march of the Russian army on Constantinople, the cry was simply for resistance to Russia without thought what was to be done with Turkey. Now that a cold consideration for the special interests of England has monopolized the mind, it is unpardonable that a large party in the country should be resolved to wrest the task of reconstruction out of the hands of the Czar, yet waste not a thought on substituting a reconstruction scheme of its own.

A remarkable feature of the past month has been the manner in which the pressure of the Eastern Question has blurred party lines and distinctions. A still stranger feature has been the temporary occultation of the personal influence of individual statesmen. It is difficult to remember that so short a time has passed since Mr. Gladstone stirred all England, when the serene indifference is observed with which it is discussed whether his letter to the Liberals of Greenwich may not signify final retirement from public life. But the greater weight attached to his rival's name is chiefly formal. Liberals and Conservatives who desire a policy of action, however blind and inconsequential, may choose to appropriate the authority of Lord Beaconsfield to their views, and to assume a radical difference between his policy and Lord Derby's; but they do not affect to be guided by his judgment; they only applaud him for an imaginary agreement with theirs, which is as likely as not to be disavowed as soon as an occasion offers. Lord Carnarvon's secession at any other period would have shaken the Cabinet to its fall; if it has been less by far than a nine days' wonder at this time, it is not that the ministry is strong, but that a Cabinet which has no settled principles of policy can bear defection more easily than one which

has a policy, and finds protests raised within itself against its course. As for Lord Salisbury, whose proposals at the Conference of Constantinople have now been in some of their most essential points achieved by the Russians at San Stefano, he has vouchsafed no opinion whatever during the month of March on the Preliminary Treaty of Peace. Two continental statesmen have exercised a far greater personal influence than the English Ministers, or the front Opposition bench. Count Andrassy has maintained unity in Austrian policy, notwithstanding the contradictory tendencies of the several elements in the empire and its Court. But it has been by pledging himself not to use the resources put in his power. Prince Bismarck has kept the views of Germany on the Eastern crisis in a state of solution by inspiring his admirers with a belief that whatever happens will have been foreseen and in a way prepared by him, and that Germany will in some mode or other gain by the result.

The place of the past month in history will be due to the signature at its commencement of the Preliminary Treaty of San Stefano. Neither England nor Europe at large can have much pleasure in recalling the shifting emotions and diplomatic manœuvres which followed. The Great Powers had a clear title, gained by treaty and confirmed by their neutrality in the war, to have the results of the war submitted to them for approval or rejection. But to have a right to reject or modify, they were bound to understand their own joint mind, and to be prepared to offer an alternative joint scheme for replacing by something sounder the ruined edifice of the Ottoman Empire. The negotiations for a Congress revealed that Europe was as startled by a collapse, which had always been declared to be a certainty, as by the fall of France at Sedan. The Congress of Berlin may discover a substitute for the Porte; but the chaotic bewilderment of nations and statesmen at the news that Russia, when absolutely victorious, was not more modest in her demands than when Turkey was showing herself an equal antagonist, is not of a nature to inspire confidence.

March 26, 1878.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CXXXVII. NEW SERIES.—MAY 1, 1878.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

WHEN the world is listening for the first gun, the task of the monthly writer on current events is not easy. To-morrow may cancel what is written to-day. Before these lines are through the press the country may be at war. That war can be declared by England is scarcely possible, because England has no assignable ground for declaring it. She has received neither wrong nor insult. Of the interests specified as hers (though she has no more natural right to regulate the destinies of Constantinople than those of Rome) not one has been touched, and in spite of bitter provocation the language of the Czar and his ministers has remained studiously amicable and respectful. If it is not to the interest and honour of England but to the public law of Europe that wrong has been done, it is for Europe not for England to declare war. But as the *Times* says, the danger lies not so much in the diplomatic situation as in the position of the armaments which are confronting each other on the Bosphorus, and which by their proximity, in the mood in which their nations are, may any day produce a collision. And this danger again is indicative of another and a deeper danger. The pretext on which the British fleet was sent to Constantinople—the protection of British life and property—was manifestly feigned, no peril to British life and property having existed for a moment, and no other government having felt it necessary to take a similar measure of precaution. A pretext which is manifestly feigned suggests the presence of a real motive which is not avowed; and it was remarked by a speaker in the House of Commons that there is an influence which throughout these transactions has been at work to baffle pacific effort and to draw the country into war. That which was clearly foreseen, must have been intended; and the possibility of a collision between the armaments on the Bosphorus must have been clearly foreseen.

One thing, however, at least there is which no to-morrow can cancel, let all the powers of evil do their worst. The Ottoman

Empire has received its deathblow. The process of actual dissolution may be quick or slow. To restore the power of the Turk is apparently the present object of the British Government, which may possibly achieve a sufficient measure of success to sully the honour of the British nation. But the despotism of Bomba or that of the King of Hanover has a better chance of resurrection than that of the Turk after a great military catastrophe. To retrieve such a reverse there is no energy of a united nation, no buoyant resources, not even an organized government. Those who called upon Turkey for reforms forgot that she had no means of carrying them into effect, her only political and administrative system being in fact the domination of the Mussulman. The Ottoman Empire was in the camp of Osman Pacha. Those armaments created with money out of which the Turk had swindled the British investor were the last. Bankruptcy will now complete the work begun by the Russian sword. In a few years the army will be a scarecrow and the ironclads will be old iron. Greece had better wait for that time, now that she has let slip the opportunity of the war. Instead of grappling with the stricken tiger, she had better let him die. Die he must; in all parts of his disjointed empire the fatal blow is already felt; and the doom of such empires, when their military power has once bitten the dust, is written in the most decisive records of history. If, with all those machinations going on, the time has not yet come for unqualified rejoicing, the end is not the less sure. The councils of diplomatic selfishness have been confounded and will be again confounded by forces which are stronger than diplomacy, and which work in favour of humanity. Woven anew, the web will only be rent and scattered more completely than before. The Ottoman yoke is broken, and over the regions which the Ottoman has for centuries desolated, blighted, and defiled may bloom again, as it bloomed before, a rich and varied civilisation, pouring anew the tribute of its wealth into the material and moral treasure of mankind.¹

This revolution is clear gain. If there is a thing decisively proved by the experience of history, it is that Islam, the military religion of a plundering Bedouin, extend its borders as widely as you will, settle it as long as you please, place at its command wealth and slaves to the utmost measure of its lust, never can produce civilisation—moral, political, or even material. Industry, liberty, science, progress of every kind, are essentially alien to it. Militarism, despotism, fatalism, polygamy, concubinage, slavery, cleave to it as parts of its nature, everywhere and in all times. Its vaunted mono-

(1) If any one wants another cloud of witnesses to the character of Ottoman rule, we commend to him Mr. MacColl's *Three Years of the Eastern Question*, where, among other things, he will find Mr. Layard the traveller confronted with Mr. Layard the ambassador.

theism is unreal: its Allah is the power who gives the world over as a prey to Islam. It has no idea of Man, or of the relations between men and God, such as real monotheism has. Its morality is vitiated and paralysed as a motive power by the admixture of the most abject ceremonialism; postures, pilgrimages, and ablutions, with their most frivolous details, being placed on a level with the weightier matters of its Law, and the value of prayer being assessed by an absurd tariff according to the place in which it is made.¹ Of all systems it seems to be about the most effectual for destroying spiritual, moral, social, and political life ever devised by man; and its history—the history of genuine Mahometanism—has been the rush of conquest followed by the stagnation of decay. If there has been life in Mahometan communities, it has been life imparted from without, not generated by Islam: the brief glories of Baghdad were the glories of rationalism, and the same may be said of the best period of Delhi. That to an African fetish worshipper Mahometanism may be elevating, is possible; to any people above an African fetish worshipper it is degradation. Neither in the way of addition nor of modification, neither by tempering infusion nor by stimulating antagonism, can Islam be of the slightest use to the religious, moral, domestic, social, or political life of Christendom. If Mr. Cowen or any one else thinks it can, let him tell us how, and point out the experience on which his belief is founded.

People seem to think that the Mussulman is a paragon of religious toleration, and that in defending him against Russia or Greece, they are defending religious liberty. No doubt the Turk is tolerant. He tolerates the misbelief of the rayah, just as the slave-owner tolerated the blackness of the Negro, and as the Norman lord tolerated the Saxon blood of the villein. It is his exclusive orthodoxy that gives him a title to the land of the misbelievers, to the fruits of their labour, to their wives and daughters, to the daily delight of setting his feet upon their necks. He has no passionate desire to force upon them the true religion; he is satisfied with making them, as the professors of a false religion, his slaves in this world, with the comfortable assurance that they will suffer the punishment of their misbelief in the world to come. Only, if they attempt to obtain the rights of man, he puts in force against them with pious energy the precept of the Koran which bids him smite unbelievers with the sword. The demand so often urged by the Christian powers upon the Porte of civil equality for the Christian was, we repeat, a demand for the abolition of Islam. That the state of things which will take the place of Turkish intolerance is likely at first to be altogether

(1) See Major Durie Osborn's *Islam under the Caliphs of Baghdad*, which, with his other work, *Islam under the Arabs*, we would strongly commend to the notice of any who may not be already acquainted with them.

edifying, or such as enlightened Liberalism would desire, we by no means affirm; an improvement it cannot fail to be. As to Russia, we know by experience that though bigoted in her national faith, she is not propagandist, and that so far as her influence extends we may expect a real toleration of all religions which do not resist the government. The persecution in Poland has been political; and matters there have been made much worse by the action of the Papacy, which fans the flame of insurrection in Poland from the same motives which lead it to support the worst of despotisms elsewhere.

Within the short space of twenty years we have seen the triumph of Italian unity and independence; the unification of Germany and her liberation from the Austrian incubus as well as from a domestic brood of petty despots; the abolition of slavery in the United States; the establishment of a republic in France; a revolution the net result of which is decidedly favourable to civil and religious liberty in Spain; and the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire. Liberals need not despair, though a back-stream may be just now running in England. Toryism cannot appear more firmly seated in power than did Bonapartism on the very eve of its fall.

Great has been the deliverance: great and deathless is the gratitude due to those who have wrought it with their blood, let jealousy cast upon their graves all the calumnies and insults that it may. No doubt selfish motives largely mingled with the sympathy of the Russian people for their oppressed kinsmen and fellow-Christians. There was the desire, not unnatural surely in the eyes of Englishmen, to wipe out the disgrace of the Crimean war. There was the desire, ever present, of a young and growing nation to make its way to an open sea. But that there was also an impulse as unselfish as national impulses usually are, will hardly be questioned, unless we assume that the possibility of generous action is confined to England, and that the profession of disinterested motives on the part of any other nation must of course be only a cloak for self-aggrandisement. Pluck as many leaves from the wreath of the deliverer as in common justice you can, still the deliverer has earned his wreath; he has earned it perhaps as fairly as a foreign deliverer ever did. Who doubts either that diplomatic and personal objects mingled with sympathy for the oppressed Protestants of England in the breast of William of Orange, or that the sympathy of William of Orange for the oppressed Protestants was sincere? The motives of everybody are mixed, and everybody is liable to uncharitable judgments accordingly. The Marquis of Salisbury's remarkable change of front, and his complete submission to a leadership which he has denounced in words never retracted as utterly untrustworthy and dishonest, are due no doubt to a sincere conversion; but it is as certain that they have brought him, in appearance at least, nearer

to the contested prize of the succession, as it is that the war with Turkey has brought Russia nearer to an open sea.

Great has been the deliverance, but terrible has been its price. The havoc, the slaughter, the agony, even of a war in which the Turk is one of the combatants, are not all, perhaps not the worst. There is besides the loosing of the fiend of war, the reawakening of those hellish passions to the gradual repression of which we owe our progress, such as it has been, in civilisation. Probably the evil is increased by the new machinery of telegraphs, war correspondence, illustrated papers, which makes us eye-witnesses of the distant struggle. Into the present war fever, enters, if we mistake not, besides the ordinary ingredients of national pugnacity, something of the excitement of the arena, generated by the daily spectacles of the last year.

And perhaps not the whole nor even half of the price has been paid yet. There are men, no doubt, who will go with a light heart into a war with Russia, as with a light heart they have done their utmost to provoke it. The habitual practice through a long life of selfish intrigue, without the slightest regard to the public interest, will render a man callous at last even to the fearful responsibility of dragging a country into war. But no heart in which English blood runs, and in which a care for English blood resides, can be light with such a prospect before us. The present generation of Englishmen does not know what war is: even the elder part of it has seen no war but the Crimean, in which, by the combined fleets of England and France, the Russian navy was shut up in port. Not an English ship was then captured, English trade felt scarcely any interruption, and to all, except those who happened to have husbands, fathers, or brothers in the field, the conflict was an exciting drama, enacted on a distant shore. Of the powers which were our allies in that war, the French Empire, which notoriously acted in its own interest and from motives unshared by the nation, is now in its grave of infamy. Sardinia took part merely for the sake of obtaining European standing and securing aid for the cause of Italian independence, and she is now merged in Italy. No nation but our own has, or imagines itself to have, any interest in making the Eastern Mediterranean a British bay; and though the treaties, or the rags and tatters that remain of them after the Turkish defiance of the Conference, the war between Turkey and Russia, and the virtual forcing of the Dardanelles by England, are nominally recognised as still binding by the signatories, it is manifest that no mere signatory will draw the sword in their defence. To goad England on, in defence of "the public law of Europe," and "the menaced independence of nations," many of our friends are ready, especially those ardent lovers of right who, if the English carrying-

trade were cut up, would come in for a large share of that trade. But our only alliance would be the miserable one with Austria, whose association with a Tory government of England for the purpose of curtailing a work of liberation is a curious recurrence of old times. "The next sick man" Austria has been called. She reminds us rather of the Old Man of the Sea, throttling with the unrelenting grip of his withered limbs the unhappy Sindbad of liberty and progress. Germany has succeeded in casting her off; Italy has succeeded in casting her off. Still she rides like a nightmare the communities of Eastern Europe. All life and growth in her neighbourhood are dangerous to her heterogeneous and rickety frame, but especially the life and growth of Slav States; and if she can check these, she cares little for the Dardanelles, less still for Suez and Batoum, and nothing at all for public law. It would be manifest madness on her part to make a mortal enemy of Russia, against whom an English alliance can afford her no permanent protection. She will probably take what she wants for herself and be gone. Lord Derby has told us his mind about her value as an ally, with the frankness which is the appanage of resignation, and though Lord Salisbury does not find the facts upon which Lord Derby's opinion is based in the archives of the Foreign Office, they are to be found in the archives of history.

"This will be an Indian war"—so wrote a correspondent of the *Times*, advocating the employment of Indian troops. Yes, the Crimean war was an Indian war; the Abyssinian war, which cost nine millions, was an Indian war; and if the present imbroglio ends in a rupture, this will be an Indian war also. That fact is marked by the appearance on the scene of the barbarian mercenaries whose presence cannot fail to lend a savage character to European warfare, and whose sinister figures may prove the heralds of a still more fatal influence to be exercised by the Indian Empire on the free country with which, under an evil star, it has since the fall of the Company been becoming politically blended. When the dissolution of Turkey appeared imminent, the first act of the British Government was, not to call the guardians of European law into conference upon the general danger, but to pounce upon the Suez Canal. For India England has sullied her escutcheon and degraded her foreign policy by complicity with the domination of the Turk. For India she, the land of liberators and philanthropists, has shut upon the Christian communities of Eastern Europe the gate of their cruel and loathsome prison-house. That we may convert and civilise India, we maintain the rule of Islam and barbarism in Bulgaria. So curious are the results when conquest undertakes to be moral.

Why the Eastern Mediterranean should be deemed so much more important than all the rest of the line; why a maritime power at

Constantinople should be supposed to threaten our communication with Suez so much more than a maritime power at Brest, Toulon, Cadiz, or Brindisi—we never have been able to see. But such is the established belief. It is assumed as a cardinal principle of our policy, and we have learned to exalt it into a principle of European law, that no great power, especially no great maritime power, but our own shall be allowed to exist in the Eastern Mediterranean. Russia being in this respect the one object of present alarm, the Dardanelles were to be locked against her, and the Ottoman Empire, with all its barbarism and vileness, was to be maintained in order that it might keep the key. On the other hand, Russia was inevitably impelled forwards by the almost vital necessity of reaching an open sea, as well as by a religious idea and by the sympathy of her people with their kindred. Hence arose a conflict as irrepressible as that between freedom and slavery in the United States.

Still there were two courses. One course was to fight Russia; the other was to make her our friend. The first of these policies is one of ever-recurring and interminable war. Thwart Russia, combine against her, beat her, throw her back—beat her even as severely, throw her back as far as you did with the help of France, Turkey, and Sardinia in the Crimean war—at the first opportunity, impelled by the dictate of nature, her eighty millions will resume their march. She will join or foment every combination against you. She will watch for the moment when you have other enemies on your hands. You will have many foes, she will have only one. She will paralyse your action in Western Europe, and in America, if any American complications arise. She will convert into a reality the bugbear of Russian intrigue in India, especially if she finds that India furnishes troops to repress her advance in Europe. Her military propensities will be continually intensified, and the tempering influence of commerce and peaceful progress on her character will be always retarded by the conflicts. All the energies of your empire will be absorbed by the struggle against that which after all must come. It will be the labour of Sisyphus, only with the certainty of being crushed by the stone at last.

The other course which was open to us before the Crimean war, and as we believe before the late Russo-Turkish war, was to accept the existence of Russian power in the Eastern Mediterranean as inevitable, and to make Russia our friend. In no way and in no part of the world did the interests of the two nations really clash, while commercially there was everything to bind them together. The assumption that they must collide in Asia because their empires are conterminous, though with an immense mountain wall, or desert spaces as good as any mountain wall, between them, is childish. Russian invasion of India is a bugbear scouted by every cool-headed

and competent judge, while the falsified dispatches of Sir Alexander Burnes remain a shameful monument of the vain efforts to procure evidence of Russian intrigue made by the British intriguers who thrust their country into the Afghan war. In fact, before the Crimean war, Russia was the one cordial friend on whom England could reckon in Europe. To political liberty in Europe Czar Nicholas was an enemy, to England he was none. The offer of Egypt and Crete was not a mark of hostility. But Louis Napoleon and Palmerston were resolved, each for his own objects, that there should be a war. What the war was about, not one of those who were responsible for it could ever clearly say. We were told in general terms, as we are now, that we were fighting to uphold public right and truth against a great conspirator and a giant liar; but of all the strange associates with whom honest men ever found themselves upholding public right and truth against conspirators and liars, the strangest was the late Emperor of the French.

The Crimean war left a dark shadow of enmity and suspicion, across which, we admit, it was not easy to step. Still an English statesman, as we believe, would have stepped across it when he saw the Eastern crisis inevitably coming, if he had been thinking of England and humanity, not of himself. The Czar Alexander frankly held out his hand, and it was and still remains a hand unsullied by anything that could afford the slightest justification for questioning his sincerity. His character as a man of honour stands as high as any in Europe. That he pledged himself in the late war not to annex any territory, so that he has broken his pledge by the Treaty of San Stefano, is a mere calumny, though its repelition has unfortunately had a great effect. Before the war, when his intentions were questioned, he disclaimed in a general way the "desire" of territorial aggrandisement. When the war had begun, he said that he would not take more than the portion of Bessarabia wrested from him in 1856, and Batoum with its territory, provided that he was not obliged to carry the war south of the Balkans. Having been obliged, by the obstinacy of the Turkish resistance, to carry the war south of the Balkans, he has added to Batoum Kars, as any other belligerent, whose sacrifices were increased, would have exacted some increase of compensation. Not long before, he had shown his desire for friendly relations with England by marrying his only daughter to an English prince. Nor, in spite of the attitude of constant suspicion and scarcely veiled hostility assumed towards him by our Government, the insults cast on him, his father's memory, and his army by Court biographers, the torrent of calumnious abuse which, throughout their long and desperate struggle, has been poured on him and on his people, and which rivalled the torrent formerly poured on the American Republic, has he allowed himself personally,

or any one who represented him, to depart from the language of perfect friendliness and courtesy. Twice—through Lord A. Loftus, and again through Colonel Wellesley—he has personally sent cordial messages of amity and reassurance, though on the first occasion his message was suppressed, and he was met with insulting bluster. In June, 1877, he took our Government into his confidence, and with the strongest expressions of his wish for a good understanding with them, communicated to them the project of a treaty which was identical, so far as we can see, in all material respects with the Treaty of San Stefano, and against which they entered no protest at the time, on the ground of British interests or any other interests; seeming, on the contrary, rather to regard it with satisfaction.¹ His reign bears not a trace of territorial ambition; it has been devoted to great internal reforms, one of them of the most stupendous magnitude and difficulty. Poland he has held, as we have held Ireland, because an evil destiny had made it a part of his inheritance, but this no more prevents his liberating Bulgaria than it prevented our liberating Spain. An autocrat he is, and as such, perhaps, a natural object of aversion to Liberals who have not philosophy enough to discriminate between the autocracy which is legitimate and that which is usurped, the autocracy which is reactionary and that which is practically progressive. But for the leaders of the Tory party and the Prime Minister who, since he ceased to be a Chartist, has always been hostile to freedom, and notably the bitter enemy of Italian independence, the Emancipator of the Serfs was surely Liberal enough. Or have our Tories caught an inkling of the fact that Russia, though she has started late, is really a power of progress, while, mankind being rid of the French Empire, the Tory aristocracy of England is now likely to be the great power of reaction?

The Czar, in demanding that justice should be done to the Christian populations, had clearly right on his side—treaty right and right which was above treaties. He had treaty right on his side, because justice to the Christian populations was an essential condition of the whole treaty arrangement, and without it the treaties would have been mere scrolls of iniquity, and morally void; at least we suppose few Englishmen are yet cynical enough to contend with Sir H. Elliot that the strong are warranted in making compacts compelling, in their interest, the weak to submit to oppression. He had a right above treaties on his side, because the cry of the oppressed is, and ever will be, in itself a sufficient warrant for aiding them to him who has the power to do so, especially if he is bound to them by kinship or by any natural tie. That the Christian populations were

(1) Mr. Layard, of course, objected violently, and urged on his client the Porte to its utter ruin. But it does not appear that Mr. Layard's objections were endorsed by the Government.

oppressed, and most grievously oppressed—ten times more grievously oppressed than we English were when we called in William of Orange—it is not open to any one who took part in the Conference of Constantinople to deny. When a government, in place of law and police, imports a horde of murderous savages to keep down its subjects, its character and the condition of the people who are ruled by it need no laborious investigation. That the discontent of a population denied the rights of men was all the work of secret societies, and that the Czar got up massacres in order that he might have a pretext for intervention, are stories which cannot be confuted, but may be allowed to float down the kennel to the cesspool of oblivion.

Did the Czar show an eager desire for war rather than for peaceful reform and re-settlement? Both Lord A. Loftus and Lord Salisbury have attested in the strongest terms his personal desire for peace. But his case does not rest merely on their attestation. His pacific disposition, his moderation, his willingness to act not alone but with the rest of Europe, and to be guided by the common councils, will be held hereafter by all impartial judges to have been proved by his submission of the case to a European Conference, by his loyal co-operation with the other powers at that Conference, and by the reasonable, and more than reasonable, character of the terms which, with their concurrence, he pressed upon the Porte. Why did not the Conference succeed in averting war? Why did the Turk set European justice at defiance? Lord Derby did not hesitate afterwards to assert that the blame rested on Russia, because she had mobilised her army, though his own colleague and ambassador has said that Russia was "the motive power of the Conference." The Conference failed because Sir Henry Elliot was kept at Constantinople; because the ministerial press in England with one voice abetted the Turk in his resistance; because Lord Derby conveyed to the Porte, behind the backs of those with whom he professed to be co-operating in the effort to bring it to reason, an assurance, received by the Grand Vizier "with deep gratitude," that so far as England was concerned there should be no coercion. That the Czar was left to do the work alone was due, not to any rascinations of his, but to conduct on the part of the British Government which in the case of Russia would have been denounced as perfidy.

Posterity, we have little doubt, will say, You ought if you were statesmen to have stepped across the shadow, to have taken the Czar's hand and acted frankly and honourably with him so long as he acted frankly and honourably with you. If he proved faithless, you had your sword at last. Easy the new settlement would not have been. Easy it never can be to regulate the destinies of distant communities of which you are not the keepers, and which nature has in no way given into your hand. But a new settlement then would

have been easily compared with a new settlement now. It would have naturally taken the form of a further extension of practical emancipation to the Slavs, countervailed by a corresponding extension of the territory of Greece. England would have gone in with Greece instead of Turkey, liberty instead of tyranny, youth instead of decrepitude, hope instead of despair, for her client, and her policy would have been a resumption of that of her more generous and her wiser days. That the Turk would have resisted pressure vigorously put upon him by England, Russia, Greece, and the Christian principalities combined, while his own empire heaved with domestic insurrection, seems utterly incredible. He must have seen that the British fleet would cut his empire in two, while an overwhelming force would descend on him from the Danube. Vigorous action on the part of England would probably have determined the concurrence of Austria. The Turk of Constantinople is not the resolute fanatic of Plevna: he would have been content with a lease for life of his corruption. If he was filled with "deep gratitude" by the promise that England would take no part in coercing him, he would have been filled with equal fear by the firm announcement that she would.

Our Government having declined to act with the Czar, the course of events was certain. War between Russia and Turkey, a desperate resistance on the part of the Turk, at last a Russian victory, with a corresponding extension of Russian influence and proportionate demands for a war indemnity, either in the shape of money or of territory. Any chance which might have been left of modifying the Russian terms by amicable representations in the general interests of Europe was forfeited by the hostile attitude at once assumed by our Government, the irritating speeches of the Prime Minister, and the presence of Mr. Layard at Constantinople as the bottle-holder of the Turk. Another consequence almost equally certain was the ruin of our special clients the Greeks, who were restrained from sharing in the Russian victory, and are now being crushed by the Turk, whom neither England nor Russia dares to estrange. If anybody in power wanted to bring about a situation which would almost infallibly lead us into war, much credit is due to him for his statesmanship. Otherwise it is difficult to see how the course of events could have been more unfortunately guided, or the practical objects of statesmanship more completely thrown away. The Suez Canal shares are ours; but the Ottoman Empire has fallen without any new settlement in its place; the chance of Greece is lost; and Russia, which must be the great power in those parts, has been made our enemy for ever. As to the torrents of blood, the hideous sum of human agony, the widespread devastation, the long legacy of hatred which already the conflict has entailed, we do not know whether to high diplomacy these are subjects of much concern.

In the personal character of the Czar, his honour, his humanity, his love of peace, the deep sense of responsibility which must have been produced by his long life of care, his good feeling, apparently not yet quite extinguished towards this country, lies about the best remaining hope for the nations of getting through this imbroglio without again making the earth a charnel-house and once more sowing broadcast the seeds of future quarrels and calamities. Every right-minded man must surely see that it is the duty of those on whom this tremendous responsibility towards England and humanity rests, to spare the Czar's honour as much as possible, to make allowance for the position in which he has been placed by all the abuse and insult that have been poured on him and his people, and strengthen his hands in restraining, if he will, the excited passions of his army and his people. Instead of this our new Foreign Minister exhibits his literary gifts in drawing up a manifesto by which the Russians are warned that England takes exception to every article of the Treaty of San Stefano, and will do her best, if the Congress meets, to rob Russia of all the fruits of her victories.

Besides the general deliverance from Turkey, the experience of the last eighteen months has given England one or two useful lessons which the chances of to-morrow cannot annul. She has seen once more the inherent tendencies of aristocratic government. When the Tories returned to power, if you had said that a war policy and war expenditure would return with them, you would have been treated as a party slanderer. Yet the law of nature has vindicated itself in this case as it did in the case of the military empire in France, which, at its advent, proclaimed itself, and perhaps sincerely, to be peace. So it is, and so it will be till in the conduct of our affairs the industrial element fairly gets the better of the aristocratic. In an apology for aristocracy which has recently proceeded from a distinguished pen, the modern institution is treated as a continuation of mediæval feudalism with improvements suited to our times. We doubt the soundness of this historical position generally; but it is certain that one most serious change has been made by the abolition of military service. That obligation, imposed on the members of the great council of the nation, was an important check on foreign wars. The struggle between the king and the barons which gave us the Great Charter was brought about by the refusal of the barons to follow the king's standard to France. The reckless foreign wars of Edward III. and his son were made not with the feudal militia, but with armies composed of men partly pressed, partly hired, and commanded by professional soldiers, such as Manny, Calverley, and the Captal de Buch. Even the Black Prince, however, though he was neither the most stainless nor the most beneficent character in history, was not a sybarite patronising a spirited policy of carnage; he was a gallant soldier; he wore his

Garter where he won it ; and though he dragged peasants from their homes for the objects of his ambition, he at least risked his life with theirs. If the firing of the first gun were to be the signal for all the titled members of the Stafford House Committee to embark for Gallipoli, or the Baltic, we may depend upon it the powder would be damped. But as it is we have on one side of the picture a field heaped with death, mutilation, and agony, shattered limbs, ghastly wounds, convulsions, lock-jaw, piteous cries for water, while the death-roll is on its way to the unconscious widows and orphans of many a cottage ; on the other side we have his grace's breakfast-table, at which, to the other morning luxuries, is added that of a highly exciting newspaper, as well as a proud glow of satisfaction at the thought of the patriotic policy of which his grace has been a prominent supporter in the House of Lords. Nor do the owners of great estates feel the pinch of war taxation any more than they face the shot. Except those general sentiments of humanity, which they no doubt possess in as large a measure as other men, but which are liable in their case to be overruled, not merely by pugnacity and national ambition, but by the instinctive feeling that militarism is the best support of aristocracy, these men, whom the country has allowed again to get its destinies into their hands, have nothing to prevent their pursuing a policy ruinous to industry, not only because it brings wasteful expenditure and interruption of commerce, but because by estranging from us the hearts of nations, it closes their ports against our trade. A pacific and kindly policy is the only road to Free Trade ; nations will not relax their tariffs in order to provide an aggressive power with the means of domineering over the world.

Lord Derby upbraids the English people with a variableness of mood which precludes a consistent foreign policy. The English people might find materials for a retort in a speech delivered some time ago at King's Lynn by Lord Derby, in which he condemned beforehand, on conclusive grounds, every part of his own recent policy on this Eastern question except his resignation of office. But Lord Derby, instead of saying that England is always changing her mind, should rather say that there are two Englands, the aristocratic and industrial, which have different minds because they have different interests, and which in questions of foreign policy are always at strife with each other. Let industry have its way and it will be easy enough to carry on a consistent foreign policy of rational self-defence, combined with general non-intervention and friendliness towards other nations.

Again we have received a lesson in the form of a remarkable disclosure as to the relations between constitutional government and the personal power of the Sovereign, especially in questions of peace and war. The comments of Verax on the third volume of the *Life of*

the Prince Consort were instructive, those of the *Quarterly Reviewer* on Verax are still more so. The *Quarterly Reviewer* does not deny that the account of the existing state of things drawn by Verax from the *Life* is correct. He takes the bull by the horns and maintains that this state of things is right. He says that "it is ignorance of the gravest kind to suppose that the occupant of the oldest throne in Europe, surrounded by a boundless prestige, possessed of a vast if undefined prerogative, and commanding countless sources of influence, could ever sink into the capacity of a mere mechanical register of the will of Parliament." His views as to the personal power of the Crown are very large indeed; his views as to its responsibility he has not laid before us. If we understand him rightly, he holds that the constitution neither affords nor ought to afford us any safeguard against the exercise of an influence, and perhaps a decisive influence, in a question of peace and war by such a sovereign as George III. even when the light of reason was barely flickering in his mind. Towards this consummation no doubt the country is again moving, and of a series of intrigues the crowning one may be intended to depress the House of Commons and to restore the personal power of the Crown. Some day the Liberals will find themselves again, as in former days, in opposition to the Court as well as to the Tory aristocracy. If this idea is shocking to them, shocked they must be. We are even inclined to suspect that the defence of English liberty, and of Parliamentary Government, is not unlikely to be rougher work during the next half-century than it has been during the last.

Such a tendency of things is, of course, increased by the weakness of the Opposition, which has made it almost worse than useless as a check upon the proceedings of the Government in this time of peril; so that the complacent acceptance by the representatives of the people of a long holiday at the very crisis of our fate excited no indignation, and scarcely any notice. We have already ventured to express our mournful conviction that this weakness arises from no accidental or transient cause, but from a serious, and probably permanent, divergence between the Whig and Liberal wing. No doubt individual Liberals have been carried away from the main body by idiosyncrasies of their own, by an exaggerated and exclusive feeling about Poland, or by ultra-scientific antagonism to the pretensions of Christianity and the fear that a Russian war of liberation would prove a Christian crusade. Nor do we deny that personal eccentricities and rivalries of various kinds have mournfully attested the absence of any leading and controlling mind. Still we think it is evident that the line of cleavage in the main has been that which divides Liberals from aristocratic Whigs. The conduct of the Whig leaders, Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, towards their party is allowed by all to have been as honourable as their position has been trying; but with a party fundamentally united this would

have been less remarked. Had fundamental union existed, the challenge thrown out by the Government in its demand for the grant of six millions might have been met not with mere fiscal objections, which were liable to obvious misconstruction, but with a broad avowal of the policy which the Opposition wished to see pursued. By the Whig debandade on that occasion, all Parliamentary action was discredited, and nothing was left but the press and the equivocal machinery of popular agitation. Nowhere, we believe, was there more rejoicing over the triumph of the war party in the Cabinet than in Whig circles. The secession of the Whigs commenced after the Reform Bill of 1832; it has been going on ever since; it is going on now; its causes are obvious, and no Whig seceder has ever returned. We would suggest nothing precipitate or ungracious. To no one do we pay a sincerer homage than to a man who, born in the aristocracy, casts in his lot with the people. But if a combination has hopelessly broken up, it is better to face the fact and provide for the future. Some intelligible basis, and some definite object, the party must soon find, or it will become a faction and a feeble one. The things which our godfathers and godmothers promised for us in our baptism are excellent, but there is no use in putting them into political language and calling them the principles of the Liberal party. They command universal acquiescence, and move no human being. Every party is a party of wisdom and virtue.

A third lesson which these events have taught us, and which the nation will perhaps be ready to take into its consideration when the series is concluded, is the necessity of placing under definite regulations the prerogative of declaring war. To talk of its being sufficiently under the control of Parliament because Parliament can withhold supplies is mere hypocrisy, if the Government can declare war when Parliament is not sitting, and thus place Parliament between the alternatives of granting the supplies and allowing the nation to be defeated. Even a formal and definite submission of the cause of war to the whole Privy Council would be some security against that which threatens us now—a war for which no intelligible cause can be assigned—a war of blind passion inflamed by stockjobbers and worked upon by intrigue—a war for which the signal may at last be given, not by any decision of the national mind, however misguided, but a mere physical explosion of the elements of mischief which have been brought together at Constantinople. Matters, we fear, have now passed beyond the control of national reason and morality. At the end of the dark prospect there is just a glimmer of hope that these calamities may prove blessings in disguise, and that the ultimate result may be, not a re-enslavement of the Bulgarian, but an emancipation of the English people.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE FRENCH WORKMEN'S CONGRESS.

IN the early part of the present year there met at Lyons the annual Congress of French Workmen. It was in every sense the counterpart of those Trades-Union Congresses with which we are familiar at home. Delegates were sent from most of the trades and districts of France; and during twelve days every side of the labour question was actively debated. Here, if anywhere, we ought to get an insight into what is passing in the minds of the workmen abroad. For more than a year we have watched from day to day the political movement of France; but of the yet greater social movement how little do we really know! I am not aware that any notice has appeared in this country of this remarkable gathering; and as I have studied for my own instruction the entire mass of the twelve days' discussions, I propose to give some account of their character and results.

I shall give an *account* of the proceedings, not a criticism; I shall neither advocate nor denounce; and as I shall abstain from refuting the speakers, I shall abstain from ridiculing them. To attempt a criticism would be to embark in the discussion of almost every problem in economics and in social politics. It cannot be supposed that I make myself responsible for a mass of more or less divergent statements, and I must decline the task of discriminating the truths or exposing the fallacies. What we want to know is what is being said and done. I know that there is a miserable social cowardice abroad which cannot bear to be told even what things are discussed; which treats those who try to understand them as if they were the authors of dangerous heresies. There is much, it will be seen, in the schemes and arguments thrown up in this Congress which is the very negation of all that I believe in myself; but there is much which I think deserving of serious thought and active sympathy. As a picture of the aspirations of the French workmen it is worthy of careful study; for the future of the workmen of France is, perhaps, the most critical factor in the future of civilisation itself. Though the Congress, as a whole, seems to me to advance almost no way towards the true *solution* of social problems, as a *statement* of the problems its importance cannot be gainsaid.

The first impression conveyed is this, that Communism, or indeed any systematic Socialism, is entirely extinct in France. The difference is conspicuous between the language now used and that of some thirty years ago. The difference too between the tone of these French workmen and that of the German assemblies of the same

kind is equally striking. Communism is now a German ideal exclusively, as will be seen by any one who studies the report of the late congress at Gotha. In Lyons neither the name nor the notion appears. The decisions of the majority no more attack the general principle of property than do those of any English political assembly. Many of the best speeches insist on the usefulness of property as an institution, and the most brilliant and perhaps the most applauded speech is an elaborate defence of private capital, not only as against communism, but as against co-operation. There is an active and eloquent group who advocate "collectivism," but these stoutly repudiate any intervention of the State; their "collectivism" calls out loud protests, and is ultimately rejected by a large majority. Not only is there no systematic communism, except in the form which we should call universal Co-operation, but there is no systematic socialism of any kind. I mean that no known theory of socialism, connected with a particular name or a particular school, is even mentioned by the speakers. Throughout the whole proceedings (so far as I can remember) the names of Fourier, Cabet, L. Blanc, did not once occur. Proudhon is quoted, not as a systematic socialist, but for incidental reflections. Auguste Comte is reputedly cited by one speaker, but, with that exception, I do not think that the doctrines of any school, much less the schemes of any practical socialism, are advocated by any single delegate.

And yet the assembly is altogether socialist in one sense. It is socialist in the sense that every man of them insists that the economic relations of society are not in a healthy state, that they must be transformed in the future if civilisation is to advance. They cry out that the condition of labour is radically wrong somewhere, that it is not in a permanent shape at all, and that its condition is often heart-rending. They will accept no political compensation, no religious consolation, no scientific assurance that it is all as it should be and all as it must be. In that sense they are socialists, and talk of the social revolution and the social settlement. But on the other hand they almost to a man repudiate any settlement by the State, or any patent scheme of social regeneration by legislative means. Their jealousy, their, so to speak, abhorrence of State interference, would quite satisfy Mr. Herbert Spencer. Nor is there a single working model of Utopia which inspires the slightest confidence amongst them. The demands they make of the legislature are matters of detail, nearly every one of which is at work in this country. Their general schemes amount to very little beyond vague hopes of co-operation and the demand for legal freedom of association. The picture they paint of industry as it is, is terrible; their determination that it shall not remain so for ever is unyielding; but their projects as to how it shall be ended seem as yet but blind yearnings for light

—the voice of one crying, "Watchman, what of the night? Will the night soon pass?" Never was a people so much in need of a wise guide, so well prepared for guidance, so that it be not the perpetual monotonous lie,—It is all very good and right.

The French Congress is in marked contrast to the English assemblies. With us the discussions turn entirely on matters of practical legislation; certain bills before Parliament are to be supported or opposed; certain official inquiries, regulations, or concessions are demanded. Nine-tenths of what goes on in an English Trades-Union Congress has relation to the House or the Home Office. There is nothing of the kind at Lyons. There not a single bill pending at Versailles is even mentioned throughout the discussions; no reference to a single parliamentary party or even politician; there is not a public man, not a single employer, not a public writer with whom the Congress has the smallest relation, or in whom it seems to put the slightest confidence. The Radicals, the extreme Left, are all treated as being just as hostile as the extreme Right; the most ultra-republican journals, including that of M. Rochefort, are utterly repudiated; indeed, M. Rochefort is called the Red Jesuit; nor is there a single capitalist who seems to be in the slightest degree of contact with them. Now in England we know there are dozens of members of Parliament, and even members of governments, and that on both sides, from whom the bills of our workmen's congresses receive active support; at every annual meeting there are great employers and great capitalists, public men and public writers, in constant intercourse with them. Men in the same position as Mr. Brassey, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Forster, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Samuel Morley, Lord Lichfield, Mr. Hughes, and the like, are utterly unknown in the French movement. The idea of popular Conservative employers is still more completely incomprehensible. Such a man as Mr. Cross, a Conservative Minister of the Interior, legalising trades-unions and codifying the vast network of factory legislation, would indeed be a portent in France. It is clear that the legislature in France is immensely behind that of England in its interest in labour questions; that the political and powerful classes in France are in no sort of real contact with the workmen; and that great employers or great landowners having their confidence can hardly be said to exist. One cannot fail to see how far more truly the governing classes in England in their own way sympathise with, and work at, the great social problems; how much less sharp is the antagonism of class here; how much the English labourers owe to that mass of protective legislation, against which the men and women with a crotchet are so urgent in protesting. At Lyons, M. Gambetta is simply a bourgeois politician; M. de Marcère is simply a continuation of M. de Fourtou; Victor Hugo is simply a

poet; and Jules Simon is merely an intriguer. The French workmen still cling to their old idea of fashioning the future by themselves alone—though now, be it said, without subversive measures, without legislation, and even without the State.

There is in the French meeting an entire absence of that business-like and parliamentary treatment of the questions which we are accustomed to see at home. Here most matters are debated from more or less the same point of view in which they are debated before a Parliamentary committee or in a deputation to the Home Office. At Lyons nine-tenths of the speeches are simply essays on the general relations of society and classes. There is no debating or discussion of opinions, and there is little that can be called the consideration of any definite scheme. But, on the other hand, the essays, as statements of social questions, are full of energy and thought. They show reading, reflection, and a very high standard of literary skill. It is quite astonishing to find workmen delivering compositions which, at any rate in form, are equal to any literature of the day. There is nothing of the loose conversational dribble which goes on in English meetings and even in the English Parliament. Speaker after speaker gets up and delivers what might fairly pass as passages recited from Jules Simon or Louis Blanc. A house-painter quotes Leibnitz and a crowd of political economists; a vine-dresser enlarges on Bossuet, Descartes, and Dunoyer; a female silk-winder gives an elaborate discourse on ignorantism; and a working printer expounds an ingenious theory of modern history. There are many passages in many of the discourses which are as closely reasoned and as tersely put as an article in the *Débats* or the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This mastery of the methods of expression is something far beyond anything of what we have experience here. The discourses as a whole are vastly more readable and more skilfully composed than the ordinary papers of a Social Science Congress; and I doubt if the theories are vaguer and more unpractical. And, if the debates fall far short of those of the English Trades-Union Congress, in that they offer almost nothing in the way of practical legislation; on the other hand, they probe to the roots the social problem itself, and they present it as one, not of legislative tinkering, but of social regeneration.

The Congress which met at Lyons on the 28th of January had been postponed from the previous September in consequence of the political crisis. It was attended by about one hundred and forty delegates from various parts of France, of whom nine were women representing women's unions, and three were peasants representing rural societies. With one or two exceptions, all were actual working men. The delegates were sent by bodies of very various kinds; some being trades-unions, as we should call them; some co-operative

societies; some trades-councils; and some democratic clubs. In consequence of the precarious condition of all such societies under French law, the want of strict representative character is very obvious. All federations of the kind are illegal; the Congress itself met only on sufferance; the police could have closed it by a simple word; and every speech was delivered under liability to instant arrest. But, though the delegates had a constituency of a most irregular kind, and could not show, as in an English congress, an express nomination by at least a million of organized members, there is no reason to doubt that they were the representatives of the leading groups of French workmen. And many of them came with a very strict *mandat impératif* from their electors, *i.e.* express orders on each specific question as to what they were to vote.

The Congress sat during twelve days in one of the theatres of Lyons expressly arranged for the purpose. It was handsomely decorated with red drapery, red flags bearing the names of the cities represented, and a fine bust of the Republic with a red fillet. It may be said that this colour red, which for decorative purposes is capable of magnificent effects, represents to French workmen, not, as some have absurdly said, violence in any way, but the peaceful Republic of industry. Of course the forms observed were of the strict democratic sort. At each of the twelve sittings a president is chosen by vote, three secretaries, and four vice-presidents. All are elected by acclamation; that is to say, the assembled delegates simultaneously call out the names of their choice, and the issue seems to be spontaneously evolved by the predominance of particular names. It is a process analogous to the *Dieu le veult* of the Middle Ages, or the recent nomination of Pope Leo XIII. Human ingenuity, however, has not yet succeeded in eliminating the necessity for some vestige of individual dictation in the process; so the secretary of the preliminary business committee has to stand on the edge of the tribune, and in a self-effacing manner invites the deputies to proceed to acclamation, and, with submission, suggests the result of the call. Thus every member of this ephemeral government receives at each sitting a spontaneous "call," as pure as that of a presbyterian congregation. The nine women have rather the lion's share of the offices, and they do a proportionate part of the talking. Of course every one is strictly addressed or spoken of as *citoyen*, *citoyenne*, including a certain *Comte de Calvinhac*, who appears as the delegate *Citoyen Calvinhac*. But though the president is changed every day, each deputy seems perfectly capable of doing the work well, and he certainly succeeds in keeping order a good deal better than M. Grévy. Secretaries, committees, presidents, and individual speakers, are not below the level of any representative assembly in the world. If the matter were only as admirable as the form, nothing could be desired better.

The subjects successively debated at the Congress are as follows :—

1. Women's work.
2. Trades-unions and co-operative associations.
3. Industrial crises, strikes, lockouts.
4. Education, technical instruction, apprenticeship.
5. Direct representation of workmen in Parliament.
6. Insurance funds for sick and superannuated workmen.
7. Agricultural labour and its relations to city industry.
8. Vagrancy and vice in cities.
9. Boards of arbitration (*conseils de prud'hommes*).

1. *Women's Work*.—The first important address on this subject is that of *Marie Finet*, a young woman of twenty years, delegate of the women's union of Lyons, who speaks with great force and eloquence :—

"The first question," she says, "is this—Ought woman to work? Yes—even without necessity for it—in order that she may be morally, intellectually, socially the equal of man. The evils of women's work are in the low wages caused by men invading the sphere of women's work, and by men's cruelty and neglect of the women they ought to protect. The girl of twelve or thirteen in a factory is treated with cruelty and brutality. Mere children, most of them foundlings, or brought up by hospitals or poorhouses, or, it may be, ignorantly sent into the cities by peasants, are employed as silk-winders from five in the morning until nine at night in summer and ten in winter. *Their actual work is fifteen hours a day, broken only on Sunday, which is occupied by household work or sometimes in degrading ceremonies at church.* What is most needed is an instruction for women equal to that of men. The idea of the mental inferiority of women is a miserable commonplace of an effete society. The real malady of society lies in the misery of woman. Whence this misery? 1. From the work which men rob her of. 2. From the work done in convents. 3. From the competition of the work of prisons. The practical conclusions are—first, the union of all classes of working people; secondly, a universal petition of women throughout France to remove the competition of the convents and the prisons."

So far *Marie Finet*, with eloquence, passion, but an obviously incomplete grasp of the social question. *Souchet* follows, and he insists, amidst applause, that the place of women is not in the factory at all, but in the care of the home. A succession of speakers, men and women, give the following figures as the wages earned by women and girls :—

"Making linen caps, six dozen (at net prices), 3 francs 50 centimes. The worker can make two dozen a day. *Thus the day's wage is 1 franc 15 cents;* and the caps are made at about 6d. a dozen. Shirts are paid at 40 cents. each. She can make three a day, *gaining (less cotton) 1 franc 5 cents.* Men's holland trousers are paid 60 cents. a pair. *The day's work of ten hours with the machine, deducting cotton, amounts to 1 franc 5 cents.* Military haversacks are made at 2 francs 50 cents. the hundred; four of these can be made in the hour; which makes about 1 franc 25 cents., *or a shilling, for twelve hours' work.* Cloth caps are made at 2 francs 50 cents. the dozen, at the rate of 1 franc 20 cents. *for the day's work.* Women working with the needle, without a machine, make from 50 to 80 centimes (5d. to 8d.) *in a long day at home.* The use of the sewing-machine becomes injurious to health after a few years of continual application. A shopkeeper of the *Rue Mercière* is quoted as saying, 'I only employ at the machine young girls from sixteen to eighteen, for I know that at twenty they

are only fit for the hospital.' 'There is a society,' says Madame Merle, of the women's union, 'to protect animals; who is there to protect woman? Who comes to save her from the slow suicide of overwork, or, what is worse, from the self-abandonment to vice which is wrung from her by her misery? The sewing-machine was hailed as the godsend of the poor scempstress. But, in her helplessness, all the profit passes to her employer.'

"To her succeeds a printer, who warmly supports her demand for the emancipation of women's labour. He thinks that both sexes should fix their own wages. Only he warns the Congress, amidst great applause, that the attempt to introduce women into printing works, as advocated by some mistaken philanthropists, has proved a total mistake. It has proved to be merely a new method of making a tool of the workmen. For the employers only pay 'the women half-wages for fifteen hours' work, and then reduce the wages of the men.' The pretended remedy is thus delusive and anti-social.' The printer receives repeated applause, and is congratulated by the president."

Other speakers insist that women's work should be confined to the lighter employments, in which there is no competition with men. They inveigh against the competition of convents and prisons, against the introduction of forced religious discipline into certain factories, and against the grasping and sometimes even infamous proceedings in the agency offices for finding employment, which they declare are used for purposes of prostitution. The delegate of the weavers of *Vienne* gives the following statistics and facts:—

"Girls in carding and felt-making are employed from six in the morning until seven at night, or *thirteen hours continuously*; meals being taken during the work, as no hand is allowed to leave the mill on any pretext during working hours. The wages are from 1 franc 30 cents. to 2 francs a day, at the rate of 15 cents. (1½d.) an hour. *The night work in factories for girls is from 7 P.M. until 6 A.M., or 11 hours, the average wages being 2 francs.* Female weavers work from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M., making, with one and a half hours' rest, eleven and a half hours per day; at 2 francs 25 cents. for piceworkers, and 2 francs 50 cents. for the day-workers. Tenters and winders work twelve hours and a half, at wages of 1 franc 40 cents. or 1 franc 50 cents. a day. The apprentices, *some of whom are barely ten years of age, are paid 70 or 75 cents. a day; their hours of work are also twelve and a half hours.* The insurance for loss of life is 1,000 francs, an annuity of 300 francs a year for the loss of two limbs, 200 francs for the loss of one limb, and 100 francs for the loss of several fingers or other mutilation. But women can hardly ever succeed in recovering these sums in full. The grossest language is used by managers and foremen even to girls of fourteen or fifteen. 'Ah!' says the weavers' delegate, 'is it not enough to exploit these unfortunate girls: must you insult them as well?' Women working at home receive on an average 3 centimes an hour. Here is the source of prostitution. The conclusions of the reporter are: extension and application of the law on children's work (19 May, 1874); the abolition of all female night-work by a general legal prohibition; establishment of the same wages for the same work, whether women or men be employed; a reform of the law on insurance of life; industrial co-operation; the suppression of women's work in factories."

The delegate of the Lyons silk-dressers calculates the number of women employed in factories and workshops in the entire district at two hundred thousand, *their average wages at 2 francs a day, the hours at from eleven to thirteen a day.* He recounts the unhealthy

nature of certain works, which is such that a woman weaver cannot continue work after twenty-five, or at most thirty, years of age, and the great heat of certain factories. He declares that in the finishing of muslin in the works of Tarare the heat is so great that the workwomen can hardly bear any clothing. He next passes to the system of apprenticeship, declaring that girls of twelve are kept at work from twelve to fifteen hours, *that the law of 1874 is a dead letter*, as there exist neither inspectors nor commissioners to expose it, and that apprenticeship leads in the case of girls to continual seduction and outrage. He next attacks the system of religious workshops and convent workshops. These, he says, are exempt from all restrictions of age or hours; *they make use of children of five and six*; they subject them to the most severe tasks; as they are endowed charities they are able to undersell all competitors; they thus continually reduce the current prices, and hence the current wages; and they constantly produce a glut and stagnation of employment, by which, as they are charitable, and not industrial, undertakings, they are not directly affected.

At the conclusion of the discussion a report, drawn by Joséphine André, washerwoman of Paris, was adopted. It proposes the formation of women's trades-unions; that all work done in prisons, and military outfitting, should be fixed at the rates current in each trade; prohibition of women's night-work, and reduction of the day to eight hours; suppression of the agency offices for employment; revision of the law of juvenile labour in manufactures; its extension to convents and religious workshops; the age of thirteen to be the minimum for apprenticeship; the removal of all laws restricting the freedom of association; and a general petition for the suppression of conventual and religious workshops.

It is impossible to doubt that France, with its stationary population, is no less tried than we are ourselves by destitution of women and low wages; that the conditions of the female factory workers are far worse than our own. Almost the one definite proposal which these assembled workmen and workwomen can make is the adoption of that factory legislation which England has been carrying out over a period of forty years, and which has just been so ably consolidated by Mr. Cross.

2. *Trades-Unions and Co-operation.*—The first speaker, *Maria Vincent*, of the women's union of Lyons, enlarges on the difficulties which the female workers meet in the formation of a union, not only from without, but also from the men of their own households. She insists that whilst men work ten hours, women work from twelve to fifteen, and even then have domestic work besides. She urges renewed efforts for more enlightenment, a higher education of women, and a trade newspaper organ for the exchange of views. And she

concludes thus: "Citizens, I have but one word more. We are under the domination of capital, because we do not unite. Let us form co-operative societies, and this state will cease." The other speakers continue much in the same vein. Almost all inveigh against the action of capital, and extol the value of trades-unions; but almost nothing is said which in an English congress would be thought to be of practical service. Here one of the standing rules is that discourses on the general utility of unions or co-operation are not admitted, as being needless. At Lyons, this forms almost the whole of the discussion. But then the great difference is, that in France trades-unions are dependent on the sufferance of the government, and the universal cry of the delegates is for legal liberty of association. The tendency is to regard unionism only as a stepping-stone towards co-operation, to denounce strikes, and to call for a general federation of unions. It is plain that unionism is not very much in favour with them; for unionism recognizes the condition of *wages* as the basis of its action, whereas the Congress repeats that wages form only the transitory state between serfage and that "undefined state" (*état inouï*) which is to be reached ultimately by productive co-operation. In the course of the discussion the deputy from Vienne gives the wages of the men weavers at 1 franc 95 centimes a day, and he states the hours of the fullers to be twelve to fourteen a day. *Boyet*, a working jeweller of Lyons, treats the economic question with much ability:—

He warns the Congress against the danger that the new trades-unions should imitate the narrow protective policy which Turgot denounced in the ancient guilds. "If we fail to respect individual liberty, and the conditions of industry; if we stifle that initiative of the individual, which is our genius, we fall into communism. There is the danger." He then argues against the fallacy of a general rise of wages, which he shows would be immediately followed by a general rise of prices. Some, he continues, argue for external aid and encouragement to workmen's societies, meaning by that, the aid of the State. "This," he insists, "is an old error. The State is nothing, it is ourselves, it is an impersonal being, charged with material order. All social questions are to be solved by themselves, without force, without commotion, by the simple principle of freedom. Freedom for association is all that they ask, under the sole condition of publicity. Thus only can they get rid of secret societies, those cosmopolitan committees who affect to rule us from without; preaching revolt and revolution to the profit of their own ascendancy. The Black International should be proscribed. Let us beware of those foreigners without country. Let us be Frenchmen before all, and look to patriotism and to education to eradicate the evils of Cæsarism. When the least village buried in the gorges of our mountains shall have its own school, the reign of the Republic will be established for ever. It is to the Republic that we must look to solve without revolution (*sans bouleversement*) the economic problem which engages us. No! no more violent revolutions; no more hatreds; no more recriminations; no more suffering. An instructed people, jealous of its rights, of its honours and its dignity, will know how to solve the stiff problem of its economic emancipation by itself alone, without protection, without calling for the intervention of the State; for the State has nothing to do with the matter

except to give us that which we shall not cease to demand: liberty." Such is the language of a socialist of 1878. The speaker sat down amidst loud applause (*viz's applaudissements*).

Co-operation.—The debate on co-operation is remarkable for the general tendency of the speakers to depreciate the value of trades-unions and to denounce strikes. "*La grève*," says the delegate of the leather-dressers of Paris, "*la grève, c'est l'augmentation de la misère.*" He goes on to show the economic consequences of a rise of wages in a corresponding rise in prices. He points to America, where the day's wage is 12 to 15 francs, and where every article of necessity is three or four times as dear as in France. The remedy lies in co-operation. He is followed by the deputy of the Co-operative Supply Society of Paris, who in a long and elaborate report enlarges on *co-operation as the sole and complete remedy for every industrial evil*; unions are only good in so far as they prepare the way to it; strikes are an evil which injure everybody; co-operation must be extended until it embraces all industry, abolishes the wages system, and supersedes employers, by making all workers equal co-operators. He carries his objection to individual dictation so far that he insists on the suppression of the president at all workmen's meetings; all communications to be made by a committee speaking impersonally. "*The word President*," he says, "*must be erased from the socialist vocabulary.*" Perhaps, by the way, a collective telephone, or co-operative phonograph, might secure the democratic ideal of suppressing personality.

Several of the speakers propose to carry co-operation to the point of *collectivism*; by which, in some undefined way, they appear to mean the possession by the State, or some collective body, of the raw materials (including land) and the instruments of production (tools, machines), which are to be temporarily advanced to co-operative productive societies. No attempt is made to explain how, or on what conditions, this is to be done, or how, and on what terms, the collective body is to acquire these materials. It remains as a vague ideal which is to supersede employers and wages. In the end the Congress, whilst adopting the principle of universal co-operation, rejects, by a large majority, the amendment of the "collectivists."

3. *Industrial Crises and Want of Work.*—On this question little that is new is said, and the discussion is chiefly confined to complaints of the recurrence of violent periods of overwork followed by long and terrible stagnation, in which vast bodies of workmen are reduced to misery by causes over which they have no control, and which they have no means of foreseeing. The most remarkable speech is made by *Finance*, a working house-painter of Paris, who presents to the Congress an essay of very remarkable merit. He is listened to with deep interest, and welcomed with a triple salvo of

cheers. Finance is a young workman belonging to the Positivist society of Paris, who has acquired an education of a really high order, and treats the social questions with insight and independence. At the former Congress of Paris he had produced a great impression by his speech on Co-operation, in which he had warned his fellow-workmen against the delusion of seeing in it a universal panacea, and had insisted on the importance of capital and its independence, looking to its being improved in the future by the agency of moral means alone. It is impossible to give any idea of the unusual merit of the former essay,¹ or of that now delivered to the Congress of Lyons. Both are worthy to take their places beside the best philosophic discussions of our day.

Finance begins by pointing to the leading causes of industrial distress. He points out that by the improvement of machinery our industrial system has been attained, but that no account is taken of the immediate evils which are caused by sudden changes in machinery. "It is progress, we are told; there must be victims; you must resign yourselves to your lot. But the victims of this new God are human beings. It occurs to no one that this deity perhaps may be appeased by a sacrifice of capital instead of men. Private property always receives its compensation when injured for the public advantage. It occurs to no one to compensate in any way workmen who are suddenly deprived of their living. To tell them that their sufferings prepare the way for some increase of material prosperity in years to come, is indeed a mockery. Why this perpetual mania for ever-increasing production, and not a word about its due distribution? It is the mode in which production is organized and applied which is the truly important thing: not the indefinite growth of production. Our economists are too much inclined to give all their thoughts to the *product*, and to waste little of their sympathy on the *producers*. We refuse to believe, as Bastiat will have it, 'that the consumer represents humanity.' We are socialists, and, as such, we will give the noble title of Progress to that form of material improvement alone which has regard to the physical, moral, and intellectual growth of the labourer. The man first: the product next. Production for Man: not Man for Production."

The speaker declines to suggest any scheme of compensation. He insists only on this as a general principle to be worked out hereafter: *that those capitalists who are responsible for great industrial changes which inflict wide ruin on their workmen, are responsible also for the measures which shall neutralise or mitigate these consequences.* A second cause of industrial distress is to be found in the restlessness and caprice of consumers. "An idle fashion is changed for a whim; and the silk factories are paralysed, Habits, dress, occupations, amusements, ornaments, are flung aside or adopted in the very wantonness of caprice. Furniture, clothing, house-building, decoration, must be constantly changed with a feverish vehemence; must be instantly discarded or produced, at whatever suffering to all who are sacrificed in the change, or sacrificed in the effort. If a house is to be painted, as we know to our cost, it is left to the last moment; and then it must be completed in a scramble day and night. We starve and are idle for half a month, to be driven by overwork the other half. The consumer is not satisfied unless he have absolute freedom for his fancy—freedom to abuse rather than to use—the power of commanding instant execu-

(1) See a pamphlet, *Le Positivisme et le Congrès Ouvrier*. Paul Ritti. Paris: 1877. This is a collection of three discourses presented to the Paris Congress of 1876 by three Positivist working-men—Magnin, Laporte, Finance. It is my deliberate conviction that nothing in modern economic literature exceeds the truth, the originality, and the eloquence of these speeches by three Parisian working-men.

tion of his caprices, and summary dismissal of all who have served his wants. But do I mean that we should return to the crudity of sumptuary laws? that the State should intervene to prescribe fashions? Far from it. I say only that our employers and the consumers are to blame in the sight of the moral law: the first for their venal servility to their clients, the second for the criminal indifference of their caprice.

"But is it true that we are in no sort responsible ourselves for this wretched situation? Are we doing all we can to remove it? In the settlement of this question of higher social morality, the arm of the law does harm rather than good. It is public opinion alone which can deal with it. It is opinion which must blame or approve, and thereby influence the conduct of mankind. Now the working mass, by its number, is the base of public opinion. We workmen, then, have within our own hands the weapon by which we ought to carry our legitimate appeal. We ought to impress on the public those habits of providence and thoughtfulness, the daily neglect of which is one of the causes of our misery.

"And in order to have the right to appeal to opinion, we too must practise the cure we preach. And if we charge on the fancies and caprices of part of the population so much of the actual industrial distress, must we not, as consumers, and in our degree, beware of caprice ourselves? Alas! how far are we from this! We, too, like the public, are ever ready to change our tradesmen or our caterers with the easy sophism, 'every one must live.' No! it is this restlessness of our daily habits which really injures all alike; the consumer, the seller, the producer equally suffer. The consumer, by his own caprice, gets badly and dearly served. The manufacturer and the merchant have to provide for risks and losses which they cannot foresee. And we, the producers, are worst of all, for we pass from exhausting overwork to enforced idleness and want. And yet, let me repeat, no remedy can be found in laws; it must come from moral and voluntary regulation alone. We desire to have the forcible rule of the law reduced to its minimum point. But then we must be a law to ourselves—

'La loi que l'on s'impose est seule salutaire.'

"Far be it from us to say to the capitalists, Take yourselves off, that we may take your places! No! our aim is not to make a change in the persons who possess wealth, but in the sense of duty under which they shall employ wealth. It would be idle to change the functionaries who direct it, if we make no change in the mode in which the function of capital is understood. Would it serve us one whit, even if it were possible, to make the poor of to-day the rich of tomorrow, whilst we had done nothing to elevate the spirit in which riches are to be used? No! we accept the personal appropriation of property, but we deny it its *absolute* claim. No man shall say to us, 'I will do what I please with my own, without a thought of any man but myself.' All capital comes from social co-operation, oftenest that of those who have gone before us more than that of those who are amongst us. And social considerations must always be kept in view in its employment.

"Let us tell the *bourgeoisie* that it is little in our thoughts to make a *tabula rasa* of existing institutions, in order to put in their place a new society constructed *à priori* out of our own brains. Our belief is that Progress consists far more in improving than in destroying. But we tell the rich that it is in their power to do great things to avert in the future these industrial crises. Now, to hold such language, we must make it clear that we repudiate heartily certain doctrines which find favour with workmen, though our daily lives repudiate them most completely, the effect of which teaching is this: 'the well-being of industry can be attained by carrying consumption to its farthest point, without any regard to economic stability or forethought.'

"Pierre Lafitte has said: '*To produce furiously, that we may consume indefinitely, seems the one ideal that men imagine for human life.*' And the representative of socialism in Belgium tells us that the one object of human society is to make individual consumption the utmost possible. So that, forsooth, the

most civilised of peoples will be that which consumes the most. Hence comes that incessant stimulus to new channels of production, or new kinds of consumption, throwing into constant disturbance the relations of the consumers to the producers, and of the producers one to the other. This perpetual confusion in industry is due to this, that all minds are bent exclusively on the rage for producing: a rage maintained by nothing but personal interest, without a thought of society or of morality being allowed to interfere. How do you propose, in the face of passions like these, to give any method to production?

"To attempt to control production, whilst consumption is absolutely uncontrolled, is to put the cart before the horse.

"The sole remedy lies in an improved tone of opinion: and that opinion we ourselves must create. It is for us to reërise our participation in this desperate race for money. We blame soldiers who make themselves the passive instruments of an attack on society. Why should we be passive soldiers of industry when it threatens the public welfare? It is for us to insist on moral and social considerations being heard in the employment of capital. Theologies are impotent to regulate industry.' Theology has nothing to say but to preach almsgiving to the rich, resignation to the poor. That is not enough for us. We ask for a moral control.

"One great protection that we ought to have is legal possession of our own homes. We are wanderers who pitch our tents only in the midst of modern society; we have no hold on it, nothing to bind us to the past, or to the world in which we live.

"After all efforts, there will always be great crises in industry which no forethought can avoid. For these let us provide ourselves by insurance funds; but there is place here as well for public bodies. We ask not of the State to settle the social question; we ask it only to give us freedom of meeting and of discussion. But we do say that public authorities, and the municipalities in particular, can do much to alleviate these periods of distress by a wise distribution of public works.

"As to the work of women, by all means let us ameliorate it, if possible. But we must look to its gradual diminution, in order that woman may one day assume her true part, that of directing education and managing the home. The factory work of women is an anomaly, and we should not look to consolidate it. After all, our future in the main rests with ourselves. Let us give a civic character to our education; let us freely labour at those practical institutions which may improve our material condition, that we may improve thereby our moral elevation; and prepare for the day when industry shall enter on its peaceful reign."

And the young Positivist house-painter resumed his seat amidst a triple salvo of applause from the socialist Congress of Lyons.

Space will not allow us to give an abstract of what was said on the questions of education, of apprenticeship, of the representation of workmen in Parliament, of benefit funds for sickness and old age, the relations between town and country, urban and rural industry, vagrancy and social vice, boards of arbitration. On all of these subjects striking remarks were made; but the only practical suggestions are such as have long been familiar with us at home. A remarkable and excellent book on our English trade questions has just appeared (*The Conflicts of Capital and Labour*, by George Howell). Any one who compares that volume with the report of the Lyons Congress will see that the institutions of the French workmen are only in their infancy; that the conditions of their labour are far more severe than here; and that the divisions of class

and class are far greater in France. He will also observe that the French workmen are socialists in a true sense, though not communists; that their one aim is to find a radical social remedy for the misery of their lives.

The universal cry in which all their proposals centre is liberty of meeting and of discussion, and an honest execution of the actual factory law. To the State they look for nothing; they repudiate and deprecate its help. The delegate of the engineers of Grenoble stands up and says:—

“I came here, citizens, with a mandate to demand the help of the State for superannuated workmen. But since I have heard the powerful speeches in this tribune, and the spirit of this congress, I am convinced that the State can give us no true help, but may in a moment become our enemy. And I go with the general feeling around me in demanding not a protective law, but the simple abrogation of oppressive restrictions.”

There is a general demand for compulsory, gratuitous, lay education; for the abolition of standing armies, and of the State Churches. Some vehement appeals are made as to the cruelty and the immorality which spring up in the system of apprenticeship. On the direct representation of the people a torrent of eloquence is poured out, and all the parties, and all the deputies of Versailles, are alike repudiated as marked with the fatal taint of the *bourgeois*. The new weapon to obtain honesty in a representative is a strict *mandat impératif*, express orders as to the vote the delegate is to give.

The delegate of the miners of St. Etienne recounts how they work in the pit *twelve hours a day, the miner entering it at the age of ten or twelve, and finding himself broken down and decrepit at the age of thirty*. The delegate of the peasants of the Haute Saône is a peasant who speaks in epigrams, who quotes Dunoyer and Bossuet, and protests against a pedantocracy. He declares that intellectual emancipation is necessary for the peasant, that superstition is the source of his conservatism.

“They tell the ploughman of Europe that his crops will flourish at the will of a Power who is the direct descendant of Isis and Osiris. The old Egyptians thought that Isis blessed their fields; now the God of Mahomet has taken the place of Isis; and yet the fellah sees his corn ripen just the same. Religions decay; but the laws of nature stay. The Indian thinks Brahma descends on his rice fields. The Chinaman believes in the great All, or else in Boudधा. The Greeks and Romans saw in it the work of Ceres. In Asia it is the Grand Lama; in Africa the Great Serpent, or the Big Spirit.”

So far the French Joseph Arch. An eloquent peasant certainly is Citizen *Jacquemin*, agricultural labourer of Flourey-sur-Saône, though perhaps a little vague for practical business. But the schoolmaster is abroad in the Upper Saône, and, it seems, the priest also.

Historical disquisitions and political essays of this kind draw out a protest. One deputy insists that the apostles of collectivism, positivism, and all other new theories shall be called to order. The Congress contents itself with a formal vote that all the speakers keep

to the question : a vote which is as completely a dead letter as the French factory law. One of the most remarkable protests is the universal outcry against the French law of the *police des mœurs*. It is not a subject on which we can enlarge here. But the story of misery leading to vice, of the helplessness of the young abandoned in great cities, of the results of the apprentice system, of the perversion of employment agencies, and of the infamies of the police licensing system, is very terrible to hear. The language is too strong and plain to quote. It may be summed up in one sentence from the speech of a woman delegate of Lyons : "*Les sauvages n'ont rien, d'aussi éœurant, d'aussi révoltant, d'aussi dégradant. Toutes nos forces doivent tendre à ce but : la désinfection des villes par l'abolition des maisons de tolérance et de tous genres de prostitution patentée.*"

I will close this account with extracts from a second speech by *Finance*, working house-painter of Paris, of the Positivist society. He is speaking of the mode of uniting Town and Country.

"Let us beware, in our dealings with the peasant, of wounding his sense of personal independence; let us beware of alarming him by theories which are still but crude ideals in our own minds. The Empire and its twenty years were the consequence of our absolute doctrines of the sovereignty of the people. And do you think to rally the peasant to the Republic or to socialism by preaching to him the doctrine of the collective appropriation of the soil? He is too much addicted, it is true, to unlimited subdivision of it; this parcelling (*morcellement*) of plots is a national evil. But do you think, that in view of the general good, he is going to cast down his boundaries, to cut down his tree that he has planted, to forsake the furrows he has watered with the sweat of his brow, in order to throw his acre into a vast communal estate? No! he will turn his back upon your preaching; he will seize his gun to defend his property, his own *bien*; and they, who think they can preach the doctrines of 'collectivism' in the villages know little of the fetishist love which the villager has for his land.

"And are we to cure all the evils of property by making property a partnership? No! the impersonal, anonymous form of property is the worst of all. A single proprietor may be open to pity, to justice, to shame; a corporate proprietor has no bowels of mercy, no conscience to feel. As the case now stands, a minority of capitalists exploit more or less the majority of the citizens. Under the system of collectivism the parts are exchanged, and what is to prevent the majority from oppressing the minority? If the minority be free to secede, the collectivity is broken; and from one secession to another we return again to individual property. But if the law forcibly restrained secession, the minority can do nothing but submit in patience or else revolt in the name of liberty. We can escape from the despotism of one man, at least by getting rid of the despot; but how are we to escape from the despotism of a multitude? It is said that the majority is always right, or is usually right. No! it is the contrary. It is the minority always, and sometimes it is one man, who is right against the many.

"We exclaim against many wrong-doings of the possessors of capital. But who is to protect us against these wrong-doings when the proprietor is a mere aggregate? If the peasant proprietor is conservative, will he become a man of progress simply by being one of a body? if he be an utter egoist now, why will he be devoted to social progress when we mass him into groups? Majorities are often intolerant, oppressive, lawless. Whence is to come the discipline, the self-sacrifice, the moderation of the 'collectivists'? Who is to impose any

law or morality on them; what authority is to teach them duty, or bind them into unity? 'Out of *anarchy*,' they say, 'there will spontaneously arise *harmony*;' this is indeed a mystery which exceeds the mysteries of the gospel. It surpasses my understanding.

"We are told, too, that individual property in the soil is a thing of late growth. Social science and history, it seems, have proved that collective appropriation of the land is the earliest form; and that individual appropriation appeared for the first time in the history of mankind under the Roman Empire, and has only been universal in quite modern and Western Europe. Be it so. I call this the natural development of progress, not a deviation or degradation. If we are to go back to the system of primitive man, we had better adopt the old ideal of Paradise. Far from returning to collectivism, property will remain for ever personal; to be regulated not by a new legislation, but by a new morality. The superiority of the future over the past will be in everything the abandonment of the force of the law for the voluntary acceptance of a scientific morality.

"Nor is property the sole institution in which, in the name of progress, it is proposed to go backward. The Family has gone through the same variations as Property; and now it is proposed, by way of advance, to return to the collective unions of our savage ancestors, taking divorce as the means to that end. And we wonder that women are not with us in our social reforms. Their conscience, I think, is better than our science. And so it is vain for us to seek to extend the fever of ideas which consumes us to the peaceful inhabitant of the fields. Let us wait to see the end of our Utopias."

"If social questions could be settled by counting voices I should believe in this appeal to numbers. But in the difficult problems which we have before us, I would as lief put it to the vote, as I would put to the vote the treatment to follow if I were attacked by a fever."

"I know there is a point in the collectivist creed which might appeal to the peasant: the suppression of the State, to be succeeded by the autonomy of the Commune. Well, but the Commune is a government, it is a petty State. Let us, to be logical, suppress the Commune, and abolish all authority whatever, as some democrats would do. It is the fashion for those who pretend to rule in the State, to depreciate the State. A candidate comes forward and says—'Citizens, I am for no State, no government, no president, no master, no chief in anything whatever. We must make our ideas dominant; we must organise our party, and so elect me—as your chief!' And he gains his object."

"It is always the abuses of the State, the abuses of property, the evils of marriage—until it would seem that everything is abuse and needs to be reformed off the face of the earth. Abuses there are, and enough; we are here to combat them. But abolishing it is not reforming; and I will not believe that there is any panacea or *elixir vite* for any social malady. The communism, which they call collectivism, or co-operation, by its own avowal has neither philosophy nor moral doctrine; it has nothing to say on education, nothing to teach about duty. It is a simple attempt to deal with the material question alone. If so, it is a lame kind of socialism. For the socialism worthy of the name must prepare for a complete regeneration of society; philosophical and religious, political and social.

"When we see our way clear in this, we may go into the country places and preach our faith. In the meantime let us encourage the relations between city and village, and especially between our rural population and Paris, the great city which is the mother and the martyr of Progress. There, in some distant date which we cannot see, in some regenerate society which we yet can but dimly foreshadow, the representatives of nations will come together to celebrate the final era of man: when labour shall have taken the place of war, science of theology, and Humanity of God." (*Loud applause.*)

FREDERIC HARRISON.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

It is easy to laugh at most things: and there is assuredly nothing of special difficulty in the search for points to laugh at in the practice of celebrating anniversaries. Yet the laughers may perhaps be asked to consider whether the search is worth the trouble, slight as that trouble may be. A practice which has been sanctioned by probably every religion in the world, and which, in the case of private friends, is the practice more or less of every man who is not of the shallowest and most selfish, may surely with no great offence be extended to those famous men our fathers who were before us, and to whom our minds, if not our souls or our bodies, owe gratitude for benefits received. Nor is it surprising that death-days rather than days of birth should be selected for the purpose. In a man's lifetime his birthday is, for want of a better, that on which his friends agree chiefly to remember him. But when he has disappeared from among men, the anniversary of his disappearance naturally takes the place of importance. It is death that finishes and sets the seal on the work for which we value him. Shakespeare or Dante in the cradle is but a possibility, in his coffin he is a fact: what he has done or can do for us is then summed up, if scarcely yet actually known and felt, and is the standard by which he will thenceforward be judged.

No man therefore need doubt or question, in general, the propriety of such a celebration as that which France, and with France Europe, makes this year, and in part this month. Seldom, indeed, has any such commemoration occurred, the interest of which was so little local. Voltaire and Rousseau may have been and were eminent exponents of the French mind, but they were also more than this. They have, like other great men of letters, given pleasure and profit of the literary sort to thousands besides their own countrymen, but they have done more than this also. No man who speaks with knowledge can deny that his own life and ways of living, his thoughts and beliefs, have been in great measure, though it may be unconsciously and indirectly, modified by these two men. Their influence has been fiercely discussed, ingeniously quibbled over, made the subject of endless research and endless talk. Well-meaning persons have triumphantly shown that Bolingbroke said this thing before Voltaire, and that Locke said that thing before Rousseau. But it has not been shown, and never, I dare say, can be shown, that the words and the ideas which in their mouths were so powerful, would, had they never existed, have had the same power and force in the mouth of

others. It may be a rough, but it is a true saying, that there are three things which chiefly distinguish the England of Victoria from the England of Anne, and that the same is the case with other countries. The first is the greater love felt and shown for nature and for man, existing as this love no doubt still does, side by side with much practical brutality and callousness towards the beauty of the one and the well-being of the other. The second is the wider and more intense spirit of enquiry, the greater unwillingness to accept wrongs and absurdities merely because they exist, the sense that authority is something different from truth, and "It is written" something different from "It is." The third is the cultivation of science, of literature, and of art, not as pursuits ennobling and respectable merely, not as means to ends, not as professional and traditional employments, but for themselves and for their own sake, as things capable of supplying the place of many pursuits, beliefs, and institutions, which have occupied the attention of men in old times. All these great changes have no doubt been brought about by the labour of many men; but of these many men none have done more than the three great Frenchmen—for we may surely count Rousseau as French—whose names are indissolubly linked together. One of these we are not now celebrating, and the sober Briton may perhaps smile to find a French committee gravely lamenting that Diderot did not, like his great allies, symmetrically die in 1778. But it is quite safe to say that if any man nowadays objects to making the lakes of Wordsworth into the wash-pots of Manchester, and if any man strives to raise and assist his poorer fellow-countrymen, it is more owing to Rousseau than to any one who ever lived and wrote; and that if any man refuses to put up with an abuse or an anomaly, because it is an anomaly or an abuse, be it in matters social, in matters political, or in matters religious, that man, whether he knows it or not, would have had less inclination to make his attempt, and less chance of succeeding, had it not been for Voltaire. It is possible, indeed, that to some people the changes thus effected may seem of dubious value, nor is it necessary for our purpose to profess faith in their unmitigated excellence. But of their magnitude, of their importance in the history of the world, there can be no two opinions. Those to whose influence they can be traced have, by that fact alone, established their claim to be reckoned among the famous men of the world, and their right to the honours and commemoration which such great men should receive.

Voltaire was born, according to his own account, at Châtenay, on the 20th of February, 1694. He could not exactly boast of the unmingled *roture* which at a latter period became the favourite affectation of those who hated the aristocracy, inasmuch as his mother at least was of noble birth, though not, like Madame de Sotenville, of

that specially precious variety *ou le ventre anoblit*. He was early set to follow his father's profession, that of the law, and early quarrelled with it, as even in his time it had become traditional for youths of genius to do. His friendship with Ninon de l'Enclos, his introduction by her and by others to fashionable and literary society, his banishment to Holland as a room for repentance, and his consequent approach to the Scylla of imprudent marriage instead of the Charybdis of furtive literature, are all sufficiently famous facts. How for a satire which he did not write he was sent when barely of age to the Bastille, how he begun or finished there the *Henriade* and *Œdipe*, how he first made a friend and then an enemy of that singular man of letters J. B. Rousseau, and incurred the more dangerous enmity of the Chevalier de Rohan, are things also well known enough. It is not the anecdotes of the life of great men of which people are most ignorant. Being quotable they are quoted, and many persons are in this way informed of the too lively replies to Rousseau and Congreve, the curiously feeble epigram attributed to Young, the unlucky *Trajan est-il content?* and the strangely misinterpreted *Deo erexit Voltaire*, who have probably never opened a single one of the hundred volumes, or at most that which contains *Candide* or some of its fellows. Literature, however, is indebted to the Chevalier de Rohan. He sent Voltaire to the Bastille, and the Bastille sent him to England, where he laid the foundation of his future edifice of thought, and of the fortune which enabled him to work out that thought in literature without the harassing pressure of daily wants, or the almost equally harassing pressure of hack work to supply them. If it be true that he returned to Paris with eight thousand pounds as the result of the *Henriade*, he had already as much as would have amply sufficed for a bachelor in those nominally luxurious, but not extravagant days. Thenceforward his life lasted exactly fifty years, during which his fame and his fortune never ceased to increase. Some fifteen of these were passed with Madame du Châtelet at Cirey or elsewhere, ten at Paris, five in wanderings or at Berlin, and the last twenty at Ferney, the place with which Voltaire is for all time associated. The too famous visit to Berlin succeeded with little interval the death of the divine Émilie; the sojourn at Ferney was closed by the triumphant but fatal return to Paris. But this triumph was only a concentration and an epitome of the whole half-century. Never, save for the annoyances with which the Berlin sojourn closed, and the less inevitable battles with criticasters and poetasters in which he of his own accord indulged, did his luck desert him.

Very different was the companion life whose close we now commemorate. Eighteen years after the birth of Voltaire, Rousseau, who, it is sometimes forgotten, was of undoubted French origin, was born at Geneva. In the same year as Voltaire, he died at Ermenon-

ville in a manner which is still a mystery. During by far the greater portion of this space of sixty-six years, his own autobiography is the sole authority for our knowledge of his life; and of the latter period, to which his writings exclusively belong, the information which enables us to check or supplement his own statements is always meagre and often doubtful. Hence the life of Rousseau has always been a temptation to the speculative; and some persons have even gone so far as to set down as the fictions of his own brain, many of the events recorded in the *Confessions*. Certain it is that the chronology of the book is often bewildering, and sometimes impossible, yet as a book composed long after the events to which it refers, it does not perhaps lose its authority as a whole from this peculiarity. Two things at least are indisputable, that the life which it records more or less faithfully, was a life always of difficulty, sometimes of actual want, of sordid employments and advantages denied, of a fame too late and too chequered to be enjoyed, and above all of a series of broken friendships, the breaking of which, to whatever fault it was due, unquestionably caused the bitterest anguish on one side, if not on both. It would be out of place to discuss any of these incidents here. But the impression of pain, as the characteristic of the life of Rousseau, must be the one left uppermost on every mind. Never was there, perhaps, a more unhappy life, whether we regard its troubles as home-brewed, or as resulting from the unkindness of fortune and the perfidy of friends. Never was literary eminence associated in so strange a way with insult and persecution, disappointment and chagrin. At Geneva, at Turin, at Chambéry, at Lyons, at Venice, at Paris, at the Hermitage, at the Isle of St. Pierre, at Wootton, Rousseau appears to us as an incomplete and one-sided Ishmael, with every man's hand in reality or in fancy against him, and without the vigour or the insensibility which would have enabled him to retaliate in kind. His mother's death, his father's peculiarities, and his lack of the wholesome discipline of a large family, may be said to have been his first misfortunes. He succeeded with his profession no better than Voltaire did, but his alternative was very different. Instead of princes and poets, his companions for years were lackeys, servant-girls, miscellaneous vagabonds of all kinds. He wandered about Savoy and the neighbouring districts of Italy and France like a stray animal. Now he had to pass his time in menial service, now to pick up the crusts thrown by religious proselytism, now to wander houseless in the streets of Lyons. The protection of Madame de Warens sheltered him once and again, but he broke loose at last from this haven, and made for Paris. There, or elsewhere, he lived for the next thirty years in the strangest manner, partly on the produce of his literary works and his music-copying, partly on the gifts against which his soul always revolted. His fame and his

needs perpetually gave him protectors, of which his extraordinary temper, or his more extraordinary luck as regularly deprived him.

Few greater contrasts can thus be found than the contrast of the lives of the two men who were thus united in death, and whose union lives in history as something more than this chance one. The life of Voltaire was not indeed one of unbroken felicity. He had his troubles with lackeys and ministers, with rivals in love and rivals in letters, with Frérons and kings of Prussia, with multiform abettors of l'Infâme and agents of darkness in every shape. His extraordinary sensitiveness made him feel these troubles quite as keenly as any human being ever felt. But his woes were, after all, only skin-deep. His life was, on the whole, a grand success, a success from the time when his early poems secured what seems to us rather disproportionate admiration, to the crowning triumph of his last hours. His early troubles with his father were only a consequence of the success which attended his efforts to get into the society of the great world in Paris, and to emancipate himself from a hated profession. His unlucky Dutch love, his embroilment with the Chevalier de Rohan, his subsequent sojourn in the Bastille, were but trifles. On the other hand, his visit to England was such a triumph, and so solid an advantage, as perhaps no man of his years has ever yet reaped for purely literary or intellectual merits in a foreign country. From the date almost of his return he was the intellectual king of the country which was acknowledged, rightly or wrongly, as possessing the intellectual hegemony of Europe. The want of peace never vexed him as it has vexed other public men, though perhaps he might have escaped some small annoyances had he been more circumspect in his ways of loading himself with the thick clay. His visit to Prussia did him no serious or lasting harm, and at least enabled him to show that a mere man of letters can possess weapons of offence equal to those of the most absolute, malevolent, and unscrupulous of monarchs. As for the last twenty years of his life, they present a spectacle which is not paralleled in the history of the world. For once the republic of letters had ceased by its own consent to be a republic, and had submitted to a dictatorship. The absolute superiority of Voltaire to every living genius of the writing sort was not questioned by any contemporary, and, strange to say, has never been seriously questioned by any successor. Men who were themselves intellectual princes did not hesitate to do homage to Voltaire, and those who most disliked his real or supposed principles, did not think of questioning or disputing the ability with which those principles were supported and displayed. During this time, too, he had, and availed himself of, the opportunity of adding to his crown of wit, intelligence, and literary skill, the rarer crown of active benevolence. He made himself the champion

of the oppressed, the reformer of abuses, the avenger of wrongs. It seemed throughout his whole life that he could put his hand to nothing—save, perhaps, diplomacy—without at once acquiring supremacy in it. He was admitted to be the greatest poet of his time, and even those who care little enough for his style of poetry are forced to confess that, during great part of his career, there was no European poet so clearly master of his own style as Voltaire was of his. That he was the greatest dramatist of his time was and is indisputable. That his prose yields in its way to none even in that century of splendid prose there can be no question. As a tale-teller of the lighter order we must go back to Lucian before we can find his equal, and may go forward to our own days without the chance of similar luck. On graver themes he could write with due gravity, and if his depth was scarcely equal to the smoothness of his surface, it was yet not contemptible. With regard to social matters, what has since been charged against him as a fault was then considered almost as a virtue. While setting his face against individual instances of corruption and oppression, he did not advocate, perhaps did not see the necessity of advocating, any sweeping or revolutionary changes of social order, and thus he earned the gratitude of reformers without incurring the risk of an open breach with Conservatives. In England, and perhaps to a small extent in Germany, he was thought of with some reprobation as a scoffer; but even this reprobation did not, during his life, either blind men to his genius or generate calumny. To sum up all, for the last half century of his long life, he possessed affluence, fame, and power such as no other man of letters from the beginning of history has, without reverses and with steady growth of success, been able to attain.

Very different, as has been said, is the picture of Rousseau's life. In one point indeed, that of literary fame, there may be said to have been some similarity. But Rousseau's celebrity came to him grudgingly and mingled with all manner of annoyance; so late, too, that his power of enjoyment was gone, and the sweetness turned to bitterness within him. In everything else there is nothing but contrast. For the society which early fell to Voltaire's lot and never forsook him, Rousseau had the sordid companionship which, whether its morality be worse or better than that of more polished circles, inevitably leaves on those who have to submit to it a taint in manners, if not in morals. During his whole life he had to subsist either on utterly insufficient earnings, or on the gift-bread which is bitter to all, and which seems to have been bitterest to him. Both of the philosophers suffered, it is true, many things at the hands of many women, but who of those whose admiration for the divine *Émilie* is weakest will compare her to *Thérèse le Vasseur*? And who of those who most share *Frederic's* estimate of *Madame Denis* would hesitate between

her and Thérèse le Vasseur's mother? Voltaire was not over-fortunate in his friendships, but his wounds from this source were neither many nor deep, and his position as king of letters gave him in every instance the immense advantage belonging to the superior. Rousseau was all his life in the condition where friend really means dependent, and he knew it only too well. Whatever view we take of any chapter in the long and woeful history of his quarrels makes little difference here, for it is as great a misfortune—perhaps a greater one—for a man to fancy himself the perpetual object of plots and treacheries, as to be in reality plotted against and betrayed. The splendid triumph which closed Voltaire's life does not more strikingly contrast with the sombre and mysterious fate which, in whatever way, befell the recluse of Ermenonville only a few weeks later, than the tenors of the lives which led up to these two ends contrast with one another. The benefits which Shelley enumerates in the famous complaint—

“ Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure ”—

cannot indeed be all asserted of Voltaire and denied of Rousseau. Yet if we leave fame and leisure out of the question, hardly one was possessed by Rousseau, hardly one was refused to Voltaire.

In the brief interval which elapsed between the deaths of these famous men and the great assize of God's judgment with which their names and teaching will always be connected, little alteration took place in the manner in which they were regarded in France and by Europe at large. The influence, if not the fame, of Rousseau advanced indeed with more rapid steps than that of Voltaire, inasmuch as the questions upon the solution of which the minds of men were consciously or unconsciously concentrating, were questions upon which Voltaire had less of direct, or at least of apparent, interest to say than Rousseau. But with the outbreak of the French Revolution, the names of its supposed instigators became everywhere, beyond the reach of the Revolution itself, the objects of the most violent onslaughts. People of the stamp of Johnson had indeed already been accustomed to speak of both in a tone in which antipathy was in happy proportion to ignorance. But the general attitude had been perhaps that of George III. in his first conversation with Miss Burney. Voltaire was a monster, though a clever monster; but Rousseau was decidedly better. When the Revolution had actually broken out, while there was no limit to the enthusiasm for both, especially for Rousseau, on the side of the innovators, there was no toleration for either left on the side of the party of order. It was then that the greatest orator of Europe employed himself in describing the unquestionable transgressions of Jean-

Jacques' private life in the style of Billingsgate. It was then that the extraordinary legends respecting the deaths of the philosophers, which the spite of a certain section of the clerical party in France had embellished or invented, were caught up and made an article of faith, so that they, or at least echoes of them, may be found in works intended for the instruction of youth at quite recent dates. This attitude may be said to have been preserved and intensified in England, during the whole thirty years of the revolutionary struggle, so that even the crimes of the Corsican ogre, of whom it is difficult to say whether Voltaire or Rousseau would have had the most cordial detestation, were in some blind manner charged on their devoted heads. Meanwhile the attitude of the French themselves had been gradually changing towards the two men whom foreigners had so strangely yoked together. The extreme revolutionists never had been—are not, we may add, to this day—in sympathy with Voltaire. They missed in him the sentimental enthusiasm which they wanted, and which they found in Jean-Jacques, and his light-minded wit was not to their taste. So that, oddly enough, the aristocracy being for the time unrepresented as a class or power in France, Voltaire fell into the position of the pet author of the bourgeoisie; the class which, while it clung to the religious *Aufklärung*, dreaded and disliked the complete political development to which that *Aufklärung* led. Still more curious was the counter-influence which tended to produce a similar effect. So potent an Achilles' spear was the genius of Jean-Jacques, that it inspired the reaction against the Revolution quite as much as it inspired the Revolution itself, and was responsible for Châteaubriand at least as much as for Robespierre. So that the sentimental counter-movement of which Châteaubriand himself, De Maistre, Lamartine in his early days, and much later Montalembert, may be perhaps taken as in different ways representative men, while often expressing no lively affection for Rousseau, contributed, in its turn, to exalt him at the expense of his rival. Both these movements culminated in the romantic outburst. In this the ultra-revolutionary and the anti-revolutionary currents met, and, strangely mingled, took a new direction. Never perhaps did a king of letters pay such a tribute to Nemesis as Voltaire did at this moment. As every man's hand had been for him sixty years before, so every man's was against him now. The clerical party revived and asserted its undying hatred. The sentimentalist excited the *fils des Croisés* to arms against the *fils de Voltaire*. The ornaments of young France hurled their most picturesque epithets at the favourite author of national guards and grocers, the composer of classic plays, the enemy of everything *flamboyant* and romantic. Purely literary students turned to Corneille and Rotrou, or went further back still to the great names of the sixteenth century, and if they condescended to pay any attention at

all to the *philosophes*, busied themselves with the more sympathetic genius of Diderot. Steady-going friends of order shuddered over the memories attached to the name, and *doctrinaire* republicans shook their heads over it as that of anything but a *Pur*. These noisy classes did not, after all, represent the bulk of the nation, but they certainly took care to represent its voice, and that loudly.

Meanwhile Rousseau fared better. All these sects owed him too much to abuse him very violently, though none cared fully to acknowledge their obligation. But justice and something more than justice had already been done to Rousseau by a foreign poet. Few, I suppose, can now fairly estimate the influence which Byron exercised in Europe from 1820 to 1840, and during that time the famous verses in *Childe Harold* represent the view of Voltaire and Rousseau, which all who were not independent students on the one hand, or religious bigots on the other, were likely to have most frequently in their memory. Every one still knows those lines, and out of proportion as the allowance is which gives page after page of glowing tribute to the one, and a single stanza of not too accurate and utterly inadequate praise to the other, it is perhaps a fair specimen of time's revenges on the life experience of the two men.

But all things pass. The exaggerated idolatry with which Voltaire in his own later years was regarded, the exaggerated obloquy with which religious and political fanaticism took occasion by the French Revolution to requite that idolatry, the sentimental enthusiasm for Rousseau to which Byron gives expression, the temporary disgrace into which Voltaire fell in France, the scorn which transcendentalists and merely historical philosophers felt for him in Germany, all had their day. In England Mr. Carlyle's famous essays on the *philosophes* cleared away at least the grosser calumnies of bigotry, substituted knowledge for ignorance, and gave conclusions which, if they do not satisfy all students as accurate or adequate, were an enormous advance on anything previously accessible in the language. And in England, as in other countries, clearer and independent judgment became gradually possible. Even theological and political intolerance has now for the most part agreed to regard both our heroes as Satans sufficiently extinct to deserve polite treatment; and High Tories and High Churchmen can now treat the author of the *Social Contract* and the author of the *Philosophical Dictionary* with historic calmness. The last direct echo of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* died ten years ago with Lamartine, the sons of the Crusaders have pretty well relinquished the unequal combat and descended from their prancing steeds, "Garde National" is a joke and a reproach no more, and *Candide* may be read in France without the slightest danger of any contributor to *Le Parnasse contemporain* brandishing adjectives in the face of the reader. Here and there perhaps some little outburst or survival of spite or ignorance may show itself. A clerical meeting

may here and there gravely discuss in England the conduct of a lecturer to young ladies who has hinted that Voltaire was not quite accurately to be described as an infamous and abandoned wretch, and a clerical journal may here and there diligently sum up in France all the hard things he said about democracy, and all his praises of English and Germans as compared with Frenchmen. Or even, which is perhaps most amusing to the impartial spectator, a few monotheistic devotees of Voltaire himself may protest against the association of the citizen of Geneva with their deity. But these are all exceptions hardly of force to be mentioned. The mere volume and variety, to say nothing of the purport, of the works of the two great men we celebrate, must always occasion a wide difference in the comparative estimate formed of their greatness; but that they rank on any admissible system of estimation with the greatest names of the world, is a proposition which I cannot conceive to be rejected by the majority of intelligence and culture in any country, whether for the standard of admission be taken the influence which the ideas they expressed have exercised on human history, or the literary excellence of the forms in which those ideas were expressed.

Some faint protest has been heard against a celebration of this sort, in this case, on the ground of the moral character of the two men whose lives it is proposed to celebrate. No one, I suppose, will attempt to set up either Rousseau or Voltaire for saints. The transgressions of the latter were, indeed, from the point of view of his age and country, far from heavy; and the active and persevering benevolence of his later life might be considered as something of a makeweight. Rousseau's abandonment of his children is a somewhat different matter, and, however we may give him the credit of having painted himself blacker than he really was, it is perhaps difficult to avoid a certain amount of disgust as one reads or thinks of some parts of his character. But we may ask whether it is usual in such case to test men who, in one way or another, may have been notable and eminent in the world, by the conformity of their life to moral laws? A very slight examination will, I think, show that this is very rarely done, and that if it were done, the profane hagiology of the world would find itself singularly curtailed and mutilated. Let us look only at the contemporaries of the very men whose characters are now being discussed. Would any one object to the commemoration of Frederic the Great for his indomitable courage, his earnest patriotism, his endeavours to do justice to the meanest of his subjects, and his splendid military genius, because his private moral character was in some respects undoubtedly, in others not improbably, one of the worst and most detestable on record? Is it so very certain, again, that the moral character of Goethe stands higher than the moral character of Voltaire? And are we sure that characters which, from the one-sided and imperfect knowledge we possess of them, now

appear decorous enough, would bear the frightful strain of being depicted in such an autobiography as the *Confessions*, or the concentrated malignity of the myriad scribblers who hated Voltaire? The general practice in such matters seems to be fair enough. Honour no man for his vices. But let his vices, as in the great majority of cases they do in fact, die with him. It does no mortal any harm now that Voltaire did not always respect the truth, and was sometimes impatient for supper; that Rousseau carried into later life the faults and vices of lackeys and children, and allowed his disease both of body and mind to increase and magnify them. Let those dead things rest with the dead men who did them. They are dead and past, they are not what we celebrate, and thus also they can in no way be of force to interfere with our celebration.

The things that we do celebrate are something very different. I have already in some lame fashion hinted at the practical achievements which may be laid to their account. But there is another side of their greatness, and one which is, fortunately, less likely to be disputed. We have now, at least the wiser among us, arrived at some greater catholicity in literary taste than our fathers possessed. It is no longer a wonder, as Macaulay once admiringly asserted of Loigh Hunt, that a man should be able to adore Shakspeare and Spenser without denying poetry to Dryden and humour to Addison. On the contrary, the man who should openly advance such a denial in consequence of such a prepossession, would now be thought either an eccentric or a very silly person. And if we have thus escaped the fetters of the older criticism as to our own writers, how much more ought we to have escaped them in the case of foreigners, whose names have never, as far, at least, as literary matters go, had the misfortune to serve as shibboleths in England. I know that contempt is wrong and unworthy of the scholar, but I should myself find it hard to avoid despising a man who could not enjoy *Mahomet* or *Zaire*; because of his admiration for *Saint Genest* or *Rodogune* at one end of the roll, or for *Hernani* at the other; who could not like *Le Pautre Diable* well because he liked *La Légende des Siècles* better, and who felt it necessary to find fault with *L'Ingénu* for fear of wronging Bonaventuro des Periers or Théophile Gautier. Whoever is insensible to the charm of Voltaire may take it for granted that his literary organization is wanting in one and a main faculty. I cannot admit, as Byron and many more would have it, that Voltaire succeeds better in ridicule than in anything else. It would rather seem that his lighter work appeals to a larger circle, and thus the incomparable literary aptitude which he brought to bear on everything is in less danger of escaping notice. It is true that in these lighter works he has caught up the sum of Gallic wit, and uttered it once for all. But the literary charm of all his work is the same. I can remember once borrowing the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, in some

half-dozen big volumes, from a friend (who was so obliging as to lend me his wheelbarrow for their better conveyance), and reading them straight through with immense delight, though such philosophy as I am tinctured with is as far as possible from being Voltairean. I can say the same of the notes on Corneille, with many of which I have the pleasure of being in modest but irreconcilable disagreement. The style of Voltaire is so saturated with lightness and cheerfulness, with reason that gives itself no airs, and gaiety that knows how to keep reason at not too great distance, that it is in itself and irrespective of its subjects an intellectual refreshment and treat.

Certainly as much, though in a different kind, may be said of Rousseau. Few things can be more different from the style of Voltaire than the style of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, of the *Contrat Social*, of the *Confessions*, and of the *Rêveries*; not many such things even can be more different from each other than the styles of these four masterpieces. There is not about the style of Rousseau the unity which characterizes the style of his rival. Yet the luscious sentiment of the *Héloïse*, the crisp dogmatism of the *Contrat*, the splendid narrative quality of the *Confessions*, the meditative charm of the *Rêveries*, find their expression with equal ease and equal effectiveness at Rousseau's hands. Even a foreigner can discover at once in this style something which is not directly French, which has the strength that a mixture of race sometimes gives, and at the same time the distinctness of savour which such a mixture sometimes destroys. Sir Walter Scott is reported to have said that he could not feel the interest or see the merit of the *Héloïse*. Yet the *Héloïse*, whether Scott know it or not, is more than any other book responsible for the romantic movement of which he himself was so doughty a leader. By it an end was put once for all to the *commerce rampant de soupirs et de flammes*, as the heroine of Corneille's *Sertorius*, born before or after her time, calls the love-making of the classical school. By it rather than by any other book were men guided to the discovery of the beauty that is in nature, if not of the beauty that is in art. It revived if it did not initiate the charm felt in—

"Le regret pensif et confus
D'avoir été et n'être plus,"

as words attributed to the great French poet whom Boileau maligned have it. If in some cases it became the parent of a deplorable family (to transfer an epigram from Diderot to Rousseau), in others it gave us some of the most memorable literary accomplishments of Europe, and but for it the world had wanted many a noble song as well as many an idle one. As for the *Contrat Social*, its philosophical merit, as well as its historical influence, hardly here concern us. But as a literary performance, it may be fairly said of it, that it was almost the first political treatise which was sent home to its mark in a modern language by the feathers of literary power.

The *Confessions* have had a more dubious influence. But it may at least be claimed for them that they have helped to overthrow the custom of draping heroes and heroines in the garments of conventional success, and have impressed on not a few readers the tragedy that lies in sordid and undignified failure, no less than failure of the splendid and dramatic order. This truth has become in the last century one far more recognised than at any former time, and curiously enough we may find it even to a certain extent recognised by Voltaire also. *Candide* expresses the ironic side of the matter as fully as *La Nouvelle Héloïse* expresses the sentimental one, and so the Heraclitus and Democritus, the Jean-qui-pleure and Jean-qui-rit, of the eighteenth century, lend a hand to each other to influence the literature of the time that comes, after them as unwittingly as they have lent a hand to influence its conduct. Literature of *persiflage* and literature of complaint, guerilla warfare against individual abuses and recurrence to first principles that so those abuses may not arise, thus complete each other in a very singular manner. And in literature as in life the question may perhaps be fairly asked, if 1878 differs from 1778 infinitely more than 1778 from 1678, are there any two men to whom the increased proportion of change can be more fairly and in larger measure ascribed than to François Marie Arouet and Jean-Jacques Rousseau?

It is not without hesitation that a mere pawn in the army of letters can speak or write of men of this eminence. To take upon one's self to commend those whose merit has with instructed and competent persons long passed out of the class of debated questions, may seem in all but the few chosen among their successors something of an impertinence. But such an occasion as the present is one of those in which the most insignificant of the living are allowed and indeed expected to show their appreciation of the mighty dead. No fault that I know of is found with those who, with an intention of honour, strew flowers or even weeds on a grave, however small their claim to do so. Yet the commemoration of Rousseau and Voltaire, whatever form it may take in their own country, and whatever support it may receive in other countries, will not add one jot to their merited glory, nor had it been omitted would it detract therefrom. For they are of the order of men of whom our twin dramatists ask in that magnificent epitaph on Pompey:

“Dare you think your pyramids,
 Built to outdure the sun as you suppose,
 Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
 Are monuments fit for them? No, brood of Nilus!
 Nothing can cover their high fame but heaven;
 No pyramids set off their memories,
 But the eternal substance of their greatness,
 To which I leave them.”

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE POLITICAL ADVENTURES OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

II.—FROM 1826 TO 1837.

IN the preceding pages we have spoken of the race and parentage of Lord Beaconsfield. To some minds it seems impossible that you can say that a man is a Jew without intending to reproach him for being a Jew. Unfortunately, the strength of still-surviving prejudices makes this confusion only too natural; and the imputation of an ungenerous appeal to hatreds of creed and race cannot be avoided by any writer who discusses the character of the present Prime Minister. If Lord Beaconsfield's political adventures could be truly narrated without any reference to his Jewish blood and to the inherited qualities which are deeply stamped upon his nature, physical and moral, we should be very glad to keep the things apart. But the blood is the life, in another sense than that which the Hebrew law-giver attached to the phrase; and the secret of Lord Beaconsfield's life lies in his Jewish blood. It is not a matter for self-glorification, though it seems to be so to him; it is not a matter for disparagement and contempt, though both his assailants and eulogists often appear to regard it as such. It is a simple question of fact and of natural history. So with the characteristics which two thousand years of persecution and suffering have impressed upon the Jewish Captivity in Europe. If Israel was not the worse for what it had undergone, cruelty and wrong-doing would be merely physical calamities. If a man loses half his worth on the day on which he becomes a slave, the nation which has been in servitude for two thousand years is not likely to be morally the better for the experience. That the Jews have imbibed servile vices in nineteen centuries of bondage is as obvious in fact as it was certain in theory. That freedom will bring to them the virtues of freemen we do not doubt; at present it has stopped at a period of transition, and has brought them the equivocal qualities of freedmen. Their persons have been enfranchised, but not their minds. They display too often the habits of a manumitted slave. It is not matter for wonder that Epictetus should be a rarer product of slavery than Narcissus. The Venetian is almost as conspicuous in Lord Beaconsfield as the Jew. The organization is due to his race. The environment of several centuries, acting upon the organization, has been supplied by the republic of St. Mark. Lord Beaconsfield has always discussed English politics in terms of the Venetian state-system. To him the British aristocracy are Venetian magnificoes; the sovereign is a

doge whom an oligarchy has enslaved. George III. was a sort of Marino Faliero who struggled against the bondage by which an usurping oligarchy fettered him; and in the struggle, which has Lord Beaconsfield's intense sympathy, forfeited not his life but his reason.

Lord Beaconsfield's manhood began in the days of George IV.; and the preparatory part of his career, his apprenticeship in literature and politics, extends over the last four years of the life of that sovereign and over the whole of the reign of William IV. His parliamentary life, which in England is the only form of political life, opens with the Parliament which was assembled on the accession of the Queen. The circumstances of the time, the men who occupied conspicuous positions in the State, and the evident transition which was impending from an old to a new era, were such as would have roused the ardour of a generous and humane mind. The long Tory domination, which had been marked by the selfish foreign policy of Castlereagh and the domestic oppression of Sidmouth, by political prosecutions and Peterloo massacres, was obviously drawing to a close. Huskisson had begun that policy of Free Trade which twenty years later was to receive its full development at the hands of Peel; the political emancipation of Nonconformists and of Roman Catholics was obviously at hand, and formed the subjects of ardent strife; Parliamentary Reform threatened a revolution in the near future. It was an era of great causes and struggling principles, which powerfully appealed to all minds in which the love of freedom and the sense of justice were strong, and in which there was any consciousness of power to aid the right cause and to combat the wrong. The young Disraeli, a politician in his schoolboy days, felt no summons to the field. The history of his own race did not bid him sympathize with those who suffered from kindred oppression. The dreadful distress among the poor did not win from him any cry of indignation nor stir him to any efforts for its mitigation or removal. The successive Liberal administrations of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, with many weaknesses and follies, and much slothful inaction, yet unloosed one heavy burden after another from the necks of the English people, and opened one closed pathway after another to the energies and talents hitherto denied their free scope. Lord Beaconsfield, in the days which ought to have been those of youthful enthusiasm, gave no help to the work. He watched it closely; he stood by and railed at those who were doing it, striving by scoff and jeer to discredit them. If he did not hinder it, it was for lack of power and not for lack of will. The presence of Canning and Huskisson in the Cabinet of Lord Liverpool was a sign that the era in which it had been

possible for Burke to be the political dependent of a Marquis of Rockingham and a Duke of Portland, was passing away; and the Premiership of Canning confirmed the augury. Yet when Canning was persecuted to his death and Huskisson was driven from office, no word of rebuke or indignation rose to the lips of the young candidate for fame. To him, at a period when every ingenuous and sincere mind was stirred to noble thoughts and strenuous action, politics and politicians were simply the theme of literary satire or a field for personal intrigue and adventure. At a time when in literature the meditations of Wordsworth and the speculations of Coleridge, the hardy realism of Crabbe, the mystic dreams of Shelley, the generous enthusiasm of Byron in his better moods, and the manly historic sense of Scott, had breathed a new and healthier soul into English imagination, the young Disraeli felt no contagious inspiration of nobleness, and took his place among the novelists of high life and of political society, with Thodore Hook and the author of *Tremaine*, with Mrs. Gore and Lady Blessington. A free and generous spirit would have raised itself above the degrading influences of a servile condition and ancestry. Lord Beaconsfield, in his boyhood, as in his manhood and old age, was content now to flatter, now to mock and gibe, to be now the parasite and now the bravo of the great, to write now a begging and now a threatening letter. The ten years which preceded his entrance into Parliament contained the promise which has been fulfilled in the forty years of his parliamentary life.

Lord Beaconsfield's first adventure was literary rather than political; but it was literature with a large element of politics in it. *Vivian Grey*, or rather the first part of it, which is alone much remembered now, appeared in 1826, when the author was just of age. It was written probably in his latest boyhood. Lord Beaconsfield affects now to be ashamed of the work, which he says that he has vainly endeavoured to suppress. He speaks of it as a puerile production; but it really does not differ morally or intellectually from most of his other novels. The survival of boyishness in *Lothair* and the premature mannishness of *Vivian Grey* bring both stories to about the same level. Apart from the contemporary allusions with which each work is filled, *Vivian Grey* might have been the child of Lord Beaconsfield's old age and *Lothair* the indiscretion of his youth. The work of the sexagenarian lacks ripeness and maturity; the work of the boy has no tinge of ingenuousness. It lacks the hue of virtue. Rather the advantage is in this respect with the more recent work, which has not the unabashed hardihood of the earlier. In *Vivian Grey*, however, the key-note of Lord Beaconsfield's career is struck. We need not tell the story

which is familiar to every one. The type of character is that of the adventurer bent upon climbing by whatever means to the highest point of ambition. He fails, and there is a good deal of virtuous moralising about his crimes and faults. In Vivian Grey, as in *Contarini Fleming*—the person, we mean, and not the novel—there is a curious blending of Beaumarchais and of Byron. The slippery adventurer, who is not much above the moral or intellectual level of the intriguing slave and valet of the classical and French comedy, is mixed up with the grand passions, the crime, and the remorse of *Lara* and the *Corsair*; and the combination is not a little ridiculous. But the basis of the character is the impudent schemer.

The story, as we have said, or rather its first part, was published in 1826, and it bears some traces of the time of its production. Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister, and when the second part of *Vivian Grey* appeared, he had been succeeded by Mr. Canning, of whom, and of Brougham, and Lord Eldon, there are perhaps traces in Mr. *Charlatan Gas*, Mr. *Foaming Fudge*, and *Lord Past Century*, though we have the names only and not the men. Who Mr. *Stapyltan Toad* and Mr. *Liberal Snake* may have been, it is not worth while to inquire. Sir Christopher Mowbray, who, on *Liberal Snake*'s "presuming to inform him what rent was, damned himself several times from sheer astonishment at the impudence of the fellow," and whose "most peculiar characteristic was an inexplicable habit of styling political economists French smugglers," is perhaps the liveliest sketch in the book. Sir Christopher, we are told, "is perfectly aware of the present perilous state of the country, and watches with the greatest interest all the plots and plans of this enlightened age. The only thing which he does not exactly comprehend is the London University. This affair really puzzles the worthy gentleman, who could as easily fancy a county member not being a freeholder, as a university not being at Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed, to this hour, the old gentleman believes that the whole business is a hoax, and if you tell him that . . . there are actually four acres of very valuable land purchased near White Conduit Street for the erection . . . the old gentleman looks up to heaven, as if determined not to be taken in, and leaning back in his chair, sends forth a sceptical and smiling; 'No! no! no! that won't do.'" In Sir Christopher Mowbray damning French wines, Bible Societies, and Mr. Huskisson, surrounded by lecturing political economists, and incredulous of the London University; in the inarticulate man of science, Mr. Macaw, who is contrasted with "the mealy-mouthed professors of the Royal Institution, who get patronised by the blues—the Lavoisiers of May Fair," a sneer we take it at Sir Humphry Davy or Faraday; in Mr. *Stapyltan Toad*'s pamphlet on the Corn Laws,

“which excited the dire indignation of the Political Economy Club” — the commencement of what we may call the Brougham period of politics may be noted. The schoolmaster began to get abroad, and men talked about the popularisation of science and the diffusion of useful knowledge. The movement which may be supposed to have its personification in the contest between Lord Past Century and Mr. Liberal Principles had its weak and even its ludicrous side. Vivian Grey cannot be said to give a full picture of it in its earliest stage; still there are in the book glimpses of it, drawn in a sketchy and scratchy manner, but showing a conception of its real character.

To Lord Beaconsfield, as a boy, the situation on its literary side seems simply to have offered him opportunities as a satirist, and if he had made a literary career his own, this mode of treating the society of his time would not have been fairly open to severe censure. There are men to whom the cynical view of human life is natural, as there are others to whom life presents itself simply in its artistic aspects. The indifference of Goethe to the great struggles of his age showed a constitutional defect of character; and the mocking temper which is always conspicuous in Vivian Grey, and is unabated in Lothair, is not an amiable feature of youth or of old age. If Lord Beaconsfield had been content to play the part of a gibing chorus to the drama passing under his eyes, it would have been matter for regret that he should have seen only one aspect of the human and English life of his time; but that too ought to be seen, and it can be seen through his eyes. For other phases of it we must trust to the perceptions of other intellects and characters. The real ignobleness which is impressed on Lord Beaconsfield's writings and political life lies in this, that while men with any greatness of character withdraw from the pursuits and associations for which they feel a contempt, Lord Beaconsfield has been impelled into them in spite of, or even by, this very scorn. The meannesses and weaknesses which he ridiculed he felt could turn to the account of his own ambition. The satirist was also an adventurer.

His early manhood was the beginning of a period which seemed to promise a new epoch. The Cabinet of Lord Liverpool in 1826, when in Vivian Grey Lord Beaconsfield took his first survey of English society and politics, contained two men of genius on whom the hatred of aristocratic dulness and monopoly had conferred the name of adventurers. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson had fought their way from difficult and inconsiderable beginnings to high places in the service of the State. Surrounded by heavy peers and squires, in a Ministry presided over by the very genius of decorous respect-

bility, their political fortunes may have helped to fire the ambition of the younger Disraeli, who perhaps saw a Marquis of Carabas in Lord Liverpool and a Vivian Grey in Mr. Canning. But though Canning and Huskisson, and before them Burke, were stigmatized as adventurers, and although in a certain sense the name belongs to them, they cannot be brought into the same class with Lord Beaconsfield. With a truer self-respect, Burke perhaps would not have been content to serve great nobles, and to be rewarded in his earlier years with a private secretaryship under Lord Rockingham, and in his maturer manhood with an office outside the Cabinet into which Charles Fox, while yet a youth, was admitted. Something of the servility which the prevalence of an aristocratic system produces even in genius and worth, is apparent in his submission. But Burke's too humble attitude was redeemed by passionate political convictions and by devoted personal attachments. He served these in serving his great Whig patrons. Canning never failed in his enthusiasm for Pitt and in his steady friendship with Jenkinson; and Huskisson's consistency as an economic statesman was born of unwavering conviction. These men were adventurers in politics only in the sense in which the man who, not being born in the purple, wins his way to fortune is an adventurer; or as the founder, by genius and enterprise, of a great commercial house, which he has raised from low beginnings or from nothing, is an adventurer, when he is compared with the inheritor of a business that has dealings with all the world. In the sense in which the word carries moral odium with it, as implying indifference to persons and principles, it is not applicable to them. This is the sense in which it is used when it is injuriously applied to Lord Beaconsfield; and this use of the term, we fear, his career too conclusively justifies. In his interpretation of the motives of the great man whose unworn title he has audaciously borrowed, Lord Beaconsfield throws a strong light upon his own aims. He thinks that Burke's passionate denunciation of the French Revolution was simply a vehicle for his exploding hatred of the Whigs whom he had served for hire, and who had kept his wages from him. When Fox was admitted to the Cabinet, from which he was excluded, "hard necessity," says Lord Beaconsfield, "made Mr. Burke submit to the yoke, but the humiliation could never be forgotten. Pouring forth the vials of his hoarded vengeance . . . he dashed to the ground the rival who had robbed him of his hard-earned greatness," and "rent in twain the oligarchy that had dared to use and to insult him." We quote from *Sybil*, one of the novels of Lord Beaconsfield's maturer manhood. Lord Beaconsfield reads his own political spite and malice into the majestic though disordered movements of Burke's genius. He attributes to him the anger of a discarded and

slighted servant. He fancies that the author of the *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* was animated by the neo-Judaic hatred of a Venetian oligarchy.

The second part of *Vivian Grey*, which only survives in a dead-alive union with the first, is a sort of prose *Childe Harold*. The penitent wanderings of the discomfited adventurer have picturesque and amusing passages; but the political allusions are few. Lord Beaconsfield has himself imitated in later years the policy of the plebeian minister of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg, who took care to distribute offices among great nobles, so that, having no family influence of his own, he might organize the family influence of others. In this, says the author of *Vivian Grey*, "he resembles the Prime Minister of a neighbouring state, whose private secretary is unable to write a sentence, almost to direct a letter, but he is a noble." Mr. Canning was then *Primo Minister* of England, and Lord George Bentinck was, we believe, his private secretary.

In 1828 Lord Beaconsfield published the *Adventures of Captain Popanilla*. One of the most remarkable things about this work is the fact that the author has forgotten that he ever wrote it. In the general preface prefixed to one of the later editions of *Lothair*, Lord Beaconsfield speaks of *Contarini Fleming* as his second work. It was really, at the very least, his fourth,—*Popanilla and the Young Duke*, a three-volume novel, coming between it and *Vivian Grey*. Lord Beaconsfield appears to labour under the curious notion that by suppressing a passage or a book he makes it never to have been, and becomes justified in asserting that no such thing was ever written. When in 1864 a question was raised as to the tyrannicidal doctrines attributed to Mazzini, and the complicity of a subordinate member of Lord Palmerston's Government in the enterprises of the great Italian revolutionist, Lord Beaconsfield was virtuously indignant, and did not rest until the offending member had been cut off. In the meantime some curious busybody—perhaps the person who afterwards traced a celebrated eulogy on the Duke of Wellington to M. Thiers,—got hold of a copy of the *Revolutionary Epick*, and quoted thence some lines which justified tyrannicide as explicitly as Mazzini was supposed to have done. To clear himself from this accusation, and to enable the public to judge between him and his calumniators, Lord Beaconsfield promptly republished the poem, leaving out the lines impugned. More recently he has adopted a still more thorough procedure. In the preface of which we have spoken, he intimates that between 1832 and 1837 he wrote nothing at all. "There was yet a barren interval of five years of my life, so far as literature is concerned." The *Revolutionary Epick*, which

was published in 1834, is thus got rid of in the most effectual manner. This is hurling his lyre to limbo with a vengeance. "I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you," says Sir Anthony Absolute to his son. Lord Beaconsfield apparently thinks that by disowning he can unwrite such of his works as he no longer finds it agreeable to acknowledge. He can not only make them cease to be, but cause them never to have been. But this is a feat which it is proverbially beyond the power of omnipotence to accomplish—*factum infectum facere nequit*. Since he achieved respectability, Lord Beaconsfield has thought it necessary to affect a certain degree of penitence for having written Vivian Grey. He emulates the contrition of Chaucer and Dryden. Such, he represents, was his sense of the demerits of the work, that when his second novel was published, he did not describe himself as the author of that story. The fact is that Popanilla, which was published in 1828; the Young Duke, which was published in 1831; Alroy, which was published in 1833; and Venetia, which was published in 1837, were all described on the title-pages as by "the author of Vivian Grey." They were recommended to the public by that fact. Contarini Fleming, which, as we have said, was neither the second nor the third, but the fourth of Lord Beaconsfield's works, is the only one on the title-page of which Vivian Grey is not mentioned. This work, afterwards called a "psychological romance," was originally announced as a "psychological autobiography." There was therefore an obvious propriety in veiling its real authorship. Lord Beaconsfield, however, having persuaded himself that Vivian Grey was repented of as soon as written, proceeds to make a series of circumstantial statements in corroboration of that fact. The origin and growth of myths is thus pleasingly illustrated in an example to which historic inquirers ought to attach some value. A fixed idea generates a detailed narrative to support and confirm it. The idea gives credit to the narrative, and the narrative supports the idea, and yet both are fiction. It is interesting to observe the processes which have created religions in operation before our very eyes. A myth, it should be observed, does not involve conscious falsehood, but only a creative imagination embodying its conceptions in narratives, and straightway believing the narrative because it embodies its conceptions.

There are, of course, reasons why Lord Beaconsfield should be desirous of ignoring Popanilla and the Revolutionary Epick, and should regret that Vivian Grey's tenacity of life has resisted all attempts to smother it. Popanilla does not respect the foundations of society, and there are passages in it which the future leader of the Protectionist party might be excused for wishing to deal with, as the

assailant of Mazzini and Mr. Stansfeld dealt with the tyrannicidal preachments of the Revolutionary Epick. It is impossible to avoid some association of Popanilla with its author. The shipwrecked adventurer, brought from the island of Fantaisie to the coast of Vraibleusia, and mingling with the crowds in the streets of Hubbabub, was not more foreign to the scenes and people among whom he found himself, than the younger Disraeli in the politics and society of London. The description of the statue, of the aboriginal inhabitants, and of the twelve managers, in which the sovereign, the landed aristocracy, and the Cabinet were ridiculed, is perhaps the cleverest portion of Popanilla. In the arrangements which the aboriginal inhabitant makes for forcing his own agricultural produce on the inhabitants of Vraibleusia, the doctrine and practice of protection to native industry is openly ridiculed. It is clear that at this turn of his life he was fully possessed of the arguments in favour of Free Trade, and understood them more clearly than might have been expected. His eulogies in other works on the economic doctrines which Shelburne and the younger Pitt derived from Adam Smith, show that until political exigencies made the advocacy of protection expedient, Lord Beaconsfield was a free-trader. His phrases vary as occasion suggests, but his general doctrine is unmistakable. The story is a clever boyish parody and imitation, which shows enough acquaintance with the terms of the political, philosophical, and religious fashions of the time to enable the author to make fun of them. Lord Beaconsfield has never thought it necessary to go much deeper into matters than phrases and catchwords will lead him. Mankind, in his view, is governed by phrases and catchwords, and to study thoroughly what you do not intend to treat thoroughly would be a waste of time. Lord Beaconsfield has never treated either his subjects or the public seriously, and the public has been content to laugh at and with him until the present moment, when it may begin to think itself of the crackling of thorns under the pot.

In such exercises as these, and in the travels in Europe and the East to which we have referred, Lord Beaconsfield prepared himself for that public life in which he was anxious to play a conspicuous part. In the preface to *Lothair*, of which we have before spoken, he lays claim to a sort of political consistency. He represents himself as having through life avowed certain principles, which were the result of early study and meditation. "Born in a library and trained from early childhood by learned men who did not share the passions and prejudices of our political and social life, I had imbibed on some subjects conclusions different from those which generally prevail, and especially with reference to the history of our

own country." Lord Beaconsfield then proceeds to set forth, in language suitable to a man who had been, and hoped to be again, Prime Minister of England, and who was still leader of the Conservative party, some ghostly shadow of the old doctrines about the Doge and the Venetian oligarchy, though those familiar names are never mentioned. He was not, however, so exclusively the recluse student working out his own solitary conclusions in his natal library and among the learned men who trained his early childhood, as might be fancied from the description. The discipline of a dissenting boarding-school and the bustle of an attorney's office had their share with the learned men who were free from the passions and prejudices of our political and social life, in the formation of the young Disraeli's mind and character. Familiarity with these passions and prejudices, wheresoever derived, is more conspicuous in Vivian Grey, Popanilla, and the Young Duke than new readings of English history and theories of the English constitution. These appear later in Lord Beaconsfield's life and writings. The library and the learned men have probably had very little to do with them, except in furnishing an imposing and half-barbarous jargon of magnificoes and doges, in which the new doctrines were expressed for the greater bewilderment of the public, prepared to take *omne ignotum pro mag-nifico*. Lord Beaconsfield's view of the British Constitution at the commencement of his political adventures may be briefly expressed. It was a view from the outside. Its high walls and closed doors and barred windows were the objects presented to his gaze, and he resolved to surmount them. In a man who has a high conception of politics, and who is eager to level unjust barriers that stand in the way of others as well as himself, attack upon oligarchic monopoly and privilege may be commended as a noble and generous enterprise. To Lord Beaconsfield, however, by his repeated confession, and still more emphatically by the clear tenor of his life and writings, politics have been simply an exciting game in which he desired to take part, and politicians have formed an exclusive society into which he was resolved to force himself. The exclusion which he resented was the exclusion of himself.

There has been much discussion as to whether Lord Beaconsfield made his first appearance in politics as a Tory, or as a Radical, or as a Tory-Radical. The fact is that he was an anti-Whig, and his Toryism, or Radicalism, or Tory-Radicalism, were only so many phases of his opposition to the Whigs and their oligarchical *beati possidentes*. We need not go into the details of Lord Beaconsfield's candidature for High Wycombe, and his unsuccessful overtures to other constituencies, until his election for Maidstone in 1837. The story has been sufficiently told in Mr. Macknight's able biography, and is repeated

with more detail in the carefully compiled volume entitled, "Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." He stood twice in 1832 for the first-named borough; issued, in hope of a vacancy which did not occur, an address to the electors of Marylebone in 1833; and stood unsuccessfully against the late Mr. Labouchere for Taunton in 1835. In the latter year he first appeared distinctly as a Conservative. Up till then he had hovered between Toryism and Radicalism, advocating the measures proposed by Mr. Hume and Mr. O'Connell on grounds drawn from the writings and the conduct of Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham, who were in favour of triennial parliaments, and who, for good reasons, had certainly never said anything against vote by ballot or the repeal of the taxes on knowledge. In 1834 Lord Beaconsfield appears to have been still hesitating between the two elements of his Tory-Radicalism. According to a passage in the late Mr. Groville's diary, he was undecided whether to seek his Marquis of Carabas in Lord Chandos or in Lord Durham. One thing only is clear. Lord Beaconsfield was bent on a political career, and found that the exclusiveness of the Whig oligarchy was the main obstacle in his way. His hatred of the Whigs was, we believe, genuine, and it dressed itself up in the guise of a principle. Political adventurers who are not content to be the mere servants and lackeys of a great lord, have usually played either one or other of two games. They may be courtiers or they may be demagogues; they may flatter the mob, or they may be the sycophants of the Crown. They sometimes play these parts in succession, as Wilkes did. They have not often combined them at one and the same time. This, however, is what Lord Beaconsfield has done. The Crown and the multitude are set forth as natural allies against a rapacious, recrcant, and haughty parliament. The Reform Act is described as issuing out of "the popular frenzy of a mean and selfish revolution, which emancipated neither the Crown nor the people." The cause for which Hampden died in the field and Sydney on the scaffold was the cause of the Venetian republic. From the very beginning of his career, Lord Beaconsfield has doubled the apparently inconsistent parts of king's friend and mobsman. Under different conditions, and with a different ultimate object, he has played the same game in England as Louis Napoleon played in France. It is singular, however, that his political detestation of the aristocracy has been accompanied by an enormous social veneration of them. As a novelist, he is never easy when he is in any other society. His veneration, it is true, is mainly for their houses, their furniture, their grounds, and their liveries. His novels abound in descriptions of the mansions and parks of great people, all done in the style of a great auctioneer's advertisements. The tone and

phrases of the house-furnisher, the appraiser, and the salesman run through all the still life of his novels. A tailor matching patterns, unrolling his sample-book, and combining a sweet thing in waistcoats with an article he can recommend for trousers, is the image which Lord Beaconsfield's inventory of the dresses of his heroes recalls. To him the Emperor Hadrian is almost at the head of mankind as being "the most sumptuous character of antiquity." A love of power, wealth, and finery, and a mixed hatred and reverence of the persons who possess them, is the common inspiration of Lord Beaconsfield's politics and of his literature. In the curious mixture of servility and of mockery which runs through his description of the lives and conversation of the high nobility, where reverence ends and contempt begins it is impossible to say. They are both obviously there, and, inconsistent as they seem, they are inextricably mixed.

This habit of mind, this inability to see much except the results of a large income and a patronage bestowed, wholly regardless of expense, on the tailor, the jeweller, the house-furnisher, and the ornamental gardener, are as the tares which choke the wheat in Lord Beaconsfield's writings. There are every now and then glimpses of better feelings and of a more disinterested enjoyment of what is beautiful in nature and in human life; but these things are evanescent. The angry sense of exclusion and the greed of coveted possession deform and discolour all but here and there a few pages. Apart from the purely satirical passages, the most natural and skilful touches are those in which the talk and games of boys, their brag and self-confidence, their absolute theories of life and purposes of action unqualified by a dream of failure, are set forth; with a certain humour that is not without its veiled pathos. There is some delicacy, too, mixed with much fine writing and superfine sentiment of the Minerva press school in Lord Beaconsfield's heroines. Women do not enter into competition with men, and there is no sense therefore of struggle with rivals fortunately placed, to embitter his views of them. On the whole, the sort of mixture of a fitful generosity and nobleness, with the recklessness of the brigand and pirate of the circulating library, marks Lord Beaconsfield's earlier stories.

In these social feelings, the hatred of a plebeian and of a man of foreign origin and despised race, for an aristocracy whose power he would have liked to share, whose houses, grounds, clothes, and jewellery he admired, and in whose society he pined to live, we get the inspiration of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, clothed in phrases borrowed from Bolingbroke. In 1834 he was elected a member of the Westminster Reform Club, and in the following year he appeared

at Taunton as the candidate of the Conservative Club and the supporter of Sir Robert Peel. These are facts not involving greater inconsistencies than those which mark every period of his life. He has been everything except a Whig, not only in succession, but simultaneously. His conflict with O'Connell, arising out of a speech made during his unsuccessful candidature at Taunton, has a certain interest as illustrating the qualities which were displayed by Lord Beaconsfield later in life in his assaults on Sir Robert Peel. He had courted O'Connell's political support when he was a candidate three years before at High Wycombe. He had indulged in private expressions of esteem and regard, which amounted to a solicitation of O'Connell's friendship. But O'Connell, after denouncing the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs, was supposed to have entered into the agreement with them known as the Titchfield House Compact. Next to his love of the Jews, Lord Beaconsfield's strongest passion, as we have seen, has been hatred of the Whigs; and O'Connell and Lord Melbourne's administration were both denounced in terms which our readers would not thank us for repeating. O'Connell repaid his assailant in kind. The license of political and personal controversy was more excessive than it is now; but it may be safely said that English gentlemen, of the attainments and intellectual power of either of the two combatants, could not have indulged in the reciprocal ribaldry and insult with which they bespattered each other. O'Connell and Mr. Disraeli, however, came each from a servile race and a proscribed and insulted religion. Through no fault of their own, the vices of slaves were in their hearts and found expression in their tongues. Self-respect was difficult to men whose ancestors through a long course of centuries had been taught to cringe under a yoke, and who, when they did not speak low and in a bondsman's key, exploded in violent and indecent insults. We have spoken of the vices of slaves as illustrated in this reciprocal vituperation. We ought rather to have said that they displayed the vices of freedmen, from whom the restraints of servitude have been removed, but who have not yet learned the moral restraints of personal self-respect.

The parallel does, however, some injustice to O'Connell. With some of the vices of the slave, the railing and licentious tongue, and the slippery and tricky nature, he combined the large and generous impulses of the patriot. Whether he had the self-denial which would have accepted poverty, or exile, or unpopularity for a just but losing cause, is fairly open to question. There are few traces in him of the temperament of the hero or of the martyr. But, though he had not the sensitive and exacting honour which would shrink from a paid and retained patriotism; though he did not feel that the suspicion of selling himself to the advocacy of aims which he knew to be illusions

was at any cost to be shunned; there is no reason whatsoever for thinking that the paid patriot would ever have been the purchased apostate. Justice and freedom, his country and his church, were not simply articles of merchandise in which he carried on a trade: they were to him, in spite of many meaner and debasing elements, a sacred inspiration. This large and generous nature could feel the fascination of a great and noble cause. The mixture of the buffoon and the mountebank with the patriot and the national liberator, belongs to the transition period in Irish history and character. The old servitude and the newer freedom blend in this ambiguous result.

The disgrace of this gladiatorial combat of manumitted slaves rests largely with the nation which, by proscribing them, their race, and their faith, helped to make them what they were. The penalty rests with it too. Sinister interests, and powerful influences which are not English, sway English politics. Finance and religion are cosmopolitan, and men whose country is their counting-house indirectly govern us. The rulers of the synagogue are more largely than is suspected the rulers of England. Lord Beaconsfield's language to O'Connell, as his language afterwards to Peel, passing at once from fulsome eulogy to unmeasured vituperation, simply exhibits the transition from the obsequiousness of the mercenary seeking a place to the insolence of the mercenary refused or dismissed from one. In the Letters of Runnymede, which appeared in the following year, these qualities are very conspicuous. The author directly addresses the leading Whig statesmen of the day by name in terms of personal insult, which do not differ from the abuse with which a street-beggar who has been denied alms, will sometimes pursue a passer-by.

In 1834, as we have seen from Mr. Greville's Diary, Mr. Disraeli was hesitating between two patrons. There was a chance of his entering Parliament as a Radical by Lord Durham's aid, and some hope of doing so as a Tory by the help of Lord Lyndhurst. From whatever motive, the latter course was decided upon; and Mr. Disraeli went down to Taunton in 1835. Possibly his friendship for Lord Lyndhurst decided him. In the preface to *Lothair*, which contains Lord Beaconsfield's latest confessions, he speaks of Lord Lyndhurst as one of the two best friends he ever had. Lord Beaconsfield is just the man to appreciate the brilliant intellectual gifts of Lyndhurst, and he passes what may be a just eulogy upon the qualities he displayed in private life, "the tenderness of his disposition, the sweetness of his temper, his ripe scholarship, and the playfulness of his bright and airy spirit." Lord Lyndhurst's ostentatious indifference to political principles, and the readi-

ness with which he took the large retaining fee of professional and political employment and promotion, by which he was bought off from the Liberal side in politics, and became the advocate of Tory principles, are not likely to have impressed Lord Beaconsfield unfavourably. Scruples, he has said, are usually the creatures of perplexity, not of conscience; and he would have thought Lord Lyndhurst a fool to have thrown away his chances. The friendship of the two men had one political result in the Letter to a Noble and Learned Lord in Vindication of the English Constitution, which was published in 1835, the year following that in which the Revolutionary Epick appeared. The Vindication does not rank as a permanent contribution to English political philosophy. It is a queer medley of Burke and Bolingbroke, whose streams of thought do not readily mix with that sort of Tory-Democratic doctrine in which renegade Radicals often endeavour to hide their apostasy.

The second of the two best friends Lord Beaconsfield ever had was "the inimitable D'Orsay, the most accomplished and the most engaging character that has figured in this century, who with the form and universal genius of an Alcibiades, combined a brilliant wit and a heart of quick affection, and who, placed in a public position, would have displayed a courage, a judgment, and a commanding intelligence which would have ranked him with the leaders of mankind." Henrietta Temple, which was dedicated to Count D'Orsay, contains a portrait of him under the name of Count Alcibiades de Mirabel, from which one may judge of the qualities which in Lord Beaconsfield's view went to form the most accomplished and engaging character of this century. It might be unfair to judge the hero by the hero-worshipper; but it is not unfair to judge the hero-worshipper by the hero, or at any rate by his idealised conception of the hero. Count Alcibiades de Mirabel is a glorified Beau Brummel; and although the fault may be in Lord Beaconsfield's portraiture, the type of character is not doubtful. A dashing and showy social adventurer, who would have been a first-rate drawing-master, music-master, writing-master, French master, elocution-master, riding-master, courier, tailor, or cook—a master of all those arts by which "our life is only drest for show: mean handiwork of craftsman, cook, or groom"—is to Lord Beaconsfield, in his advanced age, the most accomplished and engaging character and universal genius of the century. The impulses which inspire the reason, and direct the conscience, and shape the life to nobler ends than political advancement or social enjoyment, are left out of his reckoning. His gaze is fixed on the D'Orsays, and the Tom Duncombes, and the Louis Napoleons, with whom he associated at Gore House, the spendthrifts and adventurers and

conspirators who found themselves in salons to which "gentlemen" only (gentlemen as distinguished from ladies) went. Prince Louis Napoleon conquered a precarious respectability by his reception at Windsor. Lord Beaconsfield achieved a similar position when he was acknowledged by the late Lord Derby. His properly political life begins with his entrance into Parliament in 1837 on the accession of the Queen. His literary career was at the same time brought to a pause of seven years, which was broken in 1844 by the publication of *Coningsby*. The two stories, *Venetia* and *Henrietta Temple*, published in 1837, and dedicated to Lord Lyndhurst and Count D'Orsay, have no political motive or character. They are attempts in pure art, and cannot be deemed successful save in a few strokes of social satire. Byron is out-Byronized, and the Werther period of Goethe out-Werthered. In *Venetia*, *Caduras* and *Herbert* are recognisable as Byron and Shelley, not by any truth of portraiture, but by plagiarism from their real lives. Lord Beaconsfield's dealings with the grand passions always suggest the *Porte St. Martin* and the *Surrey Theatre*. His heroic vein lies perilously near to the mock heroic. There is a genuine breath of social and political satire animating his works which might have earned him a more honourable place in English literature than the parliamentary career, on the threshold of which we leave him for the present, has won for him in English history.

In writing this sketch, we lay our account with some censure, which we have no choice but to confront. The public career of Lord Beaconsfield is in our view the opprobrium of English politics during the past forty years, and his political character is, in the situation which he holds, a danger and defiance to England, and a threat to the peace of the world. There can be no reason why, without exaggeration, but without reserve, we should not say what we believe to be the truth about it. In discussing the actions of a politician from day to day it is neither desirable nor possible to be always examining character. Life is too short for business of that sort. The man must be taken for granted, in the position to which he has raised himself, and in which the public sees him with acquiescence, and even maintains him with deliberate purpose. But this abeyance, for convenience' sake, of the moral judgment—this refusal to raise the previous question of general character and motives at every step in social intercourse or every stage of the public business—certainly does not involve the permanent renunciation of moral judgment. It is impossible to leave men to the appreciation of history only. To treat Lord Beaconsfield as if he were a Chatham, would simply be

ludicrous twenty-five years hence. No one will grudge any paradox-monger of the twentieth century an amusement of that sort, if he can find nothing better or more plausible. But what will be historic folly then is a very present danger now, a danger against which it is impossible without what is called attacking an individual. We speak only of Lord Beaconsfield's public character. His admirers have not even the least right to protest against personality in politics. The life of their hero has been little more than a series of personal assaults.

This example, however, is the last by which we should desire to justify ourselves, and we have no intention of imitating it. The motive which has urged us to the task of studying his political career is of a different order. At present the doctrine of the personal power is loudly proclaimed. An attempt is being made to revive the pretensions which George III. strove unsuccessfully to assert. This effort has always been tried under foreign inspiration. An able German, Baron Stockmar, undertook to instruct the Prince Consort in the theory and practice of the British Constitution, and the ideas of the Prince Consort were, of course, transmitted to the Queen, and shaped her practice. English statesmen, by a careless compliance, due in part to the deference which they found it difficult to withhold from one whom, to use a phrase of Lord Palmerston's, both as a sovereign and a lady it was unbecoming to thwart, too hastily yielded assent to doubtful pretensions. They even framed a theory of the Constitution to suit these ideas. Lord John Russell consented, on a celebrated occasion, to become the mouthpiece of Stockmarism in the House of Commons. The speech which he delivered when the action of the Prince Consort was called in question, has become historic. It is habitually cited by apologists who desire to aggrandize the power and functions of the Crown. Like almost all attempts to frame a theory of the Constitution, it sought the living among the dead. By the time that a scheme of the English Constitution is concocted, it has almost of necessity ceased to be true. Depending, as the Constitution does, upon a balance of powers and forces which are in a constant state of relative growth and decline, the theory, even if it be brought up to the very latest date at the time when it is framed, is pretty sure to be out of date at the time when it is published. The position of things has changed. Baron Stockmar and the Prince Consort, drawing their doctrine out of old English books and historic precedents, illustrated by foreign, and chiefly German, analogies, adopted a procedure more certain perhaps than any other that could be devised, to lead them astray. Even if they possessed, as they certainly did not, the flexibility of mind and quickness of intuitive perception needful to discern the

genius of a people and the character of institutions foreign to their personal experience, the method which they employed, and the conditions which surrounded them as observers, were almost of a necessity fatal to success. A court, even a court so pure as that of England, is the very last place in which parliamentary government can be fairly studied. A Prince Consort, even a Prince Consort so admirable in intention, so respectable in character, so conscientious and painstaking in every relation of life as Prince Albert was, is the very last person to comprehend the working of Parliamentary institutions so developed as those of England. It is too rough to be congenial to a situation so delicate, difficult, and even equivocal as that of the husband of a reigning queen, and the father of an heir-apparent to the throne. The assistance of a kind of private physician-minister, such as Baron Stockmar was, would make matters rather worse than better. The disposition to minimize parliamentary authority, and to assert an influence of the court and of the Crown above and beyond them, is in such circumstances inevitable.

The premature death of the Prince Consort, the withdrawal of the Queen for a long term of years from active interest in political affairs, and the long Premier-ships of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, men very dissimilar in most respects, but neither of them courtiers, nor possessing the qualities likely to make them the favourites of court favourites—men of great natural vigour of character, of strong purpose, and of resolute political convictions—all these things have contributed to keep in check for a time the assumptions which Baron Stockmar encouraged. Under Lord Beaconsfield's administration they have revived, and revived in a more mischievous form and under worse guidance than ever before. They are ostentatiously set forth in courtier-like Memoirs appearing under the royal sanction, and in political manifestos of important Conservative organs.¹ They fit in with the doctrines which Lord Beaconsfield has professed with more steadiness than any other of his fluctuating opinions, and which he probably seriously entertains. They are, likely enough to receive very mischievous development at his hands—a development in which there may be the seeds of future troubles, unless a more modest view of the functions of the Crown in the Constitution than that which he encourages, be adopted and acted upon in future. The personal power of the monarch is in danger of becoming either a means of thwarting a minister who has the confidence of the country without the good-will of the sovereign; or, what might be yet more calamitous, the personal power of an adroit flatterer and a daring

(1) See for instance the new number of the *Quarterly Review*.

adventurer is likely, under forms of obsequious submission, to take the place of the personal power of the monarch. Cardinal Wolsey wrote, *Ego et rex meus*. Lord Beaconsfield makes a very near approach sometimes to a similar egotism. It is no longer possible to treat him with the half-contemptuous indulgence that was thought to be due to a political comedian. Up till 1874 Mr. Disraeli was treated by the whole political press of England as a joke, although he was often treated—and especially in the *Quarterly Review*—as a very misplaced and untimely joke. In 1878, without being a serious personage, he holds very serious issues in his hands. It is essential that men should be reminded what manner of man he is, to whom the English people, the English Parliament, and the Queen of England, have committed a sort of political dictatorship.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

II.

THE first years of the pontificate of Pius IX. can be remembered with satisfaction by no party. Seldom has history shown a more curious complication of false positions and inextricable dilemmas. The main points of the situation are well known. The new Pope took from the first a lofty view of his spiritual prerogative, but began his reign without a definite temporal policy. He was kindly and simple-minded, but accessible to flattery and wanting in wisdom, and rather obstinate than strong. The liberal party took advantage of an amnesty which he issued on his accession—in itself a very ordinary act—to credit him with liberal tendencies, and to exalt him as the heaven-sent patron of Italian unity and freedom. He promised reforms, and was rewarded by calculated acclamations. There was something contemptible in this mode of cajoling a ruler, and there was something undignified in the way in which the flatteries were swallowed and the reforms postponed. The war of Piedmont with Austria in 1848 put an end to this child's play. At first, indeed, the demagogues pretended that the Pope had gone to war with Austria, and there was much debate as to whether he had or had not blessed the banners of the volunteers, and, if he had, whether his blessing would still be valid if they crossed the Po. But on April 29, 1848, the Pope published an allocution in which he definitely took the Austrian side. From that moment his popularity was gone. Alarmed at its loss he temporised again.

In the autumn of 1848 he placed Rossi at the head of affairs. Rossi tried to steer a middle course. The task was impossible; his own harshness and pedantry embittered the enmities on both sides which his policy evoked, and he succeeded in uniting the contending factions only in the single object of assassinating himself. On November 15 he was stabbed at the door of the parliament. The cowardly Assembly held its session without alluding to the fact that the prime minister had been killed on the stairs. Both parties welcomed this crime. The liberal papers spoke of it without reprobation; the ultra-papal commandant of gendarmes refused to make any attempt to punish the assassins. The terrified Pope fled to Gaeta in disguise, and surrendered himself to the influence of Antonelli, who had pretended to join in the constitutional movement, but now showed his true colours, and kept his power till he died. It was now Antonelli's object that Rome should fall into anarchy. Commissioners were appointed to govern in the Pope's name, who refused to do anything except protest against the assump-

tion of power by any one else. The deadlock was complete. Gradually a demand arose that Mazzini and Garibaldi should be sent for. Both accepted the call, Mazzini writing sternly of what had passed, and advising the convocation of a constituent assembly and the proclamation of a republic. This advice was followed, and on March 20, 1849, Mazzini and two Romans were chosen triumvirs.

In the deliberate absence of any ruler the Romans had no choice but to create a republic, but it was clear from the first that the fortunes of that republic were almost desperate. Three of the four Catholic powers, Austria, Naples, and Spain, were certain to attack it. From two quarters only was help possible, from the rest of Italy or from France, the fourth Catholic power, but a power which was at that time republican also. As regards help from the rest of Italy, the moment for seeking it had gone by. A year before, Rome would have found all Italy, almost all Europe, in revolution, but now the flame was dying out. The defeat of Novara, on March 23, put an end to hope from Piedmont. An earnest attempt, made by Mazzini before his arrival in Rome, to secure co-operation from Tuscany failed, and the ill-conducted Tuscan constitutional movement expired with the return of the grand duke on April 13. Venice remained in arms; her heroic defence against Austria was adding the last glory to her famous name. But she could spare no help to Rome. From France Mazzini never hoped much, though neither he nor the French nation were prepared for what actually took place. France was undergoing a reaction from the exaggerated enthusiasms of 1848, in a dark hour of apathy and fears in which more than one sinister ambition was finding a congenial air. M. Thiers¹ has related with cynical frankness the secret history of the dispatch of the French expedition to Rome.

Without his express authority we might have suspected, but should hardly have allowed ourselves to assert, that the expedition was from beginning to end a deliberate fraud upon both the French and Italian peoples; that almost every word uttered by the French ministers in the Assembly and the French general in Italy was a conscious falsehood; that, as M. Thiers says, "It was not for the sake of the Roman people, it was not for the sake of Catholicism, that we went to Rome, it was for the sake of France;" and for the sake of France in what way? In the first place to gain for the Prince-President the support of the clerical party, and in the second place to assert the influence of France in Italy in opposition to that of Austria, since, said M. Thiers, "rather than see the Austrian eagle on the flagstaff that rises above the Tiber, I would destroy a hundred constitutions and a hundred religions." This seems a needless energy of resolve, but M. Thiers tells us that we "can hardly conceive the

(1) Conversations with Mr. Senior, *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1877.

interest which France takes in Rome," not only on vulgar grounds which all may share, as the centre of Catholicism, art, and history, but "as having long been the second city of the French Empire."

From any less exalted point of view it was certainly hard to find a reason why France should interfere in Rome in 1849. As a Catholic country she could not be expected to help the Roman republic against the Pope. Still less did it befit her, as a republic, to stifle a sister republic which had in many ways a stronger right to existence than herself. But although France was a republic, her ministers were not republicans; they were paving the way, as fast as they dared, for an ultramontane empire; they were resolved to crush the Roman republic, and to help them to deceive the Assembly which they led, they counted upon their countrymen's vanity, on their desire to pose as heroes on every stage which the world's history offers. M. Odilon Barrot rested his proposal for the dispatch of troops to Italy on "the expediency of maintaining the French influence in Italy, and the wish to be instrumental in securing to the Roman people a good government, founded on liberal institutions." The Assembly consented, and a body of troops under General Oudinot was sent to Civita Vecchia. Before them went an aide-de-camp to announce "that the wish of the majority would be respected, and no form of government imposed which the Roman people had not chosen." Won by fair words, the municipality of Civita Vecchia allowed the French to land. The triumvirs remonstrated, but it was too late. They then sent to Oudinot a dignified protest, stating that this invasion was a violation of the law of nations, and declaring their intention to resist. Oudinot replied with a proclamation, written by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, which repeated that the French "had no wish to exercise an oppressive influence, or to impose a government contrary to the wish of the Romans." He then declared Civita Vecchia in a state of siege, disarmed the garrison, and forbade the municipality to meet. The prefect protested, and Oudinot put him in prison.

The French Assembly had authorised Oudinot to enter Rome "if he were likely to meet with no serious assistance, or were invited thither by the wish of the population." The triumvirs repeatedly told him that any attack on Rome would be strenuously resisted. He did, however, attack Rome on April 30, and was driven off by Garibaldi, leaving many wounded and prisoners. The wounded were carefully tended by a band of Roman ladies, who were afterwards described in the French Assembly as courtesans. The prisoners were released by the triumvirs, who refused to keep captive republicans who had been deluded into a fratricidal war. They thus expressed their belief in the brotherhood of all free men, just as Callicratidas, by releasing Greek prisoners, expressed his belief in the brotherhood of all Hellenes.

The news of this attack on Rome caused great discontent in France. M. Barrot disavowed Oudinot's action, but sent him reinforcements instead of recalling him. The general displeasure, however, compelled the ministers to send some man of high reputation as diplomatic agent, "to devote himself to negotiations and the relations to be established between the Roman authorities and the Roman people." M. de Lesseps, then one of the first of diplomats, as he is now the first of engineers, was dispatched with full powers. The masterly State-paper in which he afterwards defended his mission, supplemented as it is by the original documents, remains the unanswered history of these transactions.

Reaching Rome on May 10th, M. de Lesseps found that the French position was an entirely false one, that the Romans were by no means in a state of anarchy, but resolute, united, and in no need of French arbitration. The most alarming element in the situation was the wounded vanity of the French officers, who wished to wipe out the memory of their defeat before Rome by a second assault upon that friendly city. While M. de Lesseps negotiated, they prepared their attack. In spite of the armistice they threw a bridge of boats across the Tiber, and cut the communication between Rome and the sea; they seized the church of St. Paul-without-the-walls; they occupied Monto Mario—a most important position. There was a peculiar perfidy in this last act, since M. de Lesseps himself was deceived into informing the Roman government that this occupation was a mere "misunderstanding," and intended to guard Rome against the advance of foreign foes. The triumvirs, justly impressed with M. de Lesseps' honour, took pains to quiet the natural anger of the Roman people, who thus saw one point after another seized by the French troops. Meantime M. de Lesseps and the triumvirs concluded a convention as follows:—The Romans, welcoming the French as friends, allowed them to take up such positions outside Rome as health and the defence of the country required. This arrangement was in no case to be put an end to, except at a fortnight's notice.

M. de Lesseps signed this convention, as he was fully empowered to do. But General Oudinot refused to be bound by it. He went further; he broke a promise of his own given in writing to General Roselli, that he would defer the attack on Rome at any rate till June 4, and began the attack on June 2. Almost at the same moment—on May 29—M. de Lesseps was recalled. The fact was that on that very day the Constituent had given place to the Legislative Assembly, there was a shifting of power at Paris, and M. Barrot and those behind him could do as they pleased.

We may pause here to consider the internal condition of Rome. At the time when the Republic was proclaimed there was much to justify the contempt which was widely felt in Europe for the new

government. The Romans seemed to be acting only because they could not help it; and the debates in the Assembly showed little except aimlessness and terror. Suddenly this temper changed. A mass of men in imminent danger may be sobered by it or maddened according to the impulse given, and the Romans were like the crew of a sinking ship whose captain comes on deck and takes the command. A diplomatic dispatch¹ has preserved for us an account of Mazzini's arrival in the Assembly, and the transformation of a scene of confused recrimination into a scene of enthusiasm and vigorous action. His influence on the troops was of the same kind. On his election as triumvir the officers of the National Guard told him that most of the guard would refuse to defend the city. "It ~~seemed to me,~~" he says, "that I understood the Roman people far better than they, and I therefore gave orders that all the battalions should defile in front of the Palace of the Assembly, that the question might be put to the troops. The universal shout of war that arose from the ranks drowned in an instant the timid doubts of the leaders."

It is, however, to Garibaldi that the credit of the heroic military defence of Rome must be mainly ascribed. We must look to the internal management of the city, its finances, order, religion, for definite traces of Mazzini's government. And here M. de Lesseps must first be heard. After speaking of a suspicion which he at first entertained that Mazzini was influenced against France by Protestant missionaries, he adds:—

"I have the less hesitation in making known the opinion which I then held of Mazzini, with whom I was in open conflict, inasmuch as throughout our subsequent negotiations I have nothing but praise for the loyalty and moderation of his character, which have won my entire esteem. Now that he has fallen from power, and is doubtless seeking a refuge in some foreign country, I owe an expression of homage to the nobility of his feelings, the sincerity of his convictions, his high capacity, his integrity, and his courage."

When the triumvirs assumed power, the state of the public finances was such that their first act was to debate whether government could be carried on at all. Under the papal rule the treasury had been entrusted to a dignified person who could not be called upon to show accounts, and was only removable by being *cardinal*. During the three perilous months of the triumvirate the finances were thoroughly put in order, and a large reserve of money collected, which was duly appropriated by the papal functionary on his return. The republican leaders left office poorer than when they accepted it. Mazzini, as triumvir, dined for two francs a day; Garibaldi, less provident than when, in 1860, after conquering a kingdom, he found that he had still nearly thirty pounds, left Rome in

(1) Bianchi's *Diplomazia Europea*, vol. vi. p. 452.

absolute penury. More surprising was the unwonted honesty of the lowest of the people. Some families whose houses were endangered by the French bombardment were quartered in the empty palaces of Roman nobles who had fled to Gaeta, leaving money and jewellery lying about their rooms. Not so much as a brooch was stolen. Crime, in fact, was for the time almost unknown. Some assassinations were committed at Ancona, which Mazzini instantly punished with terrible severity, threatening to send half the forces of the republic to Ancona if such crimes were repeated. If order, honesty, courage are tests of civic life, it is not too much to say that Rome had never been so Roman since the Punic Wars. This spirit found a fit expression in Mazzini's State papers, which show the characteristic Roman dignity, the absence of flattery or exaggeration, the stern assumption that the aim of every Roman is to live and die for Rome.

The accusations brought against Mazzini's government elude for the most part precise examination. To call him a communist, a bandit, a "modern Nero," was merely to use conventional language in describing a republican chief. There was more force in the complaints of some of his own party that by his Quixotic regard for the property and life of enemies, he threw away advantages which Rome could ill spare,—as when he exempted the rich men who had fled to Gaeta from taxation because they had not consented to be taxed,—or forbade Garibaldi to follow up the flying French army on April 30, because the Romans could not believe themselves to be at war with a friendly republic, except when they caught the French in the act of trying to enter Rome.

On a more serious matter Mazzini's government provoked fears in many quarters. It was suspected that he meant to disestablish Catholicism in favour of Protestantism, or of some other schismatic communion. It is worth while to consider what position he actually took up. He seems to have interfered with nothing which he did not think absolutely immoral, but rather to have laid stress on those acts of common worship or reverence which have the same force for all. Thus, on the one hand, he turned the Inquisition into a lodging-house for poor families, and protected monks and nuns who wished to re-enter the world. But when the people took some confessionals to strengthen barricades, he ordered them to be instantly replaced, and warned the Romans to shun even the appearance of an outrage against the religion of their fathers.

Easter, which fell in the time of the triumvirate, was celebrated with the accustomed solemnity. It is not the Pope whom Christians worship, and his absence need not stop a Christian feast. A priest blessed the people from the balcony of St. Peter's, and Mazzini, as representative of the republic, consented to stand there too,—a prophetic figure intercalated among so many pontiffs more strangely than Cromwell among the English kings.

Rome was defended long and bravely, but on June 30 the French were masters of the bastions and all the heights, and it was plain that the end was near. Mazzini then proposed a scheme which recalls "the oath of the Phœceans" and one of Horace's noblest odes. He proposed that the triumvirs, the Assembly, the army, and such of the people as chose should leave Rome, and create in the Campagna a centre of desperate resistance to Austria and France. But the Assembly refused. "The singular calmness," adds Mazzini with some naïveté, "which they had shown until that moment had induced me to believe that they would have hailed the proposition with applause." This voluntary exile of the whole State—this carrying, as it were, into the desert of the fortune and the fame of Rome—would doubtless have created a profound impression throughout Italy and Europe. The men who made that expedition would probably all have been killed—as almost all the men who did actually go out with Garibaldi were killed—but if they had maintained themselves even for a few months, it is still conceivable that Italy might have risen. The Assembly were not ready to do this, but what they did has won them the praise of heroism from judges less stern than the triumvir. Through all the perils of the siege they sat unmoved—such of them as were not needed on the walls—perfecting the new constitution; and when the French were in the city, when once again—

"Galli per dumos aderunt, arcemque tenebant,
Defensi tenebris et dono noctis opacæ,"—

on that last morning the Assembly—destined, every man of them, to exile, imprisonment, or death—proclaimed upon the Capitol the Statutes of Republican Rome. Like the Roman who bought the field on which Hannibal was encamped, they testified to their belief that the enemies of the Eternal City should perish and that she should endure.

The French entered Rome. Garibaldi marched out with a handful of brave men, meaning to fight his way to Venice, which was still in arms. Mazzini remained in Rome to watch for any chance of renewing the struggle; but he knew in his heart that no such chance would come.

It is hard to lose the dream of a life; and when that dream has drawn all its lustre from virtue, when joy has been conceived only in the loving service of the noblest being, the highest ideal we know, then if a man sees his ideal crushed before his eyes, and feels that honour itself has turned against him, and that because he has disdained base things he has lost all—then shall it be known whether his virtue is a derivative and conquerable thing, or has in it an inbred energy that is incapable of despair. If he can raise his head to fight anew, he will find all fighting easy now. The worst has

come to the worst; henceforth can no man trouble him; he bears in his spirit the tidemark of its highest woe.

Through such an hour Mazzini passed, sitting among the ruins of his Rome. He waited for friends to rally round him, but none dared to rally—for foes to slay him, but no man dared to slay. At last he passed through the midst of them and went his way, and as for the last time he saw the sun set on Rome, he might surely have said with more truth than any Cato of tragedy,

“Son Roma i fidi miei, Roma son io.”

And here, if it were cast into a drama, the tale of Mazzini's life would close; for there are careers which culminate in defeat, as others in victory, and the labours of another score of years gave no second chance to face unshaken such a crash and ruin of a world. The year 1849, in spite of its crushing defeats, was in fact a turning point in Italian fortunes. Men had measured themselves with the enemy; they had learnt to dare; and the movement throughout Italy was never wholly checked again. In each onward step Mazzini aided. His words, his writings, gaining fresh authority as advancing years confirmed their wisdom in the past, were the fountain-head of that clear and continuous manifestation of the national will which impelled and enabled the Piedmontese government to take advantage of each opportunity that offered for the unification of Italy. Of the way in which this was done, however, he often disapproved. Nothing, for instance, could be more distasteful to him than the alliance on which Piedmont depended in 1859. He foretold, and truly, that it would be bought at an extravagant price. And had it been granted without sinister end, he yet could not endure that Lombards or Venetians, the descendants of Livy and Dandolo, should owe their liberty to a foreign despot's grace, should accept from an unclean hand

“A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.”

After the peace of Villafranca he used all his influence to induce the small States of Central Italy to annex themselves to the Piedmontese monarchy—unity, as ever, being his first aim. It was he again who prepared, and urged Garibaldi to undertake, the revolution in Sicily and Naples, promising that if it succeeded he would claim nothing of the glory, and that if it failed it should be accounted a “Mazzinian dream.” After Garibaldi's splendid success in Naples in 1860, Mazzini's eyes were turned to Venice and Rome. The liberation of Venice was marred by the same intervention which had marred the liberation of Lombardy. The deliverance of Rome was long, and, as Mazzini thought, needlessly delayed, and when it came in 1870 it came only to show him that the Rome of his aspiration, the religious,

republican Rome which was a third time to head the world, was not to be built in a day.

He felt, too, a sorrow which came not from Italy alone—the sorrow of seeing the cause of liberty and progress in Europe defiled by anarchy and divorced from religion—tyranny and bigotry opposed not by free co-operation and deeper faith, but by communistic outrages and materialistic unbelief. And of all this his religious isolation weighed on him the most. “The religious question,” he wrote in 1865, “pursues me like a remorse; it is the only one of any real importance.” And although to the last, and through the long decay of a terrible disease, he continued his active work of all kinds, and died by inches in harness, toiling without haste or rest, yet his increasing preoccupation with religious ideas becomes plainly evident. This is accompanied by a melancholy wonder that others cannot see as he sees, by a painful yearning for the progress of kindred souls. Yet with this there is that serenity which often comes to those to whom youth has been a generous struggle, and manhood a disciplining pain. There is a disengagement as of a spirit which has already borne all; and which, like one who awaits a solemn ceremony, is making ready for the Sacrament of Death.

And surely, when Mazzini’s story shall have passed into Italian legend and song, men will say, in old Greek fashion, that it was “not without the will of heaven” that it was appointed to this man to die not in Genoa, turbulent nurse of heroes, where in dark days he had been born, not in Rome, where he had ruled in manhood, more royal than a king, but in that still city upon Arno’s stream to which, after all her tumults, it has been given to become the very sanctuary and image of peace,—

“To body forth the ghostliness of things
In silence visible and perpetual calm.”

Even so, will their poets answer, Apollo sought the body of Sarpedon, “best-beloved of men,” and carried him far from the battle, and washed him in Scamander’s wave, and gave him to two mighty ministers to bear him home,—

Ἦπνῳ καὶ θανάτῳ διδυμάοσιν, οἳ ῥά μιν ὄκα
κάτθεσαν ἐν Λυκίῃς εὐρείῃς πίοσι δῆμῳ.

III.

In discussing a public life we naturally consider it first as the public saw it—its struggles or weaknesses concealed beneath at any rate an external strength and consistency. But when the character is so exceptional as Mazzini’s, we desire also to know something of its springs of action, of the natural instincts which transformed themselves into so unusual a vigour of public virtue. And Mazzini has himself told the story of the chief inward crisis of his life, after the failure of his first insurrection and the death of many of his

friends. A few quotations will indicate the sources alike of his weakness and of his strength :—

“ Were I to live for a century I could never forget the close of that year (1836), nor the moral tempest that passed over me, and amid the vortex of which my spirit was so nearly overwhelmed. I speak of it now with reluctance, and solely for the sake of those who may be doomed to suffer what I then suffered, and to whom the voice of a brother who has escaped from that tempest—storm-beaten and bleeding indeed, but with re-tempered soul—may, perhaps, indicate the path of salvation.

“ It was the tempest of doubt, which I believe all who devote their lives to a great enterprise, yet have not dried and withered up the soul, like Robespierre, beneath some barren intellectual formula, but have retained a loving heart, are doomed, once at least, to battle through. My heart was overflowing with and greedy of affection; as fresh and eager to unfold to joy as in the days when sustained by my mother's smile; as full of fervid hope, for others at least, if not for myself. But during those fatal months there darkened around me such a hurricane of sorrow, disillusion, and deception, as to bring before my eyes, in all its ghastly nakedness, a foreshadowing of the old ago of my soul, solitary, in a desert world, wherein no comfort in the struggle was vouchsafed to me.

“ It was not only the overthrow, for an indefinite period, of every Italian hope; the dispersion of the best of our party; the series of persecutions which had undone the work we had done in Switzerland and driven us away from the spot nearest Italy; the exhaustion of our means, and the accumulation of the most insurmountable material obstacles between me and the task I had set myself to do;—it was the falling to pieces of that moral edifice of faith and love, from which aloft I had derived strength for the combat; the scepticism I saw rising around me on every side; the failure of faith in those who had solemnly bound themselves with me to pursue unshaken the path we had known at the outset to be choked with sorrows; the distrust I detected in those most dear to me as to the motives and intentions which sustained and urged me onward in the evidently unequal struggle. Even at that time the adverse opinion of the majority was a matter of little moment to me; but to see myself suspected of ambition or any other than noble motives by the one or two beings upon whom I had concentrated my whole power of attachment, prostrated my spirit in deep despair. And these things were revealed to me at the very time when, assailed as I was on every side, I felt most intensely the need of comforting and re-tempering my spirit in communion with the fraternal souls I had deemed capable of comprehending even my silence, of divining all that I suffered in deliberately renouncing every earthly joy, and of smiling in suffering with me. It was precisely in this hour of need that these fraternal souls withdrew from me.

“ When I felt that I was indeed alone in the world—alone, but for my poor mother, far away and unhappy also for my sake—I drew back in terror at the void before me. Then, in that moral desert, doubt came upon me. Perhaps I was wrong and the world right? Perhaps my idea was indeed a dream? Perhaps I had been led on not by an idea but by *my* idea; by the pride of my own conceptions, an intellectual egotism withering the spontaneous impulses of my heart, which would have led me to the modest virtues of a limited sphere, and to duties near at hand and easy of fulfilment.

“ I will not dwell upon the effect of these doubts on my spirit. I will simply say that I suffered so much as to be driven to the confines of madness. At times I started from my sleep at night and ran to the window, in delirium, believing that I heard the voice of Jacopo Ruffini calling to me. The slightest incident, a word, a tone, moved me to tears. Whilst I was struggling and sinking beneath my cross, I heard a friend, whose room was a few doors distant from mine, answer a young girl who, having some suspicion of my unhappy condition, was urging him to break in upon my solitude, by saying: ‘ Leave him alone; he is in his element—conspiring and happy.’ ”

He goes on to narrate how the conviction came to him that his sufferings were the temptations of egotism, and arose from a misconception of life, from some remaining influence exercised on him by the theory which proposes to each man the *search after happiness* as the aim of his existence here.

"I had combated the evil in others, but not sufficiently in myself. In my own case, and as if the better to seduce me, that false definition of life had thrown off every baser stamp of material desires, and had centred itself in the affections, as in an inviolable sanctuary. I ought to have regarded them as a blessing of God, to be accepted with gratitude whenever it descended to irradiate or cheer my existence, not demanded them either as a right or as a reward. I had unconsciously made of them the condition of the fulfilment of my duties. I had been unable to realise the true ideal of love—love without earthly hope—and had unknowingly worshipped, not love itself, but the joys of love. When those vanished, I had despaired of all things; as if the joys or sorrows I encountered on the path of life could alter the aim I had aspired to reach; as if the darkness or serenity of heaven could change the purpose or necessity of the journey. . . .

"I came to my better self alone; without aid from others, through the help of a religious conception, which I verified by history. From the idea of God I descended to the conception of progress; from the conception of progress, to a true conception of life; to faith in a mission and its logical consequence—duty, the supreme rule of life; and having reached that faith I swore to myself that nothing in this world should again make me doubt or forsake it. . . . I dug with my own hands the grave, not of my affections—God is my witness that now, greyheaded, I feel them yet as in the days of my earliest youth—but of all the desires, exigencies, and ineffable comforts of affection; and I covered the earth over that grave, so that none might ever know the *Ego* buried beneath. From reasons—some of them apparent, some of them unknown—my life was, is, and were it not near the end, would remain unhappy; but never since that time have I for an instant allowed myself to think that my own unhappiness could in any way influence my actions. Whether the sun shine with the serene splendour of an Italian morn, or the leaden corpse-like hue of the northern mist be above us, I cannot see that it changes our duty. God dwells above the earthly heaven, and the holy stars of faith and the future still shine within our own souls, even though their light consume itself unreflected as the sepulchral lamp."

Is not this what the poet means when he speaks of *Virtue like a household god promising empire?*—this return upon itself of the resolute spirit, beginning, as it were, an inward epoch with a Hegira from all earthly joy, and proclaiming an unknown triumph in the very extremity of disaster and defeat? I have quoted this passage because of all his writings it best explains the man; because it shows that the passion of love in its loftiest meaning was the guiding energy of his whole career, so that if Garibaldi is "one of Plutarch's men," Mazzini is one of Plato's; he is the *ἐρωτικός μετὰ φιλοσοφίας*, the man who has carried down with him the instincts of love and of philosophy from the heaven where he has looked on truth; he mounts from step to step that chain of high affections along which Plato teaches that a soul can rise from the love of its human counterpart to the love of God. The intermediate passion between these two is the love of country—the love, as Plato

has it, of institutions and of laws—the devotion to great ideas which widely influence the welfare of mankind. For the patriot too is enamoured; he is enamoured of his conception of a great multitude of kindred souls, leading the life which he deems noblest after the fashion which he can picture best, happy amid the scenes inwoven with his earliest and his inmost joy.

This parallel between the lover, the patriot, the saint, might be carried far. It will be enough here to notice some analogies between Mazzini's love for Italy and that love which the world has agreed to take as the loftiest type of individual passion, the love of Dante for Beatrice. Both loves were wholly free from self-assertion and jealousy, both were intensified and exalted by sorrow. *

Mazzini's whole public career was a series of self-abnegations. He sowed the harvest which another statesman reaped; the people for whom he had toiled the first and the hardest made its idol of another hero. But for this there is not in his most intimate correspondence the shadow of a regret. The only solicitude which he shows is for the memory of some of his earliest friends—the Ruffini, the Bandiera—whom he thinks in danger of missing the reverence which is their due. To his own acts he rarely alludes; and but for the pressure which induced him to write some autobiographical notes towards the close of his life, there would already be great difficulty in retracing his career. It is owing to the care of others that his writings have not been dispersed and lost. What need was there for him to put on record his love for Italy? What could other men's knowledge or ignorance of it add to it or take away? That Italy, as he conceived her, should exist, would have been enough for him.

Another form of jealousy leads the lover to disparage all loves except his own, from his uneasy fear lest she may not in truth be so unique as he wishes to believe her. From this also the truest lovers, the truest patriots, are free. Like Dante, they desire that Monna Vanna should walk with Monna Bico on the flowery way, that Lucia should stand beside Beatrice in the height of heaven, that all fair women should grow to their best and fairest, and keep thereby the sweeter company with her whom they never can excel; or their patriotism is like Mazzini's, who desired that all other nations also should be free and grow, that each should express to the full the divine idea which is the centre of her strength, being assured that the place of Italy could none other take, nor city in either hemisphere diminish the name of Rome.

Consider again the influence, on lover or patriot, of exile, severance, sorrow. There are some, indeed, who have called human love an importunate and perishable thing, which must be fed with such food as earth can give it, lest it pine and die; but a love like Dante's is not so, but grows more pervading through self-control, and more

passionate through the austerity of honour, and only draws a stronger aliment from separation, anguish, and death. And similarly the intensification of Mazzini's love for Italy, through her sorrows and his own, is manifest in all his works. Loving Italy in every phase of her existence, he "less loves her crowned than chained;" his passion is the passion of a chivalry which at once compassionates and adores. And we see it strengthen in his own yearning solitude; we feel it in many a mournful sentence, whose immediate impulse we can now no more retrace than the anatomist can retrace the pang which has given birth to a tear.

Few natures could have derived more suffering than Mazzini's from a life of conspiracy and exile. Compare him, for instance, with his fellow-townsmen Bixio, the true type of the Genoese revolutionary. Bixio needed for his happiness nothing but adventure and storm. When the last despot in Italy was overthrown, "the second of the thousand" of Garibaldi's heroes could find no peace till he went out to struggle with the elements and an unsailed sea. Men like Bixio, like Garibaldi, are at ease in revolutions. Mazzini was differently wrought. The beautiful melancholy countenance, the delicate frame, the candid and yearning heart,—all these indicated a nature born for thought and affection, not meant for suspicions and controversies and the bitterness of a life-long war. Courage, indeed, was easy, conspiracy was endurable, but exile broke his heart. Dante was exiled, but Dante could still look on Italian faces and hear Italian speech, and know that the city of his love and hatred lay beneath the same arch of heaven. With this other exile it was not so. It was in London—the visible type of a universe hastening confusedly to unknown ends and careless of individual pain—that Mazzini must regret that land whose name, even to men born far off, seems to make a part of all soft desire,—the land whose very air and memory invite to unworldly emotion and to passionate repose.

And in that inward exile of the heart, it was easy in comparison for Dante to sustain long life upon the brief possession of what no soul can forget. Mazzini's was a harder lot. No eyes were to promise him his peace,—*noi darem pace a voi diletto*; he must imagine for himself the unknown delight; he must recognise, as he said, those for whom he cared most deeply rather by the pain they could give him than the joy. Even as for the sake of Italy he must endure to be exiled from Italy, so for love's sake he must renounce love; his affections must be the more ardent because impersonal; he must foster them only to forego.

It does not seem, however, that Mazzini considered himself as entitled to any especial pity. Had he chosen his own lot on earth, it is likely that he would have desired that some great cause should absorb his energies, and teach him to make life one effort of virtue, and to adventure his all unreservedly upon the instinct of duty

which he carried in his heart. It is likely that he would have purchased this temper at the cost of lifelong pain, if he could make of unselfish sorrow his initiation into the mystery of human fellowship, his needed impulse to an impersonal hope. For indeed tenderness is as necessary as courage if a life of sorrow is to be made wholly heroic. The very unselfishness of such a man's work for others is in danger of bringing with it something of isolation as well as of sympathy. Against his will a certain sternness and aridity will infuse itself into his manner and his style; by silence rather than by speech his self-suppression will be too plainly seen.

It is against such an impression of Mazzini as this that his friends are at most pains to guard. They wish us to imagine him as a man kept in deep peace by aspiration only, and by such simple pleasures as are inseparable from the child-like heart. They tell us of his playful humour, of the mild brightness of his friendly eyes, of his delight in birds, in flowers, in children—of moments when the yearning exile was overheard singing softly to himself at dead of night, while his guitar “spoke low to him of sweet companionships.” They would have us believe that “there is nothing which a spirit of such magnitude cannot overcome or undergo”—that the storms which beat on such a head can only give a new depth to tenderness, a new dignity to the appealing look, *che pur sorriso ed è dolore*.

And what then, we may ask, were the beliefs from which this constancy was born? On what conception of the universe did he sustain this impregnable calm?

The answer to this question, which has already been given in effect in Mazzini's own words, is somewhat singular. Without appeal to revelation, with only the afterthought of an appeal to history, he as it were discovered and lived by a theology of his own. He became the apostle and martyr of a view of the sum of things which simply occurred to him, of dogmas which no one taught him, and which, though he constantly preached them, he scarcely attempted to prove. Before we consider the dogmas themselves, we may pause to inquire whether there can be any justification for this prophetic attitude in an age which may be supposed to have learnt to attain truth by organized methods, and independently of individual enthusiasms.

In this age of profound modification of received beliefs it would seem that a man's duty with regard to religion may be of three kinds. There are some who, though almost hopeless of arriving at any convictions as to an unseen world, seem strong enough to dispense with hope; who can labour for their own progress, though they believe it ended in the tomb,—for the progress of the race, though they doubt whether man will ever raise into a worthy happiness his “transitory and perilous” being. The duty of these is clear. They are the champions of a forlorn adventure; their mission

is to show by their lives that Virtue can never be a paradox; that she can approve herself by the mere fact of her existence even in a world where the truth is bad. But these, above all men, must be strong. Cato and Brutus were men of iron; but these men must be made of sterner stuff than Brutus or Cato. They must be able to meet unflinchingly the most iniquitous ruin, the last defeat, and not despair, like Cato, of the Republic; nor fall, like Brutus, exclaiming in death's disillusionment, "Ah, wretched Virtue! thou wert then nothing but a name."

There are others again who, while they do not assert that religious tradition suffices to meet the wider view and keener scrutiny of the advancing time, consider, nevertheless, that there is something premature, something almost impatient, in already abandoning, as insoluble, problems of such import to mankind. So variously may history be read that, while to some minds we may seem the empty-handed heirs of all the ages, who have asked every question and found every answer vain, to others it appears that those ages have been but the infancy of man; that he has hardly as yet formulated the question which he would ask of the Unseen; that as yet he can neither estimate the value of such answers as have been given nor anticipate those which are to come. For Socrates, too, prided himself on having brought philosophy down from heaven to earth, from unprovable speculations about the firmament to debates upon the nature of man, while in reality the speculations of Thales and Anaxagoras, though premature, were not useless; and meantime Euclid was writing, as it were, upon the dust the first letters of that learning which should weigh and analyse the very stars of heaven. Men who take this view, also, have their duty clear. If they surmise that it may not be impossible to know something of the destinies of man, they must pursue that search, though it be by means which bear as humble a relation to the moral universe as the diagrams of Euclid bore to the sidereal heaven.

There are others, again, to whom a certain view of the universe appears axiomatic; who seem to themselves to be speaking that which they do know, testifying that which they have seen, when they describe the character and counsels of the Eternal. Such men the world tests by a rough standard of its own; if it holds them for prophets it suffers itself to be swayed by them, even if they produce no evidence of what they affirm.

Such was Mazzini's case. He appealed, indeed, to history; but who has not appealed to that echo of our own voices from the past? In reality he rested his doctrine upon the convictions of his own heart. Nor need this defect of evidence make us refuse to consider his creed. For we know that even in ages when proof was very readily admitted, religious feeling rested far less upon proof than upon intuition. Some religions scarcely appeal to proof at all; in

almost all religions the religious instinct is presupposed and the alleged proofs do but direct its manifestation. And as the world advances, this subjectivity of religion becomes increasingly apparent. For the mass of religious feeling increases while at the same time alleged proofs are more vigorously tested and more freely overthrown. The result is that the old revelations, while they remain sacred, tend gradually to affect mankind in a new way—less as an external evidence of an unseen world than as a venerable confirmation of what is felt within. It may, indeed, be urged that if in an exact age we are to attain to any conclusive knowledge of an unseen world we must attain it by an increased power of accurately apprehending unseen forces—by experiment rather than by tradition, by scientific rather than historical inquiry. This is not the prophet's business; and he may fairly assume that in the meantime religious conviction must be held instinctively if it is to be held at all, and that nothing would be gained by invoking defective evidence to supplement imperfect intuition.

This absolute and prophetic tone, commending itself irresistibly to many minds as the vehicle of lofty truth, was the source of much of Mazzini's influence in the political, as well as in the religious sphere. And hence the effect which he produced was within its own limits more intense and pervading than the effect—powerful though this was—produced by Garibaldi or Cavour. A physical analogy will serve to illustrate my meaning.

We are apt to pass through somewhat similar stages in our contemplation of Nature and of Man. The child or savage takes the common course of things for granted, and is impressed only by the abnormal and prodigious; he reverences the tempests and not the tides, the thunderbolt rather than the dew. With the birth of Science our view changes. We learn to see in Order the highest Force, to recognise the highest Will in adherence to unchanging Law. The sense of power which this conception gives is such that the mind seems capable of coping with the sum of things; we are tempted to believe that there is no room in the universe for phenomena that transcend our analysis.

But in the face of certain problems the inquirer is forced to change his tone once more. For he finds that the laws and operations which can be known have no finality; that they afford him a subtle, almost a visionary, perception of operations beyond his ken, of laws of which our highest generalisations may be but the specialised case or the incidental aspect. Standing on the shore of the sea of truth he divines a universe alive and restless as the sea—the storm of inconceivable energies, and the stress of an unknown control.

And thus it is with our judgment of the lives of men. Our first admiration is for heroic impulse: great cities surge around the progress of a deliverer, whose deeds have overpassed the common

measure of humanity, and confronted him with death and fame. Later comes our reverence for statesmanship and wisdom—the reign of Law without, the reign of Reason within; it seems clear that all other ideals can be but distortions or mutilations of this. Nor does the great statesman ignore the faiths and impulses which most men dimly feel: he accepts their validity up to a certain point, and the fact that he goes no further seems to prove that there is no further to go. In our sense that such a man is a microcosm, we half forget that even our cosmos is an island in an infinite sea.

It may well be that nothing leads us to change our ideal again. Men have few aims which cannot be compassed by a Garibaldi or a Cavour.

But a sterner stress may come. For ourselves, or for a whole people, we may need a courage which no chivalrous eagerness can sustain, nor wisdom of this world justify, which shall be at once persistent as deliberate habit, and unhesitating as the impulse of one crowning day. Then we learn that the lever which moves the earth has its fulcrum in the unseen, that the maximum of human energy can only be evoked by one whom we may call as we please enthusiast or prophet.

The indications of a Higher Law to which a preacher like Mazzini appeals may always seem to us inconclusive, may sometimes seem illusory: but whether the cause of his faith and hope be real or unreal there is reality in their effects; the very aspect and rumour of lofty conviction carries a sovereignty among men, and to those who have had close cognizance of such a soul it will seem to have been raised up like a god's statue facing eastward in the market-place, *ut claros spectaret in ortus*—to look towards the dawn of day—to make “a precursory entrance into the most holy place, by a divine transportation.”

Such, at least, was the impression which Mazzini produced upon minds attuned to his message—upon men who died, like Quadrio, affirming their belief in “God, Mazzini, and Duty.” And what Mazzini preached was God and Duty—God, indwelling, just, and good; Duty that prompts to endless effort, rewarded by endless progress, while the soul mounts through ascending existences to an inconceivable oneness with the Divine. There is nothing new in such a conception of man's destinies as this. It descended in a mystery from the East, and before it was preached by Plato and Virgil, the prophets of the Greek and Roman world, it had been through infinite sorrows the consolation of unnumbered men. Nay, more—Mazzini believed that Christ himself, looking with an unique foreknowledge beyond the horizon of his earthly age, had foretold the progressive revelation of a faith whose teaching should embrace His own; He had said that it was expedient that He should depart from us that the Paraclete might come; He had promised us the

Spirit of Truth, who should guide us into all truth, who should show us the things to come, who should abide with us for ever. And Mazzini—continuing that controversy between prophet and priest which is as old as the Jewish Theocracy—believed that religion is not a tradition maintained by rites, but an inspiration renewed by the Spirit; and that the Holy Ghost is with us now; and that chosen souls express the message, as the whole world works out the thoughts, of God. Each quickening of the higher life, each pure strain of reverence for God, for Nature, for Humanity, which science or art, or solitary musing, or the collective action of nations could teach, he held as a gift from the same hand which had already given our all. And it was his passionate impulse to “incarnate in humanity,” as he said, “that portion of eternal truth which it is granted to us to perceive—to convert into an earthly reality so much of the kingdom of heaven, the Divine conception permeating life, as it is given us to comprehend,” which “haunted him like a remorse,” which controlled him as a mission, which bade him speak as one having authority, and confront the Œcumenical Council with a theology more august than their own.

“The arch of the Christian heaven,” he said to them,¹ “is too narrow to embrace the earth. Beyond that heaven, across the fields of the infinite, we discern a vaster sky, illumined by the dawn of a new dogma; and on the rising of its sun your own heaven will disappear. We are but the precursors of that dogma—few as yet, but earnestly believing; fortified by the collective instincts of the peoples, and sufficiently numerous to convince you—had you sense to comprehend it—that when the tide of materialism shall recede, you will find yourselves confronted by a far other foe. God, the Father and Educator—the law prefixed by Him to life—the capacity, inborn in all men, to fulfil it—free-will, the condition of merit—progress upon the ascent leading to God, the result of right choice—these are the cardinal points of our faith.

“You believe—thus depriving yourselves of every basis of intellectual certainty and criterion of truth—in *miracles*; in the supernatural; in the possible violation of the laws regulating the universe.

“We believe in the Unknown, in the Mysterious—to be one day solved—which now encompasses us on every side; in the secrets of an *intuition* inaccessible to analysis; in the truth of our strange presentiment of an Ideal, which is the primitive fatherland of the soul; in an unforeseen power of action granted to man in certain rare moments of faith, love, and supreme concentration of all the faculties towards a determinate and virtuous aim; but we believe all these things the preordained consequence of laws hitherto withhold from our knowledge.

“You believe in a heaven extrinsic to the universe; in a determinate portion of creation, on ascending to which we shall forget the past, forget the ideas and affections which caused our hearts to beat on earth.

“We believe in *One Heaven* in which we live, and move, and love; which embraces—as an ocean embraces the islands that stud its surface—the whole indefinite series of existences through which we pass. We believe in the *continuity* of life; in a connecting link uniting all the various periods through which it is transformed and developed; in the eternity of all noble affections; in the progressive sanctification of every germ of good gathered by the pilgrim soul in its journey upon earth and elsewhere.

(1) Letter to the Œcumenical Council. Fortnightly Review, June 1, 1871.

"We reject the possibility of irrevocable perdition as a blasphemy against God, who cannot commit self-destruction in the person of the creature issued from himself—as a negation of the law prefixed to life, and as a violation of the idea of love which is identical with God. We believe that God called us, by creating us; and the call of God can neither be impotent nor false. *Grace*, as we understand it, is the tendency or faculty given to us all gradually to incarnate the Ideal; it is the law of progress which is His ineffaceable baptism upon our souls."

It is plain that he who believes these things has nothing left to desire. What can we ask of the sum of things but an eternity of love, an eternity of virtue,—to mount upwards to the utmost limits of the conceivable, and still be at the beginning of our hope? And yet we need not wonder that Mazzini was mournful. High thoughts bring a deep serenity; but while his brother-men were so suffering and so imperfect the yearning for their progress was to him an ever-present pain. His mind had taken so strong a bent that he conceived the future always for himself as duty, and only for others as joy. Such an one must "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied;" it must be enough for him:—

"That to him too the high fates gave
Grace to be sacrificed and save."

And is there any life which on reflection seems to us more desirable than this? Is there not something within us which even exults at the thought that Mazzini's years were passed in imprisonment and exile, in solitude and disappointment, in poverty and pain? Are we not tempted to feel a proud triumph in the contrast between such a man's outer and his inward fortunes, in the obloquy or indifference which surrounded so high a soul? And this feeling, though exaggerated, has in it a germ of truth. For we may rejoice for any one that for him life has been stripped of its tinsel, that things have been shown him as they are, that there has been nothing to disguise or darken the chief concerns of man. And as in the case of some private heroism, dear to our hearts, we may be well content that it has run its fair course unnoted and in silence passed away, so we may be glad, even for a public and national hero, that he has missed the applause of the unworthy and all that is vulgarising in a wide renown. Yet all are bound, so far as they may, to use the memory of a good man's life as he used the life itself, as an example to whom it may concern; and for this reason, perhaps, those who can speak of Mazzini with better right than I, may pardon this imperfect picture of one whom we would not willingly that base men should so much as praise:

ἄνδρὸς, ὃς οὐδ' αἰεὶν τοῖσι κακοῖσι θέμις.

LIBERALS AND WHIGS.

THE present weakness and disunion of the Liberal Party admit of many explanations, and many have been the proposals for its regeneration. Of these, none has been more ably advocated, or more heartily embraced by the Radical section of the Party, than the proposal to emancipate it henceforth from Whig influences. This is not the first time that such advice has been offered to Radicals in the hour of trial, but the wisdom of it is certainly not self-evident. If an army were numerically so inferior to the enemy that it could not risk an engagement in the open field, it would be thought a strange piece of generalship to dismiss half the force, including most of the officers and veterans, with a view of increasing its fighting power. Nor would this system of tactics be likely to prove more successful if a considerable number of the disbanded soldiers were sure to find their way into the enemy's camp. However, the rules of war do not always hold good in politics, and the reasons adduced in favour of purging the Liberal Party from the leaven of Whiggism deserve, at least, respectful consideration. It is alleged, in effect, that nothing but a series of historical accidents attached the Whig aristocracy to the cause of the people in former ages, that its sympathies have inevitably gravitated towards Conservatism since the cause of the people has become identified with the progress of Democracy, and that its alliance with Radicalism having become an anachronism and a delusion, ought now to be dissolved in the interest of the Liberal Party, which cannot otherwise put forth the real strength latent in its democratic ideal. Such are the main conclusions urged by Mr. Goldwin Smith in an article which appeared in a recent number of this Review, and they probably represent with tolerable accuracy opinions widely prevailing below the gangway on the Opposition side in the House of Commons.

It is with sincere diffidence that I dissent from Mr. Goldwin Smith on a question so vitally affecting the future action, if not the very existence, of the Liberal Party in this country. But the difference between us, however momentous, is a difference of policy rather than of principles. With the conception of Liberal principles which underlies his whole argument I heartily concur. I hold, as strongly as he does, "that the day of privilege and hereditary government is past, and that the time is come or coming for placing political institutions on the basis of reason and equal justice." Like him, I accept the progress of democratic ideas, not merely as a political necessity to which statesmanship must in future adapt

itself, but as, on the whole, an auspicious stage in the civilisation of mankind. I fully admit that no body of politicians who refuse to recognise this movement, or set themselves against it, can be trusted with the leadership of the Liberal Party, or even regarded as loyal members of it. If I do not go so far as to assert that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a peer or a great landowner to be a democrat," I am by no means inclined to depreciate the sacrifices which such a democrat must be prepared to encounter. And yet I believe what he calls the Whig, but I should call the Moderate, section of the Liberal Party, to be the soundest, the stablest, and the solidest element in that Party—an element which it would be impossible to replace, and therefore suicidal to expel. •

I have little inclination to criticize Mr. Goldwin Smith's masterly sketch of the historical causes to which the Whig aristocracy owed both its popular sympathies and its long tenure of power. But he scarcely does justice to the mode in which this power was exercised, or the services rendered by the Whigs to constitutional liberty. The fact that some of the great Whig houses had been enriched by grants of church lands, and their aristocratic impatience of the autocratic statecraft practised by the Stuarts, may go far to explain their fidelity to the Protestant succession, but these circumstances will not account for the essentially Liberal spirit of Whig administration during forty-five years after the death of Anne. Neither Walpole nor the first Pitt were scions of the nobility; they were essentially Great Commoners, who studied the character of the people whom they governed, combining an intelligent regard for national interests, and especially for the landed and commercial interests, with very questionable methods of parliamentary management. They were not "advanced Liberals," it is true, and Walpole is said to have boasted that he was no reformer, but, as Mr. Green has well pointed out in his *Short History of the English People*, "they were true throughout to the principles on which they had risen to power, and their unbroken administration converted those principles into national habits. Before the fifty years of their rule had passed, Englishmen had forgotten that it was possible to persecute for differences of religion, or to put down the liberty of the press, or to tamper with the administration of justice, or to rule without a Parliament." Even when the Party had been disorganized by the cunning of George III., no less than by internal discord, and when Liberal faith was tested, as it has never been tested before or since, by the outbreak of the French Revolution, the Whigs long stood firm, with Fox at their head, against an anti-revolutionary coalition, and Pitt himself, still a Whig at heart, was only driven into a regicide war by the irresistible pressure of public opinion. No doubt the great

majority of the Whig peers deserted Fox after the execution of Louis XVI., and when the Reign of Terror had roused the instincts of humanity itself against the excesses of Jacobinism, but many of these deserters soon rejoined the Liberal ranks, and held the pass against overwhelming odds, for a whole generation, with a constancy which modern Radicals have never yet exhibited. Mr. Goldwin Smith frankly admits that what, in its origin, had been "a party of circumstances" had become to no small extent "a party of conviction," and that such men as Fox and Grey, Althorpe and Russell, were conscientious, as well as bold, advocates of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. But he surely undervalues the importance of this concession. These Whig chiefs were really the founders and first leaders of the Liberal Party, as it has been constituted since the Reform Act of 1832. They were men of definite aims and firm purpose, steady under fire, skilled in retrieving a lost battle, inspired by a lofty patriotism superior to mere partizanship, and capable of sacrificing their own personal ambition for the sake of a great cause. The political characters of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright were largely influenced, if not moulded, by their example, and it is possible that men of a like spirit may hereafter arise in the younger democratic section of the Liberal Party, but none such have yet appeared, and until they do, it may be well to pause before finally deciding to break with old Whig traditions.

After all, however, the question raised by Mr. Goldwin Smith mainly turns upon more recent experience, and upon the present composition of the Liberal Party. According to him, the outburst of vexation called forth among the Liberals below the gangway by the withdrawal of Mr. Forster's amendment on the Vote of Credit marked an inevitable, though long deferred, rupture between Whigs and Liberals. He is further of opinion that, in this case, the "Liberals" were entirely in the right, and the "Whigs" entirely in the wrong. I cannot assent to either of these propositions. I maintain that on the whole Eastern Question, as well as on that particular occasion, "the line of cleavage" in the Whig-Liberal combination, as Mr. Goldwin Smith calls it, has not run between Whigs and Liberals, or between the aristocratic and the democratic section. On the contrary, I believe that, upon the whole, the proposal of Mr. Forster's amendment would have been condemned, and its withdrawal approved, by the most democratic constituencies in the country, upon the grounds stated by Mr. Cowen, had popular opinion been tested by a dissolution. I believe, moreover, that popular opinion would have been so tested, if Mr. Forster's amendment had been pressed and supported by the whole strength of the Liberal Party, and that a just apprehension of the crushing defeat that would have befallen that Party at the poll induced the wiser

members of it, with very few exceptions, to deprecate a division. I believe that, had Lord Hartington forced on a division, the defection below the gangway would have been more numerous than above it, and would have included several members of known democratic opinions. I believe the small body of Irreconcilables who indulged in that somewhat ill-bred and most ill-timed ebullition, to have been very far from unanimous in sentiment, some being actuated by a pure zeal for economy, some by a desire for peace at any price, and some by a hearty sympathy with Russian designs which had led them, at an earlier period, to call for a joint invasion of Turkey. But I must not shrink from adding that, in my judgment, Lord Hartington and those who have acted with him, or followed him, have shown throughout a calmer, wiser, and more impartial appreciation of the crisis in Eastern Europe, and would have kept England more truly "in the line of Liberal nations," than those who, under the nominal guidance of Mr. Gladstone, though often with ill-disguised impatience of his conscientious reservations, have allowed their feelings to govern their reason ever since they were first horrified by the Bulgarian atrocities. It is not Whiggism, but statesmanship and common sense, to keep the head cool in moments of national excitement, to mistrust the capacity of indignation meetings to regulate foreign policy, and to foresee the probability that a passionate and one-sided agitation in favour of a philanthropic crusade would provoke a counter-agitation, equally passionate and one-sided, in favour of war for "British interests." Had the words of truth and soberness obtained a fair hearing—had not the counsels of moderation and political experience been rejected with the contempt of ignorance—the Liberal Party might not have frittered away in philo-Bulgarian and anti-Turkish demonstrations, not unmingled with unpatriotic self-abasement, that moral power which should have been reserved to force, if need be, upon the Government a consistent and dignified non-intervention.

Happily, these reflections are now beginning to impress themselves even on those whom Mr. Goldwin Smith describes as "thorough-going Liberals," and the diminished strength of the Irreconcilable minority was clearly shown in the division against the motion for calling out the Reserve Forces. Even were it otherwise, it would be a mistake to lay too much stress on any dissensions among Liberals in regard to foreign policy; still more, on the angry protests of two or three Whig noblemen against a certain line of foreign policy which they gratuitously assumed to have been adopted by the Liberal Party. These noblemen, though of thoroughbred Whig ancestry, have never been among the leaders of that Party; they have not seceded from it absolutely, but only on a single question of foreign policy, and their secession is more than compensated by

counter-secessions from the Conservative aristocracy. Nor must it be forgotten that, while Conservatives always attack in column, it has been the general practice of the Liberal Party in opposition to fight in loose order, and to allow its individual members an independence of action easily taken for mutiny. Still, it remains to be considered whether "the Whig-Liberal combination," that is, the combination between moderate Liberals and Radicals, can be much longer maintained in the field of home-politics. Mr. Goldwin Smith emphatically disavows any wish to precipitate its dissolution, "merely because its harmony is not perfect, or because it cannot do everything that some of us would desire." If that combination is sound and based on a fundamental union of principle and purpose, such as existed on the morrow of the first Reform Act, or even twenty years ago, he would allow no sectionalism, much less personal jealousies, to stand in the way of its preservation or reconstruction. This is all that any Whig could ask, and quite as much as could be required by any Liberal who is not afraid to adopt a democratic point of view. Let us, then, consider what is the natural function of the Whigs, and the moderate Liberals associated with them, in the organization of the Liberal Party; whether that function is now exhausted, and how far the present aspect of English politics justifies the belief that "a more distinct party of thorough-going Liberals," formed on the basis of No Compromise, would prove more powerful for good, as it might well prove more powerful for evil, than a Whig-Liberal combination.

However little it may be in logical harmony with democratic principles, there can be no doubt that, in the past, the natural function of the Whig element in the Liberal Party has been that of leadership. Though public opinion has long been the real foundation of sovereignty in this country, though capacity has been recognised for ages as the supreme qualification for power, though Wolseys and Cromwells and Pitts have at rare intervals forced themselves into the highest positions in the State, yet the preference of the nation for leaders of aristocratic, or at least of gentle, birth has been constant and decisive. It was doubtless a narrow oligarchical spirit which excluded Burke from the Cabinet, while such men as Newcastle were considered necessary parts of an Administration; but there was no popular outcry against it, nor has there ever been a genuine popular outcry against the preponderance of Peers over commoners in almost all Cabinets, Whig or Tory. The fact is that, with all its democratic sympathies, England has never been democratic at heart, or practically embraced the democratic hostility to a governing class. As English soldiers and sailors would rather serve under a gentleman than under an officer promoted from the ranks, as English tenants like a landlord of the old stock, however

needy, better than a new-comer, however free-handed, and as a titled candidate will generally poll more working-class votes than a man of the people, so in Parliament itself a party leader, and especially a Liberal party leader, of ancient lineage has always had an advantage over parvenu rivals.

Nor is this advantage wholly invidious or unreasonable. For three or four generations at least the Conservative Party has been the party of country gentlemen, bound together by a hundred links of family, neighbourhood, common interests and common prejudices, and fully capable of maintaining its cohesion, whether it has been led by a great peer or by a political adventurer. The Liberal Party, on the other hand, is composed of very different and far less homogeneous materials, which the Whig aristocracy have often succeeded in combining, but which have never been combined for any long period by any Liberal of the democratic type, mainly because no such Liberal could acquire the confidence of all its sections. The Highland chiefs of the seventeenth century, knowing the jealous spirit of their clansmen, were not unwise in giving the command of their armies to Montrose or Dundee instead of to one of themselves, nor have the Radicals been wrong in choosing for their general Lord Althorpe, Lord John Russell, or Lord Hartington, rather than a thorough-going Radical. But the reasons for so doing have not been merely strategical. There is really less political antagonism between the Whigs and any of the various classes into which Radicals may be divided, than between these classes themselves. For instance, no difference of religious principle can be greater than exists between the Puritan tendencies of Nonconformists and the latitudinarian tendencies of Liberal Church-reformers—not to speak of ultra-Radical Ritualists—yet both are important sections of the Liberal Party, and the Whigs are allied, by history and sentiment, with both. Again, no difference of social or commercial principle can be deeper than that which divides the middle-class shopkeeper and manufacturer from the artisan; but the Whigs have no quarrel with either, and have advocated the rights of both in their respective turns. A still more formidable obstacle to a purely Radical government of the United Kingdom is presented by the condition of Ireland. A *plébiscite* in Ireland would probably result in Home Rule and anarchy, as a *plébiscite* in England at the beginning of the last century would probably have resulted in a Jacobite restoration. Now on strictly Radical principles no sufficient answer can be given to the demand for a *plébiscite* in Ireland, whereas the Whigs, having defended constitutional liberty against a Tory populace in the one country, are in a position to defend it against a Fenian populace in the other.

But this is not the only justification for Whig ascendancy in the

Liberal Party. To speak frankly, there is a widespread and by no means unfounded belief in this country that an hereditary connection with a party is among the most powerful of all securities for political fidelity. A man who has risen to political eminence by his brains and energy alone has nothing to lose but his reputation for consistency—which may be a worthless stake—by changing his opinions, if not his allegiance, as often as he may find it convenient. It is far otherwise with a man such as Lord Hartington, who inherits a name and family traditions associated with some of the noblest memories of our constitutional history. To him the desertion of his party and principles might be the loss of *caste*, the loss of a great position in society, the loss of all that can make public life, and of much that makes private life, desirable to an Englishman. It is idle to ignore the fact that a party leader, so born and so circumstanced, is bound over in far heavier recognisances than ordinary men to political loyalty; and it is therefore unfair to deny the existence of legitimate motives for the elevation of Lord Hartington to the post vacated by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Goldwin Smith, indeed, fully recognises Lord Hartington's public spirit and honesty, but he adds that "every one also knows the reasons which led to the selection of him as leader, and the consciousness of those reasons is almost enough in itself to strike a chill into the heart of a party of progress." I must confess myself ignorant of the reasons to which Mr. Goldwin Smith here refers. It has always been understood that Lord Hartington's only rival was Mr. Forster, who most honourably retired in his favour—not because he was thrown over by the Whigs, but, on the contrary, because he found himself less acceptable than Lord Hartington to the Radicals, who had been offended by his policy on education. Instead of seeing in this selection a proof that Whigs and Radicals have ceased to understand each other, I see in it a fresh proof that even Radicals do not dislike a lord, especially when he commands the resources of a wealthy connection, and will put up with a good deal in an aristocratic leader, justly respected, which they will not bear from one of themselves.

Mr. Goldwin Smith might perhaps reply that, while Radicalism of the genuine democratic type is but feebly represented in the present House of Commons, it has a powerful hold on the political intelligence of the nation, and on the masses of the people. I wish I could share that opinion, holding, as I do, that notwithstanding the aberrations of impulsive Radicalism, Liberal principles are and must be democratic in their essence. Fully adopting the hearty tribute which Mr. Goldwin Smith pays to Mr. Gladstone's merits, I cannot admit that his unique popularity is due to his being regarded as the champion of Democracy. It is fully explained by his genius, by his eloquence, by his matchless services, by his single-minded devotion.

to public duty, and by his earnest sympathy with the toiling and suffering millions of his countrymen. Had Mr. Gladstone professed the democratic creed in its entirety, I greatly doubt whether he would ever have become so popular; and it is a significant fact that when he threw himself over-confidently upon the people, the "classes" and "interests" proved too strong for him. The very idea of democratic equality, as it is understood in France, has yet to be implanted in the English mind, while the evil spirit of Privilege has always haunted trades' unions—the only quasi-democratic organizations which have any political importance in England. So far as there is any genuine democratic sentiment in the country it is strangely mis-directed, being anti-monarchical instead of anti-aristocratic. There are one or two constituencies in which a considerable body of electors have discovered a grievance in the supposed influence of the Crown, which is trifling compared with that of the American President, and think it highly patriotic to strike off a few thousand pounds from the allowance of a prince or princess. But how many constituencies are there in which the great question of Primogeniture has ever been popularised at all, or in which it would be even possible to obtain a discussion of the French law regulating the succession to property—a law which has been adopted, with some modifications, by nearly all the leading nations of Europe? Mr. Goldwin Smith cites the Land-law question as the most critical question of the immediate future, and as one upon which the common action of Whigs and Radicals is hopeless. If it were credible that he could refer to agrarian reforms of a communistic type, he would assuredly be justified in holding this opinion, though not in assuming that Communistic Radicalism has many adherents among English peasants or artisans. But if, as I believe, he refers only to comprehensive reforms in the laws regulating the descent and transfer of landed property, I reply that such reforms have been mostly proposed and supported by Whigs or moderate Liberals, who on these subjects are far in advance of the country at large. Dis-establishment is a far more burning question, and might well divide Whigs from an important section of middle-class Radicals, but it remains to be proved whether it will divide them from the masses of the people, who are not set against the Church by social jealousies, and who see it in its most beneficent aspect. Indeed, Mr. Goldwin Smith himself has elsewhere foreshadowed a possible settlement of this question, in a democratic sense, which is by no means at variance with true Whig principles, though it is very doubtful whether Radical Nonconformists will entertain it.

As for the House of Lords, the obstructive power of which is by far the greatest anti-democratic force in this or any other country, Mr. Gladstone truly interpreted the popular feeling when he declared

that he had not the courage to meddle with it. During the crisis of the first Reform Bill there was a loud and probably sincere outcry against it, and a similar though much weaker outcry was provoked by the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duties. With these exceptions, the obstinate resistance of the Upper House to popular measures, and the enormous waste of public time entailed thereby, have been tolerated with perfect good-humour, and neither the legislative nor the social privileges of the peerage appear to excite any democratic resentment worthy of attention. The introduction of Life Peerages would be a democratic amendment of the Constitution in the largest and best sense; but it may safely be affirmed that not one Radical candidate in a hundred ever mentioned it in an election address, or had a question put to him in regard to it. The same popular apathy has been exhibited whenever administrative reforms of which the real aim was democratic have been proposed by "Whig-Liberal" ministries. Such were the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, and of Patronage as the means of admission and promotion throughout the public service. Those only who have vainly striven to impress the design and effect of these reforms on the unwilling ears of electors, can fully appreciate the difficulty of bringing home democratic ideas to English minds. Were it otherwise, no better watchword could be devised for the Liberal Party at the present moment than the creation, or rather the revival and reconstruction, of popular self-government in English counties. This is a task which the "Whigs" are specially competent to undertake, and the chief reason why it is not undertaken is the belief that no democratic enthusiasm could be evoked in support of it, as appeared by the cold reception of Mr. Goschen's comprehensive bill in 1871. In short, there is absolutely no evidence that a democratic spirit, "capable of giving life to a party and of sustaining a movement," has yet been developed in this country, and no presumption that it could be produced by hoisting the red flag of democracy under any leader existing or conceivable. In a political sense, England is still a nation of shopkeepers, chiefly governed by landowners or by shopkeepers eagerly struggling for promotion into the landowning class. To democratize English institutions without destroying the nobler features of our national character, is the aspiration of a few enlightened minds, but democratic institutions must be the outcome of democratic social conditions, and it is probable that several generations must elapse before the process of democratizing English society can be accomplished.

No one sees more clearly than Mr. Goldwin Smith how portentous is the league of reactionary forces which constitutes modern Toryism, and how essential it is that a democratic party should be armed with

an impregnable moral strength of its own: "Its leaders would have to be disinterested men, willing to forego the prizes of personal ambition, content to propagato their convictions, to organize the means of giving them effect, and to bequeath victory to their successors. . . . They would find it necessary to stand more decidedly apart from the Court and aristocracy, and to give to their followers the guarantee, and to themselves the moral force, of unquestionable social independence." But where and how is this constancy, and self-denial, and social independence, to be secured? It was exhibited, as we have seen, by Whig leaders of former days, but is it exhibited by, or can it be expected from, any candidate for democratic leadership either below the gangway in the House of Commons, or outside the walls of Parliament? No doubt a most culpable neglect of the political succession has produced its natural result in an extraordinary dearth of rising statesmen, and such political ability as there is among the younger members of the Liberal Party—except in the House of Lords—is to be found mainly on the extreme Left of the House of Commons. But the more we analyse the composition of this Radical section, the more clearly shall we discover it to be "a heap of sand"—an incoherent mass of individuals, each one possessed with his own mission or crotchet, many "still under the spell of hereditary rank" if not amenable to "Court influence," and few indeed capable of that disciplined, far-sighted, and statesmanlike action contemplated by Mr. Goldwin Smith. Dashing skirmishers and men prepared to go on forlorn hopes may generally be found in the ranks of the Radicals, but it is the Whigs and their followers who have always brought up the reserves and consolidated the conquests achieved. Even in France, where Democracy is far better organized than in England, and where the idea of social equality has long been familiar, the extreme Left has proved itself greatly inferior to the Left Centre in the higher political virtues, and the one beneficent revolution that has been effected in French politics since the end of the war, has been effected upon principles which may properly be called Whig principles. In the English House of Commons, however, the Left Centre includes not only Whigs, but men like Mr. Goschen, Mr. Childers, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Stansfeld, who have nothing in common with the Whigs except the general moderation of their views and a sense of political responsibility. To exclude such men from the councils of the Liberal Party, and to drive them—were that possible—into becoming the Left wing of the Right Centre, would be an act of downright political suicide, worthy only of Spanish revolutionists.

If any further argument were needed to strengthen this conclusion, it is suggested by Mr. Goldwin Smith's very striking description of the change that has been wrought in the spirit of English aristocracy

since it lost its feudal character. Into the place of the ancient nobility, he tells us, "has crept another aristocracy, not of local administration, national defence, or public service of any kind, but of wealth, pride, and privilege, existing in the face of civilised means of government, by which its political function has been entirely superseded, while by its retention of the territorial titles formerly borne by the aristocracy of administration, it at once indicates its historical origin, and proclaims that its usefulness is past." The instincts of this new aristocracy, which is, in fact, a titled plutocracy, are essentially Tory, and so, it is to be feared, are those of the ignorant proletariat on whom Tory politicians place so much reliance. Is this a time for Radicals to fall out with allies who contribute the very qualities and resources in which Radicalism is signally deficient? In presence of such a coalition, can it be wise to alienate that remnant of the ancient nobility which remains faithful to its patriotic traditions, which retains the old patrician art of guiding and following the national will at the same time, which has attached to itself nearly all the political experience and most of the political capacity now existing in the Liberal party, which alone commands the confidence of that great non-political class by whose support the fortune of elections is turned, and which alone possesses either the social or the political consistency necessary to unite a great party?

Let me, once more, declare that I yield to no man in my desire to see the Liberal Party educated into such a perception of the highest democratic ideal as may ultimately raise it, not merely above Whig influences, but above the influence of all the narrow and sectarian prejudices which now distract and weaken it. I heartily wish that democratic principles, rightly understood and honestly embraced, may hereafter inspire in Englishmen half that political courage which the first Whigs showed, not at the hustings or in Parliament alone, but on the battle-field and on the scaffold. I wish that political intelligence among English voters, stimulated by democratic self-respect, may hereafter rise to the level of that exercised, not by Pericles or Socrates or Demosthenes, but even by ordinary citizens of ancient Athens. I wish that self-made men in our great centres of manufacture and commerce, instead of clinging to the skirts of our landed aristocracy, inherited the manly sense of independence characteristic of the old English yeomanry. I wish that more of the lesser country gentry were of the same democratic mettle as Squire Western, who vowed that his daughter should never marry a lord. I wish that a narrow and selfish Toryism, chiefly founded on anti-democratic jealousy of the working-classes, did not animate the great body of clerks in public offices and private counting-houses, as well as that still more genteel *bourgeoisie* which resides in suburban

villas. I wish that Lord Beaconsfield's enfranchisement of the "residuum" had not turned out to be a master-stroke of unscrupulous policy, and that Conservative working-men, with the strongest love of Protection and antipathy to political economy, had not become a formidable power in every constituency.

All this I wish, and even hope to see in gradual process of fulfilment, but I do not mistake wishes or hopes for present realities. It may be that the cycle of Toryism through which England now appears to be moving is destined to be presently succeeded by a new cycle of Radicalism, in which the working-classes may have the opportunity of displaying those aptitudes for political domination which have been so boldly claimed for them. In this case, while an abundance of motive-power will be supplied from below, the want of a stable regulator—of a moderating and steadying force in the political machinery—will be more sensibly felt than ever. It may be, on the contrary, that we have arrived at that which economists call the "stationary condition" in politics, and that no grand political reforms, but only administrative improvements, remain to be accomplished by the Liberal Party in the present generation. In that case, it would be the destructive energy of "thorough-going Liberals," and not the more cautious and thoughtful statesmanship of the Whig school, that would find itself out of harmony with the spirit of the age. In neither case, and in no case that can be imagined, could the democratic section of the Liberal Party (if such a section existed) afford to dispense with the aid of the so-called Whigs, that is, of men fitted by education, character, and conviction to harmonize democratic ideas with the permanent Conservative forces of the country. It is among them, and not among the Radicals, that constructive ability is still to be found; it is they, and not the Radicals, who thoroughly understand the difference between a faction and a Party. The sinister maxim *Diride et impera* would, indeed, be fatally misapplied, if it were applied, by advocates of Democracy, to produce a dissolution of that union which constitutes the Liberal Party, which enables it, even in its lowest depression, to maintain a national character, and which is the best security for its continued influence on the political destinies of England.

GEORGE C. BRODRICK.

CATULLUS.¹

It is a good sign that the attention of so many eminent scholars has of late been drawn to Catullus. Lachmann, Haupt, and Schwabe, and more recently Dr. Baehrens, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Munro, have all made valuable contributions to the interpretation of an ancient poet whose great and exceptional genius deserves and repays any pains which can be spent upon the right understanding of it. It would be out of place in these pages to attempt anything like a detailed exposition of the results attained by the three scholars whose labours on Catullus have lately been given to the world. It is only due to them, however, before using their work for the purposes of a short article like the present, to state briefly, and in a general form, what are the main points in which they have contributed to the right interpretation of their author. Commentaries and critical editions are addressed only to a small circle of experts; yet it is on commentaries and critical editions that the general reader must, in the case of an ancient author, ultimately depend for any trustworthy information.

Our existing text of Catullus depends on a single copy, which, after having been lost for more than three hundred years, reappeared at Verona in the fourteenth century, and was afterwards again lost to the world. Until Dr. Baehrens undertook his recension of the text only one copy of this manuscript, preserved formerly at St. Germain, but now at Paris, was known to be in existence. Dr. Baehrens has been fortunate enough to discover, in the manuscript Catullus of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, a sister copy to that of St. Germain, dependent likewise on the lost Verona manuscript. On these two copies then, the manuscripts of Oxford and of St. Germain, editors of Catullus must mainly if not entirely work, until some lucky chance enables them to strike on more traces than they now possess of an older and purer tradition.

Mr. Ellis is quite right in calling attention to the fact that a commentary on Catullus has long been a *desideratum*. For though Catullus is not, in the sense that Virgil, Dante, and Milton are, a learned poet, vivid and rapid and sparkling as most of his effusions are, his poems are, as a rule, so personal and occasional, so bound up with the occurrences of their time, as to be, without notes, hardly intelligible. Yet there has been no continuous commentary on Catullus since that of Doering (1788—1792). The advance made by Mr. Ellis upon Doering is immense. He has brought to bear upon

(1) Catulli Veronensis Liber. Recensuit Aemilius Baehrens. A Commentary on Catullus, by Robinson Ellis. Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus, by H. A. J. Munro.

his author a wealth of information and illustration, all the more valuable because much of it is drawn from genuine Latin sources, and especially from the contemporary Latin of Cicero and Varro. Mr. Munro's masterly and original volume throws new light on a number of points obscure before; his general command of the subject rendering his interpretations and proposed corrections, even where not convincing, suggestive, stimulating, and in the highest degree instructive.

Few periods have been so fertile in good writing of all kinds as the years of Roman history from 146 B.C. to the Christian era. The political tumults of the last century of the Roman republic did not in any way interfere with the movement and development of literature. It was then that the Romans finally perfected a style which was only surpassed by the Greeks in beauty, and not even by the Greeks in point and effect. All this time they were industriously labouring at the improvement of their poetry, drama, and oratory, were studying the grammar and antiquities of their own language, the theory and practice of their law, and the history of their empire. What remains of the productions of this century and a half is a mere fragment. Of the development of the tragic drama from Accius to Varius, so important in every connection, we have nothing to bear witness but broken lines and isolated passages; much the same is the case with comedy in its various branches, with the *saturnæ*, and with the numerous works on Roman history and antiquities, law, and grammar. The orators have been more fortunate, for though we have (except in the case of Cicero) lost their speeches, we have in the *Brutus* something like a critical history of the earlier oratory of the period, written by a great master in the art. But it is only of the poets who flourished during the seventy years before Christ, and of the progress of poetry in the hands of Lucretius and Catullus, Virgil and Horace, that we can be said to have any real, any detailed, knowledge.

The development of Roman literature, so far as its form is concerned, proceeded during these years on a double line. On the one hand the Romans were studying with ever-growing care and conscientiousness the great models of Greek literature; on the other hand they were developing the resources and perfecting the finish of their own language. So that the influence of Greek on Roman literature is twofold: there is much in the Roman writing of direct translation and imitation, there is much also of the indirect, we might almost say the moral, influence which the mere study of great works always produces. The direct influence of Greek upon Roman letters is the more obvious, the indirect influence on all accounts the more important. It was much to learn how to translate and imitate the Greek authors; but how much more to learn from Greek literature

its lesson of perfection ; to be taught to speak and write Italian as Greek was spoken and written by the Greeks, with all the freedom and beauty and music of which the language was capable. This was the lesson which, during the last century of the republic, the Italians were humbly and industriously learning ; and the record of their success is written in the history of Western literature.

A marked characteristic of the period which we are considering is the active cultivation of Latin literature in the provincial districts of Italy. Not that these districts had not previously done their duty in contributing illustrious names—witness those of Ennius and Lucilius—to the roll of Italian writers. But the tendency of which we speak was developing itself still further at the beginning of the last century before Christ. Cicero and Catullus, born respectively at Arpinum and at Verona, may be taken as typical representatives of it. Cornelius Nepos, the friend of both, came from Transpadane Gaul ; so did Tanusius Geminus, Catullus' enemy, the Volusius of *Annales Volusi*, that unsavoury sacrifice offered with so much delicious merriment to the goddess of love. Partly, perhaps, from the love of repose natural in their position, partly because they belonged, to a great extent, not to the order of *nobiles*, but to the equestrian or middle order of society, the upper *bourgeoisie* of Rome and Italy, who were much engaged in trade, and to whom security of possession was essential, the men of letters mostly figure on the conservative or anti-democratic side in politics. This is the case with Hortensius, Cicero, Nepos, Lucretius, Catullus, Nigidius Figulus, Terentius Varro ; as it was also the case with the literary men and orators of the Scipionic circle in the time of the Gracchi.

In the conventional performance of *Hamlet* on the English stage it is common to represent Polonius as a silly dotard, who, though incapable of seeing into the depths of things, is shallow and presuming enough to assign for Hamlet's apparent derangements the last reason which ought to be assigned—"Still on my daughter." The audience, of course, knows better ; and the actor of the part, in consequence, usually forgets that Polonius has not walked on the castle-terrace at midnight. But what can be more natural than that he should attribute the lunces of Hamlet to the first and best reason that occurs to him ? No one but Hamlet and the audience can, by any conceivable power of divination, see any further.

It has sometimes struck us that writers on Roman history who are absorbed in contemplating the event of the great struggles in which the republic fell, treat the men of letters who wrote on the opposition side in somewhat the same way as that in which our ordinary actor treats Polonius. Too much is expected of the literary men ; it is supposed that the inevitable tendencies which are now so clear to us as we look back on the past would naturally have been obvious to

them also. But the literary men, like Polonius, knew nothing of the movements of the invisible pioneer. They desired above all things repose for their work and fame as the crown of their honourable ambition; there was nothing to show them, Italians as they were, that Italy was more likely to prosper under the rule of the democratic party than under that of the senate. Beyond Italy they did not look, and could hardly be expected to look. Sulla had in the first quarter of the century proved himself, to all appearance, stronger than his enemies. The democratic party was comparatively disorganized. No one, perhaps not even Cæsar himself, realised the full tendency of Cæsar's designs; the party of order saw little more in him than a fearless, unscrupulous, dangerous adventurer, cherishing revolutionary ideas, and surrounded by doubtful companions. The men of letters hoped for the maintenance of a Roman republic respectably administered by the select spirits according to constitutional forms. And there is little doubt that they were hoping according to their own interests. They did not see that the Roman empire was grown too unwieldy to be governed, even tolerably, by a quarrelling and unscrupulous oligarchy; but they felt with a true instinct that a strong government, supported by an army, would, as things then were, be fatal to the free growth of literature.

The life of our poet falls into the very years in which it would be most natural for a man of letters to take sides against the revolution. Gaius Valerius Catullus was born at Verona either in 87 or in 84 B.C. Probably the latter date is the true one, for while there is no doubt that he was alive in 54 B.C., and no evidence that he was alive after that year, there seems no reason to doubt the statement of Jerome, that is, of Suetonius, that he died at the age of thirty. All indications tend to show that his position was that of an *eques*, a gentleman whose family was not ennobled either by birth or office. He began to write poetry—love-poetry of course—when a boy of sixteen or seventeen.¹ “When first the garb of manhood was given me, when my primrose youth was in its pleasant spring, I played enough at rhyming; the goddess knows me well who mingles sweet bitterness in her cup of passion.” He was much bound up with a brother—apparently his only brother—whose death he describes as the ruin of his whole house, of all his joy, and all his delight in study.² The death of his brother, perhaps the necessity consequent upon it of arranging his home affairs, took him at one time back to Verona; and towards the end of his life he may have been at Verona when he dined with Julius Cæsar; but for all the years during which we know him his real home was Rome—there he had his books, his friends, and his mistress.³ Like many other Italians of the same social position, he had his villas, one at Tibur and another at Sirmio,

(1) lxxviii. 15.

(2) lxxviii. 20 foll.

(3) lxxviii. 35.

to both of which, especially that at Sirmio, he liked to retire for health or refreshment.¹ He was, if we may trust his own complaints, poor; ² that is, he was probably not rich enough to support the expenses of a life at the capital, the attractions of which were now drawing into their circle many ambitious youths from the provincial towns.

When Catullus came to Rome we do not exactly know; but we know to a certain extent in what society he lived there. He was in good company. He seems to have been introduced to a circle of the greatest literary and social distinction, where he met the Metelli and others in high place, Hortensius, L. Manlius Torquatus, the two Ciceros, and perhaps also Gaius Memmius, and his far worthier friend the poet Lucretius. Here, too, he met the lady to whom we virtually owe so many of his best poems. For on a reconsideration of the evidence I am convinced that the numerous scholars are in the right who have identified the Lesbia of Catullus with Clodia, the sister of Cicero's enemy, Publius Clodius Pulcher, and the wife of Q. Metellus Celer, consul in B.C. 60. Now supposing that Catullus came to Rome in 63 or 62 B.C. (and his arrival there can hardly be put later), he would find himself in an atmosphere very favourable to the development of his conservative sympathies. In 62 the conspiracy of Catiline had just been crushed; the equestrian order, or *bourgeoisie*, had not for a long time been in such high feather. It seemed as if the union of the senate with the *equites* had stifled the democratic party. Cicero was still on good terms with Clodius, and, though his relations with Metellus Nepos were strained, he does not seem to have broken seriously with Metellus Celer, with whose wife, Clodia, he was undoubtedly on terms of friendship. It must have been at this time or thereabouts, and in this circle, that Catullus first met Clodia, who would then be somewhat past thirty, and in the full bloom of her ruinous charms. Of Clodia we know little except from her enemies. She cannot certainly be held up as a model of domestic virtue; but there is no sort of reason for accepting as true the terrible charges brought against her by Cicero and Catullus, two masters of burning and magnificent, but wholly wild and unscrupulous, invective. Beautiful, talented, accomplished, she appears to have liked the society of distinguished and cultivated men. She struck Catullus with a fatal love, which passed from the stage of blind devoted passion to that of furious hatred. Much of his poetry is merely taken up with this passion in its various phases. We can discern different periods in it—a period of pure happiness, of doubt and fitful estrangement and reconciliation, of final desolation and despair. At first it is a life which gods might envy, and more, to sit and gaze on her and listen to her sweet laughter with tingling ears and spell-

(1) xxxi.

(2) xxvi.

bound tongue.¹ Let us listen to the *Vivamus mea Lesbia atque amemus* in Mr. Ellis's charming hendecasyllables² :—

“Living, Lesbia, we should e'en be loving,
 Sour severity, tongue of old maligning,
 All be to us a penny's estimation.
 Suns set only to rise again to-morrow;
 We, when sets in a little hour the brief light,
 Sleep one infinite age, a night for ever.
 Thousand kisses, anon to these a hundred,
 Thousand kisses again, another hundred,
 Thousand give me again, another hundred;
 Then, once heedfully counted all the kisses,
 We'll uncount them as idly; so we shall not
 Know, nor traitorous eye shall envy, knowing
 All these myriad happy, happy kisses.”

And so on through a number of happy poems, till a change occurs, and all is turned to doubt and consuming pain. There are bickerings, quarrellings, reconciliations. Catullus' soul is torn asunder: “I hate and I love. Perhaps you ask how that can be; I cannot say, but that it is so I know, and am sore tormented.”³ Finally, however, Lesbia must go, and the poet must master his pain as he can. In this connection perhaps the most beautiful and spontaneous poem is the seventy-sixth, of which Mr. Ellis rightly observes, “The intensity of this soliloquy makes it one of the most interesting in the cycle of Lesbia-poems. As an expression of resignation struggling with despair it possesses a force and reality which belong only to the highest genius.” Let Mr. Ellis again translate it for us in the metre of the original :—

“If to a man bring joy past service dearly remembered,
 When to the soul her thought speaks, to be blameless of ill,
 Faith not rudely profaned, nor in oath nor charter abused
 Heaven, a God's mis-sworn sanctity, deadly to men,
 Then doth a life-long pleasure await thee surely, Catullus,
 Pleasure of all this love's traitorous injury born.
 Whatso a man may speak, whom charity leads to another,
 Whatso enact, by me spoken and acted is all.
 Wasto on a traitorous heart, nor finding kindly requital;
 Therefore cease, nor still bleed agoniz'd any more.
 Make thee as iron a soul, thyself draw back from affliction;
 Yea, tho' a God say nay, be not unhappy for aye.
 What, is it hard long love so lightly to leave in a moment?
 Hard: yet abides this one duty, to do it; obey.
 Here lies safety alone, one victory must not fail thee,
 One last stake to be lost haply, perhaps to be won.
 O great Gods immortal, if you can pity, or ever
 Lighted above dark death's shadow, a help to the lost,
 Ah! look, a wretch, on me; if white and blameless in all I
 Lived, then take this long canker of anguish away.

(1) li.

(2) v.

(3) lxxxv. “Odi et amo; quare id faciam, fortasse requiris;
 Nescio; sed fieri sentio et excrucior.”

If to my inmost veins, like dull death drowsily creeping,
 Every delight, all heart's pleasure it wholly benumbs.
 Not any more I pray for a love so faulty returning,
 Not that a wanton abide chaste, she may not again;
 Only for health I ask, a disease so deadly to banish;
 God, vouchsafe it, as I ask that am harmless of ill."

"White and blameless;" "harmless of ill;" for to this pass has it come, that for poor Catullus, in the glow of his love, the whole guilty relation is transformed into the guise of innocence itself. Indeed, nothing is more striking than the clearness and depth of passion which these poems to Lesbia reveal. Seldom has a poet spoken in so perfect a form the language of so transparent, so simple a soul. But darkness fell upon all, and the tale of Catullus' love ends in hatred of his mistress and shameful invective. Nothing will awaken his dead affection, any more than you can call a flower to life again that the passing plough has touched on the border of a meadow.¹

I do not know whether it is worth while to observe that there is a rough correspondence in time between the duration of Catullus' connection with Clodia and that of Cicero with the democratic party. In the year 62, when or about when Catullus came to Rome, Cicero was still, as we have seen, on friendly terms with Clodius. This relation was, however, soon changed into one of bitter hostility. Yet until 59, the year of the first triumvirate, Cicero tried to keep on good terms with the great leaders of the revolution. Cæsar did his best to save him. The conduct of Pompeius towards the orator, who belonged to the same order as himself, and to whom he had owed all the support that Cicero's devotion and eloquence could lend him, deserves to be branded as in the highest degree treacherous and cold-hearted. Now Catullus was, apparently, entirely estranged from Lesbia in 57, and in 59 or 58, some two years before, she had engaged in her intrigue with Cælius Rufus, and had become more or less unfaithful to Catullus. In other words, Clodia began to desert Catullus about the time of the first triumvirate, the very time when the final breach took place between Cæsar, Pompeius, and Crassus and the *boni*, or party of order, to which Catullus belonged. Clodia, like other cultivated women of the time, was not without her interest in politics; and it may be that her conduct towards Catullus was a by-stream influenced by the great tide of public events.

In 60 or 59, if one may trust slight indications, the brother of Catullus died in the Troad, an event which, as we have seen, plunged the poet into the deepest affliction. In 57 we find Catullus away

(1) xi. 21. "Nec mecum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
 Qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
 Ultimi flos, præterouente postquam
 Tactus aratro est."

from Rome, in Bithynia, in the suite of Gaius Memmius, the patron of Lucretius. *Pete nobiles amicos!*¹ The poet, who, like many other young men in his rank of life, had gone out in the train of a Roman propretor, hoping, perhaps, for some share of provincial loot, was as much disappointed as his friends who, in the same year, followed Piso,² for the same reason, into Spain. On his return he visited the tomb of his brother and wrote the exquisite hundred and first poem, beginning, *Multas per gentes et multa per aequora rectus Advenio has miseram frater ad inferias.*

By this time, indeed before he went to Bithynia, all is over between Catullus and Lesbia, and henceforth all the poems which have any permanent personal interest are his political lampoons. In politics his friends and enemies are on the whole those of Cicero—his friends Calvus and Sestius and Hortensius; his enemies Piso, Vatinius, Clodius, and Julius Cæsar himself. The scurrilous abuse hurled at the head of Cæsar by this Roman Aristophanes has sometimes been thought to fix a stain on the memory of the great dictator; it has in reality done more harm to Catullus than to him. From the year 59 onwards, and especially after the conference at Luca in 56, the more discerning spirits at Rome began to perceive that Cæsar was the rising genius. From this time or thereabouts Cicero and Catullus appear to realise with hatred and fury that they, and such as they, have found their master. During the time immediately following Cæsar's invasion of Britain in 55 Catullus relieved his feelings in several virulent lampoons. No term of abuse is spared which popular license could supply and literary convention would allow; nothing is too bad for Cæsar:³ he is a glutton, a dicer, an infamous profligate. Is all this, or any of it, to be taken seriously? Here let us attend to the admirable remarks of Mr. Munro in his commentary on the twenty-ninth poem:—

“Coupled with the love of personality [among the Greeks and Romans] there was a tendency, which to us seems strange and incomprehensible, towards outrageous indecency and buffoonery. There was more in this than can be explained on any ordinary principles of human conduct. When in old Greece the majestic beauty of epic poetry came into being, together with the erotic license of lyric, elegiac, and iambic poetry; when side by side with the august solemnity of tragedy was seen the old comedy rioting in a liberty which turned into ridicule gods and men alike; the belief clearly was that gods and men alike dreaded Nemesis, and wished by such sacrifices of dignity to appease that awful power. We must give a similar interpretation to the scenes witnessed in the cathedrals of Christendom during those ages when men had faith, if they ever had it, and yet at stated seasons in the year parodies went on, the most blasphemous and obscene, of all that was held most sacred. Apparently from long use and wont, this curious love of indecency continued till quite recent times to infest the light literature of jest-books and the embittered polemics of angry adversaries. In the middle of last century Voltaire's calumnies upon

(1) xxviii.

(2) xxviii. 1. “Pisonis comites, cohors inanis.”

(3) xxix. 10. “Es impudicus et vorax et aleo.”

Frederick of Prussia are quite as revolting to our sense as those of Catullus against Cæsar, or Calvus and Clodius against Pompey, and they were meant, too, more in earnest.

"In ancient Italy the union of indecency with bitter personality was very rife, the latter being fostered, as in Greece, by the fierce struggles of party in the free communions, the former by ourious religious superstitions. As in Greece and throughout the East, so in Italy, the evil eye, the *fascinum*, was supposed to have an extraordinary influence, and this influence it was thought could best be averted by obscene symbols and obscene verses. . . . The evil eye was most efficacious where human happiness appeared to be greatest. In three cases, therefore, it was especially guarded against: in the case of children, a marriage, and of a triumph, when man was supposed to stand on the highest pinnacle of glory and felicity. . . . A similar protection against Fortune, the executioner of glory and happiness, was afforded from the earliest times by the *fescennine* songs, connected in meaning and origin with this *fascinum*; the indecent ridicule thrown thereby on the great or fortunate was believed to turn aside the evil eye. . . . In marriage, as might be expected, the evil eye was greatly dreaded, and therefore the *fescennine* verses were a vital part of the ceremony, as important as the invocation of Hymen Hymeneus. . . . The ear of the conqueror could not escape, and we know from Livy and others that on every triumph the victorious commander was followed by his legions singing ridiculous *fescennine* verses. The greater he was and the more adored by his soldiers, the greater would be the sacrifice demanded by Fortune, and the more ribald the fun in honour of their much-loved general. Cæsar. . . has suffered grievously by this. . . . In the days of Suetonius and Dion Cassius people had forgotten that in his time the abuse meant little or nothing; and these two writers have taken literally what soldiers said in boisterous good-humour, or Catullus and the like from temporary pique or some equally frivolous motive."

These very original and suggestive remarks go far towards putting the matter in a true light. Whether made in the spirit of mere railery or in that of real hatred, there is no doubt that the kind of charges brought by Catullus against Cæsar are in no way to be taken seriously. It cannot be too often repeated that much of the indecency of the ancient poets and orators was purely conventional, and carried with it no slur on the character either of the writer who uttered it or of the person whom he attacked. The Greek comedy and the Latin satire and epigram were of the earth, earthy; they probably sprang from rude performances which, if they smelt of the fields, smelt also of the stable. The *fescennine* verses easily assumed the character of a simple act or drama; and much of the obscenity which shocks our modern notions of decorum was a mere property taken over from these primitive scenes of half-superstitious revelry. For there was a strong tendency in the ancient literatures to stereotype, in the form of their written compositions, traditions of utterances which had their origin in the real life and beliefs of an earlier age. Thus the literary *satura* grew out of the imperfect ancient Italian drama; the literary pastoral out of the genuine idyll; the literary *diva*, or curses, such as Ovid's *Ibis*, from the primitive *derotiones*. These considerations should be borne in mind before we pass a sweeping moral judgment on the classical writers. So imitative were they, such

lovers of literary tradition purely for its own sake, that they were loth to let go any elements, even the coarser ones, which they found existing in the productions of a bygone age.

Cæsar succeeded, and the infamous scurrilities of Catullus have lived with his glory. It is forgotten that things as foul were said by Calvus of the grave and respectable Pompeius. What if Pompeius had succeeded as Cæsar did? Perhaps the Pompeius of history would have been identified with the Pompeius of Calvus' fescennine lampoon; the statesman of real life (to use the nearest modern analogy) with the statesman of Punch or of the pantomime. But enough of this subject.

Of Catullus' death nothing is known or conjectured but the year of it, n.c. 54. If this date be correct, we may, perhaps, guess that our poet died comparatively suddenly; for it is nearly certain that he wrote poems in this year. Besides some lampoons we must, if Mr. Munro be right in arguing from internal evidence, include among the number the elaborate conclusion of the *Pelcus* and *Thetis*.

A sense of disappointment at coming to the end of this broken and passionate life so soon, and with so little real record of its strivings and actions, is the first feeling that comes over us when looking back on what we know of Catullus. Few men of genius thus cut off in their early manhood have given so brilliant a promise. Few poets have ever struck so true a note of feeling. The mainsprings of Catullus' work are his passion for *Clodia*—so powerful as to absorb, almost to consume, his being—and his love for his brother. For all who can weep with those that weep, his poems are the transparent revelation of a pure impassioned soul, of deep natural sincerity in love and hate, of commanding genius in expression. But his lot was cast on evil days of dissolution, uncertainty, and despair: on the time of the very death-agony of the struggling republic. Catullus throws himself with all his natural ardour into the fight. He takes his side with the fiercest combatants, not scrupling to mingle with the crowd and throw dirt and stones with the lustiest of them. He has nothing in him of the philosophical spirit, he knows nothing of the austere, almost religious seclusion in which *Lucretius* lived and looked down from far on the struggles of nobility, genius, and ambition. The ills of mankind as a whole do not touch Catullus; still less has he a panacea for them in the shape of a philosophical creed. Common as the study of philosophy was among his countrymen, there is hardly a trace of its having taken any hold upon him. He studied Greek, indeed, with ardour, but it was for purely literary purposes. The effects of his reading are to be seen in his more artificial poems, such as the *Coma Berenices*, the *Pelcus* and *Thetis*, and others in which he translates or paraphrases Alex-

andrian or other Greek models. Catullus is not at his best in these elaborate pieces, though they contain here and there passages of perfect beauty and limpid clearness. His real triumph is in his short occasional lyrics and lampoons, in which he appears as, perhaps, the greatest poet of ancient Italy, certainly as one of the greatest of all times and countries. His style in poetry is very analogous to the prose style of Cicero, with whom, though the orator was some twenty years his senior, Catullus was probably on terms of great friendship; a style natural, direct, vivid, powerful, tremulous with life and energy, perfect in form, genuinely Latin, yet penetrated with the Greek feeling for clearness and finish; classical and romantic in one luminous whole.

The analogy between Cicero and Catullus is not indeed limited to their style. Both writers represent the genuine protest of minds which long for a free development, against the inevitable advance of social and political forces that involve the sacrifice of individual motive and restricted interest. They were too late in discerning the coming wave, and, powerless to avoid it, they vented their fear and anger in utterances of bitter hatred. They were in the wrong—the gods applauded the winning cause. But they erred from blindness, and it was in great measure the very force and hopelessness of their error that enabled them to render the great services which they have rendered to the literature of Europe. The historian, while taking chief notice, as in duty bound, of the great forces which in the long run mould society, and of the great men who consciously or unconsciously obey them, has also his offerings of memory, *fraterno multum manantia fletu*, for those who have had inner and individual ideals, the current of whose thoughts and aspirations has been absorbed in the advance of the great flood by which old channels and landmarks are swept away.

II. NETTLESHIP.

DIDEROT AT SAINT PETERSBURG.¹

“WHAT would you say of the owner of an immense palace, who should spend all his life in going up from the cellars to the attics, and going down from attics to cellar, instead of sitting quietly in the midst of his family? That is the image of the traveller.” Yet Diderot, whose words these are, resolved at the age of sixty to undertake no less formidable a journey than to the remote capital on the shores of the Neva. It had come into his head, or perhaps others had put it into his head, that he owed a visit to his imperial benefactress, whose bounty had made life easier to him. He had recently made the acquaintance of two Russian personages of consideration. One of them was the Princess Dashkoff, who was believed to have taken a prominent part in the confused conspiracy of 1762 which ended in the murder of Peter III. by Alexis Orloff, and the elevation of Catherine II. to the throne. Her services at that critical moment had not prevented her disgrace, if indeed they were not its cause, and in 1770 the Princess set out on her travels. Horace Walpole has described the curiosity of the London world to see the Muscovite Alceto, the accomplice of the northern Athaliah, the amazon who had taken part in a revolution when she was only nineteen. In England she made a pleasant impression, in spite of eyes of “a very Catilino fierceness.” She was equally delighted with England, and when she went on from London to Paris, she took very little trouble to make friends in the capital of the rival nation. Diderot seems to have been her only intimate. The Princess called nearly every afternoon at his door, carried him off to dinner and kept him talking and declaiming until the early hours of the next morning. The “hurricanes of his enthusiastic nature” delighted her, and she remembered for years afterwards how on one occasion she excited him to such a pitch that he sprang from his chair as if by machinery, strode rapidly up and down the room, and spat upon the floor with passion.

The Prince Galitzin was a Russian friend of greater importance. Prince Galitzin was one of those foreigners, like Holbach, Grimm, Galiani, who found themselves more at home in Paris than anywhere else in the world. Living mostly among artists and men of letters, he became an established favourite. With Diderot's assistance (1767) he acquired for the Empress many of the pictures that adorn the great gallery at St. Petersburg, and Diderot praises his knowledge of the fine arts, the reason being that he has that great principle of

(1) A chapter from a forthcoming work.

true taste, the *belle âme*. "One must have soul," as Vauvenargues said, "in order to have taste." He wrote eclogues in French, and he attempted the more useful but more difficult task of writing in the half-formed tongue of his own country an account of the great painters of Italy and Holland. Diderot makes the pointed remark about him that he believed in equality of ranks by instinct, which is better than believing in it by reflection. It was through the medium of this friendly and intelligent man that the Empress had acted in the purchase of Diderot's library. In 1769 he was appointed Russian minister at the Hague, and his chief ground for delight at the appointment was that it brought him within reach of his friends in Paris.

Diderot set out on his expedition, some time in the summer of 1773—the date also of Johnson's memorable tour to the Hebrides—and his first halt was at the Dutch capital, then at the distance of a four days' journey from Paris. Here he remained for many weeks, in some doubt whether or not to persist in the project of a more immense journey. He passed most of his time with the Prince and Princess Galitzin, as between a good brother and a good sister. Their house, he notices, had once been the residence of Barneveldt. Men like Diderot are the last persons to think of their own historic position, else we might have expected to find him musing on the saving shelter which this land of freedom and tolerance had given to more than one of his great precursors in the literature of emancipation. Descartes had found twenty years of priceless freedom (1629—1649) among the Dutch burghers. The ruling ideas of the Encyclopædia came in direct line from Bayle (d. 1706) and Locke (d. 1704), and both Bayle and Locke, though in different measures, owed their security to the stout valour with which the Dutch defended their own land, and taught the English how to defend theirs against the destructive pretensions of Catholic absolutism. Of these memories Diderot probably thought no more than Descartes thought about the learning of Grotius or the art of Rembrandt. It was not the age, nor was his the mind, for historic sentimentalism. "The more I see of this country," he wrote to his good friends in Paris, "the more I feel at home in it. The soles, fresh herrings, turbot, perch, are all the best people in the world. The walks are charming; I do not know whether the women are all very sage, but with their great straw hats, their eyes fixed on the ground, and the enormous fichus spread over their bosoms, they have the air of coming back from prayers or going to confession." Diderot did not fail to notice more serious things than this. His remarks on the means of travelling with most profit are full of sense, and the account which he wrote of Holland shows him to have been as widely reflective and observant as we should have expected him to be. It will be more

convenient to say something on this, in connection with the stay which he again made at the Hague on his return from his pilgrimage to Russia.

After many hesitations the die was cast. Nariskin, a court chamberlain, took charge of the philosopher, and escorted him in an excellent carriage along the dreary road that ended in the capital reared by Peter the Great among the northern floods. It is worth while to digress for a few moments, to mark shortly the difference in social and intellectual conditions between the philosopher's own city and the city for which he was bound, and to touch on the significance of his journey. We can only in this way understand the position of the Encyclopædists in Europe, and see why it is interesting to the student of the history of western civilisation to know something about them. It is impossible to have a clear idea of the scope of the revolutionary philosophy, as well as of the singular pre-eminence of Paris over the western world, until we have placed ourselves not only at Ferney and Grandval, and in the parlours of Madame Geoffrin and Mademoiselle Lespinasse, but also in palaces at Florence, Berlin, Vienna, and Saint Petersburg.

From Holland with its free institutions, its peaceful industry, its husbanded wealth, its rich and original art, its great political and literary tradition, to go to Russia was to take a measure of a great arc of western progress. It was to retrace the steps of the genius of civilisation. The political capital of Russia represented a forced and artificial union between old and new conditions. In St. Petersburg were united the age of barbarism and the age of civilisation, the tenth century and the eighteenth, the manners of Asia and the manners of Europe, the rudest Scythians and the most polished Europeans, a brilliant and proud aristocracy and a people sunk in servitude. On one side were elegant fashions, magnificent dresses, sumptuous repasts, splendid feasts, theatres like those which gave grace and animation to the select circles of London or Paris: on the other side, shopkeepers in Asiatic dress, coachmen, servants, and peasants clad in sheepskins, wearing long beards, fur caps, and long fingerless gloves of skin, with short axes hanging from their leathern girdles. The thick woollen bands round their feet and legs resembled a rude cothurnus, and the sight of these uncouth figures reminded one who had seen the bas-reliefs on Trajan's column at Rome, of the Scythians, the Dacians, the Goths, the Roxolani, who had been the terror of the Empire.¹ Literary cultivation was confined to almost the smallest possible area. Oriental as Russia was in many respects, it was the opposite of oriental in one: women were then, as they are still sometimes said to be in Russia,

(1) Séguin's *Mém.*, ii. 230.

more cultivated and advanced than men. Many of them could speak half-a-dozen languages, could play on several instruments, and were familiar with the works of the famous poets of France, Italy, and England. Among the men, on the contrary, outside of a few exceptional families about the court, the vast majority were strangers to all that was passing beyond the limits of their own country. The few who had travelled and were on an intellectual level with their century, were as far removed from the rest of their countrymen as Englishmen are removed from Iroquois.

To paint the court of Catharine in its true colours, it has been said that one ought to have the pen of Procopius. It was a hotbed of corruption, intrigue, jealousy, violence, hatred. One day, surrounded by twenty-seven of her courtiers, Catherine said: "If I were to believe what you all say about one another, there is not one of you who does not richly deserve to have his head cut off." A certain princess was notorious for her inhuman barbarity. One day she discovered that one of her attendants was with child; in a frenzy she pursued the hapless Callisto from chamber to chamber, came up with her, dashed in her skull with a heavy weapon, and finally in a delirium of passion ripped up her body. When two nobles had a quarrel, they fell upon one another then and there like tipsy navvies, and Potemkin had an eye gouged out in a court brawl. Such horrors give us a measure of the superior humanity of Versailles, and enable us also in passing to see how duelling could be a sign of a higher civilisation. The reigning passions were love of money and the gratification of a coarse vanity. Friendship, virtue, manners, delicacy, probity, said one witness, are here merely words, void of all meaning. The tone in public affairs was as low as in those of private conduct. I might as well, says Sir G. Macartney, quote Clarke and Tillotson at the divan of Constantinople, as invoke the authority of Puffendorf and Grotius here.

The character of the Empress herself has been more disputed than that of the society in which she was the one imposing personage. She stands in history with Elizabeth of England, with Catherine de' Medici, with Maria Theresa, among the women who have been like great men. Of her place in the record of the creation of that vast empire which begins with Prussia and ends with China, we have not here to speak. The materials for knowing her and judging her are only in our own time becoming accessible.¹ As usual, the

(1) The Imperial Historical Society are publishing a *Recueil Général* of documents, many of which shed an interesting light on Catherine's intercourse with the men of letters. In the Archives of the House of Woronzow (especially Vol. xii.), amid much of what for our purpose is chaff, are a few grains of what is interesting. M. Rambaud, the author of the learned work on the Greek Empire in the Tenth Century, gave interesting selections from these sources in two articles in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for February and April, 1877. Besides what is to be gathered from such well-known authorities as William Tooke, Séguin, Dashkow, there are many interesting pages in the

mythic elements that surrounded her like a white fog from her northern seas, from which she loomed like a portent, are rapidly disappearing, and are replaced by the outlines of ordinary humanity, but with more than the ordinary human measure of firmness, resolution, and energetic grasp of the facts of her position in the world.

We must go from the philosophers to the men of affairs for a true picture. These tell us that she offered an unprecedented mixture of courage and weakness, of knowledge and incompetence, of firmness and irresolution; passing in turn from the most opposite extremes, she presented a thousand diverse surfaces, until at last the observer had to content himself with putting her down as a consummate comedian. She had no ready apprehension. Too refined a pleasantry was thrown away upon her, and there was always a chance of her reversing its drift. No playful reference to the finances or the military force, or even to the climate of her empire, was ever taken in good part. The political part of her nature was the serious part. Catherine had the literary tastes, but not the literary skill, of Frederick. She is believed on good evidence to have written for the use of her grandsons not only an Abridgment of Russian History, but a volume of Moral Tales. The composition of moral tales was entirely independent of morality. Just as Lewis XV. had a long series of Chateauroux, Pompadours, Dubarrys, so Catherine had her Orloffs and Potemkins, and a countless host of obscure and miscellaneous Wassiltchikows, Zavadowskys, Zoriczes, Korsaks. On the serious side, Lewis XIV. was her great pattern and idol. She resented criticism on the Grand Monarque as something personal to herself. To her business as sovereign—*mon petit ménage*, as she called the control of her huge formless empire—she devoted as much indefatigable industry as Lewis himself had done in his best days. Notwithstanding all her efforts to improve her country, she was not popular and never won the affection of her subjects, but she probably cared less for the opinion and sentiment of Russia than for the applause of Europe. Tragedy displeases her, writes the French minister, and comedy wearies her; she does not like magic; her table is without any sort of exquisiteness; in a garden she cares only for roses; her only taste is to build and to drill her court, for the turn that she has for reigning and for making a great figure in the universe is really not so much taste as a downright absorbing passion.

Gunning, the English chargé d'affaires, insists that the motive of all her patriotic labours was not benevolence, but an insatiable and

memoirs of that attractive and interesting person, the Prince de Ligne. The passages from English and French dispatches, I have taken from an anonymous but authentic work published at Berlin in 1858, *La Cour de la Russie il y a cent ans : 1725—1783 : Extraits des dépêches des Ambassadeurs anglais et français*. Catherine's own Memoirs, published in London in 1859 by Alexander Herzen, are perhaps of too doubtful authority.

unbounded thirst for fame. "If it were not so, we must charge her with an inconsistency amounting to madness, for undertaking so many immense works of public utility, such as the foundation of colleges and academies on a most extensive plan and at an enormous outlay, and then leaving them incomplete, not even finishing the buildings for them." They had served the purpose of making foreigners laud the glory of the Semiramis of the north, and that was enough. The arts and sciences, said the French minister, have plenty of academies here, but the academies have few subjects and fewer pupils. How could there be pupils in a country where there was nobody who was not either a courtier, a soldier, or a slave? The Princess Sophie of Anhalt, long before she dreamed of becoming the Czarina Catherine II., had been brought up by a French governess, and the tastes that her governess had implanted grew into a passion for French literature, which can only be compared to the same passion in Frederick the Great. Catherine only continued a movement that had already in the reign of her predecessor gone to a considerable length. The social reaction against German predominance had been accompanied by a leaning towards France. French professors in art and literature had been tempted to Moscow; the nobles sent to Paris for their clothes and their furniture; and a French theatre was set up in St. Petersburg, where the nobles were forced to attend the performances under pain of a fine. Absentees and loiterers were brought to their boxes by horse-patrols.

Catherine was more serious and intelligent than this in her pursuit of French culture. She had begun with the books in which most of the salt of old France was to be found, with Rabelais, Scarron, Montaigne; she cherished Molière and Corneille; and of the writers of the eighteenth century, apart from Voltaire, the author of *Gil Blas* was her favourite. Such a list tells its own tale of a mind turned to what is masculine, racy, pungent, lively, and sapid. "I am a Gauloise of the north," she said, "I only understand the old French; I do not understand the new. I made up my mind to get something out of your gentry, the learned men in *iste*: I tried them; I made some of them come here; I occasionally wrote to them; they wearied me to death, and never understood me; there was only my good protector Voltaire. Do you know, it was Voltaire who made me the fashion?"¹ This was a confidential revelation, made long after most of the philosophers were dead. We might have penetrated the secret of her friendship for such a man as Diderot, even with less direct evidence than this. It was the vogue of the philosophers, and not their philosophy, that made Catherine their friend. They were the great interest of Europe at this time,

(1) To the Prince de Ligne.

just as Greek scholars had been its interest in one century, painters in another, great masters of religious controversy in a third. "What makes the great merit of France," said Voltaire, "what makes its unique superiority, is a small number of sublime or delightful men of genius, who cause French to be spoken at Vienna, at Stockholm, and at Moscow. Your ministers, your intendants, your chief secretaries, have no part in all this glory." This vogue of the philosophers brought the whole literature of their country into universal repute. In the depths of the Crimea a khan of the Tartars took a delight in having *Tartufe* and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* read aloud to him.¹

As soon as Catherine came into power (1762), she at once applied herself to make friends in this high region. It was a matter of course that she should begin with the omnipotent monarch at Ferney. Graceful verses from Voltaire were as indispensable an ornament to a crowned head as a diadem, and Catherine answered with compliments that were perhaps more sincere than his verses. She wonders how she can repay him for a bundle of books that he had sent to her, and at last bethinks herself that nothing will please the lover of mankind so much as the introduction of inoculation into the great empire; so she has sent for Dr. Dimsdale from England and submitted to the unfamiliar rite in her own sacred person. Presents of furs are sent to the hermit of the Alps, and he is told how fortunate the imperial messenger counts himself in being dispatched to Ferney. What flattered Voltaire more than furs, was Catherine's promptitude and exactness in keeping him informed of her military and political movements against Turkey. It made him a centre of European intelligence in more senses than one, and helped him in his lifelong battle to pose in his letters as at least the equal of his friend, the King of Prussia. For D'Alembert the Empress professed an admiration only less than that she felt for Voltaire. She was eager that he should come to Russia to superintend the instruction of the young Grand-Duke. But D'Alembert was too prudent to go to St. Petersburg, as he was too prudent to go to Berlin. Montesquieu had died five years before her accession, but his influence remained. She habitually called the *Spirit of Laws* the breviary of kings, and when she drew up her Instruction for a new code, she acknowledged how much she had pillaged from Montesquieu. "I hope," she said; "that if from the other world he sees me at work, he will forgive my plagiarism for the sake of the twenty millions of men who will benefit by it." In truth the twenty millions of men got very little benefit indeed by the code. Montesquieu's own method might have taught her that not even absolute power can force the civil system of free labour into a society resting on serfdom. But it is not surprising

(1) Rambaud, p. 573.

that Catherine was no wiser than more democratic reformers who had drunk from the French springs. Or possibly she had a lower estimate in her own heart of the value of her code for practical purposes, than it suited her to disclose to a Parisian philosopher.

Catherine did not forget that, though the French at this time were pre-eminent in the literature of new ideas, yet there were meritorious and useful men in other countries. One of her correspondents was Zimmermann, of Hanover, whose essay on Solitude no second-hand bookseller's library is ever without. She tried hard to bribe Beccaria to leave Florence for St. Petersburg. She succeeded in persuading Euler to return to a capital whither he had been invited many years before by the first Catherine, and where he now remained.

Both Catherine's position and her temperament made the society of her own sex of little use or interest to her. "I don't know whether it is custom or inclination," she wrote, "but somehow I can never carry on conversation except with men. There are only two women in the world with whom I can talk for half an hour at once." Yet among her most intimate correspondents was one woman well known in the Encyclopædic circle. She kept up an active exchange of letters with Madame Geoffrin—that interesting personage who though belonging to the bourgeoisie, and possessing not a trace of literary genius, yet was respectfully courted not only by Catherine, but by Stanislas, Gustavus, and Joseph II.¹

On the whole, then, we must regard Catherine's European correspondence as at least in some measure the result of political calculation. Its purposes, as has been said, were partly those to which in our own time some governments devote a Reptile fund. There is a letter from the Duchesse de Choiseul to Madame du Deffand, her intimate friend and the friend of so many of the literary circle, in which the secret of the relations between Catherine and the men of letters is very plainly told. "All that," she writes, "—protection of arts and sciences—is mere luxury and a caprice of fashion in our age. All such pompous jargon is the product of vanity, not of principles or of reflection. . . . The Empress of Russia has another object in protecting literature; she has had sense enough to feel that she had need of the protection of the men of letters. She has flattered herself that their base praise would cover with an impenetrable veil in the eyes of her contemporaries and of posterity, the crimes with which she has astonished the universe and revolted humanity. . . . The men of letters, on the other hand, flattered, cajoled, caressed by her, are vain of the protection that they are able to throw over her, and dupes of the coquetries that she lavishes on them. These people who say and believe that they are the instructors of the

(1) See M. Monty's Introduction to her Correspondence with Stanislas.

masters of the world, sink so low as actually to take a pride in the protection that this monster, in her turn, seems to accord to them, simply because she sits on a throne."¹

In short the monarchs of the north understood and used the new forces of the men of letters, whom their own sovereign only recognised to oppress. The contrast between the liberalism of the northern sovereigns, and the obscurantism of the court of France, was never lost from sight. Marmontel's *Belisarius* was condemned by the Sorbonne, and burnt at the foot of the great staircase of the Palace of Justice, but in Russia a group of courtiers hastened to translate it, and the Empress herself undertook one chapter of the work. Diderot, who was not allowed to enter the French Academy, was an honoured guest at the Russian palace. For all this Catherine was handsomely repaid. When Diderot visited St. Petersburg, Voltaire congratulated the Empress on seeing that unique man; but Diderot is not, he added, "the only Frenchman who is an enthusiast for your glory. We are all lay missionaries who preach the religion of Saint Catherine, and we can boast that our church is tolerably universal."² We have already seen Catherine's generosity in buying Diderot's books, and paying him for guarding them as her librarian. "I should never have expected," she says, "that the purchase of a library would bring me so many fine compliments; all the world is offering them to me about M. Diderot's library. But now confess, you to whom humanity is indebted for the strong support that you have given to innocence and virtue in the person of Calas, that it would have been cruel and unjust to separate a student from his books."³ "Ah, madame," replies the most graceful of all courtiers, "let your imperial majesty forgive me; no, you are not the aurora borealis; you are assuredly the most brilliant star of the north, and never was there one so beneficent as you. Andromeda, Perseus, Callisto, are not your equals. All these stars would have left Diderot to die of starvation. He was persecuted in his own country, and your benefactions came thither to seek him! Lewis XIV. was less munificent than your majesty: he rewarded mérit in foreign countries, but other people pointed it out to him, whereas you, madame, go in search of it and find it for yourself. Your generous pains to establish freedom of conscience in Poland are a piece of beneficence that the human race must ever celebrate."⁴

When the first partition of Poland took place seven years later, Catherine found that she had not cultivated the friendship of the French philosophers to no purpose. The action of the dominant party in Poland enabled Catherine to take up a line which touched the French philosophers in their tenderest part. The Polish oli-

¹ (1) *Corresp. Complète de Madame du Deffand*. (Ed. 1877.) i. 115. June, 1767.

(2) November 1, 1773.

(3) November, 1766.

(4) December 22, 1766.

garchy was Catholic, and imposed crushing disabilities on the non-Catholic part of the population. "At the slightest attempt in favour of the non-Catholics," King Stanislas writes to Madame Geoffrin, of the Diet of 1764, "there arose such a cry of fanaticism! The difficulty as to the naturalisation of foreigners, the contempt for *roturiers* and the oppression of them, and Catholic intolerance, are the three strongest national prejudices that I have to fight against in my countrymen, who are at bottom good folk, but whom their education and ignorance render excessively stubborn on these three heads."¹ Poland in short reproduced, in an aggravated and more barbaric form, those evils of Catholic feudalism in which the philosophers saw the arch-curse of their own country. Catherine took the side of the Dissidents, and figured as the champion of religious toleration. Toleration was chief among the philosophic watchwords, and seeing that great device on her banners, the Encyclopædic party asked no further questions. So with the significant exception of Rousseau, they all abstained from that cant about the Partition which has so often been heard from European liberals in later days. And so with reference to more questionable transactions of an earlier date, no one could guess from the writings of the philosophers that Catherine had ever been suspected of uniting with her husband in a plot to poison the Empress Elizabeth, and then uniting with her lover in a plot to strangle her husband. "I am quite aware," said Voltaire, "that she is reproached with some bagatelles in the matter of her husband, but these are little family affairs with which I cannot possibly think of meddling."

One curious instance of Catherine's sensibility to European opinion is connected with her relations to Diderot. Rulhière, afterwards well known in literature as a historian, began life as secretary to Breteuil, in the French embassy at St. Petersburg. An eyewitness of the tragedy which seated Catherine on the throne, he wrote an account of the events of the revolution of 1762. This piquant narrative, composed by a young man who had read Tacitus and Sallust, was circulated in manuscript among the salons of Paris (1768). Diderot had warned Rulhière that it was infinitely dangerous to speak about princes, that not everything that is true is fit to be told, that he could not be too careful of the feelings of a great sovereign who was the admiration and delight of her people. Catherine pretended that a mere secretary of an embassy could know very little about the real springs and motives of the conspiracy. Diderot had described the manuscript as painting her in a commanding and imperious attitude. "There was nothing of that sort," she said; "it was only a question of perishing with a madman, or saving one's self with the multitude who insisted on coming to the rescue."

(1) *Corresp.* pp. 135, 144, &c.

What she saw was that the manuscript must be bought, and she did her best first to buy the author, and then, when this failed, to have him locked up in the Bastille. She succeeded in neither. The French Government were not sorry to have a scourge to their hands. All that Diderot could procure from Rulhière was a promise that the work should not be published during the Empress's lifetime, and it was not actually given to the world until 1797. When Diderot was at St. Petersburg, the Empress was importunate to know the contents of the manuscript, which he had seen, but of which she was unable to procure a copy. "As far as you are concerned," he said, "if you attach great importance, madame, to the decencies and virtues, the worn-out rags of your sex, this work is a satire against you; but if great vows and masculine and patriotic designs concern you more, the author depicts you as a great princess." The Empress answered that this only increased her desire to read the book. Diderot himself truly enough described it as a historic romance, containing a mixed tissue of lies and truths that posterity would compare to a chapter of Tacitus.¹ Perhaps the only piece of it that posterity will really value is the page in which the writer describes Catherine's personal appearance; her broad and open brow, her large and slightly double chin, her hair of resplendent chestnut, her eyes of a brilliant brown into which the reflections of the light brought shades of blue. "Pride," he says, "is the true characteristic of her physiognomy. The amiability and grace which are there too, only seem to penetrating eyes to be the effect of an extreme desire to please, and these seductive expressions somehow let the design of seducing be rather too clearly seen."

The first Frenchman whom Catherine welcomed in person to her court was Falconet. His introduction to her was due to Diderot. She had entreated him to find for her a sculptor who would undertake a colossal statue of Peter the Great. Falconet was at the height of his reputation in his own country; he seems to have been actuated by no other motive than the desire to seize the opportunity of erecting an immense monument of his art. Diderot's eloquence was not wanting. Falconet had the proverbial temperament of artistic genius. Diderot called him the Jean Jacques of sculpture. He had none of the rapacity for money which has distinguished so many artists in their dealings with foreign princes, but he was irritable, turbulent, restless, intractable. He was a chivalrous defender of poorer brethren in art, and he was never a respecter of persons. His feuds with Betzki, the Empress's faithful factotum, were as acrid as the feuds between Voltaire and Maupertuis. Betzki had his own ideas about the statue that was to do honour to the founder of the Empire, and he insisted that the famous equestrian figure of Marcus

(1) *Satire I. sur les caractères, etc.* Œuv. vi. 313.

Aurelius should be the model. Falconet was a man of genius, and he insisted that what might be good for Marcus Aurelius would not be good for Peter the Great. The courtly battle does not concern us; though some of its episodes offer tempting illustrations of biting French malice. Falconet had his own way, and after the labour of many years, a colossus of bronze bestrode a charger rearing on a monstrous mass of unhewn granite. Catherine took the liveliest interest in her artist's work, frequently visiting his studio, and keeping up a busy correspondence. With him, as with the others, she insisted that he should stand on no ceremony, and should not spin out his lines with courtly epithets on which she set no value. She encouraged him to pester her with a host of his obscure countrymen in search of a living, and a little colony of Frenchmen whose names tell us nothing, hung about the Russian capital. Diderot's account of this group of his countrymen at St. Petersburg recalls the picture of a corresponding group at Berlin. "Most of the French who are there, rend and hate one another, and bring contempt both on themselves and their nation: 'tis the most unworthy set of rascals that you can imagine." ¹

Diderot reached St. Petersburg towards the end of 1773, and he remained some five months, until the beginning of March, 1774. His reception was most cordial, as his arrival had been eagerly anticipated. The Empress always professed to detest ceremony and state. In a letter to Madame Geoffrin she insists, as we have already seen her doing with Falconet, on being treated to no oriental prostrations, as if she were at the court of Persia. "There is nothing in the world so ugly and detestable as greatness. When I go into a room, you would say that I am the head of Medusa: everybody turns to stone. I constantly scream like an eagle against such ways; yet the more I scream, the less are they at their ease. . . . If you came into my room, I should say to you, 'Madame, be seated; let us chatter at our ease. You would have a chair in front of me; there would be a table between us. *Et puis des bâtons rompus, tant et plus, c'est mon fort.*'"

This is an exact description of her real behaviour to Diderot. On most days he was in her society from three in the afternoon until five or six. Etiquette was banished. Diderot's simplicity and vehemence were as conspicuous and as unrestrained at Tsarskoe-selo as at Grandval or the Rue Taranne. If for a moment the torrent of his improvisation was checked by the thought that he was talking to a great lady, Catherine encouraged him to go on. "*Allons,*" she cried, "*entre hommes tout est permis!*" The philosopher in the heat of exposition brought his hands down upon the imperial knees with such force and iteration, that Catherine complained that he made

them black and blue. She was sometimes glad to seek shelter from such zealous enforcement of truth behind a strong table. Watchful diplomatists could not doubt that such interviews must have reference to politics. Cathcart, the English ambassador, writes to his government that M. Diderot is still with the Empress at Tsarskoe-selo, "pursuing his political intrigues." And, amazing as it may seem, the French minister and the French ambassador both of them believed that they had found in this dreaming rhapsodical genius a useful diplomatic instrument. "The interviews between Catherine and Diderot follow one another incessantly and go on from day to day. He told me," writes the ambassador, "and I have reasons for believing that he is speaking the truth, that he has painted the danger of the alliance of Russia with the King of Prussia, and the advantage of an alliance with us. The Empress, far from blaming this freedom, encouraged him by word and gesture. 'You are not fond of that prince,' she said to Diderot. 'No,' he replied, 'he is a great man, but a bad king, and a dealer in counterfeit coin.' 'Oh,' said she laughing, 'I have had my share of his coin.'"

The first partition of Poland had been finally consummated in the Polish Diet in the autumn of 1773, a few weeks before Diderot's arrival at St. Petersburg. Lewis XV., now drawing very near to his end, and D'Aiguillon, his minister, had some uneasiness at this opening of the great era of territorial revolution, and looked about in a shiftless way for an ally against Russia and Prussia. England sensibly refused to stir. Then France, as we see, was only anxious to detach Catherine from Frederick. All was shiftless and feeble, and the French government can have known little of the Empress, if they thought that Diderot was the man to affect her strong and positive mind. She told Ségur in later years what success Diderot had with her as a politician.

"I talked much and frequently with him," said Catherine, "but with more curiosity than profit. If I had believed him, everything would have been turned upside down in my kingdom; legislation, administration, finances,—all to be turned topsy-turvy to make room for impracticable theories. Yet as I listened more than I talked, any witness who happened to be present would have taken him for a severe pedagogue, and me for his humble scholar. Probably he thought so himself, for after some time, seeing that none of these great innovations were made which he had recommended, he showed surprise and a haughty kind of dissatisfaction. Then speaking openly, I said to him: *Mr. Diderot, I have listened with the greatest pleasure to all that your brilliant intelligence has inspired; and with all your great principles, which I understand very well, one would make fine books but very bad business. You forget, in all your plans*

*of reform, the difference in our positions; you only work on paper, which endures all things; it opposes no obstacle either to your imagination or to your pen: but I, poor Empress as I am, work on the human skin, which is irritable and ticklish to a very different degree. I am persuaded that from this moment he pitied me as a narrow and vulgar spirit. For the future he only talked about literature, and politics vanished from our conversation."*¹

Catherine was mistaken, as we shall see, in supposing that Diderot ever thought her less than the greatest of men. Cathcart, the English ambassador, writes in a sour strain:—"All his letters are filled with panegyrics of the Empress, whom he depicts as above humanity. His flatteries of the Grand Duke have been no less gross, but be it said to the young prince's honour, he has shown as much contempt for these flatteries as for the mischievous principles of this pretended philosopher."

Frederick tells D'Alembert that though the Empress overwhelms Diderot with favours, people at St. Petersburg find him tiresome and disputatious, and "talking the same rigmarole over and over again." In her letters to Voltaire, Catherine lets nothing of this be seen. She finds Diderot's imagination inexhaustible, and ranks him among the most extraordinary men that have ever lived; she delights in his conversation, and his visits have given her the most uncommon pleasure. All this was probably true enough. Catherine probably rated the philosopher at his true worth as a great talker and a singular and original genius, but this did not prevent her, any more than it need prevent us, from seeing the limits and measure. She was not one of the weaker heads, who can never be content without either wholesale enthusiasm or wholesale disparagement.

Diderot had a companion who pleased her better than Diderot himself. Grimm came to St. Petersburg at this time to pay his first visit, and had a great success. "The Empress," wrote Madame Geoffrin to King Stanislas, "lavished all her graces on Grimm. And he has everything that is needed to make him worthy of them. Diderot has neither the fineness of perception, nor the delicate tact that Grimm has, and so he has not had the success of Grimm. Diderot is always in himself, and sees nothing in other people that has not some reference to himself. He is a man of a great deal of understanding, but his nature and turn of mind make him good for nothing, and, more than that, would make him a very dangerous person in any employment. Grimm is quite the contrary."²

In truth, as we have said before, Grimm was one of the shrewdest heads in the Encyclopædic party; he had much knowledge, a judg-

(1) *Séjour*, iii. 34.

(2) *Mouy's Corresp. du roi Stanislas*, p. 501.

ment both solid and acute, and a certain easy fashion of social commerce, free from raptures and full of good sense. Yet he was as devoted and ecstatic in his feeling about the Empress, as his more impetuous friend. "There," he says, "was no conversation of leaps and bounds, in which idleness traverses a whole gallery of ideas that have no connection with one another, and weariness draws you away from one object to skim a dozen others. They were talks in which all was bound together, often by imperceptible threads, but all the more naturally as not a word of what was to be said had been led up to, or prepared beforehand." Grimm cannot find words to describe her verve, her stream of brilliant sallies, her dashing traits, her eagle's coup d'œil. No wonder that he used to quit her presence so electrified, as to pass half the night in marching up and down his room, beset and pursued by all the fine and marvellous things that had been said. How much of all this is true, and how much of it is the voice of the bewildered courtier, it might be hard to decide. But the rays of the imperial sun did not so far blind his prudence as to make him accept a pressing invitation to remain permanently in Catherine's service. When Diderot quitted St. Petersburg, Grimm went to Italy. After an interlude there, he returned to Russia and was again restored to high favour. When the time came for him to leave her, the Empress gave him a yearly pension of two thousand roubles, or about ten thousand livres, and with a minute consideration that is said not to be common among the great, she presently ordered that it should be paid in such a form that he should not lose on the exchange between France and Russia. Whether she had a special object in keeping Grimm in good humour we hardly know. What is certain is that, from 1776 until the fall of the French monarchy, she kept up a voluminous correspondence with him, and that he acted as an unofficial intermediary between her and the ministers at Versailles. Every day she wrote down what she wished to say to Grimm, and at the end of every three months these daily sheets were made into a bulky packet and dispatched to Paris by a special courier, who returned with a similar packet from Grimm. This intercourse went on until the very height of the Revolution, when Grimm at last in February, 1792, fled from Paris. The Empress's helpful friendship continued to the end of her life (1796).¹

Diderot arrived at the Hague on his return from Russia in the first week of April (1774), after making a rapid journey of seven hundred leagues in three weeks and a day. D'Alembert had been anxious that Frederick of Prussia should invite Diderot to visit him at Berlin. Frederick had told him that, intrepid reader as he was,

(1) *Mémoire Historique*, printed in vol. i. of the new edition (1877) of the Correspondence of Grimm and Diderot, by M. Maurice Tourneux.

he could not endure to read Diderot's books. "There reigns in them a tone of self-sufficiency and an arrogance which revolt the instinct of my freedom. It was not in such a style that Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, Gassendi, Bayle, and Newton wrote." D'Alembert replied that the king would judge more favourably of the philosopher's person than of his works; that he would find in Diderot, along with much fecundity, imagination, and knowledge, a gentle heat and a great deal of amenity.¹ Frederick, however, did not send the invitation, and Diderot willingly enough went homewards by the northern route by which he had come. He passed Königsberg, where Kant was then meditating the Critique of Pure Reason. It is hardly probable that Diderot met the famous worthy who was destined to deal so heavy a blow to the Encyclopædic way of thinking, and to leave a name not less illustrious than Frederick or Catherine.

A court official was sent in charge of the philosopher. The troubles of posting by the sea-route between Königsberg and Memel had moved him to the composition of some very bad verses on his first journey; and the horror of crossing the Dwina inspired others that were no better on his return. The weather was hard; four carriages were broken on the way. He expected to be drowned as the ice creaked under his horses' feet at Riga, and he thought that he had broken an arm and a shoulder as he crossed the ferry at Mittau. But all ended well, and he found himself once more under the roof of the Prince Galitzin at the Hague. Hence he wrote to his wife and his other friends in Paris, that it must be a great consolation to them to know that he was only separated from them by a journey of four days. That journey was not taken, however, for nearly four months. Diderot had promised the Empress that he would publish a set of the regulations for the various institutions which she had founded for the improvement of her realm. This could only be done, or could best be done, in Holland. His life there was spent as usual in the slavery of proof-sheets, tempered by daily bursts of conversation, rhapsody, discussion, and dreamy contemplation. He made the acquaintance of a certain Björnstähl, a professor of oriental languages at the university of Lund in Sweden, and a few pages in this obscure writer's obscure book contain the only glimpse that we have of the philosopher on his travels.² Diderot was as ecstatic in conversation as we know him to have been in his correspondence, in praise of the august friend whom he had left. The least of his compliments was that she united the charms of Cleopatra to the soul of Cæsar, or sometimes it was, to the soul of Brutus.

(1) D'Alembert au Roi de Prusse. Feb. 14, 1774.

(2) *Briefe aus seinen ausländischen Reisen*. (Leipsig, 1780—a German translation from the Swedish). iii. 217—233.

“At the Hague,” says Björnstähl, “we go about every day with M. Diderot. He has views extending over an incredibly wide field, possesses a vivacity that I cannot describe, is pleasant and friendly in intercourse, and has new and unusual observations to make on every subject. . . . Who could fail to prize him? He is so bright, so full of instruction, has so many new thoughts and suggestions, that nobody can help admiring him. But willingly as he talks when one goes to him, he shows to little advantage in large companies, and that is why he did not please everybody at Saint Petersburg. You will easily see the reason why this incomparable man in such companies, where people talk of fashion, of clothes, of frippery, and all other sorts of triviality, neither gives pleasure to others nor finds pleasure himself.” And the friendly Swede rises to the height of generalisation in the quaint maxim, “Where an empty head shines, there a thoroughly cultivated man comes too short.”

Scheveningen, the little bathing-place a few miles from the Hague, was Diderot's favourite spot. “It was there,” he writes, “that I used to see the horizon dark, the sea covered with pale haze, the waves rolling and tumbling, and far out the poor fishermen in their great clumsy boats; on the shore a multitude of women frozen with cold or apprehension, trying to warm themselves in the sun. When the work was at an end and the boats had landed, the beach was covered with fish of every kind. These good people have the simplicity, the openness, the filial and fraternal piety of old time. As the men come down from their boats, their wives throw themselves into their arms; they embrace their fathers and their little ones; each loads himself with fish; the son tosses his father a codfish or a salmon, which the old man carries off in triumph to his cottage, thanking heaven that it has given him so industrious and worthy a son. When he has gone indoors, the sight of the fish rejoices the old man's mate; it is quickly cut in pieces, the less lucky neighbours invited, it is soon eaten, and the room resounds with thanks to God, and cheerful songs.”¹

These scenes with their sea-background, their animation, their broad strokes of the simple, kindly, and real in life, may well have been after Diderot's own heart. He often told me, says Björnstähl, that he never found the hours pass slowly in the company of a peasant or a cobbler or any handicraftsman, but that he had many a time found them pass slowly enough in the society of a courtier: “For of the one,” he said, “one can always ask about useful and necessary things, but the other is mostly, so far as anything useful is concerned, empty and void.”

The pleasantness and ease of the people of the Hague in society was supposed to betray the influence of foreigners and the court.

Impartial travellers assigned to the talk of cultivated circles there a rank not below that of similar circles in France and England. Some went even further, and declared Holland to have a distinct advantage, because people were never embarrassed either by the levity and sparkling wit of France on the one hand, nor by the depressing reserve and taciturnity of England on the other.¹ Yet Holland was fully within the sphere of the great intellectual commonwealth of the west, and was as directly accessible to the literary influences of the time as it had ever been. If Diderot had inquired into the vernacular productions of the country, he would have found that here also the wave of reaction against French conventions, and the tide of English simplicity and domestic sentimentalism, had passed into literature. The *Spectator* and *Clarissa Harlowe* inspired the writers of Holland as they had inspired Diderot himself.² In erudition, it was still what, even after the death of Scaliger, it had remained through the seventeenth century, the most learned state of Europe, and the elder Hemsterhuys, with such pupils as Ruhnken and Valckenacr, kept up as well as he could the scholarly tradition of Gronovius and Grævius. But the eighteenth century was not the century of erudition. Scholarship had given way to speculation.

Among the interesting persons whom Diderot saw at the Hague, the most interesting is the amiable and learned son of the elder Hemsterhuys, himself by the way not Dutch, but the son of a Frenchman. If Diderot was playfully styled the French Socrates, the younger Hemsterhuys won from his friends the name of the Dutch Plato. The Hollanders pointed to this meditative figure, to his great attainments in the knowledge of ancient literature and art, to his mellowed philosophising, to his gracious and well-bred style, as a proof that their country was capable of developing both the strength and the sensibility of human nature to their highest point.³ And he has a place in the history of modern speculation. As we think of him and Diderot discussing, we feel ourselves to be placed at a point that seems to command the diverging streams and eddying currents of the time. In this pair, two great tides of thought meet for a moment, and then flow on in their deep appointed courses. For Hemsterhuys, born a Platonist to the core, became a leader of the reaction against the French philosophy of illumination—of sensation, of experience, of the verifiable. He contributed a marked current to the mysticism and pietism which crept over Germany before the French revolution, and to that religious philosophy which became a point of patriotic honour both in Germany and at the Russian Court,

(1) George Forster's *Ansichten vom Niederrhein*, &c., ii. 396 (1790).

(2) Jonckbloet's *Gesch. d. Nederland. Lit.* (German trans.), ii. 502, &c.

(3) Forster, ii. 398.

after the revolutionary war had seemed to identify the rival philosophy of the Encyclopædists with the victorious fury of the national enemy. Jacobi, a chief of the mystic tribe, had begun the attack on the French with weapons avowedly borrowed from the sentimentalism of Rousseau, but by and bye he found in Hemsterhuys more genuinely intellectual arguments for his vindication of feeling and the heart, against the Encyclopædist claim for the supremacy of the undertaking.

Diderot's hostess at the Hague is a conspicuous figure in the history of the same movement. Prince Galitzin had married the daughter of Frederick's fieldmarshal, Schmettau. Goethe, who saw her (1797) many years after Diderot was dead, describes her as one of those whom one cannot understand without seeing; as a person not rightly judged unless considered not only in connection, but in conflict with her time. If she was remarkable to Goethe when fifty years had set their mark upon her, she was even more so to the impetuous Diderot in all the flush and intellectual excitement of her youth. It was to the brilliance and versatility of the Princess Galitzin that her husband's house owed its consideration and its charm. "She is very lively," said Diderot, "very gay, very intelligent; more than young enough, instructed and full of talents; she has read; she knows several languages, as Germans usually do; she plays on the clavecin, and sings like an angel; she is full of expressions that are at once ingenuous and piquant; she is exceedingly kindhearted." But he could not persuade her to take his philosophy on trust. Diderot is said, by the Princess's biographer, to have been a fervid proselytiser, eager to make people believe "his poems about eternally revolving atoms, through whose accidental encounter the present ordering of the world was developed." The Princess met his brilliant eloquence with a demand for proof. Her ever-repeated *Why?* and *How?* are said to have shown "the hero of Atheism his complete emptiness and weakness."¹ In the long run Diderot was entirely routed, in favour of the rival philosophy. Hemsterhuys became bound to the Princess by the closest friendship, and his letters to her are as striking an illustration as any in literature of the peculiar devotion and admiration which a clever and sympathetic woman may arouse in philosophic minds of a certain calibre, in a Condillac, a Joubert, a D'Alembert, a Mill. Though Hemsterhuys himself never advanced from a philosophy of religion to the active region of dogmatic professions, his disciple could not find contentment on his austere heights. In the very year of Diderot's death (1784) the Princess Galitzin became a catholic, and

(1) Dr. Katerkamp's *Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben der Fürstin Amalie von Gallitzin*, p. 46.

her son became not only a catholic, but a zealous missionary of the faith in America.

But this was not yet. In September (1774) Diderot set his face homewards. "I shall gain my fireside," he wrote on the eve of his journey, "never to quit it again for the rest of my life. The time that we count by the year has gone, and the time that we must count by the day comes in its stead. The less one's income, the more important to use it well. I have perhaps half a score of years at the bottom of my wallet. In these ten years, fluxions, rheumatisms, and the other members of that troublesome family will take two or three of them; let us try to economise the seven that are left, for the repose and the small happinesses that a man may promise himself on the wrong side of sixty." The guess was a good one. Diderot lived ten years more, and although his own work in the world was done, they were years of great moment both to France and the world. They witnessed the establishment of a republic in the American colonies, and they witnessed the final stage in the decay of the old monarchy in France. Turgot had been made controller-general in the months before Diderot's return, and Turgot's ministry was the last serious experiment in the direction of orderly reform. The crash that followed resounded almost as loudly at St. Petersburg and in Holland as in France itself, and Catherine in 1792 ordered all the busts of Voltaire that had adorned the saloons and corridors of her palace to be removed into the cellars.

EDITOR.

CEREMONIAL GOVERNMENT.

V.—OBEISANCES.

SPEAKING of a party of Shoshones surprised by them, Lewis and Clarke say—"the other two, an elderly woman and a little girl, seeing we were too near for them to escape, sat on the ground, and holding down their heads seemed as if reconciled to the death which they supposed awaited them. The same habit of holding down the head and inviting the enemy to strike, when all chance of escape is gone, is preserved in Egypt to this day." Here we are shown an effort to propitiate by absolute submission; and from acts so prompted originate obeisances.

When, at the outset, in illustration of the truth that ceremony precedes not only social evolution but even human evolution, I named the behaviour of a small dog which throws itself on its back in presence of an alarming great dog, probably many readers thought I was putting on this behaviour a somewhat forced construction. They would not have thought so had they known that a parallel mode of behaviour occurs among human beings. Describing the Batoka salutation, Livingstone says—"they throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and, rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs as expressions of thankfulness and welcome." Whether or not consciously adopted for this reason, the assumption of this attitude, which implies—"You need not subdue me, I am subdued already," is the best means of obtaining safety. Resistance generates antagonism and arouses the destructive instincts; and by prostration on the back, which, perhaps more than any other position, makes self-defence impracticable, resistance is negated. I say, perhaps, because another attitude may be instanced as equally helpless, which more elaborately displays complete subjugation. "At Tonga Tabu . . . the common people show their great chief . . . the greatest respect imaginable by prostrating themselves before him, and by putting his foot on their necks." The like occurs in Africa. Laird says the messengers from the King of Fundah "each bent down and put my foot on their heads." And among historic peoples, this position, originated by defeat in battle, became a position assumed in acknowledging submission.

From these primary obeisances thus representing, as literally as may be, the attitudes of the conquered beneath the conqueror, there come obeisances which express in various ways the subjection of the slave to the master: this last being the sequence of the first. Of old in the East such subjection was expressed when "Ben-hadad's

servants girded sackcloth on their loins, and put ropes on their heads, and came to the king of Israel." In Peru, where the militant type of organization was pushed to so great an excess, Garcilasso tells us that a sign of humility was to have the hands tied and a rope round the neck; that is, there was an assumption of those bonds which originally marked captives brought from the battlefield. Along with this mode of simulating slavery, another mode was employed when approaching the Ynca: servitude had to be indicated by carrying a burden; and "this taking up a load to enter the presence of Atahualpa, is a ceremony which was performed by all the lords who have reigned in that land."

These few extreme instances I give at the outset, by way of showing the natural genesis of the obeisance as a means of obtaining mercy; first from a victor and then from a ruler. An adequate conception of the obeisance, however, includes another element. In the introductory chapter it was pointed out that sundry signs of pleasure, having a physio-psychological origin, which occur in presence of those for whom there is affection, pass into complimentary observances; because men are pleased by supposing themselves liked, and are therefore pleased by demonstrations of liking. Hence while aiming to propitiate a superior by expressing submission to him, there is generally an endeavour further to propitiate him by exhibiting joy at his presence. Keeping in view, then, both these elements of the obeisance, let us now consider its varieties; with their political, religious, and social uses.

Though the loss of power to resist, which prostration on the face implies, does not reach the utter defencelessness implied by prostration on the back, yet it is sufficiently great to make it a sign of profound submission; and hence it occurs as an obeisance wherever despotism is unmitigated and subordination slavish. It was found in Ancient America; where, before a Chibcha cazique, "people had to appear prostrate and with their faces touching the ground." We find it in Africa, where, "when he addresses the king, a Borghoo man stretches himself on the earth as flat as a flounder, in which attitude he lies, kissing the dust, till his business with his sovereign is at an end." Asia furnishes many cases of it:—"When preferring a complaint, a Khond or Panoo will throw himself on his face, with hands joined, and a bunch of straw or grass in his mouth"; and while, in Siam, "before the nobles all subordinates are in a state of reverent prostration, the nobles themselves, in the presence of the sovereign, exhibit the same crawling obeisance." Similarly in Polynesia. Falling on the face is a mark of submission among the Sandwich Islanders: the king did so to Cook when he first met him. And in the records of ancient historic peoples plenty of kindred

illustrations are given; as when Mephibosheth fell on his face and did reverence before David; or as when the King of Bithynia fell on his face before the Roman senate. In some cases this attitude of the conquered before the conqueror, thus used to signify entire subjection, has its meaning emphasized by repetition. Bootan supplies an instance:—"They . . . made before the Raja nine prostrations, which is the obeisance paid to him by his subjects whenever they are permitted to approach."

Every kind of ceremony is apt to have its primitive character obscured by abridgment; and by abridgment this profoundest of obeisances is rendered a less profound one. In the assumption of a full-length prostration there is, almost of necessity, the passage through an attitude in which the body is on the knees with the head on the ground; and on rising, a drawing up of the knees is a needful preliminary to raising the head and getting on the feet. Hence this attitude may be considered as an incomplete prostration. It is a very general one. Among the Coast Negroes, if a native "goes to visit his superior, or meets him by chance, he immediately falls on his knees, and thrice successively kisses the earth, claps his hands, wishes the superior a good day or night, and congratulates him." Laird tells us that, in acknowledgment of his inferiority, the king of the Brass people never spoke to the king of the Ibos "without going down on his knees, and touching the ground with his head." At Embomma, on the Congo, "the mode of salutation is by gently clapping the hands, and an inferior at the same time goes on his knees and kisses the bracelet on the superior's ankle."

Often the humility of this obeisance is increased by emphasizing the contact with the earth. On the lower Niger, "as a mark of great respect, men prostrate themselves, and strike their heads against the ground." When, in past times, the Emperor of Russia was crowned, the nobility did homage by "bending down their heads, and knocking them at his feet to the very ground." In China at the present time, among the eight obeisances, increasing in humility, the fifth is kneeling and striking the head on the ground; the sixth, kneeling and thrice knocking the head, which again doubled makes the seventh, and trebled, the eighth: this last being due to the Emperor and to Heaven. Of old, among the Hebrews, repetition had a kindred meaning. Remembering that this obeisance is variously exemplified, as when Nathan "bowed himself before the king with his face to the ground," and as when Abigail did the like to David and Ruth to Boaz, we have the additional fact that "Jacob bowed himself to the ground seven times, until he came near to his brother."

From what has gone before it will be anticipated that this attitude of the conquered man, used by the slave before his master and the

subject before his ruler, becomes that of the worshipper before his deity. The East, past and present, yields sufficient examples. That complete prostration is made whether the being to be propitiated is visible or invisible, Hebrew records show us by the statement that "Abraham fell upon his face" before God when he covenanted with him; by the fact that "Nebuchadnezzar fell upon his face, and worshipped Daniel;" and by the fact that when Nebuchadnezzar set up a golden image there was a threat of death on "whoso falleth not down and worshippeth." Similarly, the incomplete prostration in presence of kings recurs in presence of deities. When making obeisances to their idols, the Mongols touch the ground with the forehead thrice, the Kalmucks only once. So, too, the Japanese in their temples "fall down upon their knees, bow their head quite to the ground, slowly and with great humility." And sketches of Mahomedans at their devotions familiarize us with a like attitude.

While preserving in common the trait that the inferiors assuming them keep at a lower level than their superiors, these grovelling obeisances admit of considerable variety. From the positions of prostration on back or face, and of semi-prostration on knees, we pass to sundry others; which, however, continue to imply relative inability to resist. In some cases it is permissible to vary the attitude, as in Dahomey, where "the highest officers lie before the king in the position of Romans upon the *triclinium*. At times they roll over upon their bellies, or relieve themselves by standing 'on all fours.'" Duran states that "cowering . . . was, with the Mexicans, the posture of respect, as with us in genuflexion." Crouching is a sign of respect among the New Caledonians; as it is also in Fiji, and as it is also in Tahiti. ♦

Other changes in attitudes of this class are entailed by the necessities of locomotion. In Dahomey "when approaching royalty they either crawl like snakes or shuffle forward on their knees." When changing their places before a superior, the Siamese "drag themselves on their hands and knees." It is so, too, in Cambodia: "if any one had to approach the royal person, to give him anything or to obey a call, however far the distance, Cambodian etiquette prescribed a crawling progressive motion on knees and elbows." In Java an inferior must "walk with his hams upon his heels 'until he is out of his superior's sight.'" Similarly with the subjects of a Zulu king—even with his wives: Dingarn's wives said "that while he was present in the house they were never permitted to stand up, but always moved about" on their hands and knees. And in Loango, extension of this attitude to the household appears not to be limited to the court: wives in general "dare not speak to them [their husbands] but upon their bare knees, and in meeting

them must creep upon their hands." A neighbouring state furnishes an instance of gradation in these forms of partial prostration ; and a recognized meaning in the gradation. Burton tells us that the "Dakro," a woman who bears messages from the Dahoman King to the Meu, goes on all fours before the king. Also, "as a rule she goes on all fours to the Meu, and only kneels to smaller men, who become quadrupeds to her."

Here we come, incidentally, upon a further abridgment of the original prostration ; whence results one of the most widely-spread obeisances. As from the entirely prone posture we pass to the posture of the Mahomedan worshipper with forehead on the ground ; so from this we pass to the posture on all fours, and from this, by raising the body, to simple kneeling. That kneeling is, and has been in countless places and times, a form of political homage, a form of domestic homage, and a form of religious homage, needs no showing. We will note only that it is, and has been, everywhere, associated with coercive government ; as in Africa, where "by thus constantly practising genuflexion upon the hard ground, their [the Dahomans'] knees in time become almost as hard as their heels ;" as in Japan, where "on leaving the presence of the Emperor, officers walk backwards on their knees ;" as in China, where "the Viceroys' children . . . as they passed by their father's tent, fell on their knees and bowed three times, with their faces towards the ground ;" and as in mediæval Europe, where serfs knelt to their masters, feudal vassals to their suzerains, and, in 1444, the Duchess Isabella de Bourbon, visiting the Queen, went on her knees thrice during her approach.

Not dwelling on the transition from descent on both knees to descent on one knee, which, less abject, comes a stage nearer the erect attitude, it will suffice to note the transition from kneeling on one knee to bending the knee. That this form of obeisance is an abridgment, is well shown us by the Japanese.

"On meeting, they show respect by bending the knee ; and when they wish to do unusual honour to an individual they place themselves on the knee and bow down to the ground. But this is never done in the streets, where they merely make a motion as if they were going to kneel. When they salute a person of rank, they bend the knee in such a manner as to touch the ground with their fingers."

We are shown the same thing equally well, or better, in Chiffa ; where, among the specified gradations of obeisance, the third is defined as bending the knee, and the fourth as actual kneeling. Without accumulating evidence it will be manifest that what still survives among ourselves as the curtsy with the one sex, and what until recently survived with the other sex as the scrape (made by a backward sweep of the right foot), are both of them vanishing forms of the going down on one knee.

There remains only the accompanying bend of the body. This, while on the one hand the first motion passed through in making a complete prostration, is, on the other hand, the last motion that survives as the prostration becomes stage by stage abridged. In various places we meet indications of this transition. "Among the Soosooes, even the wives of a great man, when speaking to him, bend their bodies, and place one hand upon each knee; this is done also when passing by." In Samoa, "in passing through a room where a chief is sitting, it is disrespectful to walk erect; the person must pass along with his body bent downwards." Of the Ancient Mexicans who, during an assembly, crouched before their chief, we read that "when they retired, it was done with the head lowered." And then in the Chinese ritual of ceremony above cited, we find that obeisance number two, less humble than bending the knee, is bowing low with the hands joined. Having such facts before us, and bearing in mind that there are insensible transitions between the humble salaam of the Hindoo, the profound bow which in Europe shows great respect, and the moderate bend of the head expressive of consideration, we cannot doubt that the familiar and sometimes scarcely-perceptible nod, is the last trace of the prostration.

These several abridgments of the prostration which we see occur in doing political homage and social homage, occur also in doing religious homage. Of the Congocse, Bastian says that when they have to speak to a superior—

"They kneel, turn the face half aside, and stretch out the hands towards the person addressed, which they strike together at every address. They might have sat as models to the Egyptian priests when making the representations on the temple walls, so striking is the resemblance between what is represented there and what actually takes place here."

And we may note kindred parallelisms in European religious observances. There is the going on both knees and the going on one knee; and there are the bowings and curtseyings on certain occasions at the name of Christ.

As already explained, along with the act expressing humility, the complete obeisance includes some act expressing gratification. To propitiate the superior most effectually it is needful at once to imply—"I am your slave," and—"I love you."

Certain of the instances cited above have exemplified the union of these two factors. Along with the attitude of abject submission assumed by the Batoka, we saw that there go rhythmic blows of the hands against the thighs. In others of the cases named, clapping of the hands, also indicating joy, was described as being in Africa an accompaniment of movements showing submission; and many others may be added. Of the nobility who approach the King of Loango,

Asley says, "they clap their hands two or three times, and then cast themselves at his majesty's feet into the sand, rolling over and over into it in token of subjection;" and Speke says of certain attendants of the King of Uganda, that they "threw themselves in line upon their bellies, and, wriggling like fish . . . whilst they continued floundering, kicking about their legs, rubbing their faces, and patting their hands upon the ground." Going on their knees to superiors, the Balonda "continue the salutation of clapping the hands until the great ones have passed;" and a like use of the hands occurs in Dahomey. A further rhythmical movement having like meaning must be added. Already we have seen that jumping, as a natural sign of delight, is a friendly salute among the Fuegians, and that it recurs in Loango as a mark of respect to the king. Africa furnishes another instance. Grant narrates that the King of Karague "sat concealed, all but his head, in the doorway of his chief hut, and received the salutations of his people, who, one by one, shrieked and sprang in front of him, swearing allegiance." Let such saltatory movements be gradually methodized, as they are likely to be during social progress, and they will constitute the dancing with which a ruler is sometimes saluted; as in the before-named case of the king of Bogotá, and as in the case Williams gives in his account of Fiji, where an inferior chief and his suite, entering the royal presence, "performed a dance, which they finished by presenting their clubs and upper dresses to the Somo-somo king."

Of the other simulated signs of pleasurable emotion commonly forming part of the obeisance, kissing is the most conspicuous. This, of course, has to take such form as consists with the humility of the prostration or kindred attitude. As shown in some foregoing instances, we have kissing the earth where the superior cannot be, or may not be, approached close enough for kissing the feet or the garment. Others may be added. "It is the custom at Eboe, when the king is out, and indeed in-doors as well, for the principal people to kneel on the ground and kiss it three times when he passes;" and the Ancient Mexican ambassadors, on coming to Cortez, "first touched the ground with their hands and then kissed it." This, in the ancient East, expressed submission of conquered to conqueror; and is said to have gone as far as kissing the footmarks of a conqueror's horse. Abyssinia, where the despotism is extreme and the obeisance servile, supplies us with a modification. In Shoa, kissing the nearest inanimate object belonging to a superior or a benefactor is a sign of respect and thanks. From this we pass to licking the feet and kissing the feet. Drury tells us that licking the knee is a sign of respect among the Malagasy, but does not indicate such deep abasement as licking the feet; and describing the return of a Malagasy chief from war, he says—"he had scarcely seated himself at his door,

when his wife came out crawling on her hands and knees till she came to him, and then licked his feet; when she had done, his mother did the same; and all the women in the town saluted their husbands in the same manner." Slaves, &c., did the like to their masters. So in Ancient Peru, where subordination was unqualified, "when the chiefs came before [Atahualpa], they made great obeisances, kissing his feet and hands." And that this extreme homage was, and is now, the practice in the East we have clear proof. Egyptian wall-paintings and Assyrian sculptures represent it; and in Assyrian records Sennacherib enounces that Menahem of Samaria came up to bring presents and to kiss his feet. "Kissing his feet" was part of the reverence shown to Christ by the woman with the box of ointment; and that the "catching hold of him by the feet" on the part of Mary Magdalene, doubtless accompanied by kissing, was not exceptional, we are shown by the description of a like act on the part of the Shunamite woman to Elisha. At the present day among the Arabs, inferiors kiss the feet, the knees, or the garments of their superiors. Kissing the Shah's and the Sultan's feet is now a form of homage in Persia and in Turkey; and Sir R. K. Porter narrates that in acknowledgment of a present, a Persian "threw himself on the ground, kissed my knees and my feet, and wept with a joy that stifled his expression of thanks."

Kissing the hand is a less humiliating observance than kissing the feet, because it goes along with a less complete prostration. This difference of implication is recognized in regions remote from one another. In Tonga, "when a person salutes a superior relation, he kisses the hand of the party; if a very superior relation, he kisses the foot." And D'Arvieux states that the women who wait on the Arabian princesses, kiss their hands when they do them the favour not to suffer them to kiss their feet or the border of their robe. The prevalence of this obeisance as expressing loving submission, is so great as to render illustration superfluous.

What is implied, where, instead of kissing another's hand, the person making the obeisance kisses his own hand? Is the one symbolic of the other, and meant to be the nearest approach to it possible under the circumstances? This appears a hazardous inference; but there is evidence justifying it. According to D'Arvieux, as quoted by Professor Paxton:—

"An oriental pays his respects to a person of superior station by kissing his hand and putting it to his forehead; but if the superior be of a condescending temper, he will snatch away his hand as soon as the other has touched it; then the inferior puts his own fingers to his lips and afterwards to his forehead."

This, I think, makes it clear that the common custom of kissing the hand to another, originally expressed the wish, or the willingness, to kiss his hand.

Here, as before, the observance, beginning as a spontaneous propitiation of conqueror by conquered, of master by slave, of ruler by ruled, and which we have just seen becomes, by extension under a modified form, a social propitiation, early passes also into a religious propitiation: to the ghost, and to the deity developed from the ghost, these actions of love and liking are used. That embracing and kissing of the lower extremities, which we have seen occurred among the Hebrews as an obeisance to the living person, Egyptian wall-paintings represent as an obeisance made to the mummy enclosed in its case; and then, in pursuance of this action, we have kissing the feet of statues of gods in Pagan Rome and of holy images among Christians. Ancient Mexico furnished an instance of the transition from kissing the ground as a political obeisance, to a modified kissing the ground as a religious obeisance. Describing the Mexican ceremony of taking an oath Clavigero says—"Then naming the principal god, or any other they particularly revered, they kissed their hand, after having touched the earth with it." In Peru the observance was further abridged by dispensing with any object kissed. D'Acosta says—"The manner of worship was to open the hands, to make some noise with the lips as of kissing, and to ask what they wished, at the same time offering the sacrifice;" and Garcilasso, describing the libation of a drop of liquor to the sun, made before drinking at an ordinary meal, adds—"At the same time they kissed the air two or three times, which . . . was a token of adoration among these Indians." Nor have European races failed to furnish kindred facts: kissing the hand to the statue of a god was a Roman form of adoration.

Once more, saltatory movements, which, as we have seen, being natural expressions of delight, become complimentary acts before a visible ruler, also become acts of worship before an invisible ruler. In illustration there is the dancing of David before the ark; and there is the dancing which was originally a religious ceremony among the Greeks: from the earliest times the "worship of Apollo was connected with a religious dance." We have the fact that King Pepin, "like King David, forgetful of the regal purple, in his joy bedewed his costly robes with tears, and danced before the relics of the blessed martyr." And we have the fact that in the Middle Ages there were religious dances in churches; as there are still in Christian churches at Jerusalem.

To interpret another series of associated observances we must go back to the prostration in its original form. I refer to those expressions of submission which are made by putting dust or ashes on some part of the body.

Men cannot roll over in the sand in front of their king, or

repeatedly knock their heads against the ground, or crawl before him, without soiling themselves. Hence the adhering dust or earth is recognized as a concomitant mark of subjection; and comes to be gratuitously assumed, and artificially increased, in the anxiety to propitiate. Already the association between this act and the act of prostration has been incidentally exemplified by cases from Africa; and Africa furnishes other cases which exemplify more fully this self-defiling as a definitely-elaborated form. "In the Congo regions," says Burton, "prostration is made, the earth is kissed, and dust is strowed over the forehead and arms, before every Banza or village chief;" and he tells us that the Dahoman salutation consists of two actions—prostration and pouring sand or earth upon the head. Similarly we read that "in saluting a stranger, they [the Kakanda people on the Niger] stoop almost to the earth, throwing dust on their foreheads several times." And describing "the punctiliousness of manners shown by the Balonda," Livingstone says—

"The inferiors, on meeting their superiors in the street, at once drop on their knees and rub dust on their arms and chest. . . . During an oration to a person commanding respect, the speaker every two or three seconds picked up a little sand, and rubbed it on the upper part of his arms and chest. . . . When they wish to be excessively polite, they bring a quantity of ashes or pipe-clay in a piece of skin, and, taking up handfuls, rub it on the chest and upper front part of each arm."

Moreover, we are shown how in this case, as in all other cases, the ceremony undergoes abridgment. Of these same Balonda Livingstone says, "the chiefs go through the manœuvre of rubbing the sand on the arms, but only make a feint of picking up some." And on the Lower Niger, the people when making prostrations "cover them [their heads] repeatedly with sand; or at all events they go through the motions of doing so. Women, on perceiving their friends, kneel immediately, and pretend to pour sand alternately over each arm." That in Asia this ceremony was, and still is, performed with like meaning is also clear. As expressing political humiliation it was adopted by the priests who, when going to implore Florus to spare the Jews, appeared "with dust sprinkled in great plenty upon their heads, with bosoms deprived of any covering but what was rent." And at the present time in Turkey, abridgments of the obeisance may be witnessed. At a review, even officers on horseback, saluting their superiors, "go through the form of throwing dust over their heads;" and common people, on seeing a caravan of pilgrims start, "went through the pantomime of throwing dirt over their heads."

Hebrew records prove that this sign of submission made before visible persons, was made before invisible persons also. Along with those blood-lettings and markings of the flesh and cuttings of the hair which, at funerals, were used to propitiate the ghost, there

went the putting of ashes on the head. The like was done to propitiate the deity; as when "Joshua rent his clothes, and fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord until the eventide, he and the elders of Israel, and put dust upon their heads." Even still this usage occurs among Catholics on occasions of special humiliation.

§ 388. Again we must return to that original obeisance which first actually is, and then which simulates, the attitude of the conquered before the conqueror, to find the clue to a further series of these bodily movements signifying submission. I refer to the joining of the hands. As described in a foregoing paragraph, the supplicating Khond "throws himself on his face with hands joined." Whence this attitude of the hands?

From the usages of a people among whom submission and all the marks of submission were carried to great extremes, an instance has already been given indicating the natural genesis of this action. A sign of humility in ancient Peru was to have the hands bound and a rope round the neck; that is, the condition of captives was simulated. Did there need proof that it has been a common practice to make prisoners of war defenceless by tying their hands, I might begin with Assyrian wall-sculptures, in which men thus bound are represented: but the fact that among ourselves, men charged with crimes are handcuffed by the police when taken, sufficiently shows how obviously suggested is this method of rendering prisoners impotent. If there needs further reason for concluding that bound hands, at first distinguishing the conquered man, hence came to be an adopted mark of subjection, we have it in two strange customs found in Africa and China respectively. When the King of Uganda returned the visit of Captains Speke and Grant, "his brothers, a mob of little ragamuffins, several in handcuffs, sat behind him. . . . It was said that the king, before coming to the throne, always went about in irons, as his small brothers now do." And then, of the Chinese, Doolittle tells us that "on the third day after the birth of a child . . . the ceremony of binding its wrists is observed. . . . These things are worn till the child is fourteen days old . . . sometimes . . . for several months, or even for a year. . . . It is thought that such a tying of the wrists will tend to keep the child from being troublesome in after life."

Such indications of its origin, joined with such examples of derived practices, force on us the inference that raising the joined hands, as part of that primitive obeisance signifying absolute submission, was in reality offering of the hands to be bound. The above-described attitude of the Khond exhibits the act in its original form; and on reading in Huc that "the Mongol hunter saluted us, with his clasped hands raised to his forehead," or in Drury that

when the Malagasy approach a great man, they hold the hands up in a supplicatory form, we cannot doubt that this position of the hands now expresses reverence because it originally implied subjugation. Of the Siamese, so abject in their political condition and so servile in their usages, La Loubere says—"If you extend your hand to a Siamese, to place it in his, he carries both his hands to yours, as if to place himself entirely in your power." And that the presentation of the joined hands has the meaning here suggested, is otherwise shown us. In Unyanyembe, "when two of them meet, the Wezee puts both his palms together, these are gently clasped by the Watusi" [a man of a more powerful race]; and in Sumatra, the salutation "consists in bending the body, and the inferior's putting his joined hands between those of the superior, and then lifting them to his forehead." By these cases we are reminded that a kindred act was once a form of submission in Europe. When doing homage, the vassal, on his knees, placed his joined hands between the hands of his suzerain.

That here, again, an attitude signifying defeat and therefore political subordination becomes an attitude of religious devotion, is obvious. We have in the East, by the Mahomedan worshipper, that same clasping of the hands above the head which we see expresses reverence for a living superior. Among the Greeks, "the Olympian gods were prayed to in an upright position with raised hands; the marine gods with hands held horizontally; the gods of Tartarus with hands held down." And the presentation of the hands joined palm to palm, once throughout Europe required from an inferior when professing obedience to a superior, is still taught to children as the attitude of prayer.

Nor should we omit to note that a kindred use of the hands descends into social intercourse. The filiation continues to be clear in the far East. "When the Siamese salute one another, they join the hands, raising them before the face or above the head." Of the eight gradations of obeisance in China, the first and least profound is that of joining the hands and raising them before the breast. Even among ourselves a remnant of this action is traceable. An obsequious shopman or fussy innkeeper, may be seen to join and loosely move the slightly raised hands one over another, in a way suggestive of derivation from this primitive sign of obedience.

A group of obeisances having a connected, though divergent, root, come next to be dealt with. Those which we have thus far considered do not directly affect the subject person's dress; but from modifications of dress, either in position, state, or kind, a series of ceremonial observances result.

The conquered man, prostrate before his conqueror, and becoming

himself a possession, simultaneously loses possession of whatever things he has about him. The minor loss of his property is included in the major loss of himself; and so, while he surrenders his weapons he also yields up, if the victor demands it, whatever part of his dress is worth taking: the motive for taking it being in many cases akin to the motive for taking his weapons; since, being often the hide of a formidable animal, or a robe decorated with trophies, the dress, like the weapons, becomes an addition to the victor's proofs of prowess. At any rate, it is clear that whatever be the particular way in which the taking of clothing from a conquered man originates, the nakedness, partial or complete, of the captive, becomes additional evidence of his subjugation. That it was so regarded of old in the East, we have clear proof. In Isaiah xx. 2—4, we read—"And the Lord said, Like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign . . . so shall the king of Assyria lead away the Egyptians prisoners, and the Ethiopians captives, young and old, naked and barefoot." And that the Assyrians thus completely stripped their captives is proved by their sculptures. Nor are we without evidence, furnished by other races, that the taking off and yielding up of clothing, hence becomes a mark of political submission, and in some cases even a complimentary observance. In Fiji, on the day for paying tribute—

"The chief of Somo-Somo, who had previously stripped off his robes, then sat down, and removed even the train or covering, which was of immense length, from his waist. He gave it to the speaker," who gave him "in return a piece large enough only for the purposes of decency. The rest of the Somo-Somo chiefs, each of whom on coming on the ground had a train of several yards in length, stripped themselves entirely, left their trains, and walked away . . . thus leaving all the Somo-Somo people naked."

Further we read that during Cook's stay at Tahiti, two men of superior rank "came on board, and each singled out his friend . . . this ceremony consisted in taking off great part of their clothes and putting them upon us." And then in another Polynesian island, Samoa, we find this complimentary act greatly abridged: only the girdle is taken off and presented.

With such facts to give us the clue, we can scarcely doubt that this surrendering of clothing originates those obeisances which are made by uncovering the body, more or less extensively. We meet with all degrees of uncovering having this meaning. From Ibn Batuta's account of his journey into the Soudan in the fourteenth century, Mr. Tylor cites the statement that "women may only come unclad into the presence of the Sultan of Melli, and even the Sultan's own daughters must conform to the custom;" and what doubt we might reasonably feel as to the existence of an obeisance thus carried to its original extreme, is removed on reading in Speke

that at the present time, at the court of Uganda, "stark-naked, full-grown women are the valets." Other parts of Africa show us an incomplete, though still considerable, unclothing as an obeisance. In Abyssinia inferiors must bare their bodies down to the girdle in presence of superiors; "but to equals the corner of the cloth is removed only for a time." The like occurs in Polynesia. The Tahitians uncover "the body as low as the waist, in the presence of the king;" and Forster states that in the Society Isles generally, "the lower ranks of people, by way of respect, strip off their upper garment in the presence of their" principal chiefs. How this obeisance becomes further abridged, and also how it becomes extended to other persons than rulers, we are well shown by the natives of the Gold Coast. Cruickshank writes:—

"They also salute Europeans, and sometimes each other, by slightly removing their robe from their left shoulder with the right hand, gracefully bowing at the same time. When they wish to be very respectful, they uncover the shoulder altogether, and support the robe under the arm, the whole of the person from the breast upwards being left exposed."

And of these same people Burton remarks that, "throughout Yoruba and the Gold Coast, to bare the shoulders is like unhatting in England."

That uncovering the head, thus suggestively compared with uncovering the upper part of the body, has the same original meaning, can hardly be questioned. Even in certain European usages the relation between the two has been recognized, as by Ford, who remarks that "uncloaking in Spain is . . . equivalent to our taking off the hat." It is recognized in Africa itself, where, as in Dahomey, the two are joined: "the men bared their shoulders, doffing their caps and large umbrella hats," says Burton, speaking of his reception. It is recognized in Polynesia, where, as in Tahiti, along with the stripping down to the waist before the king there goes the uncovering of the head. Hence it seems that the familiar taking off of the hat among European peoples, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of unclothing himself, by which, in early times, the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had.

That baring the feet is an observance having the same origin, is well shown by these same Gold Coast natives; for while, as we have seen, they partially bare the upper part of the body in signification of their reverence, they also remove the sandals from their feet "as a mark of respect," says Cruickshank: they begin to strip the body at both ends. Throughout Ancient America uncovering of the feet had a like meaning. In Peru, "no lord, however great he might be, entered the presence of the Ynca in rich clothing, but in humble attire and barefooted;" and in Mexico, "the kings who

were vassals of Montezuma were obliged to take off their shoes when they came into his presence:" the significance of this act being so great that as "Michoacan was independent of Mexico, the sovereign took the title of *cazonzi*—that is, 'shod.'" Kindred accounts of Asiatics have made the usage familiar to us. In Burmah, "even in the streets and highways, a European, if he meets with the king, or joins his party, is obliged to take off his shoes." And similarly in Persia, every person who approaches the royal presence is obliged to bare his feet.

Verification of these several interpretations is yielded by the more obvious interpretations of certain usages which we similarly meet with in societies where extreme expressions of subjection are insisted upon. I refer to the appearing in presence of rulers dressed in coarse clothing—the clothing of slaves. In Ancient Mexico, whenever, to serve him, Montezuma's attendants "entered his apartments, they had first to take off their rich costumes and put on meaner garments . . . and were only allowed to enter into his presence barefooted, with eyes cast down." So was it, too, in Peru: along with the rule that a subject, however great, should appear before the Ynca with a burden on his back, simulating servitude, and along with the rule that he should be barefooted, further simulating servitude, there went, as we have seen, the rule that "no lord, however great he might be, entered the presence of the Ynca in rich clothing, but in humble attire," again simulating servitude. The kindred though less extreme usage exists in Dahomey, where also autocracy is rigorous and subjection unqualified: the highest subjects, the king's ministers, may "ride on horseback, be carried in hammocks, wear silk, maintain a numerous retinue, with large umbrellas of their own order, flags, trumpets, and other musical instruments. But, on their entrance at the royal gate, all these insignia are laid aside." Even in Mediæval Europe, submission to a conqueror or superior was expressed by taking off those parts of the dress and appendages which were associated with high station; and the consequent appearance in such relatively-impovertished state as consisted with servitude. Thus, in France, in 1467, the headmen of a conquered town, surrendering to a victorious duke, "brought to his camp with them three hundred of the best citizens in their shirts, bareheaded, and barelegged, who presented the keys of the citie to him, and yielded themselves to his mercy." And the doing of feudal homage included observances of kindred meaning. Saint Simon, describing one of the latest instances, and naming among ceremonies gone through the giving up of belt, sword, gloves, and hat, says that this was done "to strip the vassal of his marks of dignity in presence of his lord." So that whether it be the putting on of coarse clothing or the putting off of fine clothing and its appendages, the meaning is the same.

Acts of propitiation of this kind, like those of other kinds, extend themselves from the feared being who is visible, to the feared being who is no longer visible—the ghost and the god. On remembering that among the Hebrews the putting on sackcloth and ashes went along with cutting off the hair, self-bleeding, and making marks on their bodies—all to pacify the ghost; on reading that the habit continues in the East, so that a mourning lady described by Mr. Salt was covered with sackcloth and sprinkled over with ashes, and so that Burekhardt “saw the female relations of a deceased chief running through all the principal streets, their bodies half naked, and the little clothing they had on being rags, while the head, face, and breast,” were “almost entirely covered with ashes;” it becomes clear that the semi-nakedness, the torn garments, and the coarse garments, expressing submission to a living superior, serve also to express submission to one who, dying and becoming a ghost, has so acquired a power that is feared. The inference that this is the meaning of the act, is verified on observing that it becomes also an act of religious subordination; as is shown when Isaiah, himself setting the example, exhorts the rebellious Israelites to make their peace with Jahveh in the words—“Strip you, and make you bare, and gird sackcloth upon your loins,” and as, when the fourscore men who came from Shechem, Shiloh, and Samaria, to propitiate Jahveh, besides cutting their hair and gashing themselves, also tore their clothes. Nor does the parallelism fail with baring the feet. This, which we have seen is one of those unclothings signifying humiliation before a ruler, was one among the signs of mourning among the Hebrews; as is shown by the command in Ezekiel (xxiv. 17), “Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet;” and among the Hebrews putting off the shoes was also an act of worship. Elsewhere, too, it occurred as in common a mark of political subordination and of religious subordination. Of the Peruvians, who went barefoot into the presence of the Ynca, we read that “all took off their shoes, except the king, at two hundred paces before reaching the doors [of the temple of the Sun]; but the king remained with his shoes on until he came to the doors.” Once more the like holds with the uncovering of the head. Used along with other ceremonial acts to propitiate the living superior, it is used also to propitiate the spirit of the ordinary dead, and also the spirit of the extraordinary dead, which, becoming apotheosized, is permanently worshipped. We have the uncovering round the grave which continues even among ourselves; and we have, on the Continent, the uncovering by those who meet a funeral procession. We have the taking off the hat to images of Christ and the Madonna, out of doors and indoors, as enjoined in old books of manners; the unhatting on the

knees when the host is carried by in Catholic countries; and the baring the head on entering places of worship everywhere.

Nor must we omit the fact that obeisances of this class, too, made first to supreme persons most feared and presently to less powerful persons, extend gradually until they become general. Quotations above given have shown incidentally that in Africa partial uncovering of the shoulder is used as a salute between equals, and that a kindred removal of the cloak in Spain serves a like purpose. So, too, the going barefoot into a king's presence, and into a temple, originates an ordinary civility: the Damara's take off their sandals before entering a stranger's house; a Japanese leaves his shoes at the door even when he enters a shop; "upon entering a Turkish house, it is the invariable rule to leave the outer slipper or galosh at the foot of the stairs." And then in Europe, from having been a ceremony of feudal homage and of religious worship, uncovering the head has become an expression of respect due even to a labourer on entering his cottage.

These last facts suggest a needful addition to the argument. Something more must be said respecting the way in which all kinds of obeisances between equals, have thus resulted by diffusion from obeisances which originally expressed surrender to a conqueror and submission to a ruler.

Proof has been given that rhythmical muscular movements, naturally signifying joy, such as jumping, clapping the hands, and even drumming the ribs with the elbows, become simulated signs of joy used to propitiate a king, when joined with attitudes expressing subjection. These simulated signs of joy become civilities where there is no difference of rank. According to Grant, "when a birth took place in the Toorkee camp . . . women assembled to rejoice at the door of the mother, by clapping their hands, dancing, and shouting. Their dance consisted in jumping in the air, throwing out their legs in the most uncouth manner, and flapping their sides with their elbows." And then where circumstances permit, such emphatic marks of consideration become mutual. Bosman tells us that on the Slave Coast, "when two persons of equal condition meet each other, they fall both down on their knees together, clap hands, and mutually salute, by wishing each other a good day." In China, during a wedding visit, "each visitor prostrated himself at the feet of the bride, and knocked his head upon the ground, saying at the same time, 'I congratulate you! I congratulate you!' whilst the bride, also upon her knees, and knocking her head upon the ground, replied, 'I thank you! I thank you!'" And among the Mosquitos, says Bancroft, "one will throw himself at the feet of another, who helps him up, embraces him, and falls down in his turn to be assisted

up and comforted with a pressure." Such extreme instances yield verifications, if there need any, of the conclusion that the mutual bows, and curtseys, and unhattings, among ourselves, are remnants of the original prostrations and strippings of the captive.

But I give these instances chiefly as introducing the interpretation of a still more familiar observance. Already I have named the fact that between polite Arabs the offer of an inferior to kiss a superior's hand, is resisted by the superior if he is condescending, and that the conflict ends by the inferior kissing his own hand to the other; and the following, from Niebuhr, is an account of an allied usage:—

"Two Arabs of the desert meeting, shake hands more than ten times. Each kisses his own hand, and still repeats the question, 'How art thou?' . . . In Yemen, each does as if he wished the other's hand, and draws back his own to avoid receiving the same honour. At length, to end the contest, the eldest of the two suffers the other to kiss his fingers."

Have we not here, then, the origin of shaking hands? If of two persons each wishes to make an obeisance to the other by kissing his hand, and each refuses out of compliment to have his own hand kissed, what will happen? Just as when leaving a room, each of two persons, proposing to give the other precedence, will refuse to go first, and there will result at the doorway some conflict of movements, preventing either from advancing; so, if each of two tries to kiss the other's hand, and refuses to have his own kissed, there will result a raising of the hand of each by the other towards his own lips, and by the other a drawing of it down again, and so on alternately. Though at first such an action will be irregular, yet as fast as the usage spreads, and the failure of either to kiss the other's hand becomes a recognized issue, the motions may be expected to grow regular and rhythmical. Clearly the difference between the simple squeeze, to which this salute is now often abridged, and the old-fashioned hearty shake, exceeds the difference between the hearty shake and the movement that would result from the effort of each to kiss the hand of the other.

Even in the absence of this clue yielded by the Arab observance, we should be obliged to infer some such genesis. After all that has been shown, no one can suppose that hand-shaking was ever deliberately fixed upon as a salute; and if it had a natural origin in some act which, like the rest, expressed subjection, the act of kissing the hand must be assumed, as alone capable of leading to it.

Whatever its kind, then, the obeisance has the same root with the trophy and the mutilation. At the mercy of his conqueror, who, cutting off part of his body as a memorial of victory, kills him, or else, taking some less important part, marks him as a subject person, the conquered enemy lies prone before him; now on his back,

or now with neck under the victor's foot, smeared with dust or dirt, weaponless, and with torn clothes, or, it may be, stripped of the trophy-trimmed robe he prized. Thus, the prostration, the coating of dust, and the loss of covering, incidental on subjugation, become, like the mutilation, recognized proofs of it; whence result, first of all, the enforced signs of submission of slaves to masters and subjects to rulers, then the voluntary assumptions of humble attitudes before superiors, and, finally, those complimentary movements expressive of inferiority, made by each to the other between equals.

That all obeisances originate in militancy, is a conclusion harmonizing with the fact that they develop along with development of the militant type of society. Attitudes and motions signifying subjection, do not characterize headless tribes and tribes having unsettled chieftainships, like the Fuegians, the Andamanese, the Australians, the Tasmanians, the Esquimaux; and accounts of etiquette among the wandering and almost unorganized communities of North America, make little, if any, mention of actions expressing servitude or subordination. There are indeed, in India, certain simple societies politically unorganized and peaceful, in which there occur humble obeisances; as instance the Todas. At marriage, a Toda bride puts her head under the foot of the bridegroom. But, since exceptions of this kind, and less marked kinds, occur in settled cattle-keeping or agricultural tribes, whose ancestors passed through those stages between the wandering and the stationary during which militant activities were general; we may reasonably suspect that these are surviving ceremonies that have lost their meanings: the more so as, in the case named, there exists neither that social subordination nor that domestic subordination which they express. On the other hand, in societies compounded and consolidated by militancy which have acquired the militant type of structure, we find political and social life conspicuously characterized by servile obeisances. If we ask in what slightly-developed societies occur the grovelling prostrations and creepings and crawlings before superiors, the answer is clear. We find them in warlike, cannibal Fiji, where the power of rulers over subjects and their property is unlimited, and where, in some slave districts, the people regard themselves as brought up to be eaten; we find them in Uganda, where war is chronic, where the revenue is derived from plunder, both of neighbouring tribes and of subjects, and where it is said of the king out shooting that, "as his highness could not get any game to shoot at, he shot down many people;" we find them in sanguinary Dahomey, where adjacent societies are attacked to get more heads for decorating the king's palace, and where everybody, up to the chief minister, is the king's slave. Among states more advanced they occur in Burmah and Siam, where the militant type, bequeathed from the past, has left a

monarchical power equally without restraint; in Japan, where, with a despotism evolved and fixed during the wars of early times, there have ever gone these grovelling obeisances of each rank to the rank above it; and in China, where, with a kindred form of government similarly derived, there still continue semi-prostrations and knockings of the head upon the ground before superiors. So is it again with kissing the feet as an obeisance. This was the usage in Ancient Peru, where the entire nation was under a regimental organization and discipline. It prevails in Madagascar, where the militant structure and activity are decided. And among sundry Eastern peoples, living still, as they have ever done, under autocratic rule, this obeisance exists at present as it existed in the remote past. Nor is it otherwise with complete or partial removals of the dress. The extreme forms of this we saw occurred in Fiji and in Uganda; while the less extreme form of baring the body down to the waist was exemplified from Abyssinia and Tahiti, where the kingly power, though great, is less recklessly exercised. So likewise with baring the feet. This was an obeisance to the king in Ancient Peru and Ancient Mexico, as it is now in Burmah and in Persia—all of them having the despotic governments evolved by militancy. And the like relation will be found to hold with the other servile obeisances: the putting dust on the head, the assumption of mean clothing, the taking up of a burden to carry, the binding of the hands.

The same truth is shown us on comparing the usages of European peoples in early ages, when war was the business of life, with the usages which obtain now that war has ceased to be the business of life. In feudal days homage was shown by kissing the feet, by going on the knees, by joining the hands, by laying aside sundry parts of the dress; but in our days the more humble of these obeisances have, some quite and others almost, disappeared: leaving only the bow, the curtsy, and the raising of the hat, as their representatives. Moreover, it is observable that between the more militant nations of Europe and the less militant, kindred differences are traceable: on the Continent obeisances are fuller, and more studiously attended to, than they are here. Even from within our own society evidence is forthcoming; for by the upper classes, forming that regulative part of the social structure which here, as everywhere, has been developed by militancy, there is not only at Court, but in private intercourse, greater attention paid to these forms than by the classes forming the industrial structures, among the members of which little more than the bow and the nod are now to be seen. And I may add the significant fact, that in the distinctively militant parts of our society—the army and navy—not only is there a more regular and peremptory perform-

ance of prescribed obeisances than in any other of its parts, but, further, that in one of them, the navy, specially characterized by the absolutism of its chief officers, there survives a usage analogous to usages in barbarous societies. In Burmah, it is requisite to make "prostrations in advancing to the palace;" the Dahomans prostrate themselves in front of the palace gate; in Fiji, stooping is enjoined as "a mark of respect to a chief or his premises, or a chief's settlement;" and on going on board a British man-of-war, it is the custom to take off the hat to the quarter-deck.

Nor are we without evidence of kindred contrasts among the obeisances made to the supernatural being, whether spirit or deity. The wearing sackcloth to propitiate the ghost, as now in China and as of old among the Hebrews, the partial baring of the body and putting dust on the head, still occurring in the East as funeral rites, are not found in advanced societies having types of structure more profoundly modified by industrialism. Among ourselves, most characterized by the degree of this change, obeisances to the dead have wholly disappeared, save in the uncovering at the grave. Similarly with the obeisances used in worship. The baring of the feet when approaching a temple, as in Ancient Peru, and the removal of the shoes on entering it, as in the East, are acts finding no parallels here on any occasion, or on the Continent, save on occasion of penance. Neither the prostrations and repeated knockings of the head upon the ground by the Chinese worshipper, nor the kindred attitude of the Mahomedan at prayers, occurs where freer forms of social institutions, proper to the industrial type, have much qualified the militant type. Even going on the knees as a form of religious homage, has, among ourselves, fallen greatly into disuse; and the most unmilitant of our sects, the Quakers, make no religious obeisances whatever.

The connexions thus traced, parallel to connexions already traced, are at once seen to be natural on remembering that militant activities, intrinsically coercive, necessitate command and obedience, and that therefore where they predominate, signs of submission are insisted upon; while, conversely, industrial activities, whether exemplified in the relations of employer and employed or of buyer and seller, being carried on under agreement, are intrinsically non-coercive, and therefore, where they predominate, only fulfilment of contract is insisted upon: whence results decreasing use of the signs of submission.

HERBERT SPENCER.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ENGLISH popular opinion was left at the end of March perplexed by the retirement of Lord Derby, but disposed to take it yet more confidently for granted that war there must be. The public mood in April has been one of uncertainty whether there were to be war or peace, but of a perfect conviction that if it be war, England may win and cannot lose. It is a dangerous condition of things when a nation believes that it may light a flame, and run no risk from the sparks.

The month opened with the Queen's Message announcing that it had been decided to call out the Reserves. It was marked yet more by the first definite step which has been taken by the English Foreign Office since the war between Russia and Turkey began. The new Foreign Secretary signalised his entry into office by a Circular Dispatch to the British Ministers at the Courts of the Great Powers which dissected the Treaty of San Stefano, and pointed out the various ways in which it prejudiced the Eastern relations of Europe, and especially this country. The Dispatch was an indictment by the Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield of Russian ambition as revealed by the preliminary treaty of peace. It was also an apology for its author's concurrence at the Conference of Constantinople with the representative of Russia in threatening the Porte with something like a military execution in default of thorough reform. To most readers of the reports of the Constantinople Conference, it would appear that the dominant aim of the Powers, as represented by General Ignatieff and Lord Salisbury, had been to rescue the Christian provinces of Turkey from Ottoman oppression. The present Foreign Secretary has discovered that the real object of Her Majesty's Government at the Conference was to "reform Turkey under the Ottoman Government," and "thus preserve the empire until the time when it might be able to dispense with protective guarantees." England at the Conference had, it would seem from the Circular, concentrated her efforts on the question how to reconcile the existence of the Ottoman Empire with the claims of humanity. She now, from precisely the same motives, required of Russia a full submission of the preliminary treaty to Europe assembled at the Congress. This view of the position Lord Salisbury took up at the Constantinople Conference, and of the conditions England is laying down as essential to the Berlin Congress, embodies a great deal of truth; but it is scarcely the whole truth. England would at all times have rejoiced had the Ottoman Empire secured

its integrity by accepting reforms loyally and frankly. But the mind of England, always excepting Lord Beaconsfield's part in the collective mind, and certainly not excepting Lord Salisbury's, was, at the time of the Constantinople Conference, more deeply impressed with the wrongs of the rayahs than the necessity of preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The mind of England, not excepting Lord Salisbury's part in that mind, is now apparently far more impressed with the necessity of loosening its grasp of Russian or Turkish provinces, whether Christian or Mussulman, than with the duty of either maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire or of reforming it.

Mr. Gladstone, in the Debate of the 8th of April on the Queen's Message, did generous justice to the "truly British objects" contemplated by the definition of policy contained in the Foreign Secretary's Circular. The portions, however, of the Circular which produced the most effect both here and abroad were undoubtedly those in which the rights and wrongs neither of the Porte nor of its subjects were asserted, but in which the position arrogated by Russia in the Congress was assailed as an injury both to Europe and Great Britain. The defect of the Circular in these parts is that its criticism is too indiscriminate. Every provision of the Treaty is attacked with equal severity. The exaction of a pecuniary indemnity is shown to lead to the same consequences as the military occupation of Bulgaria. But, on the whole, the Circular hits real blemishes in the document. It makes a strong case for the claim of Europe that terms materially infringing compacts made by Europe for its own benefit, rather than that of Turkey, cannot be imposed finally on Turkey without European sanction. Where the Circular is radically, though, perhaps, necessarily weak is, as Prince Gortchakoff has pointed out in his reply of April 11, in its omission of any rival scheme to that of San Stefano. If Great Britain dislikes the settlement agreed to between Russia and the Porte, let her propose something better. She cannot expect Russia to condescend to a sort of Dutch auction of her treaty, and lower and lower her claims till Great Britain at last utters an assent. The answer of the British Cabinet would probably be that England did not make war upon Turkey and lay her prostrate, and that it is for the Power which has rendered a resettlement indispensable, to offer one which shall satisfy the various European interests involved: in showing what *prima facie* objections may be raised to every article of the Preliminary Treaty, the British Government is not declaring that England cannot accept the Treaty or any part of it, but is simply making a case for the absolute necessity of submitting the entire instrument to the judgment of Europe. The answer is sufficient as a piece of diplomatic sparring. The real difficulty in the British position is

to understand what kind of arrangement England would accept, when her Ministers have so rooted a dislike as the Circular evinces to every single article negotiated by the Grand Duke with the Porte. Russia began the war to secure autonomy for the rayahs. She has expelled the Ottoman Government from the Christian provinces. But if she withdrew, the Ottoman Government would resume its control. Even as it is, the Bulgarian Mussulmans have been displaying a fierce determination to resist eviction. Russia accordingly proposes to occupy the provinces till they have been organized with a strength which will exclude Mussulman tyranny even after the withdrawal of Russia. Russia cannot consent to leave the liberties of the Christians, which it was her essential object in the struggle to secure, to the chances of Ottoman fears or tenderness. Lord Salisbury's Circular seems to veto absolutely a Russian protectorate; as some kind of protectorate is needed, Russia very naturally is anxious to know what protector England would suggest for Bulgaria, if it is not to be Russia.

The debate of the 3th of April in the Lords, and of the 8th and 9th in the Commons, turned not on its ostensible topic, the Royal Message informing the Houses that Her Majesty had resolved to call out the Reserves, but on the merits of Lord Salisbury's Circular. Lord Beaconsfield has been consistent throughout; he has denounced the ambition of Russia, has scoffed at the wrongs of Turkish subjects, and has maintained the intimate concern of Great Britain in the independence of Turkey. There was no obligation upon him, as upon his new Foreign Secretary, to show that it is British policy to compel Turkish reform from the fear of detriment to British interests bound up with Turkish: he has never admitted that Turkey needed reform more than other States. It was enough for him on the 8th of April to expatiate on the danger that the Treaty of San Stefano involved to the independence of the Porte. In this task he succeeded almost too well. Every possible concession that the Porte could make to Russia was shown by him to contain the seeds of so much loss to British power, security, or wealth, that it would seem almost a farce to ask Russia to submit to the Congress a Treaty already torn to tatters. British interests in the maintenance of the *status quo* in the East have swelled in Lord Beaconsfield's imagination very far beyond the temperate limits assigned to them in Mr. Cross's famous speech of last Session. Lord Beaconsfield's speech on the 8th implied that to summon a Congress to weigh a Treaty which, like that of San Stefano, has already been condemned, must conduce rather to national irritations than reconciliation of interests. Lord Derby, on the other hand, intimated a certain sense of satisfaction that the negotiations for a Congress have come to a deadlock. His opinion is that a Congress is in no case likely to settle disputes, but is only a convenient

machinery for recording international conclusions already in substance arrived at. Lord Beaconsfield would like a Congress to meet to put Russian ambition under the ban of Europe, and Lord Derby would like it to meet to sanction formally some settlement which he believes Russia and Europe might have been previously induced to agree upon. Lord Beaconsfield holds the provisions of San Stefano to be a conspiracy against Europe; Lord Derby obviously considers them capable of modification into a fair and moderate basis of peace. The astonishing thing is that the statesmen holding such opposite views can have served so long in one cabinet, and the same cabinet have been described by the Premier as practically unanimous. It becomes more astonishing still, when it is remembered that last summer Russia declared to the British Government that she meant to insist on terms virtually the same as those of San Stefano. Lord Beaconsfield knew of the proposition as well as Lord Derby. Yet no protest was returned against the terms on behalf of Europe, but only a doubt expressed whether the Porte would be willing to accept them.

The recognised leaders of the Opposition are not more inclined than the Cabinet to acquiesce in the Preliminary Treaty. But while they disagree with the contemptuous estimate that Lord Derby expresses of the venue of a congress, they agree with his view that negotiation might have smoothed away the difficulties. Lord Hartington's and Lord Granville's answers to the deputation of April 3rd from the Liberal Associations, dwelt on the diplomatic failures of the Government; and they insisted that there is no need of war; but they did not censure the Government for its hostility to the Treaty of San Stefano. In the debates of April 8th and 9th the language of the recognised leaders was to the same effect. They accuse the Government of having blundered into a diplomatic *cul de sac*; but they are far from echoing Mr. Gladstone's defence of the Preliminary Treaty. They abstain even from testifying sympathy with his obvious belief that, whatever increase of power Russia may have gained, and however much he objects to special demands of hers, such as the claim to the retrocession of Bessarabia, she has in any case done a good and praiseworthy work in emancipating the subject Christians from Mahometan yoke. The English Nonconformists concur with Mr. Gladstone. The disputed Liberal success in South Northumberland was challenged by Mr. Gladstone at a meeting in Farringdon Street as evidence of the dissent of a very influential constituency from the policy of the Government. The defeat of the ministerial candidate at Tamworth is still more remarkable evidence of the absence of any strong war-feeling in the provinces. Partly, it may be, that the fitfulness of the probabilities for or against war has produced a tone of scepticism as to any final decision; partly, that the expulsion

of Turkish rule from Bulgaria has induced forgetfulness of Turkish atrocities; partly, that special symptoms of Russian ambition or arrogance, such as the demand of Bessarabia, and the insolence, however exaggerated, of the tone used to a gallant ally like Roumania, have produced a certain positive dislike of Russia. But the most real and master agency is the conviction that, whatever harm Great Britain might possibly inflict upon Russia, Russia could inflict none upon us. War is a game with so many sharp turns in it, that States risk much in trusting to the apparent balance of chances in their favour; but were the scales weighted doubly in our favour, the disposition which regards an impending war with calm confidence because it is thought sure to be innocuous, is more to be deprecated than a blind enthusiasm for a collision of nations, mad and barbarous as that may be.

Much may be said in defence of outspoken criticism like Lord Salisbury's in preference to a policy which felt disapproval, but did not express it. The real objection to Lord Salisbury's Circular is that not even by a word does it betray a suspicion that there may be other points of view in a great European question besides the English, and that they who differ from us may differ in good faith. We are shocked at Russian blindness to the right of Europe to be consulted on changes in a settlement Europe made, and to the natural anxiety of Great Britain that her relation to the old Turkish territories shall not be revolutionised without her voice being heard. Englishmen do not think it worth while attempting to understand how Russia must feel on reading despatches like Lord Salisbury's and speeches like Lord Beaconsfield's. A campaign at frightful cost to Russia has issued in the eradication of a plague-spot from Europe. This despatch and those speeches assume it to be merely a successful raid on European interests, and take it for granted that in endeavouring to reverse its results England will be a benefactress to Europe.

English popular opinion and English Conservative statesmen appear to be in equal danger of error from supposing the present moral concurrence on their side of European opinion to imply that Europe would support them in their plans for solving the difficulty. War has seemed throughout the month imminent, and we have not a single ally against Russia. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, when interrogated on our prospects of help, said "Wait." England has waited, and sees Austria apparently engaged in trying to strike a favourable bargain with Russia, Germany treating Russia and Great Britain as alike in the wrong, and as equally bound to make concessions, and France looking on in the benevolent expectation that we are to battle for the common interests of Europe, but with a cynical suspicion that Europe need feel no gratitude for risks undertaken

from purely selfish motives. No one ever imagines that Germany will join us in war with Russia. She will not allow Austria. If she did, Lord Derby explained very candidly on the 8th of April what strength Austria would contribute to the alliance. We have no territory, except Austrian, with which to bribe Italy. Greece had a spasm of astonished hope that we were about to court her alliance. But nothing has been heard since of English advocacy of Greek claims, except that an English newspaper correspondent has been foully murdered for showing sympathy with the oppression of Greek subjects of Turkey. Greek prospects of British aid in realising the Hellenic Idea must during April have been waning fast, while Mr. Layard has been intriguing at the Porte for an Ottoman alliance against Russia. Should there be war, its chances would probably throw Turkey on our side, and England would be free to let Lord Salisbury experiment on the chances of reforming the Empire and so maintaining it. Englishmen do not care to consider how Europe would regard an English crusade against Russian encroachments which resulted in galvanizing once more the Ottoman corpse. They have spent scarce a thought on the complexion that the latest device of Lord Beaconsfield's ingenuity will wear in the eyes of Europe. Hindoos, and Indian Mussulmans, and Englishmen are all alike subjects of the Queen, and all alike are supposed by Englishmen competent to defend British interests. Is it so very certain that Europe, which was revolted by the equipment by France of Turcos against Germany, and which has not pardoned the Porte for its Circassian immigration into Christian Bulgaria, will recognise as clearly as does England the difference between Sikhs and African Arabs? Europe has a natural preference for being invaded, if invaded she is to be, by European Christians. Many things are more impossible than that European public opinion may be gravely scandalized by Great Britain's new auxiliaries. The sentiment might be unfounded; but that is not sufficient excuse. If ill-will should arise, it would be but another instance of the wrong England does herself by forgetting that other nations besides herself may have their prejudices.

Englishmen have always exhibited an inclination to treat opposition to their prevailing opinion as proof of audacious selfishness. The tendency shows no symptoms of having exhausted itself. Even when Englishmen are altogether right, they are likely to put themselves in the wrong from their incapacity to regard things from an antagonist's point of view. They have a trained instinct far above other nations for recognising accomplished facts, and for bowing to the ascertained will of the majority. But they cannot understand how when England has made up her mind, further controversy can testify to anything but litigiousness or malignity. We wonder how many Englishmen have tried to comprehend the American argu-

ments for the restoration of silver currency. Americans are doubtless wrong in seeking to legislate themselves out of a part of their actual liabilities. The unsettlement of commerce and international credit will cause them to lose very much more than they can gain from the transaction. To represent, however, the revival of a currency which was in existence when the United States debt was contracted, as a shameless act of confiscation, is to rest the case for the creditor on an unsound basis. The conflict between the Victorian Assembly and Senate, of which we learnt the pacification last month, illustrated the same partizan habit of the national mind. The Assembly decided on taking powers for the payment of members. The Senate, as it was fairly entitled, objected to the proposal. The Assembly tried to compel the acquiescence of the Senate by offering it the alternative between submission and an administrative deadlock. The Senate accepted the deadlock, and for a time a large part of the judicial and bureaucratic machinery stopped working from want of funds. Mr. Berry's majority in the Assembly erred in using what was tantamount to force against the Senate. The Senate erred in essaying a hopeless conflict against the more popular branch of the colonial legislature. The people of Victoria erred very likely in preferring the professional politicians payment of members tends to produce to the services of men who have proved their competence for the management of public affairs by successful management of their own. But English opinion erred worst of all in joining in the cry raised by Conservative Victorian visitors to England that the Home Government should interfere on the side of the Senate. Because we in England do not pay representatives for serving us in Parliament, it is regarded as demonstrable that Colonists must not. There is scarcely any European Assembly where deputies are not paid; yet Englishmen regard the case as so clear against its payment of Victorian Deputies, that the upper and middle classes at home, so far as they could be whipped up to take any interest in Colonial affairs, must have urged the Colonial office to veto a measure which the popular vote in Victoria strongly approved. Happily the Senate has, it is announced, agreed to a compromise which leaves practical victory with the Assembly; but it has been a good deal wiser in so doing than its champions in this country have shown themselves.

A like manifestation of inability to see that a question may have two sides has been elicited by the terrible crime in Donegal. It is the one incident which had power during the past month to divide public attention with the Eastern Question. The horror at the crime was natural and legitimate. It was heightened by disgust and alarm at the machinery which agrarian crime puts in operation. But never was the dastardly assassination of an old man put to a

stranger use, than to draw from it a moral that Mr. Gladstone's Land Act had been useless because one landowner in Donegal had been butchered for endeavouring to override its obvious intention. A good many persons have been going further still, and seem disposed to argue that the Ulster tenant-right custom which has been in force for nearly three centuries, should be abrogated—on the ground, we presume, that the murder of Lord Leitrim proves that such a custom tempts landlords to incur popular odium by seeking to circumvent it. We say nothing of the merits of the extraordinary attempt made by Mr. O'Donnell to convert what has been supposed, on all the evidence, to have been an agrarian crime, into an act of revenge for outraged honour. The incident is, in its present stage, mainly of interest as illustrating the extraordinary perversity which leads a mass of Englishmen to grudge to a minority the liberty of judgment they guard so jealously for themselves. The small body of members who dissented from the proposal to exclude strangers from the debate raised by Mr. O'Donnell, included, besides Irish members, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington. Their appearance in the lobby with the minority actually produced from a set of English gentlemen mockery and insult. Had the protest of the two Liberal leaders against the view of the majority been utterly unreasonable and absurd, the scene in the lobby would have been no less a violation of freedom of opinion in their persons. The scandal of it became more glaring, when Sir Stafford Northcote himself expressed regret that the measure had been adopted which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington had been hooted for voting against. If it be necessary to infer any moral from the assassination of Lord Leitrim, it is one for the use of Englishmen more than Irishmen. We may learn very usefully from it that there are other processes of reasoning besides our own, and other codes of morality and points of honour. In many respects, we may candidly believe, it is exceedingly unfortunate for the outer world that it should be so. Our prosperity has been accumulated by following a certain course, and it is reasonable to presume that the same course might, if followed by others, result in some measure of the same good fortune. But we shall never induce imitation by driving. That process was for centuries pursued by England towards Ireland, and we know its effects too well; it is premature to repent of having adopted a contrary rule because the experience of ten years has not blotted out the memories and reversed the practices of ages. The retirement of Mr. Butt from the Home Rule leadership is supposed by sanguine minds to betoken the approaching decease of the Home Rule movement. If, indeed, it be so, the event should be marked by still greater efforts on the part of Englishmen to understand the differences between the two races.

What force the personal element in politics has exercised during the past month it would be difficult to estimate. When national policy is shifting from day to day, when one morning the horizon is reported cloudless, and the next black with a threatening storm, the temptation is to attribute much more weight to news than is afterwards found to have been their due. Prince Bismarck has had the credit during April of intervening zealously on behalf of a "transaction" between Russia and England. The previous month he was reported to be using his good offices to reconcile Russian and Austrian interests. Yet the gulf between Russia and Austria is deeper and wider than ever. General Ignatieff is reported to be the universal conspirator against the peace of Europe. But so far as the mysteries of Russian diplomacy are followed, his name is commonly associated with failure. Failure, perhaps, is one of the arts of Russian diplomacy. If so the Vienna mission from which he returned last month to St. Petersburg is another instance of his cunning. For the moment the Hungarian element in the Austrian Empire would appear to be uppermost. Nevertheless the Austrian instinct in favour of peace is sure to hold in check Hungarian antipathy to Russia. English and Russian diplomatists are countermining each other at Constantinople, and the fate of the Ottoman Premier would imply that the latter had obtained a victory; but there is little likelihood it will be other than temporary. Whether Mr. Layard's probable success in winning back the Porte sooner or later to English sympathies will be to the advantage and credit of England is a very different matter.

Lord Salisbury's great capacity will shine at the Foreign Office as anywhere else; but his rank as a Foreign Secretary has yet to be fixed. He has said in his despatch that "large changes may, and no doubt will, be requisite in the treaty by which South-Eastern Europe has hitherto been ruled." Those Englishmen who expect something more from the British Foreign Office than a brilliant criticism of foreign powers, will be curious to learn what changes Lord Salisbury is prepared to recommend, and how he proposes to effect them. Lord Derby's reputation stood higher before the 8th of April than it has done since. His administration of the Foreign Office had not been very successful. It had not shown that he felt the one possibility of a restoration of European confidence lay in taking Europe into council. But it was supposed that he saw his own way. His speech on the Queen's Message implied that his plan for avoiding a collision of nations consisted in keeping them employed in negotiations. It did not imply that he had decided in his own mind what changes, to use Lord Salisbury's words, will be requisite in the treaties by which South-Eastern Europe has hitherto been ruled. But the materials for judging

Lord Derby's foreign administration^{*} are not yet sufficient. We do not even know what was the real cause of his resignation. He has told the world that the calling out of the Reserves "was not the sole, nor indeed the principal reason." The real cause is to be found in some other propositions of the Government from which he dissented. Till we know on what parts of the foreign policy of the Cabinet Lord Derby took the initiative, and on what other part, as on the Vote of Credit, he assented under protest, it is vain to distinguish between him and his fellow-ministers.

The month has seen the tranquil acceptance by the more prosperous classes of an additional twopence in the income-tax, and by the ardent advocates of war of increased taxation on their dogs and tobacco. As much interest may, perhaps, be inferred from the utter impossibility of awakening attention to matters of domestic importance. Mr. Fawcett's criticisms on taxes which concern the health and comfort of many millions of Hindoos could scarcely stir a debate. For all this concentration of the public mind on one object there is but little compensation in the way of intellectual or moral exaltation. The very term "concentration" perhaps is too complimentary for a state of feeling which is less of the nature of absorption in one interest than of distraction from other interests nearer home. A nation often gains from having a wave of feeling pass over it, obliterating for the time the landmarks of ordinary cares and party lines. Such an emotion is certainly not the unheroic temper in which the war party, while war and peace have been hanging in the balance, has been calculating that Russia, which has been in vain endeavouring to negotiate a loan, must be driven bankrupt by a second campaign and half her provinces be turned into a wilderness. The peril is equal from the placid confidence that England, at all events, can suffer no fatal injury, into which those who have favoured the cause of peace have lately subsided. It is devoutly to be hoped that when Parliament meets again next week the Chancellor of the Exchequer may be able to announce, not merely as he did on the 16th of last month, that "nothing had happened to diminish the chances of an arrangement," but that the bases of an arrangement had been agreed upon. To go on month after month hanging on the morning's telegrams to know whether it is to be peace or war, is too much for any nation's nerves. We fear now not so much the tension of national feeling as its relaxation.

April 26th, 1878.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Talmud. By the Rev. J. BARCLAY. Murray.

Select translations from the Mishna, illustrated by translations from the Gemara.

The Evolution of Morality, being a History of the Development of Moral Culture. By C. S. WAKE. 2 vols. Trübner.

An extensive and valuable collection of facts bearing on the important problem treated by the author.

A History of the Church of England. By RICHARD WATSON DIXON.
Smith, Elder & Co.

An Anglo-Catholic view of the English Reformation, partly in reply to Mr. Froude.

China: a History of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of the People. By JOHN HENRY GRAY, Archdeacon of Hong Kong. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

Replete with information of every kind collected during a long residence. Illustrated by one hundred and forty pictures by native artists.

South Africa. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

The comprehensive survey of a rapid, but not a hasty, visitor and observer.

The Land of Bolivar; or, War, Peace, and Adventure in Venezuela. By J. M. SPENCE. 2 vols. Low and Marston.

A rather discursive narrative of a residence in Venezuela, chiefly remarkable for a detailed account of the ascent of a mountain, and a special appendix on the orchids indigenous to the country.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing: his Life and his Works. By HELEN ZIMMERN.
Longmans.

An admirably practical and symmetrical biography: "nothing superfluous and nothing wanting."

Lectures on the Labour Question. By THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P. Longmans.

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Consists principally of Clausewitz's copious and interesting correspondence with his wife during his absence from her on military service, the breaks being filled up with a connecting narrative by the editor.



THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CXXXVIII. NEW SERIES.—JUNE 1, 1878.

ON THE DREAD AND DISLIKE OF SCIENCE.

IN the struggle of life with the facts of existence, Science is a bringer of aid; in the struggle of the soul with the mystery of existence, Science is a bringer of light. As doctrine and discipline its beneficence is far-reaching. Yet this latest-born of the three great agents of civilisation—Religion, Common-Sense, and Science—is so little appreciated by the world at large that even men of culture may still be found who boast of their indifference to it, while others regard it with a vague dread which expresses itself in a dislike, sometimes sharpened into hatred.

I shall be told, perhaps, that the growing demand for popular expositions of scientific results and the increasing diffusion of scientific inquiry point to a different conclusion. It is true that there never was a time when Science was so popular. It is true that every year the attendance on lectures and the meetings of scientific associations is larger. The tide is rising. The march of Science is bit by bit conquering even the provinces which most stubbornly refuse allegiance to it. But, meanwhile, among the obstacles it has to overcome are certain prejudices and misconceptions which are the grounds of a deep-seated dread. No better illustration can be given of the general suspicion and dislike of Science as Science than the great stress which is laid on the "iniquity of Vivisection," because experiments on animals are pursued for purely scientific purposes. The animating impulse of an effort to awaken a due sympathy with animal suffering and check an inconsiderate infliction of it is one which so entirely commands my esteem, that I would willingly overlook the flagrant contradiction of people tolerating without a murmur the fact that yearly millions of creatures are mutilated and tortured to give a few men pleasure, to make food more palatable, and domestic animals more tractable, yet are roused to fury by the fact that a few score creatures are mutilated (a smaller number tortured) to discover remedial agents and scientific truths. All the pain

inflicted for sport or other pleasure is condoned; the pain inflicted for scientific ends is pronounced diabolical. Is it, therefore, not on account of the suffering inflicted, but on account of the scientific purpose, that Vivisection is to be reprobated? Ten thousand times the amount of suffering is disregarded if only its purpose be *not* that of acquiring knowledge. And that this is so, is manifest in another case. Fof suffering may be also inflicted on human beings, and on a large scale, without exciting any outcry, if the motive be commercial advantage. Not to mention wars undertaken to push commerce, let us only consider some industrial experiment which will certainly drive hundreds of families from their employment with starvation as the consequence; yet the sufferings thus occasioned, if they excite pity, weigh so little against the prospect of the general good, that if the starving workmen revolt and destroy the machinery, the philanthropist is ready to enforce on them the utmost rigour of the law. Here the social benefit is allowed to override the individual injury. That is to say, an experiment which has the prospect of enlarging *wealth* may inflict suffering on men, women, and children; but an experiment which has only the prospect of enlarging *knowledge* must be forbidden if it inflict suffering on animals! Obviously such a contradiction could not be upheld if Science were recognised as a social benefit. It is not so recognised. And one indication of this is the frequent accusation that physiologists are actuated by the "selfish motive of acquiring reputation," not by the unselfish motive of benefiting mankind. I will not pause to discuss the question of motives, nor how far the selfish motive may further a social advantage; I will only ask whether the motive of the industrial experimenter is less selfish? Unless Science were a social benefit, no one would ardently desire a scientific reputation.¹

Having indicated the existence of the dread and dislike of Science, let us now glance at the causes.

The primary cause is a misconception of what Science is. No rational being dreads and dislikes Knowledge. No one proclaims the superiority of Ignorance as a guide of conduct. Yet Science is simply Knowledge classified, systematised, made orderly, impersonal, and exact, instead of being left unclassified, fragmentary, personal, and inexact. Auguste Comte calls it "Common-Sense methodised and extended." There is plenty of knowledge which is not exact, and of exact knowledge which is not methodised. There is plenty

(1) When one observes those who believe Hospitals and Colleges to be important institutions, socially beneficial, threatening to withdraw all support unless the teachers openly declare what they do not believe, namely, that vivisection for scientific ends is unjustifiable, one is reminded of the recent outbreak of fanaticism on the part of the Jains. This Hindoo sect has such a horror at the destruction of animal life that a group of the most fervent murdered all the Mussulman butchers in the neighbourhood.

of experience, which is personal and incapable of being communicated to others. Wanting the illumination of many minds, this store cannot do the work of Science, which is the experience of many enlarging the experience of each. If there is immense benefit in knowing what are the facts and the order of the physical world in which we live, and of the social world in which our higher life is lived, there is clearly a great advantage that this knowledge should be made orderly and communicable; and the dread of such an arrangement of knowledge is obviously irrational. Thus enlightened, we recognise in Science the deliberate effort to reduce the chaos of sensible experiences within the orderliness of ideal constructions, condensing multitudes of facts into simple laws—an effort which the Intellect acknowledges as a supreme duty, and which—Conduct acknowledges as a guide.

Another source of the dislike is the opposition of our native tendencies. Science is abstract, impersonal, whereas our experiences are concrete and personal. It is systematic, and systematisation is troublesome: our native indolence renders us impatient of labour, and our impatience leads us to prefer the facile method of *guessing* to the difficult method of *observing*: we have to be trained into the preference of observing what the facts are, instead of arguing as to what the facts must be. Science, moreover, is greatly occupied with remote relations; now to feel an interest in these we must first have had them “brought home” to us. Knowledge springs from desire. It begins when prolonged *observation*, stimulated by emotion, replaces the incurious animal *stare* at things; and for this prolongation there is needed a sustaining motive. The sustaining motive of research is the conviction of the vast increase of our power which Science creates. Measuring by a footrule and measuring by trigonometry may be taken as types of Common Knowledge and Science: the result reached may in some particular case be the same, whichever method be used; but the incomparable extent of the second method, which is applicable where the footrule cannot reach—which measures the heights of mountains and the distances of stars—furnishes the sustaining motive to the study of trigonometry.

Science demands exactness, and this demand irritates the vulgar mind. The impatience with which your cook listens to your advice that she should measure and not guess the quantities (advice you can never get her to follow), is but the same movement which rouses your resistance when any one desires to test your opinions by weighing the evidence, or endeavours to show that your traditional beliefs rest on no verifiable observations. Is not he who insists on evidence commonly styled “a bore” by all whose opinions have been adopted quite irrespective of evidence? Is it not pronounced “narrow” to hesitate in accepting wide conclusions without a keen appreciation of their data?

The distaste for accuracy, and the impatience at any restriction of the divine right of judging without evidence, will disappear with the advance of knowledge; and with this advance will also disappear certain mistaken pretensions of scientific men too ready to step beyond their own domain. It is this which causes the distaste of artists, men of letters, and moralists; and their opposition to the spread of scientific teaching. They do not oppose knowledge in the abstract, nor any particular knowledge; what they resist is the idea that the conclusions reached in one department of inquiry are to dictate conclusions in another. The artist is quite willing to accept the chemist's methodised experience of chemical facts, but refuses to listen to the chemist theorising about Art. The moralist will accept from the physicist equations of light, and from the anatomist relations of structure; but reserves to himself the right of deciding on a moral question.

One must admit that in the inarticulate resistance of Sentiment and Common Sense against certain applications of scientific doctrines there is often a justification. For example, there are mechanical laws and equations which admirably explain the facts of motion, yet Sentiment is shocked at the attempt to explain Nature on mechanical principles only, and is sustained by Common Sense, which sees other facts besides facts of motion, and sees that Nature is not mechanical only. Again, when the stored-up wealth of sentiments laboriously evolved in civilised life is set aside in favour of some analogy drawn from observed processes in the inorganic world, when the moral impulse to cherish the weak and sickly is condemned because Nature (which is *not* moral) cherishes the strong and pitilessly destroys the weak, Common Sense protests, and the protest helps to intensify the popular distrust of Science. Yet, in truth, the wiser heads among men of science are equally alive to the mistake of such applications.

What is to be understood by Science? It means, first, a general Method, or Logic of Search, applicable to all departments of knowledge; and secondly, a Doctrine, or body of truths and hypotheses, embracing the results of search. In this second acceptation there are the particular sciences—such as Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Psychology, &c.—which are the special applications of the general Method to special departments of knowledge; and although there is an interdependence of these sciences, each is restricted to its own class of facts, none can legislate for the others. But because the various branches of knowledge have been very unequally reduced to the exactness and orderliness of Science, those which have been most successfully reduced have acquired the almost exclusive title; so that Science is generally regarded as something apart—the peculiar study of a particular class. Hence also the opinion that there is a

profound separation between the principles applicable in the Physical Sciences and the principles applicable in the Moral Sciences. What has been the consequence? It has been that the Method which is no longer regarded as a rational procedure in dealing with the phenomena of Nature, is followed without misgiving in dealing with the phenomena of Human Nature; and the supernaturalism long banished from physical theories is still invoked in psychological and social theories.

Of late years this has ceased to be the universal error, though it still remains a widespread error. We are slowly beginning to recognise that there may be a science of History, a science of Language, a science of Religion, and, in fact, that all knowledge may be systematised on a common Method. The facts of the External Order, which yield a Cosmology, are supplemented by the facts of the Internal Order, which yield a Psychology, and the facts of the Social Order, which yield a Sociology. These are all comprised in Science. However imperfect the second and third may be, in comparison with the first, the greater complication of the phenomena does not warrant the introduction of another Logic of Search. The principles which have guided us successfully in the first are to be followed in the others. The three classes of facts are all facts of Experience, so far as they are known, and must all be tested, classified, and systematised by the same rules.

This being so, we can separate the rational from the irrational antagonism against Science. It is rational when protesting against the misplaced application of the results reached in one department to problems belonging to a different department—for this is an offence against scientific Method. It is irrational when protesting against the rigorous application of one Logic to all inquiries. Those, therefore, who sneer at Science, and would obstruct its diffusion, are sneering against the effort to make all Knowledge systematic, and are obstructing the advance of civilisation.

The notion, implied or expressed, of two Logics, two Methods of Search, two systems of explaining phenomena, the natural and the supernatural, is the foundation of the great conflict between Science and Theology. And since in the majority of minds, Theology is identified with Religion, and Religion is of supreme importance to man, it is natural that Science should be regarded with dread and dislike. Before proceeding to dissipate the confusions on this subject, it will be needful to glance at the attitude of sincere theologians in our day, and at the reasons which justify to their minds the acceptance of scientific doctrines side by side with the acceptance of theological doctrines. It would be equally ungenerous and shortsighted to suggest that a mind which is deeply impressed with the truth of certain theological opinions may not be also deeply impressed

with the beneficence of Science in general, and the truth of scientific doctrines which do not directly embrace moral and religious questions. We have too many conspicuous examples of men eminent in Science and sincere in their theological professions, not to admit that the mind *can* follow two Logics, and can accept both the natural and the supernatural explanations. Whether the mind *ought* to do so, is another question. Let no one therefore suspect me of a doubt as to the sincerity of theologians who proclaim that the sphere of Science is limited to the processes of the physical world, and may be frankly accepted in all that it teaches respecting such processes, without in the least involving the moral world, or in any way affecting the truths respecting that moral world which Theology derives from a source independent of experience. Science, they say, systematises whatever experience reveals; its test is Reason. Theology systematises what had been revealed from a higher source; its test is Faith. Between Reason and Faith there is an absolute demarcation; and between Science, which relies on observation and induction, and Theology, which relies on precept and intuition, there is no conflict. As the artist appeals to the chemist for a theory of salts, and to the mathematician for a theory of singular integrals, but declares both chemist and mathematician to have no voice in a theory of Art, so the theologian accepts the teaching of mathematician, physicist, chemist, and biologist, in their respective departments, but peremptorily excludes each and all from the supreme department of moral and religious duties founded on a theory of the relations of the world to its creator.

Thus stated, one must admit a sufficient logical consistency in the present condition of compromise, and need suppose no kind of insincerity, no conscious equivocation in the acceptance of both the natural and the supernatural modes of explaining phenomena. Nor, indeed, could the fundamental inconsistency of such a compromise have been even recognised, until the quite modern extension of scientific method to moral questions had come to complete the disintegrating effects of historical and philosophical criticism applied to the Sacred Books on which Theology relied. In the earlier stages of development, although the natural explanation was adopted in reference to the most familiar experiences, and framed the rough theories of Common Sense for the habitual guidance of conduct, both in relation to the physical world and to society, the supernatural was adopted in reference to whatever was unusual and unseen; and the wider range of this speculative method was due to the immensity of ignorance. The slow progress of positive knowledge has more and more enlarged the domain of natural explanation, more and more restricted the domain of the supernatural. Yet even now, the majority of cultivated men regard the facts of human nature as only

partly explicable without aid drawn from the supernatural; and resist, as impiety, the attempt to assign natural causes in explanation of moral relations. That is to say, there where the operation of natural causes escapes our penetration, supernatural causes are invoked. Just as to men ignorant of natural conditions thunder was the fury of the storm-demon, or an eclipse was God's anger, so nowadays men ignorant of natural conditions interpret epidemics as "visitations," and regard "intuitions" as of divine origin. The inconsistency, then, of the acceptance of theological side by side with scientific principles, is only a continuation of the primitive mental state, and must vanish when there is a general conviction that Science is orderly Knowledge, and is co-extensive with Experience. If we can have no knowledge, transcending Experience in the widest sense, and if Faith is the vision of things unknown—dealing with what transcends knowledge—then the conflict between Science and Theology is the conflict between Knowledge and Ignorance.

Unless this be the character of Faith, I dispute the claim of Theology to the exclusive possession of Faith as a principle of guidance. Science also has its Faith, and by it must all men to a great extent be guided. But the Faith of Theology and the Faith of Science are very different in their *credentials*. The former is reliance on the truth of principles handed down by Tradition, of which no verification is possible, no examination permissible; the latter is reliance on the truth of principles which have been sought and found by competent inquirers, tested incessantly by successive generations, are always open to verification in all their details, and always modifiable according to fresh experiences. We believe in the law of gravitation, though we never opened the *Principia*, and could not, perhaps, understand it; but we rely on those who can understand it, and who have found its teachings in harmony with fact. We believe in the measurement of the velocity of light, though ignorant of the methods by which the velocity is measured. We trust those who have sought and found. If we distrust them, the search is open to us as to them. The mariner trusts to the indications of the compass without pretending to know how these indications were discovered, but assured by constant experience that they guide the ship safely. That also is Faith.

But if the mental attitude is one of the same obedience as the Theological Faith, its justification is different. Its credentials are conformity with experience. Those of Theology are the statements of the Sacred Books: the Vedas, Zendavesta, Bible, Koran. The statements therein made concerning the divine nature, its relations with the human, and the providential government of the world, are not open to the verification of Experience, for they were not sought and found in Experience. If we ask for their credentials, we

are told that they are of divine origin. If we ask for evidence of this divine origin, we are referred to History or to our Moral Consciousness. Tradition has handed down these statements through successive generations; yet if we ask, as we ought to ask, how the tradition itself originated, we are brought face to face with this two-fold difficulty: we cannot recognise that those who first promulgated the statements *had any better means of knowing the truth than we have*; and we are struck with the fact that the statements thus handed down by tradition do not agree. That of the Hindoos is not that of the Jews; the Persians reject the traditions of both.

Modern historic criticism has made such havoc with the historical pretensions, that theologians are now throwing all the emphasis on Moral Consciousness. The doctrine of our Sacred Books is said to be unequivocally ratified by our intuitions: we feel their truth, and we see in their moral influence on mankind the verification of their divine origin. But here again the scientific method, which applied to the historical evidence has shattered its claim, applied to the evidence of Moral Consciousness is equally destructive. Psychologyⁿ not only enlightens us as to the genesis of the intuitions, but in a comparison with other nations and the earlier stages of human development, shows how they vary. If the intuitions of the savage are not those of the civilised, if precepts which the Hindoo feels to be divine are opposed to precepts which the Chinese, the Jew, the Mohammedan, and the Christian feel to be divine, we need a criterion beyond these varying standards.

There is a widespread superstition which regards whatever is innate, or otherwise unexplained, as of a higher authority and diviner sanction than what is acquired through individual experience or is explicable on known laws. Our religious instincts are appealed to, as if Instinct were the infallible guide in conduct; although a moment's reflection will show that it is the great aim of civilisation to correct and repress many instincts. If the developed music of our day is of a higher order and more adapted to our sensibilities than the music of the Middle Ages; if our theories of natural phenomena are of a higher order and approximate more nearly to the truth than the corresponding theories of Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, why should our theories of moral phenomena be deemed inferior to those of Judaism or the Councils? Is the 'nursery' a school of riper wisdom than the laboratory?

So much as to Method; now as to results. The Sacred Books of all theologies claim to expound a theory of the universe and a theory of human life and destiny. Their theories of the universe, both as general conceptions and particular explanations, are in such flagrant contradiction with the teachings of Science, that nowadays no one who is worth a moment's consideration seeks astronomical, geological, or physiological explanations in the Sacred Books. There has arisen

the assertion that the Sacred Books were never intended to teach man scientific truths, but only to teach him his duties. The answer is twofold: first, that man's duties are comprised among scientific truths: secondly, that the Books *do* teach, not scientific truths, but doctrines which science shows to be erroneous. We ask, therefore, if their dicta are proved to be erroneous on points where the control of observation is possible, what authority can they claim on points beyond all such verification? If their astronomical, geological, and biological statements are false, why are we to believe their statements respecting the origin of the universe, the laws of its evolution, the nature of man, and the conduct of man?

The escape from this dilemma which is attempted by giving up the physical world to Science, reserving the moral world for Theology, is only a temporary escape. Let it be granted that the authority of the Sacred Books refers solely to the phenomena of Human Nature in the double aspect of the relations of Man to God and his relations to Society. If they contain explicit statements which are at variance with our moral culture—such as that God is “jealous” and “vindictive,” or that sinners will be consigned to everlasting torment—they must have some other guarantee of their truth than the ratification of Moral Consciousness, since that rejects them; and if they contain statements respecting man's nature which are at variance with experience when they can be verified, how shall we accept their authority when the statements are beyond verification?

When the statements are ratified by experience and moral culture, Theology can give these no *extra* sanction; when they are not so ratified, Theology cannot make them acceptable. By way of illustration of the conflict between Science and Theology, in their explanations of human phenomena, with the precepts which are founded upon each, let us take the case of Disease.

Very little is accurately known of its causes; but whatever they are, Science, recognising Disease as the result of some disturbance of the organic functions, seeks the unknown causes in the known properties of the substances composing the organism. Theology, which uniformly explains the unknown by the unknown, invokes a supernatural cause for this natural effect. It declares that God sends diseases as chastisements and lessons. Nor is this declaration withdrawn when common sense objects that the chastisement is often an injustice and the lesson an enigma. The innocent are seen to suffer even more than the guilty, and no one knows why they suffer; no one can regard the punishment of the child for the sin of its father as in agreement with human justice. But you say “all men are guilty”? Then why are not all punished? And why are animals and plants also afflicted with diseases? Have they, too, the burden of Adam's disobedience? There was a time when such

explanations reconciled the doctrine with observation; but nowadays cultivated minds shrink from the conception of "imputed sin" as a rational explanation of human and animal suffering.

In applauding this progress we must also point out the logical inconsistency of those who maintain the absolute authority of the Texts of which such conceptions are the necessary applications. Theology maintains its doctrine even when theologians set aside the practice which that doctrine ordains. To claim absolute submission to the physician's formulas, and yet refuse to follow his prescriptions, is surely irrational? Yet this is the case nowadays. When the supernatural theory of Disease was undisturbed by positive knowledge, prayers and incantations were the remedies in vogue; but now even those who will not acknowledge the theory to be an antiquated error practically disavow it, for they replace prayers and incantations by drugs and diet. Only the small sect called "The Peculiar People" trust entirely to prayer; and Christian magistrates are so outraged at this trust that they punish it as a crime! In vain are epidemics declared to be visitations, in vain are books written with such titles as *God in Disease*; the practical sense of the nation decides that Cholera or Cattle Plague are not to punish landlords and farmers for the scepticism of a few speculative minds, and hence that we had better seek to avert them by a course of treatment and "an order in council," than by pulpit eloquence and a "day of humiliation."

I have taken the case of Disease because it is less open to the ambiguities and difficulties which beset a moral problem, but a similar discrepancy might be pointed out between the theological precepts and the moral practices. Here, as everywhere, it is patent that as knowledge advances, Theology loses its hold; and Morality, instead of remaining stationary like Theology, advances with an enlarging insight into the healthy conditions of human relations. Science is often taunted with its imperfections and its inability to explain the mysteries of life. Imperfect it is, and that is why we should all strive to make it less so. Mysteries will doubtless for ever encompass us. But Science may answer the taunt by challenging Theology to show that its explanation of the mysteries has any claim to our acceptance. The question is not whether an explanation can be given, but whether the given explanation has any verifiable evidence. Kant has truly said that now Criticism has taken its place among the disintegratory agencies, no system can pretend to escape its jurisdiction. The Church has its texts, and has decided once for all what meaning these texts must bear. But the criticism of scientific method asks for the evidence which can prove these texts to be of divine origin, and the evidence which can prove these interpretations to be in agreement with fact. In both respects the answer is unequivocal. There is no evidence to prove the texts.

The interpretations are discordant with experience. Thus the Catholic who accepts Galileo and Newton must give up the texts, or take the first step towards Protestantism, which asserts the right of interpreting the texts according to private judgment. And the Protestant who asserts this right of interpretation, and forsakes the literal meaning of the texts, has taken a step towards Rationalism, and implicitly disavowed the authority of the texts, since what he obeys is not their teaching, but the teaching of the culture of his day and sect. The Rationalist, in turn, has taken a step towards the scientific position; he regards the texts as symbols of an earlier stage of culture, which need the interpretation of our present culture; and when he learns—as easily he may learn—that all the facts of the moral world are to be investigated and systematised on the same principles as the facts of the physical world, setting aside in the one as in the other all supernatural and metempirical conceptions, because these cannot enter into the framework of Knowledge, he will learn that Science, in the true meaning of the term, embraces Nature and Human Nature, and moreover that it expresses what is *known* of both, whereas Theology is only “the false persuasion of knowledge.”

Many readers may vehemently deny the assertion just made. They will maintain the validity of theological explanations, all the more because, persisting in the old confusion of Theology with Religion, they refuse to acknowledge that a science of Nature and Human Nature, if truly expressing the facts, must be a better foundation for Religion than a Theology which untruly expresses those facts. The whole contest lies between the two modes of explanation and the results reached by such modes. I accept the appeal to History. This shows, how in proportion as knowledge became exact and orderly in each department of inquiry, the supernatural and metempirical explanations were silently withdrawn in favour of natural and experiential explanations. Nowadays, among the cultivated minds of Europe, it is only in the less-explored regions of research, where argument is made to do duty for observation, that the supernatural and metempirical explanations hold their ground. When Science has fairly mastered the principles of moral relations as it has mastered the principles of physical relations, all Knowledge will be incorporated in a homogeneous doctrine rivalling that of the old theologians in its comprehensiveness, and surpassing it in the authority of its credentials. “Christian Ethics” will then no longer mean Ethics founded on the principles of Christian Theology, but on the principles expressing the social relations and duties of man in Christianised society. Then, and not till then, will the conflict between Theology and Science finally cease; then, and not till then, will the dread and dislike of Science disappear.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

As there is some reason to hope that this remarkable man will visit England in the course of the present year, and as few Englishmen have any very clear notions about him, it may perhaps not be amiss to put together a sketch of his life and writings.

Most people are aware that he is the most prominent of Spanish republicans, that he is a great orator, and was for a short time invested with dictatorial powers; but not many have realised that he is extremely unlike most of the distinguished republicans about whom they have heard—so unlike as almost to mark the end of an old and the commencement of a new epoch.

No one can read many pages of his writings without finding out that he is a democrat of the democrats, the mortal enemy of kings, and aristocracies and priests. In the world of which he dreams, and for the advent of which he steadily labours, there will be none of these things. He has ever before him the vision of a time—

“When the Monarch and the Anarch alike shall pass away,
And the morn shall break and man awake, in the light of a fairer day.”

But towards this consummation he will only work, at least in this his maturer phase, by peaceful methods. Whatever may have been the case earlier in his life, he is now convinced that spasmodic efforts, street-fighting, barricades, and scaffolds do not help on but retard the transformation to which, as he holds, all things are tending in this old Europe of ours.

“No cause loses so much,” he says in one of his latest books, “by violence and excesses, as the party which represents Liberty and Right. A stain of blood is not visible upon the purple of kings; but it is only too visible on the immaculate banner of William Tell and of Washington.”

This way of thinking he has succeeded to a great extent, it would seem, in making that of his party. And one hears, while moving about in Spain, the echoes of his moderate counsels coming back from many quarters. “It is you whom we should imitate in your political methods,” said to me a prominent partisan of Señor Castelar’s at Valencia last autumn; “you English understand the art of political progress.”

We English must not, however, make to ourselves any illusions. Señor Castelar will wait long and patiently; he will rely only upon the written and spoken word; but “*Delenda est Carthago*” is his message to all that is not republican.

It is his very moderation that makes him most formidable to all those who think that kings and aristocracies and priests will be essential to human well-being through all the future. The coarse and raging iconoclast, who flies in the face of history and denounces the most cherished recollections of a nation—

“Scares off his clients and bawls down his cause;”

but it is more difficult to deal with one who allows, to the fullest extent, all that reasonable persons can claim for kings and aristocracies and priests in the past, who meets panegyrics upon them by saying—“That is all true enough, but”

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways.”

It is a good deal easier, for those who wish to stand on the old paths, to answer the regulation democrat of the Continent, who believes that the world was created, for all practical purposes, in 1789, that Christianity in general, and the Catholic Church in particular, were mere devices of the powerful to gull the weak, than to find arguments equally available against an orator who intersperses his most powerful denunciations of the connection between Church and State with such passages as the following, which occurs in a grand speech delivered in the Cortes of 1876, in favour of perfect religious freedom:—

“I, gentlemen, although I belong to the party of philosophy, of democracy, of liberty, have been a pilgrim amongst the valleys of Umbria at the monastery of Assisi; I have seemed to hear, amongst the sculptures in the transept of the Cathedral of Toledo, the Te Deum sung for the victory of Navas de Tolosa. I have beheld, seated in the gardens of Sallust, on the stones of the ruins, in the shade of the cypresses, the sun go down like a consecrated wafer behind the Basilica of St. Peter. I have descended into the Catacombs, and have touched, in the darkness, the stones graven with religious symbols by the hand of the martyrs; and if I am not capable of sharing, I am at least capable of understanding and admiring your faith.”

But while Señor Castelar is distinguished from the old-fashioned democrat by his perfect fairness to the past, he is distinguished from most if not from all the statesmen of Europe who have already attained positions of supreme eminence in their respective countries not only by his youth but by having grown up under the influences of the new time. M. Dufaure, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Prince Bismarck, Prince Gortchakoff, and indeed every European statesman who has been at the very head of affairs, were reared in a world totally different from that in which we now live. The influences which moulded them were very various, but they were alike in this, they were not those which have most shaped the thoughts of the men who are now in middle life. I shall have to return to this

feature in Señor Castelar before I have done, but for the present it is enough just to notice it, and I will now proceed to give a brief account of his history and to call attention to his principal works.

Emilio Castelar was born at Cadiz on the 8th of September, 1832. His father was a mercantile man and a strong Liberal, who had officiated as commandant of the National Militia and as Secretary to the Revolutionary Junta of Cadiz at the time of the entry of the Duke of Angoulême. He died, however, when his son was not quite seven years old, and his widow having soon after transferred her residence from Andalucia to Murcia, it is that somewhat backward province that has a right to claim the honour of having educated the most brilliant of living Spaniards.

He was brought up at Elda, a village not very far from the famous Elche—Elche of the Palms—and his latest works still bear traces of his affection for the Murcian landscape, which it may be observed in passing is as unlike that which Lewis has sung in his "Spanish Exile" as sun and rock can make it.

From Elda young Castelar passed to Alicante to continue his studies in that provincial capital. Here he remained till he was sixteen, a studious boy with little inclination for the ordinary amusements of youth, fond of the classics, passionately attached to history, and giving early proof of imagination and literary power. In October, 1848, he went to Madrid, where he spent six years, attracting great attention by his splendid abilities, and beginning to try his wings in newspapers and reviews. His biographers mention as amongst his more successful performances certain articles which appeared in the *Eco Universitario*, a novel called *Ernesto*, &c., &c.

His political début was made in 1854. That year, famous in Europe for the invasion of the Crimea, is famous in what some one called that portion of Africa which begins with the Pyrenees for one of its numerous revolutions. In the month of June, the Court having become, as it periodically did during the reign of Queen Isabella, wicked over much, a military insurrection broke out. As the present writer has said elsewhere—

"The last months of 1853 and the first of 1854 passed uneasily. Every day the scandals of the Court and of the Ministry became more flagrant, and the measures of repression more severe. General after general was sent out of Madrid, and the persecutions of the Government fell, be it observed, not on the *Progresistas*, who were keeping quite aloof from public affairs, but upon all the sections of the *Moderado* party, except the immediate followers of Sartorius. Accusations of the grossest pecuniary corruption against many persons in high places were bruited about and almost universally believed. The crisis came in June, 1854. 'Will you not come with us?' cried General Dulce to the Minister of War, as he rode in the grey of the morning out of Madrid, to try, as was supposed, a new cavalry saddle. 'I should like nothing better,' answered General Blaser, 'but I am too busy.' In a few hours it was known that Dulce had been joined by O'Donnell, and that the long-expected revolt

had broken out. An indecisive action took place between the Queen's troops and the revolted generals at Vicalvaro, whence the name Vicalvarist, which is now very generally given to the followers of O'Donnell; and that commander issued a proclamation at Manzanares, explaining that the *pronunciamiento* was made in favour of constitutional government and of morality. Up to this point the rising, it cannot be too distinctly understood, was a Moderado rising, and Narvaez himself, as afterwards appeared, was deeply implicated in the conspiracy. But on the 17th of July the whole aspect of affairs changed. An *coupe* took place in Madrid, and the revolt of O'Donnell was swallowed up in a revolution. After a very agitated period things began to settle down. The Moderado régime of eleven years was fairly at an end, and the Queen, with the Counts of Lucena and Luchana, O'Donnell and Espartero, was awaiting the meeting of a constituent Cortes."¹

In the midst of this period of suspense, on the 22nd of September, a great electoral meeting was announced to be held in the Teatro del Oriente at Madrid, and to this Señor Castelar went, apparently by a kind of accident. After many orators had spoken, and when already the audience was getting tired, he rose to address it. An eye-witness has described the electric effect which he produced. The assemblage was dispersing, annoyed at being addressed by a new speaker at so late an hour. Before, however, he had uttered many sentences, a few began to hesitate and to call "hush!"—then gradually the mass became agitated and moved by enthusiasm, till at last it burst into a perfect frenzy of applause. In an hour the hardly known young democrat had become a celebrity. Hundreds of thousands of copies of his speech were printed, and the Liberal papers fought for his co-operation.

Soon after this he further increased his reputation by several speeches made in defence of various newspapers which had been prosecuted for political articles. In one of these he, with rare prudence as well as admirable oratorical power, defended the idea of a free and united Italy, which was then only beginning to dawn upon the minds of men, as he with justifiable pride told an Italian audience at a great dinner given to him in Rome, in a speech which has been republished in his *Recuerdos de Italia*, of which I shall have to speak further on.

About this same time, too, he read a discourse for his doctoral degree upon Lucan, who, himself an Andalusian, and of a genius not wholly alien, on one side, to that of his critic or panegyrist, formed an admirable subject for such a performance.

Señor Castelar's first book, however, of any considerable size, was the re-publication of a series of lectures delivered at the Madrid Ateneo, on "Civilisation during the First Five Centuries of Christianity." Of course no one would expect to find in the lectures of a professor who was still in the earlier twenties a work of original research or of balanced judgment, and this in truth is neither; but

(1) *Studies in European Politics*. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1866.

it is written with a great deal of knowledge and with a rare amount of vigour and eloquence. It is difficult to lay it down, even for one who does not agree with the views set forth—as indeed for that matter no one well could, seeing that the views which are set forth in the earlier lectures are by no means those which inspired the later ones. When Señor Castelar began his course at the Ateneo he was not far from the standpoint of Ozanam—was in fact a Liberal Catholic; when he came to the end he was climbing the hurdles and already half-way out of the orthodox fold.

The first four volumes and part of the fifth are occupied by the reprinted lectures, but the second and larger half of the last is formed of articles and letters in reply to or in defence of the leading thoughts of the book, the first of which is that Christianity represents the religious ideas of modern democracy, the second that the Church should have nothing to do with the civil power.

The keynote of the whole is struck by a sentence in the last lecture of all:—

“I am convinced that without religious liberty there can only be fanatics and hypocrites, without the liberty of teaching there can only be obscure oracles or immovable sophists, without political liberty there can only be tyrants and slaves, without economical liberty there can only be those who use others for their own purposes and those who are so used.”

These are admirable opinions, but the merit of the work lies not in its learning, in which I doubt not that a competent critic would pick many holes, not in a maturity of thought to which it has no pretensions, but in the rushing splendour of its rhetoric. I will quote only two passages, which are very much like all the rest in their merits and defects, the one as an example of Señor Castelar's youthful eloquence when he had his Pegasus well in hand; the other as a specimen of it when the animal had fairly taken the bit in its teeth and run away with its rider.

Here is the first:—

“As a wave passes over another wave, as a new leaf comes forth upon the naked branch, as new stars shine forth in the immensity of the heavens, so do new generations awake to life and change the scene of the world, and raise altars to the ideas for which their fathers raised scaffolds, and convert the victims of yesterday into priests, and open the fancy to the breath of new illusions, the sentiment to the love of new hopes, the spirit to the faith in new ideas; and each age says to the previous age, Get thee gone for that thou preventest me seeing the sun of truth. Get thee gone, said Christianity to Paganism, and Paganism disappeared. Get thee gone, said the barbarians to Rome, and Rome fell. Get you gone, said the feudal chivalry armed with their lances to the last shadows of empire on the broken walls of Rome, and they went, with Theodoric, and Justinian, and Charles the Great. Get thee gone, said the kings to feudalism, and the castles were blown up with gunpowder. Get thee gone, philosophy kept saying, from the days of Abelard to the days of Descartes, and faith returned to heaven. Get thee gone, said the Renaissance

to the Middle Age, and over the penitent virgins of Giotto and Fra Angelico rose the virgins of Raphael, with the smiles of Greece upon their lips. Get thee gone, said the juriconsults from the royal law courts to the political power of the Pope, and that power fell into ruin. Get thee gone, said the middle class to absolute monarchy, and the absolute kings passed away on the wings of the revolutionary hurricane."

And here is the second :—

"From each of the centuries through which humanity has lived there rises an everlasting hymn, which like the echoes of the organ beneath the vaults of a Gothic cathedral inspires a strong religious sentiment. Bless with me, gentlemen, bless with me all the ages. Just as in the great laboratory of nature our body is formed out of all the substances of the earth, so in the great laboratory of history our intellect is formed out of all the ideas of the centuries. Bless them then with me, gentlemen; bless all the centuries; bless the prehistoric ages, for they were your cradle; bless the tribes, for they were your mothers; bless theocracy, in that it made secure the first religious sentiment in the human heart; bless the heroic peoples and the labouring peoples, in that the first made you lords of society, and the second lords of nature; bless the philosophers, in that they opened your reason to the infinite, and made you hear in your spirit the voice of conscience; bless the conquerors, in that they with their swords blotted out frontiers and united races; bless the first century, because it was the century in which human unity cemented by war, and divine unity cemented by revelation, gave each other an immortal embrace in the bosom of your spirit; bless the second century, because it turned all ideas into that law which still guards the paradise of your hearth."

And so all the centuries got blessed one after another in this modern Song of the Three Children, which may well raise a smile on the countenance of the reader who studies it calmly, but which was received with the "frenetic applause" which usually greets Señor Castelar when his genius, overmastering both him and his audience, hurries them off into space on a whirlwind of startling thoughts and gorgeous words.

To tell the reader who has accompanied me through these extracts that he is making acquaintance with one of the most diffuse of writers, is to tell him that the sun shines at noon. Señor Castelar's diffuseness will, however, seldom weary those who make acquaintance with him in Spanish. As soon would they be likely to weary of a southern spring and its divine abundance. It would be impossible to imagine a stronger contrast than that which is presented by his style and that of another Spaniard of whom I said something a few months ago in the pages of this *Review*. While Balthasar Gracian, who as a stylist is Castelar's *bête noire*, tortures himself to put, as Joubert would have said, a paragraph into a sentence, and a sentence into a phrase, and a phrase into a word, Castelar places no more constraint upon his writing than the nightingale does upon her song. His books are one long cascade of images and ideas, repeating themselves doubtless not unfrequently like the stars and flowers of his great countryman Calderon, but usually with a certain difference, which

prevents our having a feeling of satiety. Not but that he slips every now and then into strange faults of taste, as when he describes his pen as "the condensation of the electricity of his soul upon a point of steel;" but he knows how to put his readers upon such good terms with him that they only laugh and like him the better for such eccentricities. I would by no means, however, advise any one to try the experiment of reading any great amount of him in English. The only one of his works which I have come across in our tongue is far from attractive reading. It is a volume composed of a long essay on Byron, and some minor papers; but Señor Castelar, with all respect to him, knows next to nothing of Byron, and what he has to say about him appears in an English dress so *fade*, that it is almost certain to give the reader a totally wrong impression of the man. I have been met, indeed, when I spoke admiringly of him in this country, by the question, "But did he not write that paper about Byron which was translated in 1875?" and have had to reply with confusion of face, "It is too true." Even in that paper, however, there are notable things, as, for example, the following:—

"I love equally liberty and equality. I cannot conceive them separated. I believe them to be not conditions but essentials of justice. But separate them, and compel me to choose, and I take liberty. In France there is more equality than in England. In England there is more liberty than in France. I decide for England."

It must have been a pure accident which directed the translator to a work so unworthy of her powers; and to translate some of the better speeches of Señor Castelar, or portions of his book upon Italy, would be so good a deed, that I cannot help hoping she may turn her attention in that direction.

To return, however, to the "Lectures." The whole tendency of the book is democratic, but it is not primarily political at all. Señor Castelar's first purely political work was, so far as I am aware, his *Formula del Progreso*.

This little treatise is a sort of manual of democratic principles divided into some twenty chapters, in which Señor Castelar reviews the opinions and history of the Old Absolutists, of their successors, the Neo-Catholics, whose ideas are entirely different from and far less liberal than those of the fraction of French politicians who have been sometimes known by that name, of the Moderado or Conservative, the Union Liberal (shall we say Conservative Liberal, or Liberal Conservative?), and of the Progresista parties.

After describing the great achievements of this last political connection, he shows how, in his opinion, it became in 1837 false to its original convictions, and made the formation of a democratic party a necessity. He then states with his usual clearness, and illustrates with his usual skill, the ideas of that new party.

Arrived at the end of his survey and exposition, Señor Castelar sums up his conclusions in a sort of epilogue, which contains the following table of the ideas which he defends in the *Formula del Progreso* :—

1. Right as the basis of the sovereignty of the people. 2. Equality of political rights for all citizens. 3. Liberty of the press. 4. Liberty of association for all the ends of human activity. 5. Universal suffrage. 6. The jury. 7. Inviolability of the domestic hearth and of the person. 8. Administrative decentralisation. 9. Independence within their defined spheres of the municipality and the province. 10. Irremovability of public officers. 11. The "impôt unique." 12. Abolition of monopolies and of all indirect taxes. 13. Liberty of commerce. 14. Liberty of credit. 15. Equal consideration and respect for all manifestations of the human spirit. 16. Elevation of all classes and of all citizens to public life. 17. Abolition of the punishment of death. 18. Abolition of the conscription, making the service of arms a true profession for the soldier, as for the officer. 19. Abolition of all exceptional privileges and jurisdictions. 20. The consecration, in a word, of human responsibility with all its rights and all its faculties.

Against the great majority of these principles, as explained by Señor Castelar, few sincere and strong Liberals in this country would have much to advance.

As to the fifth, they would probably ask whether a country so ignorant as Spain is really fit for universal suffrage ?

The eleventh they would regard as a "pious wish;" and while entirely agreeing with the latter part of the twelfth, they would be content to approach its realisation by very gradual steps.

Señor Castelar must, one would think, have been led by the horrors of Alcoy and Cartagena to reconsider the seventeenth; while with regard to the eighteenth it is to be feared, from some of his later utterances, that he is a convert to a system far more hateful even than the conscription—the system of universal military service.

While, however, there are many details in the book to which exception might be taken, it was, at the time when it was written, as well as in 1870, when it was republished, calculated to do much good. It is free from any vestige of hostility to property, of social envy, or, indeed, of any of those evil passions which are so often associated with democracy, and it is most emphatic in its denunciation of one of the worst heresies which foreign Liberals have inherited from an unhappy past—a desire to exalt the State at the expense of the just rights of the individual.

When he wrote it, Señor Castelar was a fervent though an extremely liberal Catholic. He has seen reason to alter his views now, but his change of religious opinion has left his political ideas just where they were. On the whole, we think that every fair-minded Liberal will admit the *Formula del Progreso* to be the work of an able and virtuous if somewhat enthusiastic mind. Its faults are only those of five-and-twenty.

The publication of the *Formula del Progreso* led to a violent con-

trovcrsy in the Madrid press, all sections of opinion joining in the fray. Conspicuous amongst the combatants on the anti-democratic side were Carlos Rubio and Campoamor, a poet whose name is, we suspect, hardly more known in London than it is in Bokhara, but who deserves better treatment at our hands. The first of these, a personal friend of Castelar's, attacked, from the Progresista point of view, chiefly the fundamental doctrines of the book; while the second, from the Moderado point of view, appears to have made a personal attack upon its author. Señor Castelar replied to both; in a calm philosophical tone to Rubio, and somewhat more sharply to Campoamor, whom he treats as a typical *doctrinaire*, using that phrase, of course, not as it is often used by ignorant persons in England, as a term of abuse for any politician who rises above mere clap-trap and empiricism; but as the designation of a particular school of thinkers, the school which, in the words of Señor Castelar, "had Guizot for its pontiff, Cousin for its priest, Villemain for its oracle in the University, and Louis Philippe for its God."

These controversial writings, with some pieces by other combatants on the same side of the question, are bound up in a volume called the *Defensa de la Formula del Progreso*, and to them are added a democratic catechism explaining, expanding, illustrating, and enforcing the ideas briefly set forth in the table which I have given above. The democratic catechism is probably the only thing in this volume which would have any interest for those who are not very well acquainted with the recent history of Spain.

By this time Señor Castelar was already one of the most important journalists in Madrid, and some of the articles belonging to this period of his career have been collected in a volume called *Historia, Religion, Arte, y Política*, on which, however, I must not linger.

Meantime the late Mr. Buckle was busily engaged in his study, reading or writing I know not how many hours a day, and coming to those wonderful conclusions about the state of Spain which he later gave to mankind, representing that country as "sleeping on untroubled, unheeding, impassive—receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making no impressions upon it—a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages."

Spain, however, was going her own way, and that way was not the one of which Mr. Buckle was dreaming in his study. Spain was manifesting a fresh and vigorous life in more than one direction. She had in these years a campaign in Morocco, which was a foolish business enough, but she had also a great outburst of material prosperity and no small amount of intellectual life, as any one who read her newspapers would soon have found out. It seemed to more than one foreign observer, in the first half of the sixties, that if the

Court would only show a little common sense, the Queen might arrive at the end of her reign without a catastrophe. The strong hand of O'Donnell held the helm in a firm grasp, and he was supported by a party which looked none the less powerful because Señor Castelar and his friends thundered against its want of definite principles.

It was not, however, written that the Court should be wise. Things went from bad to worse, and those Englishmen who watched the affairs of Spain began to see that the vessel would soon be upon the rocks.

Señor Castelar was all this time occupied in doing his best to send it thither; and from his point of view quite rightly, for he held that with the Bourbons, or any other royal race, Spain could come to no good. Their disappearance was to him a condition precedent of all good government and real national well-being. His means of acting upon public opinion were twofold: first, indirectly, as professor of history in the University of Madrid; and, secondly, as director of the *Democracia*. At length, in an evil hour, some imprudent adviser suggested to Isabella II. the unhappy idea of helping the public treasury by handing over to the nation, to be disposed of by public auction, the domains of the Crown, reserving to herself twenty-five per cent. out of the proceeds. These domains, however, unfortunately, according to the view of the Liberal party, were already the property of the nation, so that the proposal of the Queen appeared to it not a "noble sacrifice," but an attempt to take a fourth part of the value of certain national property out of the national pocket. A perfect tempest arose, and over all that tempest, louder than any, was heard the voice of Señor Castelar. An article by him in the *Democracia* gave so much offence to the Government of Narváez, who was then in power, that it suspended the writer from his professorial rights and duties, and dismissed the high-minded rector who had refused to proceed academically against him, thereby occasioning an *émeute* amongst the students, which was put down by force.

The articles written by Señor Castelar during these years have been collected in three volumes called *Cuestiones Políticas y Sociales*, the last in the first volume being the one which cost him, for a time, his position in the university.

It became ever more and more clear that only violence could put an end to a state of armed peace between the people and their rulers, and at last, in January, 1866, Prim raised the banner of insurrection at Aranjuez. His attempt, however, was premature, and he had to escape for his life. Meanwhile Señor Castelar was continuing the struggle in the press, and the record of his share in it will be found in the second volume of the work to which I have just called

attention, while the third sets forth his aspirations and those of the party of which he was the ablest mouthpiece.

In the month of June, 1866, there occurred a rising of a portion of the artillery in Madrid, which was supported by a popular insurrection. This affair attracted very little attention in England, probably because we were ourselves at the time in the midst of one of our innocent little political crises. None the less was it very bloody and desperate, and nothing was more natural than that the Government which had been threatened by it should let fall a heavy hand upon all concerned. Señor Castelar, who was one of them, was extremely fortunate in being allowed to escape to the frontier, aided by some of the victorious party. He made Paris the head-quarters of his exile, and was able, thanks to the astonishing fertility of his pen, to make a good livelihood, and to assist not a little some of his less lucky companions.

Among the works which he composed at this time were a long series of *Semblanzas*, the only one of which that I have read is the far from successful portrait of Byron, which I have mentioned above.

Another work was *Un Año en París*, consisting of a series of notes and articles which appeared originally in American periodicals. This is not one of its author's books which we should like any one to read who did not know many of his other writings; but nevertheless it throws a good deal of light upon his character, and is a most curious description of the "Capital of Pleasure" as it looked to a grave and high-minded Spaniard in the last days of the Second Empire, when Liberty, to use his own words, "seemed to have disappeared for ever, and Democracy to be falsified into Cesarism."

Another production of this time was the first volume of his *Recuerdos de Italia*, which it is impossible to pass by with a single sentence, for this is the one of Señor Castelar's works which will probably be the most popular in this country when it comes to be known. It consists of a series of sketches put together in no particular order, and the result of more than one visit to the peninsula. The book is characterized throughout by the richest and most abounding eloquence, an eloquence somewhat too Corinthian for a severe taste, but very admirable in its own kind.

The first paper records its author's arrival in Rome while the temporal power was still in existence, and while almost every conceivable administrative error was flourishing under its shade. Speaking of the pontifical army, Señor Castelar observes that those nations who, if one might have drawn an inference from their history, should have given the most soldiers, really gave the fewest.

"Spain committed suicide to save Catholicism. The bones of her sons have, since the sixteenth century, whitened every field of battle on which it was necessary to defend that religion. We gave for it all the life-blood of our

veins, all the vital breath of our spirit. Well, then, there are only eight-and-thirty Spanish soldiers in the pontifical army! On the other hand Holland, which with its House of Orange saved the Reformation and initiated liberty of thought in the modern world, has sent a great number of volunteers. This is a proof that while religious freedom has maintained the faith of Catholics in Protestant countries, intolerance has extinguished their faith in the countries where it appeared most alive and most exalted."

From St. Peter's we pass to the Colosseum, the great ruin which has inspired so many eloquent pages, but not many, I think, more eloquent than this:—

"In the brightness of the moon as it rose, in the echoes of the bells which sounded amid the uncertain shadows, it seemed to me that I saw the souls of departed generations rising from the dust, and coming in a flight silent as the flight of the bats, to review and visit the sites consecrated by their memories and beloved even in the regions of the tomb. I longed to detain the dead, and to tell them—ah, to tell them!—that which passes in our world. 'If ye are the souls of tribunes, of senators, of Cæsars, know that the centuries have wasted away even the steps of the altars which were the heirs of your altars—by force of kissing them. All the gods which ye believed immortal are dead, and the ideas which animated them whirl round in the abyss of history like dry leaves loosened in the course of the continuous development of the human mind. Now the Nereids no longer float softly in the sea-foam, now the nymphs of marble whiteness sigh no more in the whispering groves. The god Pan has let fall the pipe which filled the woods with melody. To the drunkenness of the Bacchante has succeeded maceñation, penitence, and a horror of nature. A son of the Jews, of the slaves, of that race who with the whip in their faces and the chain on their feet raised the masses of the Colosseum, has slain and buried the gods who inspired Horace and Virgil, who sustained Scipio on the plains of Carthage and Marius on the Campi Putridi, who engendered art and led victory captive. In vain Tacitus looked with contempt on the obscure youth, the poor carpenter of Judæa; in vain Apuleius ridiculed him in his apologues and fables. Not even the immortal laugh of Lucian could avail anything against the breath that was breathed from those lips, against the ideas which were exhaled from that conscience. The gods are dead and Rome has fallen dead on their corpses. The Colosseum is a mass of ruins, where the Romans adore the gallows of their former slaves. In the Capitol are celebrated the ceremonies of the Nazarenes. They whom ye believed to be disturbers of the public peace have their altars and sacrifices where the gods of Camillus and Cato had theirs. Barbarous races from the north stifled the oracles, interrupted the sacred ceremonies, giving up, as it were a prey, the human conscience to the crowds of venom-bites who rose from the sewers and the catacombs. And when the new belief had taken possession of all souls, when it had placed its altars in the place of the old altars, as if the mind of man were condemned perpetually to weave and unweave the same web of ideas, now combatants, new tribunes, new apostles, new martyrs arose to destroy the faith which their predecessors begat. And the conscience passes through new phases, the heart through new sorrows, this blood-stained world through fresh agonies of grief.'"

A paper on the Catacombs is followed by one on the Sistine Chapel, which has never, so far as I know, been better described. The following passage contains its quintessence:—

"Read all the treatises that have been written on the Sublime, and you will find it very hard to grasp the conception. It is difficult to explain a thrill which is felt twice or thrice in a lifetime; an idea of which there are only a few

half-a-dozen examples in history. But lift your eyes to the vault of the Sistine! there is the Sublime—there is the disproportion between our weak being and the infinite forces of an idea which oppresses and reduces us to nothing under its incommensurable grandeur. That is the Sublime—a pleasure in a pain.”

The next paper is on the Campo Santo of Pisa, which is succeeded by two on Venice, from the second of which I quote the following :—

“The beliefs which five centuries of faith and of martyrdom had raised have fallen in three centuries of analysis. The ancient day of the soul is set, and we are not sure that a new day will rise. The bell which now tolls the Ave Maria, the organ which still accompanies the chant of the monks, the image which is still venerated by the sailors of the Adriatic, are on their way to be like the Greek hymns, like the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon—objects of artistic but not objects of religious worship. Here, too, one catches arising from the waters an elegiac lament to be compared only with the lament of the ancient Sirens when they heard that the world was called to a new faith.”

This passage forms the introduction to a conversation held, or supposed to have been held, with a young monk of the Armenian monastery of St. Lazzaro, which thus concludes :—

“Do not be like the Jew who shuts himself up in the prayers of his Bible and believes that since that early day the human race has not been able to add one religious truth to the Jewish idea.

“Christianity, more human, and more divine at the same time, has added the Gospel. Why should we not add to the Gospel, the Renaissance, Philosophy, the Revolution, which have raised to the sphere of social life three Christian words—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity?”

The next paper is on the Pope—“El Dios del Vaticano.” Consummately wise and just, as well as nobly eloquent, it gives all due credit to the Popes for what they did, in long bygone days, for Italy and the world; nor does it fail to do justice to the many good qualities and good intentions of Pius IX., while it shows how the Papacy has been gradually sinking, ever since the thirteenth century, which began as an age of faith and ended as an age of heresy.

The following paragraph is characteristic :—

“Every sect shuts itself up in itself, and does more than ignore the history of its opponents. It calumniates them, dishonours them, speaks ill of them, believing that it thereby realises a good, and an eternal good. Imagine what the history of Christianity would be like if recited by a Jew. Imagine what the history of modern Judaism would be like if recounted by a ferocious Inquisitor. The Catholic hardly understands the development of the Protestant peoples. The Protestant calls the Pope Anti-Christ. Read an orthodox Greek, and he will demonstrate to you that Byzantinism, which we consider to be the very extreme of moral degradation, would have saved the world by its metaphysics if it had not fallen into the power of the lawyers, that is to say, of the Roman canonists.”

The following likewise seems to deserve citation :—

“All the harmonies of the Middle Age arise from this enmity between the Papacy and the Empire. Without the first Europe would have been but a camp; without the second she would have been but a monastery. Their mutual opposition saves human culture in its entirety.

"And the spirit overflows in Europe, and the East rises like a magical enchantment to set bounds to it, and the monks preach and the populations agitate themselves, feeling new life awakes in their breast, and the roads fill with crusaders, and the multitudes know not whence they came nor whither they go, yet they know that some mystery envelops and sustains them, and they believe every city to be Jerusalem and every monument to be the Holy Sepulchre, and every wild plain to be the desert, until a great portion of the ancient ignorance vanishes away, and a great portion of modern equality comes, thanks to a common struggle and common sufferings, which reveal the identity and unity of nature in each man and in all men, who go forth slaves of theocracy, of feudalism, and return prepared to enter as free men into the municipalities. They pass from Europe as believers, and come back from the desert with the doubt of Job in their souls, disposed to enter upon another phase of civilisation. The Pope has believed that by agitating Europe he would save the faith, but by doing so he has awoke reason in Europe."

Further on we have the following striking words on the utter failure of the Popes, in spite of their long political supremacy, and their careful shutting out of modern influences from the States of the Church, to revive the Middle Age in Rome.

"Ah, Pontiffs! the gods whom you tried to annihilate have raised themselves, if not to the heaven of religion, at least to another most beautiful heaven, the heaven of art; while the spirit of the Middle Age which you strive to resuscitate sinks every day deeper into the past. All that you curse is born again; all that you would fain vivify is dying. Does that say nothing to the infallible Pope, to the god of the Vatican?"

"But it is not I who will sin by exclusiveness and intolerance. The eighteenth century in its work of destruction might, looking at life on one of its aspects only, believe in the necessity of destroying all the Middle Age. The nineteenth century in its labour of reconstruction, of reconciliation, cannot say that ten centuries, a thousand years, have been useless to human progress, and have left nothing planted deep in our civilisation and culture. That spiritual tendency, that idealist tendency of the Middle Age, must revive in ours, without its exclusive character, reconciling itself with nature and with science."

The last three chapters of vol. i. are on the Ghetto and on Naples. I will only quote one or two lines which occur in the first of these.

"We must have an end of all persecution of ideas. I condemn the Government of Rome when it oppresses the Jews, and the Government of Prussia when it proscribes the Jesuits. I affirm that to persecute ideas is like persecuting light, air, electricity, or the magnetic fluid, because ideas escape from all persecution, and raise themselves above all power."

The second volume, which was published some years later, but is too nearly allied to the first to be separated from it, begins with an interesting preface followed by two papers of only secondary merit, on the Engadine and the principality of Monaco, which are brought, of course, into strong contrast. The first of them contains, at page 11, a passage which may be commended to the attention of some of our German friends who, new even to the theory, and still more to the practice, of political liberty, have carried into their *Kulturkampf* not a little of that intolerance which they so justly

condemn, and which, appropriate enough to those whom they persecute, does scant credit to the liberal principles which they think they have adopted, but do not yet quite understand.

"In the Lower Engadine all the villages are Protestant with the exception of the jurisdiction of Tarasp; but the old intolerance has given way and religious liberty has taken root. In the midst of a population whose religious practices are confined almost exclusively to the reading of the Bible and to attending on Sunday the services of the Church, the Capuchin friars pass with their vestments of serge and their rosary at their girdle, murmuring prayers which in other times the Protestants would have forcibly smothered as intolerable superstitions, and every one now looks on with calm curiosity and salutes them with religious respect.

"See how democratic institutions by their marvellous flexibility, by their tendency to renovation and progress, by their harmony with human reason, serve to the development of the modern spirit and the completion of pacific reforms."

Next comes a better paper on *Florence the Beautiful*, and another upon *Mantua and Virgil*, whom Señor Castelar thoroughly appreciates and understands, alike on his ancient and his modern side.

"Of delicate nature, of nervous temperament, of tender heart, of exquisite sensibility, Virgil would have been in the Middle Ages a monk consecrated to the mystical adoration of God in the cloister, and in antiquity he was a poet consecrated to the fervent adoration of nature.

"He has from the ancients their perfection of form, their austere sobriety, their perfectly pure taste, their verses cut as if in marble of Paros, the art of materializing ideas so as to place them before the eyes in relief, and to etherealize matter so as to convert it into spirit. By these qualities, common to all the ancient culture, he is Greek like Sophocles or Plato. But there is in him a certain profound melancholy, a certain strange sadness—the home sickness of the infinite, the aspiration to another ideal—which heralds as it were the coming of the divine and absolute spirit."

We next reach a paper on St. Francis, considered as the reviver of the Christian ideal, the beginner of that reaction against feudalism and force from which is descended the democratic movement of our own days.

This is the longest and most important piece in the two volumes, and should please almost equally the sons of the crusaders and the sons of Voltaire—such of them, at least, as have the historical instinct, or, in other words, such of them as can contemplate ideas and characters not merely in relation to their own opinions, but in relation to the times to which they belonged.

The passages in which the highest praise is given to the Franciscan artists, while Overbeck and his reactionary friends are put in their proper place, the description of Assisi, the account of the growth of the Franciscan legend, and of the inimitable *Fioretti*, are all excellent and in the highest degree worth reading, even by those who are familiar with all that Hase has said about St. Francis from the liberal-Protestant, and Renan from the independent, point of

view. Space will, however, only allow me to translate one of many paragraphs to which I would fain call attention. After a beautiful description of Elda as it looked on the 2nd of August, when the people thronged to the dismantled Franciscan monastery to celebrate the great Franciscan festival of St. Mary of the Angels, after recalling his early beliefs and explaining how they had faded away under the light of knowledge and of maturity, Señor Castelar makes, in singularly clear language, his profession of faith, which might be defined in Mr. Arnold's words as "morality touched with emotion," but containing few of the dogmatic and none of the mythological elements which were connected with the religion of his youth.

After many pages, not inferior in beauty to what follows, we come to this passage:—

"Mysteries of History! In the age of St. Francis, in the thirteenth century, there were two men whose reason touched the uttermost confines of science, whose words contained the profoundest abysses of thought—Titans supporting on their shoulders the weight of eternity. One of them was called St. Buonaventura, and the other was called St. Thomas—the Plato and the Aristotle of the Middle Age. Both had penetrated the innermost recesses of the human spirit, and surveyed in matchless flight the inaccessible heights of the infinite. . . . yet neither the one nor the other succeeded in establishing a high æsthetic faith, which should be felt alike by the peasant and by the painter; neither succeeded in moving the world to the creation of an austere society, which should bear in its bosom the germs of an universal revelation; neither succeeded in raising up not only confessors, poets, martyrs, architects, painters, and sculptors, but multitudes of both sexes ready to live combating and to die sacrificing themselves for a mysterious ideal: no, this miraculous work was for a poor distraught youth, stoned by the children in the streets, and laughed at by all prudent, comfortable people—for the *illumine* St. Francis. And why? As reasonable were it to ask why the Redeemer was not that man of morality whose simple words stirred up the human conscience, and who died by poison, discussing with his disciples till the first beams of the morning, and the first shades of his agony, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul; why he was not the immortal author of the Banquet or of the Phædo, he who had seen all things in their Ideas and all Ideas in the Eternal, who had spoken of the infinite and of its light in words which might have thrown the angels into ecstasy. As reasonable were it to ask why he was the obscure Jew, the Nazarene, disowned upon earth, who spoke to a nation the most despised of all nations, in the least known of languages, professing an idea evaporated by the ashes of Palestine, which had to breathe forth a new spirit in aromas of religious incense, and to root out and destroy nothing less than ancient Rome. Ah! the world is illuminated by the intelligence, but it is subdued by the will; it is the idea which enlightens, but it is the heart which conquers it. Those who know how to think do much, but those who know how to die do more. Reason is light, but love is the fire in which the worlds are forged."

The above is well worth the study of those who desire to understand the secret of the influence which Señor Castelar has exercised in Spanish politics, for it is in no small degree to the possession of some of the qualities of St. Francis that he has owed and owes his great and indeed unique position. But it is also well worth the study of some who care nothing at all for Spain in particular or

Europe in general, of some whose attention is fixed on the ebb and flow of our home politics.

If any one were to ask me what was the principal change that the reform measures of 1867 and 1868 made in Great Britain, I should reply that we are now governed by a far more excitable public than heretofore. I do not think we shall ever see in our times a statesman of the type of Sir Robert Peel wielding anything like the same power. He who would now occupy a similar place must have the skill to touch the hearts and imaginations of the masses, and all who cannot do that, however right they may be, must be content to see themselves outstripped in influence by persons who may lead far less wisely—nay, who may in perfect honesty and good faith get the country into very serious dangers. It is not a particularly chattering prospect—fits of excited Liberalism alternating with fits of stupid Conservatism for a whole generation. But we must look facts in the face. We must be prepared not only for an undue share of influence falling into the hands of honest enthusiasts, but for less honest persons using the excitability of the people for their own advantage. The years from this to the end of the century will, we fear, be a good time in England for demagogues of ability in either political camp. What all sensible men have to wish for is the rise of a race of liberal statesmen, who while they have wide knowledge and cool heads, have yet that deep sympathy and that power of imagination which can "keep the electorate steady to their side. Never was there a time when the highest oratorical qualities were so much wanted, not within but without the walls of Parliament; never was there a time when a wise adviser would more decidedly say to a young aspirant to public life, "Be sure to take a great passport of poetry."

The paper on St. Francis has as its next neighbour one on "Sorrento and Tasso," full of graceful description and of criticism at once subtle and judicious, to which succeeds a still better one on the strange contrasts in the Rome of to-day, where the black and red parties stand facing each other with all shades of political colour between them.

I wish I had room to cite a long passage which contains the views expressed to Señor Castelar by an Italian politician on the relations of the Church and the State. They will be found at pages 300 to 303. The spirit of them may be gathered from these two sentences. "Italy will not throw herself at the feet of the Pope, because that would be suicide; she will not oppress the Pope, because that would be madness. We will not go to Canossa with hair shirt and with sackcloth, but we will not enter as plunderers into the sphere of religious jurisdiction like the philosopher-kings of the last century."

We next come on a speech which was delivered at a great banquet

given at Rome in honour of Señor Castelar, under the management of Mancini, Depretis, Crispi, and others, from which I will extract one paragraph, not because it is the most eloquent, but because it seems to me deserving of the greatest consideration on the part of those who, admitting Señor Castelar's greatness as an orator, do not do full justice to his merits as a statesman. He who, with his own past behind him, and with an audience assembled under the auspices of those whose names I have just mentioned, before him, spoke as follows, has it in him, I venture to think, to be one of the greatest statesmen of our time.

"The dream of fifteen centuries is realised. You have done what the ancient Cæsars could not do, nor the Ostrogothic and Lombard Kings. What Frederick of Swabia and his illustrious descendants could not effect by their death struggle with the Guelphs and the Angevins, that which neither Dante nor Petrarch saw in spite of their invoking the Emperor of Germany to make the sword of the Holy Empire the axis round which Italy revolved, that which Julius II. could not effect with his cannon, nor Leo X. with his arts, that which Savonarola could not make a reality by giving himself to God, nor Machiavelli by giving himself to the devil, has been done by you. You have made Italy one, you have made Italy free, you have made Italy independent. All this you, who are without doubt the most favoured of the generations, have attained by having re-united to the efforts of previous generations and to their martyrdoms the vital idea *par excellence*, the powerful idea *par excellence* the idea of liberty. But it is not enough to have succeeded. It is necessary at all costs to keep what you have got. A large experience teaches us how much easier it is to found than to consolidate public liberties. For the first, one great but common and rudimentary virtue is sufficient—the virtue of courage. For the second are required wisdom and prudence. Everything may be left in part to the hazards of the unforeseen, everything except the fate of nations.

"Adventures in the case of peoples end almost always as the adventures do in the immortal work of our Cervantes—by great catastrophes. That only should be torn up by the root which cannot be reformed, and before you ask a reform through the laws it is necessary to formulate it with clearness, to diffuse it with perseverance, to propagate it by electoral meetings, to take care that from these electoral meetings it shall come up as a mysterious sap into parliaments, and from parliaments into governments. If a principle, however progressive it may appear, can compromise all that you have acquired, do not propose it and do not set it forth. Content yourselves with preparing it for the future. You who are by nature inclined to synthesis, do not fall into the error of errors—the error of looking only to liberty, and caring nothing for authority; the error of looking only to progress, and caring nothing for stability; the error of looking only to the right of the individual, and having no care for the force of the community; the error of looking only at the future, when every movement has in it the past, the future, and the present.

"The ideal should be formulated, sustained, diffused every day with unequalled constancy, because it is the promise of the renovations necessary in human societies. But in order to give it a fair trial, never forget that every idea contains a logical series of ideas, and that every great work grows with the same slowness with which grow those natural objects which last the longest.

"The radical parties, the advanced parties of all Europe, must learn to unite courage with moderation, the scientific sense with the historical sense, a noble impatience for progress with that political tact, that measure of reality, that knowledge of the people without which you sow good and reap evil. Do not satisfy yourselves with having founded Italy, preserve her; and let it never be said that to correct a defect in your statue, perhaps a necessary one, you have

dashed it into a thousand pieces. I shall never be weary of treating of this subject, for I believe that the greatest evil of modern democracies is impatience, and the one rock on which they may run is the work of the demagogue. Revolutionary periods, the periods of violence, are closing all over Europe."

The next paper is on the island of Capri. In it I would call especial attention to the passage upon the Odyssey as the epic of Mediterranean, and the *Lusiad* as the epic of Oceanic navigation—a passage which will make the reader look anxiously for the book which Señor Castelar has more than half promised upon Portugal. I long to read him on Prince Henry the navigator, a grand and touching figure, who has not yet found the "vates sacer" whom he so richly deserved.

The last piece is on St. Mark's, and of it I will only say that a reader may lay down the *Stones of Venice* and take up the *Recuerdos de Italia* without subjecting Señor Castelar, considered as a writer of prose, to an unfair test.

During his years of exile one might have thought that Señor Castelar would have had enough to do in the composition of these works, and in the long and interesting journeys which he made in various parts of Europe. Not at all. He likewise found ample time to conspire; and when the revolution of September, 1868, broke out at Cadiz under the direction of Admiral Topete, the gifted chief of the Spanish democracy had done not a little to impress a republican character upon that movement.

When he returned to Spain he was received everywhere, from the frontier to Madrid, with the most enthusiastic welcome, and declared when he reached the capital, to a delighted multitude some ten thousand strong, that the time had come to have no more compromises with anybody or anything, so far as democracy and the republic were concerned. Unhappily and erroneously, as I hope he would be the first to admit now, it was to the Federal and not to the Unitary Republic that he lent the support of his splendid genius and boundless popularity. "Never," says the author of a little sketch of his life, which has been extensively circulated in Spain, "was any man obeyed with so much enthusiasm or confidence as was Señor Castelar at this period." He was the idol of the democracy, pacific and warlike, conservative and revolutionary, transigent and intransigent, federal and unitary. Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, Saragossa, Seville, Cadiz, and an immense number of other towns and cities, vied with each other in trying to obtain his services as their representative in the "Constituent Cortes," but it was to Saragossa the heroic that this honour was accorded.

His speeches in that assembly have been collected, and very noble specimens of oratory they are, but I must defer to a subsequent paper what I have to say as well of them as of many of his other works, and of the part he has played in the latest history of Spain.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

EMPLOYMENT OF OUR ASIATIC FORCES IN EUROPEAN WARS.

THE startling and novel step—for which, like so many novelties, we are indebted to the erratic genius who rules our destinies at this critical conjuncture—of summoning our Asiatic subjects to fight our European foes, and (to borrow Canning's phrase) calling the East upon the scene to redress the menaced balance of the West, has roused the most thoughtful and suggestive of our journalists to discuss the secondary and remoter consequences of that measure. In a remarkable article full of foresight and reflection,* which well merits the grave consideration of both patriots and statesmen, the *Spectator*¹ points out how pregnant with the widest and mightiest results the proceeding may not impossibly turn out to be, and how essential it is that at the very outset England should clearly and thoroughly realise those speculative issues, and make up the national mind whether they are to be regarded as fraught with evil and danger, or with beckoning prospects of the most magnificent and dazzling order.* In following out this prophetic vision, however, which it does in a spirit of anxious and thoughtful inquiry very different from its usual rash and imperious dogmatism, it commits itself to views both of morals and philosophy prevalent enough no doubt, but to my mind so very questionable, that a searching examination of them is greatly to be desired. One of the *Spectator's* positions I regard as utterly unsound; I am inclined to see hope and opportunities where it sees only peril and the probability of wrong; and the patriotic temper breathing* through the article, while more moderate than is customary, seems curiously at variance with the advanced and daring doctrines generally promulgated in its columns.

We shall have to quote rather largely, but it is necessary to lay before our readers the entire substance of the argument we propose to question, and in the main to controvert.

“With an audacity which, as we frankly concede to those who follow him, has in it something splendid, Lord Beaconsfield has broken through the traditions of a century, has broken through them successfully, and has at a stroke changed all the relations previously existing between India and the United Kingdom. He has changed India from a far-away Empire, secluded in the depths of Asia, to a closely-connected dependency, situated for all purposes of practical politics, and especially for war, upon the Mediterranean. Talk of Russian intrusion into that sea, Lord Beaconsfield has brought India into it, with her whole army, and her boundless resources for the supply of men. In profound

(1) May 4th.

secrecy, without a previous vote of Parliament, without a hint being given to the people, while his leader in the Commons was pledging himself to the lips that nothing was being done, he has ordered the Indian Army into Europe, avowedly to fight a European people, and the Indian Army has obeyed him with delight.

"So far as observers well accustomed to Sepoys can perceive, there would be no difficulty, except money, in landing 60,000 native troops, officered, drilled, and provided like Europeans, in any part of the Mediterranean. We could conquer the Turkish Empire in Asia from the European side, and never expend an Englishman.

"No such alteration in the position of this country as a fighting Power has occurred since she substituted Regular regiments for train-bands and feudal retainers, and it involves the entire future relation of the English people to themselves and to the world.

"We are constrained to believe, and we would gladly believe the contrary, that it will affect those relations for evil. We cannot think it well for any nation to be able to fight by deputy, to be able to wage war without making sacrifices, to be able to win territories for themselves through the aid of men who have no control over their policy, and who are not to be responsible for the successes they achieve—and we believe such a position especially bad for the English people. Already the worst tendency of that people is the one we may call the Carthaginian—the desire for empire to be created by mercenary swords. They have fought their greatest campaigns by the aid of subsidised allies. They have resolutely rejected a conscription, so resolutely that, by a strange perversion of ideas, they have boasted of their freedom from it as if it were a proof of superior virtue. They have refused even to submit to the universal military training which every statesman among them of both parties would, if it were politically safe to speak out, tell them was directly for their good—would make them healthier men, more active men, and men with more capacity for command, for obedience, and for organisation. With the employment of the natives of India as Imperial troops, the grand restraints on the English haughtiness and disposition to crush down instead of conciliating opposition will be removed.

"We cannot believe that a power so terrible, and to be used with so little responsibility to its subjects, can be trusted to any government or any nation without moral and political deterioration. The single check on the military governments of the Continent, the one barrier against grand wars of aggrandisement, is that the army is the nation, that if Prince Bismarck, or Prince Gortchakoff, or M. Gambetta engage in wars of conquest, they must conquer by expending those who ultimately rule them. The English people are about to throw even that check away, and embark on huge enterprises in the security, or at least in the belief that they have behind them the soldiers of a continent whom they rule, but who are not themselves. To whom they need only give pay and honours. That the men come voluntarily, willingly, even delightedly to the work does not alter the case, which is this,—that they are not us, that the burden of the sadness of their loss does not fall on English homes. Take them in the very best point of view, a true point, it would seem, for the hour, as our willing allies, and still they relieve us of a strain which, if it ought to be borne, ought to be borne alone by the nation which decides that it has to be endured. There are no allies on earth to whom a people like the English, with their secular history of effort and of freedom, ought to entrust their work. There is in the whole arrangement a shifting of the burden from the rulers on to their dependants, a reliance on expense as an equivalent for self-sacrifice, a postponement of national duty for the sake of national ease, which can produce no good. Can it be well that at this moment, when temper and reason are still struggling, that the second restraining force should be removed, that they should be reminded that they can dispose of other races than their own, that

they have a recruiting-ground in Asia which costs them nothing but money, and which cannot be exhausted? We say nothing of what appears to us the wickedness of ruling India because Europe is nobler than Asia, and then calling in Asia to beat down Europe; nothing of the fierce jealousy which all Europe will henceforth feel of our possession of the mighty Empire at last brought home to its doors—an Empire which, if its people will fight on our side, becomes a seventh Great Power, stronger for invasion than any of the six, except, perhaps, Germany—and confine ourselves to the single and, as we believe, unanswerable question,—Is it well, for the sake of success in a single quarrel, to deteriorate the nation, to make universal military training impossible, to rely on Asiatic swords instead of our own, to sink from the Roman position, of which we were so proud, to the Carthaginian? The nation seems for the moment intoxicated with its new strength, but when the statesmen meet again, we trust that among them, at least, we shall find a few who can think of the future as well as the present, and plead that national strength can never be found in a measure which, so far as it succeeds, must emasculate the national character.”

The first comment we have to make is, that the *Spectator* not only condemns Englishmen for declining to submit the whole youth of the nation to that “universal military training” which is the fashion and the law elsewhere, and which, our Contemporary maintains, is judged by every statesman of all parties to be politically desirable, and indeed essential, both in a social, personal, and even moral point of view—but goes on to blame them in the most decided terms for that obstinate “perversion of ideas” which makes them insist on raising their standing armies by voluntary enlistment, instead of by obligatory and forcible conscription, according to the example set us by the military empires and republics of the Continent. Now the former doctrine we shall not here elaborately controvert; we may even admit that the adoption of the training recommended would be attended with some incidental and collateral gains, though at the cost of risking or surrendering a certain portion of our industrial supremacy, already gravely menaced. But we cannot but think that the view in question springs from hasty and partial consideration. The *Spectator* overlooks one of the most undesirable, and yet inevitable, consequences of the system it recommends. Military training cannot fail to generate military tastes; you cannot create warlike discipline and habits without at the same time fostering warlike ideas; it is idle and shallow, it seems to us, to fancy that you can make a camp life, habituation to arms and tactics, direct preparation, that is, for the work of fighting and slaughter (for, in plain terms, it means this, if it means anything serious at all) the earliest and most universal occupation of the young citizen, in his most plastic years, the indispensable preliminary to all the other various businesses of life, without instilling into his mind the notion that antagonism, conflict, and campaigning are likely enough to be the paramount, and may be the most sacred, as they can easily become the most welcome, functions claimed from him by the State.

You say to the youth as soon as he comes forth from school and college, teeming with fun, overflowing with energy, eager for adventure, "First of all you must be ready to fight, you must qualify yourself to fight well, and to fight against any one whom your country or your colonel tells you to regard as an enemy;"—and then you fancy that after a couple of years spent in learning this lesson, and learning it in daily companionship with hundreds of others as busy with it as himself, he will not have taken to the trade with zeal, and like it better than the more laborious and less exciting callings by which bread is to be earned, families maintained, and the nation carried forward in its progress. Is there foresight, is there wisdom, is there even sound sense or solid morals in proposing thus to arouse and engrain in the natures of the whole coming generation those sentiments of Chauvinism, ambition, and aggrandisement, so easily disguised under the names of patriotism and preparation, which now on the Continent are keeping millions under arms, which engross half the engineering talent of the time in devising weapons for mutual destruction, and which we are beginning dimly to recognise as constituting the curse and opprobrium of our age? If there is a nation in Europe qualified by its blessed insularity, its dawning morality, its incipient perceptions of what is truly great and wise to give a new direction to the march of human progress, that nation surely is our own; and yet we are urged quite gratuitously, and apparently in the pure excitement of the imitative spirit, to throw aside our noble possibilities and to follow the vulgar example of military monarchies elsewhere, who have neither our rare exemptions nor our loftier aims.

The *Spectator* has never been distinguished for its pacific temper, but at least it has always taken a high moral tone, and in dealing with political questions has been prone to consider, more than most journals, what was right or wrong rather than what was expedient or the contrary. It has usually gone in for resolute conscientiousness—often for downright Christianity; and no public instructor has preached the *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum* with sterner courage. Therefore we are the more surprised at finding our high-minded guide appearing as an enthusiastic votary not only of universal military training as the most obligatory part of the curriculum of national education, but of imperative and inescapable conscription as the fittest mode of recruiting our standing armies. We have always understood that if there be one thing indisputably wicked, it is to take human life otherwise than in self-defence, or by necessity, or in a righteous quarrel; that to slaughter, and to slaughter wholesale, men who have done you no wrong, against whom you feel no anger, and with whom you were the best of friends but yesterday, is to commit this *primâ facie* wicked action in its most succinct and naked form; and that to do all this at the command of your superior in

military rank or administrative position, of whom you ask no questions and upon whose wisdom, justice, or temper, you have no reason to place reliance, is if possible an aggravation of the criminality of the original proceeding. An army collected and officered by voluntary enlistment is composed either of men so unthinking, and with the moral sense so unawakened or so inchoate, that the reality of the position in which they have placed themselves has never presented itself to their imagination; or of those who, by a process of sophistry which they call reasoning, have persuaded themselves that it is their duty to serve their country in this anomalous fashion, and in this special and probably congenial office; that it is for their rulers—wise or foolish, good or bad—to determine the righteousness of the war, and for themselves to obey blindly and never suffer the question of right or wrong to present itself to their thoughts and disturb the concentrated simplicity and effectiveness of their violence; or perhaps that the entire sinfulness of the act—if sinfulness there be, as there usually is—lies with those who give the command, and not with those who execute it; so that neither generals nor soldiers, but only the Sovereign or the Cabinet, incur the faintest responsibility here or risk of punishment hereafter, however oppressive, iniquitous, scandalous, and sanguinary the war and its details may be. Somehow or other these men contrive to satisfy their consciences, incomprehensible as the *modus operandi* may appear to us: those who believe in inherited guilt and altruistic punishment and imputed righteousness and vicarious redemption, may conceivably count upon vicarious damnation likewise; and thus go to the soldier's massacre or the soldier's grave with the *cœur léger* of Emile Ollivier, or the glowing enthusiasm of the undoubting Islamite. They must settle the matter with themselves, do the questionable duty they have chosen, and accept the consequences they have incurred—or determined to ignore. They have voluntarily selected their career; it has not been forced upon them from above, or *ab extra*, or by lot.¹

(1) These considerations may, many of them, seem extravagant enough in this conjuncture of passion and excitement. They are not novel, however: we find even stronger expressions in the *Westminster Review* more than thirty years ago:—

“When a statesman declares war in consequence of any of the ordinary motives thereto—for the sake of a rich colony which he is desirous to obtain, to prevent an ambitious neighbour from acquiring what might render him a formidable rival, to restore a monarch dethroned by a people wearied of his manifold oppressions, to resent a private wrong or avenge a diplomatic insult—his thoughts on the matter seldom travel beyond the issuing of a manifesto, the appointment of a general, the levying of troops, and the imposition of taxes for the maintenance of the contest. He is, therefore, wholly unconscious of what in reality he is doing; and if a sage were to go to him, as Nathan went to David, and say, ‘Sir, you have given orders for the commission of murder on a monstrous scale; you have directed that fifty thousand of your subjects shall send as many of their fellow-men, wholly unprepared for so awful a change, into a presence where they must answer for their manifold misdoings; that twenty thousand more shall lie for days on the bare ground, horribly mutilated or slowly bleeding to

But in the case of an army raised by conscription, this cannot be said. The precise opposite must in thousands of instances be true. The ballot is no respecter of persons—still less of consciences or convictions. Troops collected by lot will contain even now numbers who hate war, some who believe it in any circumstance to be wrong, far more who know, that in nine cases out of ten it is foolish, and who believe it in five cases out of six to be distinctly and flagrantly unjust, a positive sin on the part of those who bring it about, or who suffer it by carelessness or clumsiness to come about, a sin (only less grievous possibly because veiled or clouded by the perplexity of conflicting duties) in those who aid it and enact it by becoming its reluctant

death, and at length only be succoured in order to undergo the most painful operations and then perish miserably in a hospital; you have given orders that numbers of innocent and lovely women—as delicate and beautiful as your own daughters—shall undergo the last indignities from the licence of a brutal soldiery; you have issued a fiat which, if not recalled, will cut off at a stroke the delight of many eyes, will inflict upon thousands, now virtuous and contented, misery which can know no cure and desolation which in this world can find no alleviation—if a message such as this were conveyed to him—*every word of which would be strictly true*—would he not disown the ghastly image thus held up to him, and exclaim, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?'

"Has it ever occurred to any of our readers to analyze the profession of a soldier?—a profession so honoured in our country, as in most others. A soldier is a man whose profession it is to make war—to fight with his fellow-men, and (disguise it how we may in the smooth, conventional hypocrisies of language) to slay them. Like every one else, he takes a pride and a pleasure in the exercise of his profession. . . . From the very nature of the case he longs for war; he watches with a natural delight the first bickerings which give promise of ripening into actual hostilities, and desires to 'fan the smoking flax into a flame.'

"That the destruction of the life and property of our fellow-men is a sin, and a grievous sin, *per se*, there can be no question. The position of a soldier imposes upon him the obligation of committing this sin to any extent, and upon any parties, at the command of the Minister of the day. History tells him—and his own experience will often confirm the teaching—that this Minister is often wicked, incapable, and passionate; that he has frequently obtained power by the vilest means—by mistresses in France, by corrupt Parliamentary majorities in England; that in the views which he takes or the orders which he issues he is often governed by the basest motives and the silliest and weakest counsellors. Yet, however unjust the war which he commands, however wild the scheme, however barefaced the aggression, however innocent the victim, however harsh and barbarous the mode in which the enterprise is to be carried through—the soldier has no choice, no power of refusal, mitigation, or evasion; he has bound himself to do the bidding of his superior, however palpably and monstrously iniquitous that bidding may be. He cannot resign—that would be attended with dishonour. He cannot remonstrate or demur—that would be punished as insubordination. In many of the most important actions of his life he has ceased to be a free agent, *though he cannot cease to be a responsible one*; he has parted with his birthright for a mess of pottage; he has, in fact, sold himself into a species of servitude, however gilded, which often leaves him only the humiliating, and it may be torturing, alternative of remaining at his post to perpetrate cruelty and sin, or leaving it with ruin and dishonour. And to us it seems marvellously strange, and a signal illustration of the difficulty and the rarity with which men rise to the contemplation of first principles, that any one of sound judgment and good feelings, who can dig, or plough, or weave, or push his fortune in any of the thousand paths which lie open to the foot of enterprise, should be willing thus to *batter away*, for so paltry an equivalent, *his right of refusing to do wrong*."

and saddened instruments. The number who hold these sentiments in the innermost recesses of their nature is increasing year by year. It is the aim and the function of our moralists and preachers, of many of our wisest statesmen, and of hundreds of our economists and public writers, to swell this number: even the *Spectator*, bellicose as its instincts are, has often, with pardonable inconsistency, laboured for this end; and it is impossible to doubt, in spite of the attitude of Europe at the present hour, that this condemnation of war in all but the most rare and exceptional contingencies—that is in defence of the rights, the liberties, the duty or the honour of the assailed—will spread as sense and civilisation make way among mankind, will become the mark and the measure of that civilisation for which we are all really or nominally striving; and that this condemnation will ere long deepen and intensify into general abhorrence. Yet what are the advocates of conscription contending for? Simply for a law which, by force and under severe penalties, shall compel all those increasing thousands—the *élite*, be it remembered, and the beckoning examples of their fellow-men, those who feel already as we trust we may all feel in time—to inflict what they know to be a wrong, to commit what they believe to be a crime, and to do this under the peremptory orders of men whom they regard as utterly mistaken, and have ample reason to fancy both incompetent and passionate, and perhaps self-seeking and unconscientious into the bargain. There is no escape, no refuge, no alternative for the victims thus cruelly “impressed” into the service. They may not resign; they cannot desert—that is dishonour; they cannot refuse—that would be flogging, branding, or disgraceful death—death which few would have the courage to canonize as martyrdom. The case is so grave, the elements of the question so undeniable, the public conscience is already so far partially awakening, that even now a few of the more excitable of our eminent divines are venturing to pronounce that in an unjust war (which they believe the menaced one to be) those who think as they think ought to “throw up their commissions,” and refuse to fight. But what officer dare—perhaps we might ask what officer *could*—resign his commission on the eve of a campaign, any more than a naval captain could unbelt his sword and go below when alongside of the enemy’s ship, and so avoid participation in his country’s sin? Probably we might ask more pertinently, What officer has a right to retire from the service because he believes this special service to be iniquitous and criminal? His scruples should have come to him much earlier. When he entered the service he bound himself to obey his Sovereign’s orders without distinction of innocence or guilt. He bartered away once for all, and without a hesitation, a murmur, or a thought, “his right of refusing to do wrong.” Again: is there to be no consideration for the private

who has been forced into the ranks by the conscription which our illogical moralists are so zealous to establish? The dilemma comes upon him, as well as upon his colonel, as the Scripture says, "like pain upon a woman in travail, and there is no escape."

But conscription is not only indefensible as being immoral: I believe it to be wasteful and unscientific, and therefore unstatesmanlike as well. It is a scheme which neglects and abuses the resources of the country. There are to be found among us in teeming thousands men who could serve the State excellently as soldiers, and who can be made useful to it in no other way—the roughs, the reckless, the idle, the incurably impetuous, the insatiably adventurous, those to whom a life of steady industry is an abomination and almost an impossibility, those who are not exactly bad, but pretty certain to become bad if left to themselves. To these men the profession of a soldier would be genial in everything except its discipline, and discipline is precisely what they need, and cannot do without. Their exuberant energies, a curse to the community otherwise, would be utilised in uniform. They are nearly certain to become criminals if they are not made recruits. If you do not enlist them in the ranks, you may lay your account for maintaining them for half their life in gaol;—if you do you would make them patriots instead of prisoners,—not to dwell on the economical consideration that you can maintain them more cheaply in the barrack than in the penitentiary. But there is a further reflection which, with many minds, will weigh yet heavier—*you will be raising them enormously in the moral as in the social scale.* To the industrious peasant or the skilful artisan, more obviously and deplorably still to those better natures whom a blind conscription would sweep into the ranks, the career of the private soldier would be a step downwards, and might be moral ruin: to the rough and the potential malefactor it would be a step upwards, possibly salvation. Those who have contrasted the drafted militia-man or the raw recruit lounging into the depôt, with the same man after six months' discipline, are often astounded at the metamorphosis that short time has wrought; and with the great majority of these subjects the stern discipline of the drill sergeant is the only schooling adequate or suitable to their vehement natures. The rough, who, left to run wild, would rapidly have developed into the ruffian, learns as a soldier to serve the community he would otherwise have preyed upon, and acquires that self-respect which is the first step to good, and may even, among the possibilities of war, earn success and distinction which will make a man of him for ever. It is strange that this view of the subject, obvious enough, one would suppose, should have been so habitually overlooked by our "world-betterers," and that these abounding and appropriate resources for our national defence, this social *muck*—"wealth in the wrong place" (to borrow the metaphor

of Lord Palmerston)—should have been regarded as mere "muck" to be got rid of.

So much for the rank and file of our standing armies. The officers are to be found just as easily and to be utilised just as well. The raw material for command and guidance, as well as for disciplined obedience and courage, is to be found among us in equally rich abundance, only we have to look for it in other quarters. The rough among the mass has his analogue in the higher orders, and in ample numbers, only he is an improved specimen and is called by another name. No country in the world, perhaps, so swarms with idle "swells," capable of good, but doomed, too probably, by surrounding circumstances, to evil—with their faces set less towards Jerusalem than towards Jericho. The families both of the nobility and gentry, and of those who aspire to be classed with them, and are often quite as wealthy, abound with young men following no calling or profession and exempted by parental riches from the necessity of working for a living, yet not endowed with that particular kind of property which of itself entails and constitutes an occupation, who begin life with nothing to do, and before long find that nothing rather burdensome and very dangerous; energetic, athletic, and courageous, hating study and stagnation, eager for adventure, fit for command or competent to learn it through the channel of obedience, prone to mischief, not unlikely to become noxious, and often worthless and contemptible as well; doing harm, and often great harm, simply because they have literally no scope for the overflowing energies and hidden capabilities of a magnificent physique. These are precisely the natures of whom first-rate officers ought to be made; who should become officers just because there is no other career or profession open to them and suited for them; who are neither clever enough nor disposed enough for sedentary toil to be attracted to the Bar, nor sober and grave enough to be fitted for the Church, but who at the head of a regiment in active service would be accurately in their place, and who, if they are not there, will dawdle through life, wasting it, scarcely enjoying it, perhaps even disgracing both talents and opportunities, mere sportsmen in their youth, mere club-saunterers when age comes. To men of this class a commission in the army, especially in regiments intending service or in scientific corps, would be absolute redemption; and no one who is not acquainted with the circles of society in which they swarm, can know either what thousands of them there are, what splendid commanders many of them might be made, nor how utterly incapable any other school than the army would prove to make the great majority of them what they ought to be. Such men, it would seem, ought to be *enticed* into the service, not deterred from it at the threshold by needless or inappropriate intellectual requirements. It would suffice

that the demands as to capacity and conduct should be adequate, and that the purely *professional* teaching and discipline should be thorough and sagacious. In a word, we would endeavour to *utilise* the idle, the adventurous, and the energetic in the higher and the lower ranks alike—to get service out of those who will be the enemies of society if you do not make them its defenders—to get out of them the sole and the special service they are qualified to render—and to get them by voluntary enlistment (which has never failed us yet), and not by the sweep of a drag-net which collects the unwilling and incompetent at random.

Of course if the system of *remplaçants* be admitted, if those on whom the lot has fallen are allowed to purchase substitutes, and conscription be mitigated or virtually annulled by so inconsistent a contrivance, the chief objections to it fall to the ground. But then the arguments which recommend it to the popular fancy fall to the ground also, and a new set of dissuasives come to the front. What becomes of the merit or equity of a function, obligatory on all citizens without distinction, which yet can be discharged by deputy, of a duty which can be evaded by a money payment, of a theoretically universal burden which yet practically falls upon the poor alone? Is there in any land a more monstrous partiality recognised by law? Yes; perhaps there is one yet stronger, and it arises out of the identical arrangement. Where else have we a *tax levied by lot*? What should we think of *decimating* the importers of tea or tobacco, for example, to determine which of them should pay the custom's duty? Or to settle which of a dozen publicans shall be mulcted for an excise license? Yet how, in principle, would such a system differ from an appeal to the ballot-box to ascertain who, out of a thousand youths just completing their twentieth year, shall either be drafted into an unwelcome profession, or pay twenty guineas for exemption? Wherein would consist the sagacity or the justice of drawing lots among citizens, all equal in the eye of the law, as to which of them shall and which shall not contribute, in purse or person, to the treasury of their common country?

There is logic and there is equity in a system like that of Germany, which makes every man without exception a soldier for a given portion of his life, whatever deterring considerations may be urged against it. But I can recognise neither wisdom nor justice in a law which leaves to mere blind chance the decision who shall risk his life for his native land, who shall swell its revenue, and who shall escape either obligation. Necessity might drive a nation to measures so anomalous, but of such necessity there is no question here.

The principal grounds on which we are inclined to join issue with

the *Spectator* as to the propriety of employing our Indian troops in our imperial and European wars may be gathered from the above reasoning. We agree that it is the commencement of a new line of action, a line which is capable of indefinite extension, and one, therefore, which should be maturely and dispassionately weighed, and not adopted on a sudden emergency, or at the bidding of mere Executive caprice. It is arguable enough, and probably true, that this particular action of the Cabinet involves a stretch of the royal prerogative, in some points questionable and indecorous, and probably transgressing the limits of the constitution. This, however, if the country so decide, can easily be rectified for the futuro by regular parliamentary proceeding. We feel, too, that the practice—if it once became a practice—might open upon our Eastern Empire financial complications, and possibly also serious danger—danger which experienced Indian statesmen are not disposed to underestimate. It may be perilous to drain Hindostan periodically of *corps d'armée* that might be needed on the spot; and in order to escape this risk we should probably be induced to maintain our Indian forces at a strength not required by Indian needs, and therefore not justly chargeable on Indian resources—which, indeed, could not bear them, and ought not to be strained to bear them. It might also be dangerous, it is supposed, to our now recognised, unquestioned, and peaceful supremacy in that anomalous portion of the British Empire, to accustom native tribes and troops, disciplined and warlike, whom we have conquered and taught to feel our superiority, and trained under British officers to subdue all Oriental foes—to accustom these to meet on equal terms and to defeat white forces, among which might be some of the best regiments of European monarchies. The Oriental imagination is vivid and not altogether without a rude logic of its own; and these troops, returning home flushed with victory and thirsting for action, might, it is conceived, forgetting the warning memories of 1857, begin to fancy that their English leaders and fellow-soldiers might not be more unconquerable than their Russian foes, and might, with or without real provocation, grow more turbulent and formidable than they have been hitherto. At all events, these forces—scores of thousands probably enough, no longer wanted, would be difficult and costly to keep in idleness, and yet not safe to disband—would inevitably, deal with them as we pleased, be a fresh embarrassment added to our many Indian problems. These considerations, admittedly grave ones, and of pressing practicality, we do not propose to discuss: they lie beyond our present range of vision.

But the *Spectator*, and many of our more reflective politicians besides, see a wider and deeper mischief in the distance—two distinct mischiefs indeed; mischiefs which, if real, are assuredly not to be

made light of or ignored. They believe that the use of Indian troops—who are ready and anxious to fight, who fight well, and who can be had to fight in any numbers—would, once inaugurated, be resorted to on all occasions, and would thus accustom us to depend on mercenaries, and, rapidly and certainly, make Englishmen the purse-proud snobs it is always in them to become. They fear, further, that the possession of these almost inexhaustible military resources, costing us nothing but their pay and their commissariat, would render Great Britain the meddlesome bully of Europe, and perhaps the oppressor of our colonies as well; in a word, that having boundless power, we should be prone to trust to this power instead of to the equity of our rule or the righteousness of our cause. Do these surmises point to true rocks ahead or merely fanciful ones? And if real, what antagonistic considerations have to be set against them? Let us deal with the last foreboding to begin with. We think it may be dealt with briefly. Indeed, it strikes us as all but imaginary.

In the first place the argument appears to be erroneous *au fond*. It is analogous to that which used to be so favourite a one with the Manchester School of Economists in their younger days, and which is not wholly out of currency even now: "Don't trust the Ministers with money—they are certain to misuse it. They are incurable spendthrifts—only by reducing their allowance can you keep them within bounds at all. Cut down the Budget to the lowest limit, even at the risk of cutting into the quick—because only thus can you exercise any check on wasteful and mischievous expenditure." Now surely this style of reasoning should be out of date. I think we have reached that stage of political training when we need not curtail our means least we should apply them wrongfully. We ought to have at least power to do our duty, and to trust to our morals and our sense not to abuse that power. We ought to have outgrown that period of political infancy, when we need to be kept poor and weak, lest we should squander our riches and prostitute our strength. I am even disposed to think that some among us have occasionally been too much influenced by the feeling, when called upon for action, "Oh! we cannot afford this, or we must not risk that,"—sentiments which are scarcely seeming in a great nation or in a high-minded statesman. I do not believe that there is the slightest danger lest our boundless command of Indian troops should induce us to conquer or control the Kaffirs of the Cape or the negroes of Jamaica by the strong arm instead of by righteous, considerate, and judicious government. I am not sure that there has not sometimes been an inclination, half soft, half stingy, to meet turbulence and rebellion rather by temporising than by firm resistance and thorough and conclusive measures. I am quite sure that in the present temper of our moralists in the press and our Radicals in the House of Commons, to say nothing of the too frequent line of criticism adopted by

whichever party happens to be "her Majesty's Opposition," there is quite enough to prevent the governors of our dependencies, or the generals they employ, from venturing on proceedings which are fairly assailable on the grounds of humanity or justice. Probably the danger is, in these days when military daring is so common and civil courage so rare, lest those who serve their country in high command and in trying emergencies, should consider rather what proceedings will be approved at home and be defensible in Parliament, than what would be most suitable for the aim in view, and therefore probably in truth most right, kind, and wise. With regard, again, to our action in the angry controversies which break out from time to time in Europe, we may, I think, be satisfied at last that—thanks to the high, if not always sound or sober, tone taken by several of our more Christian and sympathetic statesmen, whom probably it would be invidious to name—thanks also to the Press, which (with exceptions, no doubt) has seconded their remonstrances so well—the moral sensibilities of England have become so awakened, if we may not say enlightened, that it would be next to impossible for any government to drag us into a war, or enterprise, or course of conduct which was distinctly unrighteous or overbearing, and could be shown to the prevailing sense and conscience of the nation to be such. And it is somewhat curious and startling to find the *Spectator* thus anxious to tie our hands and impair our powers of doing whatever we deem it our duty to do without counting the difficulty or the cost—the *Spectator* which, with all its merits, has at least never been non-interfering or pacific, but rather perhaps over-prompt to rouse the sleeping vigilance of Britain against the first symptoms of encroachment—to embrace every generous cause in any quarter however distant, to make herself the righter of every wrong, and the champion of the oppressed throughout the world. I may be short-sighted, I may be partial, but I sincerely believe that if there be any nation which can be safely trusted with the power to work its will, to do what it deems right and beneficent according to the measure of its lights (often limited, coloured, and refracted beyond question), that nation is our own. Now, at least, amid all our failures and mistakes, we *try* to act fairly towards those we deal with; we endeavour to rule with equity, and with a genuine desire to do them good, those who are committed to our sway; and we doubt whether the same can be said of any other State.

In answer to the other class of arguments so forcibly urged by the *Spectator*, we have to plead that, while recognising to the full the risk and the ignominy of a nation, either from weakness, laziness, or luxury, commit its defence to aliens and hirelings, we dispute the analogy of the cases and the relevancy of the warning. In the first place the Sikhs and other warlike tribes of India under our sway are not "mercenaries" in any strict sense of the word.

The epithet is scarcely more applicable to them than to the Celts of Ireland or to the Highlanders of Scotland, who were subdued, indeed, far earlier, but who were our enemies once, and some of whom are hardly amalgamated yet, but who fight side by side with the Saxon portion of our armies, and who have served us with equal loyalty and courage. Our coloured Indian forces are the subjects of our Sovereign as much as our Canadian or Australian brethren—perhaps even more so, for these are self-governing colonists, which the Indians are not—and would, it is believed, fight for their “Empress” with unquestioned fidelity and zeal. They are paid, no doubt, for their services, just as our recruits at home are paid, but these services are voluntarily rendered in both instances alike. Being our subjects, and having entered the military profession by choice, and agreeing gladly and eagerly to follow our lead to any country and to support us against any foe, we consider that we are entitled to avail ourselves of their services as freely as we should those of our volunteers at home or the regiments which might be offered to us by New Zealand or the Dominion—holding that the duties of British subjects are as wide as the dangers of the British empire, and that all the races Britain governs and protects may be righteously called upon to share in her defence. We cannot echo the sentiment so eloquently dwelt on by the writer we are controverting, that there is something unworthy in “a people like the English, with their secular history of effort and of freedom,” entrusting their tasks to others, to allies, however eager, reliable, and competent; nor can we share the fear he intimates, but scarcely feels, lest, Carthaginian-like, we should grow *soft*, and become fond of doing all our rougher work by deputy. The troops whom we *use* we should command and *lead* as well; and the expectation that the soldiers would ever learn to despise or desire to resist the British officers who have shared with them the dangers of the battle, the glory of the victory, and “the rapture of the strife,” we may be allowed to look upon as fanciful. Equally are we inclined to treat as fanciful the probability that either the upper or the lower classes of our race will ever be cured of their combative propensities, grow tired of fighting, or become purified and elevated enough in tone and temper to be averse from fighting when a cause presents itself good and great enough to fight for. At least we have as yet seen no indications of any change in the national character like that.

Nor, finally, are we inclined to treat as very serious or very imminent the danger lest we should grow careless or criminally lavish of our subjects' blood in war, because that blood was Indian and not English, though we may not regard that risk as quite imaginary. But the efforts of moralists should be directed, it appears to us, to raise the intellects of statesmen, and to enlighten the consciences of the people, rather than to cripple the

nation's capacity to execute the nation's will. When our rulers and our senators have realised that to shed one drop of blood needlessly or unjustly is a sin for which history will make them answerable, and equally a sin whose ever be the veins from which that blood may flow, the guarding and restraining doctrine wanted will have been learned. And surely in an age of progress and reflection so simple a principle ought not to be so difficult to reach. Nor do we believe that even now the politicians could be found among us who (consciously at least) would give their vote for war if it could be fought with Sikh troops, and for peace if English ones were indispensable.

To conclude then:—notwithstanding warning considerations which we admit it may be wise to weigh, yet as a matter of sound principle the correctness of which we cannot question, as statesmen and as moralists alike, we give our voice for employing our Indian forces in European action to whatever extent may be found necessary. Having this superb strength in reserve, we see no moral reasons to deter us from using it to the fullest extent in every adequate emergency and in every righteous cause. If war is justifiable it should be waged *cum toto corpore requi*. It is weak and senseless to go into battle with hands tied and weapons left at home. We reach this conclusion by three paths; *first*, because it is wise and sound economy to use all members of the community in those functions for which they have a special aptitude; *secondly*, because in the case of these occupations which to some seem questionable, but which circumstances may render essential, it is surely wise and just to assign them to those classes who can discharge them with the greatest readiness, the most complete absence of scruple, and therefore the least wear and tear of the moral sense; and *thirdly*, because we eschew as utterly false and shallow that principle of political action that desires us to be feeble in order to make us harmless, and would disable us from doing what *the nation* deems right lest we should be tempted to do what *they* deem wrong;—the doctrine of those who are so convinced of the inherent wrong-headedness of both Government and people that they would keep England weak for fear she might be mischievous if strong, and are content to curtail our power of doing good as the only conceivable means of preventing us from doing evil.

That the influence of Great Britain in the *Areopagus* of Europe has been greatly augmented at this crisis by the knowledge that she has the vast military strength of India at command, and is prepared, if called upon, to use it, is, we apprehend, indisputable; and the danger, which we dispute as little, that our Government have shown an inclination to use this reserve of force in an unwise and unrighteous quarrel, is a reason for controlling or changing our rulers, but scarcely for renouncing our power.

W. R. GARDNER.

SHELLEY'S LAST DAYS.¹

POETRY is defined by Shelley as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." In the same essay he remarks, "A man cannot say, 'I will compose poetry.'" These two statements, taken together, explain why personal intercourse with poets should so generally disappoint. All the moments of a man's life cannot be the happiest and best, nor can he command exalted moods by any effort of volition. Hence, except in the rarest instances, personal intercourse suggests a discrepancy between the outer and inner man which irritates the observer in proportion to his impatience of whatever wears the semblance of insincerity. When, in his former edition, Mr. Trelawny spoke of Byron and Shelley as the last of the true poets, he cannot have intended to affirm that no one had written true poetry since their time. He must have meant that he had known none whose aspect, manners, and deportment in common life, equally with the choicest passages of their writings, supported the character of a poet.

It is the great merit of Mr. Trelawny to have recognised that Shelley's life was a poem of which his works were but a phase, and to have concerned himself with it in this aspect to the exclusion of literary criticism, of which there is always enough. He helps us to see that Shelley was an exception to his own rule. It would be correct to say with Mr. Trelawny that he never laid aside his magic book and mantle, were it not still more correct to say that he never needed to take them up. From the nature of the case, this cannot be learned from his writings, for if these were all we possessed, we could never be sure that they might not be merely episodic. The diffused lustre of character must be reflected back from the foil of a competent observer. In such a case, provided only that the observer has sufficient of the poetical temperament to render him sensitive to the unwritten poetry of his subject's life, the less he is of a mere man of letters the better. Hogg and Peacock had too little poetry, and Leigh Hunt too much. Trelawny, and above all Williams, came nearest to the ideal reporter. The reason is that both were at the time unsophisticated, unaffected by intercourse with literary coteries (one cannot say quite as much for Mr. Trelawny in these latter days), and in compensation doubly alive to the interest of any natural phenomenon. Shelley was such a phenomenon, just such an one as every child is at first, but as hardly any child continues.

(1) *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author.* By Edward John Trelawny. 2 vols. Pickering.

SHELLEY'S LAST DAYS.

The description of him as "the eternal child" in one point of view provokes a smile, but in another is so true that Mr. Trelawny, wishing to paint his idiosyncrasy as clearly as possible in the fewest possible words, can do no better than repeat it. "Brave, frank, and outspoken, like a well-conditioned boy, well-bred and considerate for others, because he was totally devoid of selfishness and vanity." What is this but to say that Shelley stood nearer to the primitive source of creative energy than the rest of us? that he retained that freshness which most men lose? And what is this again but to say that he must have possessed extraordinary force of character? The current conceptions of his character need to be corrected, or rather revised and supplemented. Mr. Trelawny sees this, but he too contributes to confirm them by giving undue prominence to the petty details which chiefly impress common observers, of carelessness in money matters, negligence in dress, and abstraction in society. We must learn to think of Shelley not merely as gentle, dreamy, unworldly, imprudently disinterested, and ideally optimistic—though he was all this—but likewise as swift, prompt, resolute, irascible, strong-limbed and hardy, often very practical in his views of politics, and endowed with preternatural keenness of observation. There is but one formula for combining and harmonizing these apparent discrepancies: he was an elemental force whose essence is simplicity itself, but whose modes of operation are many and various. If we study the divers ways in which those who shared his society have striven to express that which they have felt to be inexpressible, we shall find that in the last analysis all amount to this. This perception is especially distinct in Mr. Trelawny. The little diary of Williams, to be published in these pages, will show, I think, that had he survived to give his recollections to the world, it would have found clearer expression still: Instances of Shelley's practical good sense will be found there, and we shall see from one of his own letters with what prompt decision and moral courage he could act in a most trying emergency. The letters to Medwin, now first printed by Mr. Trelawny (vol. ii. pp. 28—42), indicate how much wiser he was than the rest of the nation as concerned the trial of Queen Caroline.¹ In illustration of the keenness of his senses, an anecdote of his Pisan days may be related here. "Shelley and I," it was reported, "would be sitting together in the top story of a palazzo at Pisa, when a ring would come at the porter's lodge below that no mortal but Shelley could have heard. But he would hear it

(1) In an unpublished letter of nearly the same date, he says: "How can the English endure the mountains of cant which are cast upon them about this vulgar cook-maid they call a queen? It is scarcely less disgusting than the tyranny of her husband, who, on his side, uses a battery of the same cant. It is really time for the English to wean themselves from this nonsense, for really their situation is too momentous to justify them in attending to Punch and his wife."

and start from his seat, exclaiming, 'That's a bore!' And sure enough," added my informant sily, "the door would open, and *Taaffe*¹ would come in!"

My purpose in the remaining observations I have to make is to supplement Mr. Trelawny's recollections by contemporary letters and other documents tending to complete and vivify the picture of Shelley in his latter days, and at the same time to correct some mistakes into which Mr. Trelawny has been betrayed by causes which may be regarded as incidental to an advanced period of life. Of his work in general, so far as it is novel, there is little to be said. The new particulars it imparts are mostly dubious or insignificant. Readers of his former much-prized volume will regret that the precept, *manum de tabula*, should be so very hard to learn. In fact, however, this is not so much the fault of Mr. Trelawny as of his age. Everybody seems determined to go to the very uttermost limits of his or her faculty of expression, forgetful that the possession of a reserve of power is essential to the ideal of perfect strength. It would, nevertheless, be well for Mr. Trelawny, and for us, if he could be restrained by act of parliament from writing about anybody but Shelley. So long as he is dwelling upon him, he is, like the visitants to the *Witch of Atlas*, "imparadised." As soon as he leaves him, his book and mantle are abruptly laid aside, and he becomes, in comparison, quite an ordinary personage. It is, nevertheless, pleasing to note the improvement of the second edition in the author's bearing towards Byron. Byron, no doubt, appeared to most advantage at a distance: it was, notwithstanding, felt that deliberate disparagement was hardly the part of a comrade. It was also suggested that Mr. Trelawny's remarks betrayed some deficiency in intelligent sympathy with the peculiar temptations and trials of a wayward but not ignoble nature. Docile to such admonitions, Mr. Trelawny has exerted himself to remedy the defects complained of—if at some damage to his own accuracy and consistency, the sacrifice is surely the more meritorious. He has further determined the controversy between Lord and Lady Byron in a manner which admits of no reply. Lady Byron, it is now clear, could never have been a fit helpmate for her lord. She "viewed with predilection," as Mr. Trelawny has it, a young nobleman who was "much occupied in improving the condition of his tonantry and of the poor," who "was dutiful and affectionate to every member of his family," who was "singularly right-minded and even-tempered," who "felt the inseparable connection of virtue and happiness." These damaging admissions are made (vol. ii. pp. 153, 154) under

(1) *Taaffe* seems to have been the common butt of the Pisan circle. His previous history, nevertheless, had been as romantic as any of theirs. It is too long to be related here.

her own hand in a letter which has somehow come into Mr. Trelawny's possession, and which he has seen it his duty to print in justice to Lord Byron's memory.

If such portions of Mr. Trelawny's work indicate a more genial spirit, others are calculated to pain those who would gladly hold him in honour. I refer particularly to those treating of Mrs. Shelley, which can only be described as unjust to his departed friend, to his readers, and to himself. Mrs. Shelley, perhaps, suffers least of the three, for Mr. Trelawny's strictures at most only prove that he liked her better living than dead. But it would be grievous to the public to have been actually misled by Mr. Trelawny himself for twenty years, and the reverse of creditable to the biographer if his representation of facts, moral or physical, varied with his own whims and passions. Mr. Trelawny, however, is proof against any fear of inconsistency or self-contradiction. In 1858, "both Byron's feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr." In 1878, "his lameness was caused by the contraction of the back sinews, which the doctors call 'Tendon Achillis,' that prevented his heels resting on the ground, and compelled him to walk on the fore part of his feet; *except this defect, his feet were perfect.*" The improvement is gratifying, but marvellous, especially as both these conflicting diagnoses rest upon the self-same peep, obtained by Mr. Trelawny under circumstances too well known to need recounting here. Unfortunately, as in the natural world the same agencies that are elevating one portion of the earth's surface are at the same time depressing another; so, in the microcosm of Mr. Trelawny's memory and judgment, the embellishment of Lord Byron's feet has been accompanied by a corresponding deterioration of Mrs. Shelley's heart and head. In 1858, "her clear grey eye and thoughtful brow expressed the love she could not speak" (p. 72, first edition, the passage has disappeared from the second). In 1878 she appears as "more than ordinarily commonplace and conventional," "the exact opposite to Shelley in everything," who "irritated and vexed him"¹—as well she might, if she was "a firm believer." Worse than all, she "inconsiderately" gave his heart to Leigh Hunt. It is unaccountable how Mr. Trelawny could have entertained "a tender friendship" for such a person, and even found "almost unmingled pleasure" in her society for a whole year. We know, nevertheless, from himself that he did. It is but just to all parties to appeal from the peevishness of age to the frankness of youth, from the dimness of memory to the clear

(1) Compare p. 123, first edition: "Loath to part from what I verily believed to have been at that time the most united and happiest set of human beings in the whole world."

perception of actual intercourse. Mr. Trelawny writes on January 11, 1823 :—

“ Dear Mary, of all those that I know of, or you have told me of as connected with you, there is not one now living has so tender a friendship for you as I have. I have the far greater claims on you, and I shall consider it a breach of friendship should you employ any one else in services that I can execute.

“ My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

I hope you know my heart so well as to make all profession needless. To serve you will ever be the greatest pleasure I can experience, and nothing could interrupt the almost unmingled pleasure I have received from our first meeting but your concealing your difficulties or wishes from me.”

These professions, let us hasten to add, really were superfluous in 1823. Mrs. Shelley herself will tell us by-and-by how honourably Mr. Trelawny redeemed them. It is only to be regretted—chiefly on his own account—that his concern for her temporal interests during her life did not extend to the protection of her memory after her death. “ Who steals my purse steals trash, but—” the proverb is somewhat musty. Mr. Trelawny’s present opinion of Mrs. Shelley’s intellectual powers differs from that which he entertained when *The Adventures of a Younger Son* were intrusted to her revision. Nor would it in any case signify much, even if he had not refuted it by putting some of the best things in his book into her mouth. Let the reader turn to the portions of dialogue headed with her name, and he will generally be rewarded with something full of insight and penetration. Whether her notes on her husband’s works can be described as “ rhapsodies of panegyric ” must be decided by their readers. The charge is now : the most panegyric passage I can for my own part remember is one upon Mr. Trelawny.¹ The charge of excessive orthodoxy is very new, and calculated to excite inextinguishable hilarity. Mr. Trelawny might advantageously look at his own book (vol. i. p. 78). It is, moreover, notorious that the passages of *Queen Mab*, expunged from the first collected edition, were restored to the second by Mrs. Shelley herself. The accusation of parting with Shelley’s heart is the most startling of all, and the gravest. Mr. Trelawny must wish to think as well of his old friend as he can in conscience, and will therefore be glad to be reminded of the real state of the case. The heart *was* given to Leigh Hunt, but by Mr. Trelawny himself, to the great distress of Mrs. Shelley. Captain Roberts says, writing at the time of the occurrence :—

“ After the funeral rites of Shelley had been performed, Trelawny gave the heart, which had remained unconsumed, to Hunt. Mary wrote to Hunt, re-

(1) See Mrs. Shelley’s note to the poems of 1822 : “ Nothing could equal the zeal of Trelawny,” &c.

questing that it might be sent to her. Hunt refused to part with it, unless Mary would maintain her claim by strong and conclusive arguments. He added that he thought it probable that the relic of his friend would remain in his possession. Mary was in despair. At length the amiable Mrs. Williams undertook to obtain the fulfilment of Mary's wishes. She wrote to Hunt, and represented how grievous and melancholy it was that Shelley's remains should become a source of dissension between his dearest friends. She obtained her purpose. Hunt said that she had brought forward the only argument that could have induced him to yield."

The question whether Mrs. Shelley was qualified to comprehend and sympathise with her husband may be unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative. It does not follow that there may not have been times when he desired even a fuller and deeper sympathy; we know from himself that there were. It is no disparagement to her that, in common with all the rest of the world at the time, she should have been incapable of appreciating the most visionary and spiritual passages of a new apocalypse of poetry. Shelley's prelude to the *Witch of Atlas* expresses some natural disappointment, but he may afterwards have thought upon Wordsworth's deep saying, that every great poet must create the taste by which he is to be judged. Unquestionably, however, the real cause of the imperfection of sympathy consisted in the impossibility of assuaging the cravings of an imagination perpetually outstripping all human conditions and limitations. Shelley knew this perfectly. "Some of us," he says, "have in a prior state of existence been in love with an Antigone, and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie." Dissatisfaction, however, with mortal limitations must occasionally extend to the individuals in whom these are impersonated. About the same period Shelley wrote, "I only feel the want of those who can understand me. Whether from proximity and the continuity of domestic intercourse, Mary does not. The necessity of concealing from her thoughts that would pain her [about Godwin's affairs] necessitates this, perhaps. It is the curse of Tantalus that a person possessing such excellent powers and so pure a mind as hers, should not excite the sympathy indispensable to their application to domestic life." In all this there is nothing more than an ordinary passage in the experience of sensitive persons. There is nothing approaching the anguish of even the domestic Wordsworth's lament that the fount of "murmuring, sparkling, living love" should have become "a comfortless and hidden well."¹ Yet no one ever doubted Mrs. Wordsworth's affection for, or appreciation of, her husband. As regards Mrs. Shelley, the case is best summed up in her own touching words—words which will convince any feeling and fair-minded man, that though she did not deem herself wholly exempt from self-reproach, her reproach, if severe, must have been excessive:—

(1) *A Complaint.*

"Not having been able to be all I should have been, I will at least bear my penance well; and not making my Shelley as happy as he deserved to be, I will at least make him happy where he is now—if he can be conscious of my constancy and patience."

The reader will not readily detect either the "torment" or the "rhapsodies" ascribed to Mrs. Shelley by Mr. Trelawny in this quiet utterance of a chastened spirit. It is taken from a series of letters written the year after Shelley's death, portions of which it seems proper to publish in justice both to Mrs. Shelley's warmth of gratitude and Mr. Trelawny's substantial desert, even though he has spoiled the pleasure I expected to have had in printing them.

"ALBARO, July.

"The day after Marianne's confinement, the 9th of June, seeing all went prosperously, I told Lord Byron that I was ready to go, and he promised to provide means. When I talked of going first, it was because he said that I should do so, at the same time declaring that he would regulate all himself. I waited in vain for these arrangements.¹ But, not to make a long story, he chose to transact our negotiation through Hunt, and gave such an air of unwillingness, and sense of the obligation he conferred, as at last provoked Hunt to say there was no obligation, since he owed me £1,000. 'Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door.' Still keeping up an appearance of amity with Hunt, he has written notes and letters so full of contempt against me and my lost Shelley that I could stand it no longer, and have refused to receive his still proffered aid for my journey. This, of course, delays me. I could make about £30 of my own. I do not know whether this is barely sufficient, but as the delicate constitution of my child would oblige me to rest several times on my journey, I cannot persuade myself to commence it with what is barely necessary. I have therefore written to Trelawny for the sum required, and must wait till I hear from him."

"ALBARO, July 23, 1823.

"I have at last fixed with the vetturino. I depart on the 25th. I leave Italy. I return to the dreariest reality after having dreamed away a year in this blessed and beloved country.

"Lord Byron, Trelawny, and Pierino Gamba sailed for Greece on the 17th. I did not see the former, a remnant of shame caused him to avoid me. If he were mean, Trelawny more than balanced the moral account. His whole conduct during his last stay here has impressed us all with an affectionate regard, and perfect faith in the unalterable goodness of his heart."

Poor Mrs. Shelley, she judged her friend's heart by her own.

"ST. JEAN DE LA MAURIENNE, July 30, 1823.

"I told you of the departure of Lord Byron and Trelawny for Greece, the former escaping with all his crowns, and the other disbursing till he had barely £10 left. It went to my heart to borrow the sum from him necessary to make up my journey, but he behaved with so much quiet generosity that one was almost glad to put him to that proof and witness the excellence of his heart. In this and in another trial he acquitted himself so well that he gained all our hearts—while the other—but more when we meet."

"I left Genoa Friday 25th. Hunt and Thornton accompanied me the first twenty miles. This was much you will say for Hunt. But, thank heaven! we

(1) It is right to state that I, for my part, believe Byron's conduct in this and similar instances to have been less due to meanness than to caprice.—R. G.

are now the best friends in the world. He set his heart on my quitting Italy with as comfortable feelings as possible; and he did so much that, notwithstanding all the wrenching and riving such an event, joined to parting with so dear a friend, occasioned me, yet I have borne up with better spirits than I could in any way have hoped. It is a delightful thing to be able to expend one's affection upon an old and tried friend like Hunt, and so passionately attached to my Shelley as he was and he is. It is pleasant also to find oneself loved by one who loves him. You know somewhat of what I suffered during the winter during his alienation from me. He was displeased with me for many just reasons, but he found me willing to expiate, as far as I could, the evil I had done; his heart was again warmed, and if when I return you find me more amiable, and more willing to suffer with patience than I was, it is to him that I owe this benefit, and you may judge if I ought not to be grateful to him. I am even so to Lord Byron, who was the cause that I staid at Genoa, and thus secured me one who, I am sure, will never change."

• "PARIS, *Aug.* 13, 1823.

"I have three good friends in the world, and ought to be content. I have you—you, I trust, love me. I have Hunt, who, with his characteristic enthusiasm, has me now as much at heart as I was away from it a little while ago. And I have Trelawny, by whose aid I made up the money sufficient to come to England. And when I tell you all of him that I can, in addition to what you know already, you will have admiration for the rough outside with the gentle heart."

It would have been delightful to be able to publish these effusions of grateful and trusting affection without a word to impair Mr. Trelawny's satisfaction in reading them. *Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin*. If Mr. Trelawny be the man he would be thought, their perusal will occasion him some compunction, and in that case it will be unnecessary to add another word. If otherwise—well, then it will also be unnecessary.

Let us now pass to Shelley himself. The additional strokes tending to complete, and in general to confirm Mr. Trelawny's portrait of him in his latter days, are to be derived from his own correspondence and the testimony of those admitted to his intimate acquaintance. An unassuming but valuable contribution of the latter description remains to be made by the publication of the little diary irregularly kept by Williams during Shelley's residence at Pisa and Lerici, a portion of which, chiefly relating to boating incidents, has been published in Mrs. Shelley's edition of her husband's prior works. The remainder is far more important. If not recording many very noteworthy incidents, with the exception of some more fully narrated elsewhere, and accordingly condensed or omitted here, it preserves many of the minute traits by which character is most distinctly revealed. Its value, however, consists less in any particular statement than in the close contact allowed us with Shelley through the reporter's singular ingenuousness and single-mindedness. Many writers from observation well-nigh shut out their subject by the interposition of themselves. Williams's personality is transparent; as an observer he is almost impersonal.

"Went in the summer to Pugnano—passed the first three months in writing a play entitled *The Promise, or a year, a month and a day*. S. tells me if they accept it, he has great hopes of its success before an audience, and his hopes always enliven mine.

"Oct. 23.—Jane and myself go to Pisa to look for lodgings for the winter, and looking through a very fine house, the man who was showing it, taking Jane mysteriously aside, said, by way of commendation, '*Si ramment, Signora, che ha la scala segreta.*' A very necessary accommodation for an Italian lady, but not having any temptations for us we could not come to terms.

"Oct. 26.—As a poet Shelley is certainly the most imaginative of the day, and if he applied himself to human affections he would be the greatest. His greatest fault is ignorance of his own worth. He asked me yesterday what name he should fix to the drama he is now engaged with. I proposed *Hellas*, which he will adopt. I mention the circumstance, as I was proud at being asked the question, and more so that the name pleased him.

"Nov. 4.—Lord Byron arrived on Thursday. 'His *Cain*,' Shelley says, 'is second to nothing of the kind.'

"Nov. 5.—Shelley read me some passages of his *Hellas*, which are very fine, and his translation of the only Greek farce which has been handed down to us (the *Cyclop*).

"In the evening S. introduced me to Lord Byron, on whom we called. So far from his having haughtiness of manners, they are those of the most unaffected and gentlemanly ease, and so far from his being (as is generally imagined) wrapt in melancholy and gloom, he is all sunshine and good humour. On our taking leave, he took up a book from the table, saying, 'I will lend you others to-morrow, in the meantime you will find something in the "*Annuaire Historique Universel*" to amuse you, besides the general matter it contains, for at the end it takes infinite pains to prove that I am the devil.'

"Nov. 6.—Commenced writing out for S. a fair copy of his *Hellas*. In the evening Lord B. calls with Countess G. and her brother. Told us of a singular accusation against him—that he has gained £500 by writing puffs for Day and Martin's blacking.

"Nov. 7.—Call on Lord B. by appointment to practise pistol shooting in his garden, but on application to the governor all firing within the city walls is forbidden. He lends me a small pamphlet, now printing, called '*Some Observations*,' but upon S.'s recommendation does not intend to publish it.

"Nov. 9.—In the evening Shelley reads aloud '*The Vision of Judgment*.'

"Nov. 10.—Finish the notes and preface to *Hellas*. . . . If such a poem becomes popular, we may flatter ourselves with having advanced a step towards improvement and perfection in all things, moral and political.

"Nov. 11.—In the evening S. proposes to me to assist him in a continuation of the translation of Spinoza's Theologico-political tract, to which Lord B. has consented to put his name, and to give it greater currency, will write the life of that celebrated Jew to preface the work.

"Nov. 12.—S. and I commence Spinoza, that is to say, I write while he dictates. Write from page 178 to 188.

"Nov. 13.—Write fifteen pages. S. talks of printing here.

"Nov. 14.—Four and a half pages. Walk with Jane and find Medwin on our arrival at home, who left Geneva on the 23rd.

"Nov. 18.—S. reads to Medwin his '*Essay on Poetry*.'

"Nov. 19.—Call on Lord B. Have a long argument with him about women, in which S. tells that he lost ground. However, experience has not taught him to say much in their favour.

"Nov. 25.—M. confined with rheumatism, and S. with leeches on his side.

(1) [In reply to Bowles.]

(2) "They sat for several hours drinking brandy and water, that is, Magnus imbibing the alcohol and Mordaunt the element."—*Pirate*.

"Nov. 29.—(Anecdote of the Italian who undertook to provide for S. at 10,000 crowns a year. Wrongly told by Trolawny.)

"Dec. 2.—Pistol shooting. Lord B. hit, at the distance of twelve yards, the bull's eye four times, and the half-crown three. The last shot struck the piece of money so exactly in the centre that it was afterwards found with the ball enclosed within it, the sides being drawn to the centre like a three-cornered cocked hat.

"Dec. 3.—S. hits the half-crown.

"Dec. 12, 13.—(Burning the heretic at Lucca.)

"Dec. 14.—In the evening went to S., who read aloud a poem of Lord B.'s which he had only finished the day before. It is called 'Heaven and Earth, a Mystery.'

"Dec. 21.—Lord B. told me that he had commenced a tragedy from Miss Lee's German tale (Werner), and had been fagging at it all day.

"Dec. 30.—S. is thinking of a tragedy to be founded on the story of Timon of Athens, but adapted to modern times. An admirable theme for him.

"Jan. 2.—Heard of Polidori's suicide, which was effected by a subtle poison of his own composition. Three things that Byron would do which P. could not do—hit the key-hole with a pistol, swim across the river, and give P. a d—d good thrashing. (More poetically told by Moore.)

"Jan. 6.—Lord B. asked to subscribe to a flying-machine, to be worked by steam. After a conversation with S., have serious thoughts of taking in hand a steam-yacht to work between Leghorn and Genoa.¹

"Jan. 8.—Mary read to us the two first acts of Lord B.'s *Werner*. . . S. sat down to Charles I. about five days since. It is exceedingly to be regretted that Shelley does not meet with greater encouragement; a mind such as his, powerful as it is, requires *guttle leading*.

"Jan. 9.—Dined with Lord B. He told me that during the composition of the 'Corsair' he was in a very low state of mind, turning night into day, the sight of which he could not endure. Completed the poem in ten nights, and almost without correcting a line. 'The Bride of Abydos' he wrote in three days, but 'Lara' cost him longer than any of the others, having been composed on the return from several parties during a very gay season of his life.

"Jan. 10.—Call on Taaffo, and consult with him about the life of Celestino V. and Boniface VIII., of whom I entertain serious thoughts of composing a tragedy. Read the sketch of it to S., who is much pleased with it, but does not think it would perform.

"Jan. 11.—Sgricci passes the evening here.

"Jan. 14.—Trolawny arrives.

"Jan. 15.—Trolawny calls, and brought with him the model of an American schooner, on which it is settled with S. and myself to build a boat 30 feet long, and T. writes to Roberts at Genoa to commence on it directly.

"Jan. 26.—S. sent us some beautiful but too melancholy lines ('The Serpent is shut out from Paradise,' &c.).

"Feb. 2.—Fino warm day. Jane accompanies Mary and S. to the seashore through the Cascini. They return about 3. (The excursion immortalised in Shelley's poem, 'The Recollection'.)

"Feb. 5.—T. wrote definitively to Roberts.

"Feb. 12.—Consulted with S. about a new tragedy. T. called and brought with him R.'s drawing of Lord B.'s boat.

"Feb. 18.—Jane unwell. S. turns physician. Called on Lord B., who talks of getting up *Othello*. Laid a wager with S. that Lord B. quits Italy before six months. Jane put on a Hindostance dress and passed the evening with Mary, who had also the Turkish costume.

(1) Shelley's indomitable persistency in this apparently defunct project is a good illustration of his remark to Mr. Trolawny: "I always go on until I am stopped, and I never am stopped."

"Feb. 25.—My play to be called *Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua*.

"March 2.—Met S. in his boat, sailed back with him.

"March 3.—Read part of my first act to S. He found some faults, but generally approved.

"March 8.—Dined with Lord B. During dinner S. repeated some of the finest lines of 'Childe Harold,' and Lord B., after listening to a stanza, cried, 'Heavens! S., what infinite nonsense are you quoting?'

"March 12.—(Lord B. promises to write a prologue and epilogue to W.'s play.)

"March 14.—S. and T. sailed in the boat, and on our return in passing the bridge were hailed by the Custom House officers. Not, however, paying any attention to them, we having frequently passed without interruption, they seized the boat, threaten to imprison our servant, and without our paying 50 livres they declare it shall become their property. S. wrote to the minister of police about it. (Boat ordered to be given up.)

"March 20.—Walked with S. along the banks of the Arno. Took our writing materials, and while S. translated Calderon's 'Cyprian,' I wrote some revisions.

"March 23.—(Affair of the dragoon.)

"March 25.—(Report that Taaffe is confined in Lord B.'s house 'guarded by bulldogs.')

"March 26.—S. comes to breakfast. He received a note from a lady last night, desiring him not to venture near her house after dark, for the friends of the dragoon were on the look out for him, although they did not consider him as most to blame.

"March 27.—Taaffe, who during this affair could not be found, and has since talked so greatly of his valour, has been named by Jane 'False Taaffe.'

"April 10.—S. receives his *Hellas*. Trelawny dined and passed the evening. We talked of a play of his singular life, and a plot to give it the air of a romance. (The *Fragments of an Unfinished Drama*, which seem accordingly to be rather later in date than I had surmised when editing the additions to them in the 'Relics of Shelley.')

"April 19.—Mary and the Guiccioli examined five hours. C. and T. dined here.

"April 20.—Called on Lord B.: met Rogers the poet there, an old decrepid man, whose face bespeaks great imbecility of mind, but whose works prove the contrary.

"April 21.—Call on S. Talk over the subject of the play. He gave me a long lecture on the drama. Put me in bad spirits with myself. C. passed the evening.

"April 22.—My birthday. Forget whether born in 1793 or 1794. T. examined. *I interpret.

"April 23.—Left Pisa for Spezzia with C. and Jane.

"April 25.—Returned to Pisa. Meet S., his face bespoke his feelings. C.'s child was dead, and he had the office to break it to her, or rather not to do so; but fearful of the news reaching her ears to remove her instantly from this place.

"April 26.—Mary, C., and Trelawny depart for Spezzia. Poor C. quite unconscious of the burthen on her friends' minds.

"April 27.—Dragoon recovered. Shelley, Jane and I, nurse and children leave for Pietra Santa.

"June 23.—During the night S. sees spirits, and alarms the whole house.

(Mrs. Shelley's story to be related in a subsequent part of this paper. Incorrectly told by Trelawny, vol. i. p. 163.)

"June 29.—Shelley's books arrive from Genoa.

(1) The most interesting passages of the diary, between April 27 and this date, have already been published by Mrs. Shelley in her notes to Shelley's correspondence.

"June 30.—Read some of Shelley's 'Queen Mab,' an astonishing work. The enthusiasm of his spirit breaks out in some admirable passages in the poetry, and the notes are as subtle and elegant as he could now write."

(Note by Mrs. Shelley.)

"So I have finished this task. The later pages cost me all my fortitude, and were wrung letter by letter from my pen in agony."

"Dearest Edward; beloved friend; you do not even now forget me! I trust. The memory of your gentle voice, expressive countenance, and endearing manners, are a principal part of that which, twisted with every fibre of my frame, is my soul and life far more than the dull hours of this new-named year, and vainly returning sun."

There is nothing so interesting in this interesting record as its testimony to Shelley's study of Spinoza, whom he had taken up in his very first year of authorship in a spirit of boyish bravado, but to whom he must have recurred with very different feelings. The abortive translation must have progressed at least as far as Spinoza's sixth definition—"Per Deum intelligo ens absolute infinitum, hoc est, substantiam constantem infinitis attributis, quorum unumquodque eternam et infinitam essentiam exprimit." The dissemination of such sentiments seems a singular employment for an atheist, unless the term is to be understood as denoting one whose conceptions of Deity transcend those of ordinary men. Mr. Trelawny and his episcopal acquaintance (vol. ii. p. 224) seem determined to fix it upon Shelley in the vulgarest sense, and would no doubt be equally ready to apply it to Spinoza. "It appears," says Lachesis to Proserpine in Lord Beaconsfield's *Infernal Marriage*, "it appears that your Majesty, though a Goddess, is an Atheist."

Shelley, however, is always the best interpreter of himself. It will not have escaped careful students that his correspondence becomes richer in self-portraiture towards the close of his career. The magnificent descriptions of nature and art in which he formerly delighted become rare, but there is more of retrospection and introspection. Especially is this the case with the last letter of importance he ever wrote, which it is now my privilege to offer to the world. Written only twenty days before his death, it contains his last thoughts and his best, and far surpasses any similar document in autobiographic interest. It conveys his opinion of some of the most characteristic of his writings, offers some approach to a general estimate of his own position, and with an instinctive foreboding too soon to be interpreted, breathes the conviction that the crisis of his destiny is at hand, and that the equilibrium he is now enjoying can be maintained no longer. The solution of the problem he could not foresee.

"Where a smooth spot
Of glassy quiet 'mid those battling tides
Is left, the boat paused shuddering. Shall it sink
Down the abyss? Shall the reverting stress
Of that resistless gulf embosom it?
Now shall it fall?"

"LERICI, June 18, 1822.

"In my doubt as to which of your most interesting letters I shall answer, I quash the business one for the present, as the only part of it that requires an answer requires also maturer consideration. In the first place I send you money for postage, as I intend to indulge myself in plenty of paper and no crossings. Mary will write soon; at present she suffers greatly from excess of weakness, produced by a severe miscarriage, from which she is now slowly recovering. Her situation for some hours was alarming, and as she was totally destitute of medical assistance I took the most decisive resolutions, and by dint of making her sit in ice, I succeeded in checking the hemorrhage and the fainting fits, so that when the physician arrived all danger was over, and he had nothing to do but to applaud me for my boldness. She is now doing well, and the sea-baths will soon restore her. I have written to Ollier to send his account to you. The 'Adonais' I wished to have had a fair chance, both because it is a favourite with me and on account of the memory of Keats, who was a poet of great genius, let the classic party say what it will. 'Hellas' too I liked on account of the subject—one always finds some reason or other for liking one's own composition. The 'Epipsychidion' I cannot look at; the person whom it celebrates was a cloud instead of a Juno; and poor Ixion starts from the centaur that was the offspring of his own embrace. If you are curious, however, to hear what I am and have been, it will tell you something thereof. It is an idealised history of my life and feelings. I think one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal.

"Hunt is not yet arrived, but I expect him every day. I shall see little of Lord Byron, nor shall I permit Hunt to form the intermediate link between him and me. I detest all society—almost all, at least—and Lord Byron is the nucleus of all that is hateful and tiresome in it. He will be half mad to hear of these memoirs.¹ As to me, you know my supreme indifference to such affairs, except that I must confess I am sometimes amused by the ridiculous mistakes of these writers. Tell me a little what they say of me besides my being an atheist. One thing I regret in it, I dread lest it should injure Hunt's prospects in the establishment of the journal, for Lord Byron is so mentally capricious that the least impulse drives him from his anchorage. . . . The Williamses are now on a visit to us, and they are people who are very pleasing to me. But words are not the instruments of our intercourse. I like Jane more and more, and I find Williams the most amiable of companions. She has a taste for music, and an elegance of form and motions that compensate in some degree for the lack of literary refinement. You know my gross ideas of music, and will forgive me when I say that I listen the whole evening on our terrace to the simple melodies with excessive delight. I have a boat here. It cost me £80, and reduced me to some difficulty in point of money. However, it is swift and beautiful, and appears quite a vessel. Williams is captain, and we drive along this delightful bay in the evening wind under the summer moon until earth appears another world. Jane brings her guitar, and if the past and the future could be obliterated,² the present would content me so well that I could say with Faust to the passing moment, 'Remain thou, thou art so beautiful.' O—is with us, and the death of her child seems to have restored her to tranquillity. Her character is somewhat altered. She is vivacious and talkative; and though she tenses me sometimes, I like her. . . . Lord Byron, who is at Loughorn, has fitted up a splendid vessel, a small schooner on the

(1) Apparently the publication referred to in Shelley's letter to Trelawny (vol. i. p. 148). I do not know what it was.

(2) "The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not.
But soon——"

—Lines in the Bay of Lerici, written about this time.

American model, and Trelawny is to be captain. How long the fiery spirit of our pirate will accommodate itself to the caprice of the poet remains to be seen. . . .

"I write little now. It is impossible to compose except under the strong excitement of an assurance of finding sympathy in what you write. Imagine Demosthenes reciting a Philippic to the waves of the Atlantic. Lord Byron is in this respect fortunate. He touched the chord to which a million hearts responded, and the coarse music which he produced to please them, disciplined him to the perfection to which he now approaches. I do not go on with Charles the First. I feel too little certainty of the future, and too little satisfaction with regard to the past to undertake any subject seriously and deeply. I stand, as it were, upon a precipice, which I have ascended with great, and cannot descend without greater peril, and I am content if the heaven above me is calm for the passing moment.

"You don't tell me what you think of 'Cain.' You send me the opinion of the populace, which you know I do not esteem. I have read several more of the plays of Calderon. *Los Dos Amantes del Cielo* is the finest, if I except one scene in the *Devocion de la Cruz*. I read Greek, and think about writing.

"I don't think much of—not admiring Metastasio; the *nil admirari*, however justly applied, seems to me a bad sign in a young person. I had rather a pupil of mine had conceived a frantic passion for Marini himself, than that she had found out the critical defects of the most deficient author. When she becomes of her own accord full of genuine admiration for the finest scene in the *Purgatorio*, or the opening of the *Paradiso*, or some other neglected piece of excellence, hope great things. Adieu, I must not exceed the limits of my paper, however little scrupulous I seem about those of your patience.

"P. B. S.

"I waited three days to get this pen mended, and at last was obliged to write."

Some of the points dwelt upon in this inestimable letter—Byron, Faust, the Williamses—derive additional illustration from another much shorter and slighter one, addressed to the same friend five months previously. During the last period of his life a greater concentration of thought is observable, with less ardour and volatility. He recurs more frequently to the same ideas, loves to brood over them and keep them steadily before him. It was a lull predicting a new intellectual crisis, probably to have been followed by a period of great activity.

"One thing I rejoice to hear, that your health is better. So is mine, but my mind is like an overworked racehorse put into an hackney coach. What think you of Lord Byron now? Space wondered less at the swift and fair creations of God, when he grew weary of vacancy, than I at this spirit of an angel in the mortal paradise of a decaying body. So I think, let the world envy while it admires, as it may.

"We have just got the etchings of *Faust*, the painter is worthy of Goethe. The meeting of him and Margaret is wonderful. It makes all the pulses of my head beat—those of my heart have been quiet long ago. The translations, both these and in *Blackwood*, are miserable. Ask Coleridge if their stupid mis-intelligence of the deep wisdom and harmony of the author does not spur him to action. You will have heard of the Hunts, and of all my perplexities about them. The Williamses are well. Mrs. W— more amiable and beautiful than ever, and a sort of spirit of embodied peace in the midst of our circle of tempests. So much for first impressions!"

"The extension of our sphere in perception in dreams," says

Schopenhauer; "may proceed so far as to abolish the limitations, not merely of space, but also of time." He then, following the oldest Greek writers on the subject, proceeds to distinguish between the theoretic dream, in which the event to come is distinctly presented to the perception, and the allegorical, in which it is represented in hieroglyphic. The philosopher would have found ample support for his searching yet mystical speculations in the visions which, near the supreme moment, besieged not only Shelley himself but those intimately associated with him, partly presentiment making itself objectively visible, partly, no doubt, inspired by the romantic solitude and marine music of his residence. Mrs. Shelley writes—

"Shelley was at first in perfect health, but having overfatigued himself one day, and then the fright my illness gave him, caused a return of nervous sensations and visions, as bad as in his worst times. I think it was the Saturday of my illness, while, yet unable to walk, I was confined to my bed, in the middle of the night I was awoke by hearing him scream and come rushing into my room. I was sure that he was asleep, and tried to wake him by calling to him, but he continued to scream, which inspired me with such a panic that I got out of bed and ran across the hall to Mrs. Williams's room, where I fell, through weakness, though I was so frightened that I got up again immediately. She let me in, and Williams went to Shelley, who had been wakened by my getting out of bed. He said he had not been asleep, and it was a vision that he saw that had frightened him. But as he declared that he had not screamed, it was certainly a dream, and no waking vision. He dreamt that, lying as he did in bed, Edward and Jane came in to him. They were in the most horrible condition; their bodies lacerated, their bones starting through their skins, their faces pale, yet stained with blood, they could hardly walk, but Edward was the weakest, and Jane was supporting him. Edward said, Get up, Shelley, the sea is flooding the house, and it is all coming down. Shelley got up, as he thought, and went to his window that looked on the terrace and the sea, and he thought he saw the sea rushing in. Suddenly the vision changed, and he saw the figure of himself strangling me—that made him rush into my room—yet, fearful of frightening me, he dared not approach the bed, when my jumping out awoke him, or, as he phrased it, caused his vision to vanish."

Nothing, it will be observed, could convince Shelley that his dream was not a waking vision, whose incidents had been witnessed by himself with open eyes, even though only as a phantasmagoria. The preternatural intensity of his waking senses evidently extended to his dreams, and this peculiar idiosyncrasy sufficiently explains such mysterious occurrences in his life as the nocturnal encounter at Tanyrallt, which some have accepted as a fact, and others suspected as a mystification.

Mrs. Shelley continues—

"The next morning he told us he had had many visions lately; he had seen the figure of himself which met him as he walked on the terrace, and said to him, 'How long do you mean to be content?'"

This story has been related before, but lamely. It proves the great impression which the problem of *Faust* had made upon Shelley. The idea is again expressed in the letter printed above, which was written a few days previously. The wild and startling superstition

of *Doppelgänger* had impressed Shelley's imagination at an earlier date. He had told in *Prometheus Unbound*, how

"The Magus Zoroaster
Met his own image walking in the garden."

But, although there is perhaps nothing very extraordinary in Shelley's being thus visible to himself in a disembodied state, it is less easy to account for his apparition to others unaccustomed to behold phantasms and under no mental influence likely to evoke them.

"Jane, says Mrs. Shelley, was standing one day—the day before I was taken ill—at a window that looked on the terrace, with Trelawny. She saw, as she thought, Shelley pass by the window, as he often was then, without coat or jacket; he passed again. Now, as he passed both times the same way, and as from the side towards which he went each time there was no way to get back except past the window again (except over a wall twenty feet from the ground), she was struck at seeing him pass twice thus, and looked out, and seeing him no more, she cried, 'Good God! can Shelley have leapt from the wall? Where can he be gone?' 'Shelley!' said T. 'No Shelley has passed here; what do you mean?' And it proved, indeed, that Shelley had never been on the terrace, and was far off at the time she saw him."

Nor was the catastrophe which terminated Shelley's life unaccompanied by those mysterious intimations so hard to explain—or to explain away.

"He took leave of Mrs. Mason in high spirits on Sunday. 'Never,' said she, 'did I see him look happier than the last glance I had of his countenance.' On Monday he was lost. On Monday night she dreamt that she was somewhere—she knew not where—and he came, looking very pale, and fearfully melancholy. She said to him, 'You look ill, you are tired, sit down and eat.' 'No,' he replied, 'I shall never eat more. I have not a soldo left in the world.' 'Nonsense,' said she, 'this is no inn; you need not pay.' 'Perhaps,' he answered, 'it is the worse for that.' Then she awoke, and going to sleep again, she dreamed that my Percy was dead, and she awoke crying bitterly, so bitterly, and felt so miserable, that she said to herself, 'Why, if the little boy should die, I should not feel it in this manner.' She was so struck with these dreams that she mentioned them to her servant the next day, saying that she hoped all was well with us."

Since the publication of Mr. Trelawny's first edition, attention has been directed to the alleged dying declaration of an old Italian sailor, which would prove that Shelley's death was not accidental. He stated that "he was one of the crew that ran down the boat containing Shelley and Williams, which was done under the impression that the rich 'mild' Byron' was on board with lots of money. They did not intend to sink the boat, but to board her and murder Byron. She sank as soon as she was struck." A similar explanation of Shelley's fate is suggested in Leigh Hunt's *Byron and his Contemporaries*, and the story of the confession itself is referred to in Dr. Lee's work on the health-resorts of the Mediterranean, edition of 1872. Since the appearance (December, 1875) of the correspondence in the *Times* reprinted by Mr. Trelawny, the matter has been further

(1) "His face burned by the sun, and his heart light that he had succeeded in rendering the Hunts tolerably comfortable."

investigated by two English ladies, honourably known in literature, who, during an Italian tour, turned aside to Lerici at the request of the writer of these pages. It seems established that such a declaration was made, but under circumstances which precluded all possibility of examining or verifying it; nor is it quite certain whether it related to Shelley's catastrophe or to some other. We are thus referred to the internal probabilities of the case. All agree that the *Don Juan* was not capsized. Captain Roberts, who recovered her and brought her into port, "first thought that she had been swamped by a heavy sea, but on closer examination, finding many of the timbers on the starboard quarter broken, he thought it certain that she must have been run down by a felucca in the squall." Mr. Peacock, also a good authority on nautical matters, considers it more likely that the damage was done by the dredging apparatus. Admitting the other opinion to be preferable, it is still to be inquired whether the collision was intentional or accidental. There are great difficulties in the way of the former theory. The Italian sailors could never have mistaken Shelley's little skiff for Byron's handsome yacht, nor does it appear why they should have supposed Byron to have been on board the former. They could not have attacked Shelley's boat in broad day, "amongst the many small craft scattered about" (Trelawny, vol. i. p. 187), and the subsequent darkness and tempest so graphically described by Mr. Trelawny would, one would have thought, have given them enough to do to take care of themselves. On the whole it seems most probable that the collision, if collision there was, was accidental.

Mr. Trelawny supplies further particulars respecting his own disinterested and imperishable services in connection with the recovery and cremation of Shelley's body. The copy of Keats found on the corpse, he might have added, was burned along with it. The *Æschylus* is preserved at Boscombe. Mr. Trelawny expresses some solicitude respecting the custody of Shelley's ashes in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. They assuredly have not been removed by Shelley's family, nor, as is hoped and believed, by any one else. He will also be gratified to learn that Shelley's heart is not "in an ornamental urn on a mantelshelf," but in a shrine especially dedicated to it, associated with other relics—the *Æschylus* already referred to—portraits, manuscripts, locks of hair, including one of Mr. Trelawny's own. To these, but on a distant day, let us trust, will probably be added the portrait of Mary Shelley in Mr. Trelawny's possession, with which, as he declared on occasion of her death, the strength of his affection would not suffer him to part, even though it was not his. The circumstance is in a measure honourable to Mr. Trelawny, demonstrating that he retained at least as late as 1851 the sentiments he had expressed so warmly in 1823.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE POLITICAL ADVENTURES OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

III.—FROM 1837 TO 1852.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S political adventures have three stages. The first, extending from 1826 to 1837, exhibits his beginnings in literature and politics, and shows how he struggled with reluctant constituencies until at last he forced his way into the House of Commons. It is really the most important of all, for in it the man was formed and displayed, and the peculiarities of his character and genius were disclosed with less restraint than afterwards. He gambolled with unchecked license. The fierce play of an untamed nature gave itself free vent. Afterwards, Lord Beaconsfield found it necessary to clothe himself in parliamentary, official, and social decorum. Only now and then in the wild sallies, and still oftener in the demure smile, do we see that the man is in disguise. Still, every now and then the aboriginal savage looks through his eyes, and occasionally shrieks in his voice, and displays itself in his excited gestures. The impish "nature breaks at seasons through the gilded pale." The next period is compressed within the years from 1837 to 1852. It records Lord Beaconsfield's struggles in the House of Commons to parliamentary toleration, to parliamentary recognition, to parliamentary eminence, through the spokesmanship first of a rather ridiculous coterie, then of an angry faction, and afterwards of an organized party, raising him into office, and the ministerial leadership in the House of Commons. Lord Beaconsfield began by wearing the livery of Peel; he then, with ribbons in his hat and tabor in his mouth, masqueraded as a rural swain, dancing with his young England companions round a Maypole; and finally in the breeches and top-boots of a stage squire, smacked his hunting whip against his thigh, denounced the villainy of the traitor Peel, who had deceived him and other simple-minded country gentlemen into a belief that he was a Protectionist, and a friend of the land and of the corn laws, while he was nothing but a manufacturer and free-trader. Lord Beaconsfield's rapid changes of costume and character resemble those of the elder and younger Mathews in some of their startling transformations. The third period of his political adventures, in which England now has the perilous honour and excitement of living, is that of his official and ex-official life. It extends from the year 1852 to this present month of June, 1878, and probably will extend considerably beyond it. It is really that which most interests the world; but the second period, which engages us now, must first be rapidly surveyed.

The year 1837 then saw Mr. Disraeli fairly launched in the career in which for more than forty years he has played a conspicuous, and for thirty of those forty, a distinguished, and on some questions, a decisive part. The law, since altered, required that a new parliament shall be summoned on the accession of a new sovereign; and he was a member of the first House of Commons that met under the reign of Queen Victoria. He had been elected for Maidstone. He won this victory not over his old enemies the Whigs, but over his former friends and allies, the Radicals, defeating the veteran Colonel Perronet Thompson. This Barrean preference on the part of the Kentish borough has since been atoned for by wiser elections to subsequent parliaments. Such triumphs of the sciolist and the adventurer over the man of pure and public purpose, of fixed principles, and of reasoned convictions, are, however, incidents of public life too common and natural to attract much attention. It has been Lord Beaconsfield's purpose in life to advance himself, and he has succeeded. It was the purpose of Colonel Perronet Thompson to advance the doctrines which he believed to be true, and to promote the reforms which he deemed to be necessary. Both have had the triumph which they most coveted. Each illustrates the value of singleness of purpose, be the purpose good or evil, in public or in private life. It is natural to desire that a man who promotes a great cause shall also promote himself. But the conditions of human life and character do not often allow of this double victory; and the man who has this twofold aim in view is not likely to realise either part of it. Usually he must either sacrifice himself to his cause, or his cause to himself. To desire to be disinterested and rewarded is a state of mind logically contradictory, but in practice too easily and too frequently realized. To strive only for principles, and to reap place and power, titles and decorations, public honour and popular gratitude, is a combination very flattering to that inward eye which is the bliss of meditative and ambitious solitude. The internal delight of satisfied virtue, and the gratified vanity of external honours, are scarcely to be had together except in the fanciful forecast of a sentimental virtue veiling personal greed. The man who has no cause but himself, and the man who, if we may say so, has no self but his cause, are alone likely to reach the goal that they set before them. The men who are a little for virtue and a great deal for themselves will probably end by being all for themselves, and so sink into the first class. The men who are too virtuous to be unscrupulous, but not virtuous enough to lose sight of themselves, will probably share the misfortune of the dog that courses two hares at once. Lord Beaconsfield has had one steady and consistent purpose through life; and, to use Burke's expression, he has varied his means in order to preserve the essential unity of

his end. To climb ever higher and higher, to fix more and more steadily the public gaze, to wield power, to receive and distribute honours, to be the talk of his coterie, of England, of Europe, of the world, has been his aim, and in this he has succeeded. No career ever illustrated more remarkably the virtues, if they be such apart from the ends to which they are directed, of steady and unshaken purpose, of perseverance, patience, and audacity, of the skill which knows when to wait and when to act. Lord Beaconsfield is the great modern professor and practitioner in its personal application of that doctrine of opportunism, which Peel, in its more legitimate political aspects, made a system in England, and to which the tactics of M. Gumbetta have given a name in France. The debauching effect of the French Empire, even upon such opponents as the Republican leader of France, is to be seen in his undisguised admiration for Lord Beaconsfield.

Lord Beaconsfield, who had been alternately a Tory-Radical, and a Radical-Tory, as convenience might dictate, appeared at Maidstone as a simple Conservative. For the next six or seven years of his life he can best be described by a term which had not then taken its place in political nomenclature. He was a Peelite, though not of course in the later meaning of the word, in which it denoted a school of political doctrine and practice. He was a Peelite in a more personal sense, such as that in which the "gallant, gay domestics" of High Life below Stairs assume the names, as they wear the livery, of the noblemen and gentlemen on whom they condescend to wait. His insight into personal character enabled him to single out the really capable man of his age. His perception of political tendencies led him to recognise that the hour was bringing his opportunity to the man; and he flung himself into the current which was carrying place and power, and meaner things and persons with it, to the feet of Peel. The impatience and alarmed prejudices of William IV. had anticipated matters. But the extraordinary skill and address with which Sir Robert Peel, in 4. 34—5, had maintained himself as the Minister of a minority, imposed by the royal pleasure upon a hostile Parliament and country, only showed that the approaching time had not yet arrived. It illustrated all the more signally the unrivalled ascendancy of the man. Curiously enough, it has fallen to Lord Beaconsfield to display more than once a somewhat similar power as the leader of a Government in a minority, before showing what he could do as a Prime Minister with an undisputed majority behind him. In 1836 Lord Beaconsfield had addressed one of the letters of Runnymede to Sir Robert Peel. It is characteristic of the upholsterer and ornamental gardener in the present Prime Minister, that his expressions of almost adoring confidence in the man are mingled with expressions of admiration of the big house, and

well laid-out grounds in which Sir Robert Peel spent his retirement. Lord Beaconsfield does not hate Persian displays or love a Sabine farm. A great man, not clothed in purple and fine linen, nor faring sumptuously every day, a great man moderately housed and attended, is to him scarcely a great man at all. "The halls and bowers of Drayton; those gardens and that library where you have realised the romance of Verulam and where you enjoy the lettered ease that Temple loved," rouse the ingenuous enthusiast to a rapturous eloquence which shows that George Robins need not have lacked a successor if Lord Beaconsfield had had anything but himself to put up to auction. These things are as essential to his image of Sir Robert Peel as the panoply of "your splendid talents and your spotless character." Sir Robert Peel was declared to be "like the Knight of Rhodes" in Schiller's heroic ballad, "the only hope of a suffering isle." The letter is a lyrical invocation, a sort of prose-parody on the ode in which Horace compared Augustus to Jupiter, to the equal discredit of the god, the emperor, and the poet. Lord Beaconsfield saw that the opportunity of Peel and of the Conservative party was coming, and he lost no time in proclaiming himself on the side of the winners.

The electioneering addresses at Maidstone were couched in the same vein as the letters of Runnymede. That personal and political hatred of the Whigs, which is one of the few things in which he has been consistent, is freely expressed. Lord Beaconsfield perceived that they were a declining and perishing party, though they still had a name to live, and persisted in existence from mere continuance. As a tree, whose roots are decaying in the earth, still for a season puts forth leaves and flowers, and sometimes bears good fruit, so the Whigs have for a generation produced useful measures. But practically their work was done in 1832. The Reform Bill, which was their greatest achievement, destroyed them as well as the abuses at which it was aimed. The conditions of political existence were wholly changed; and in these altered conditions the Whig party could not flourish. It is unjust to deny the genuineness of their Liberalism and the value of their services to Liberalism. Under the political conditions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the contest against the despotism of the later Stuarts, and against the pretensions of George III. to magnify the prerogatives and personal power of the Crown, could be waged with success only by the great houses. An oligarchical character was therefore almost of necessity impressed upon the defence of the principles of the constitution. The three statesmen whom, after Bolingbroke and Wyndham, Lord Beaconsfield most admires, are Chatham, Shelburne, and the younger Pitt. He eulogises their Liberal doctrines with respect to constitutional liberty, to freedom of trade, and Parliamentary

reform, as genuine Toryism. But they derived those doctrines from Whig traditions in the first case, to which in the two latter must be added the influence of Adam Smith's writings, and of personal intercourse with the Nonconformists Price and Priestley. There was nothing in Toryism to make Chatham and Shelburne advocates of American freedom, nor to make Shelburne and the younger Pitt defenders of free-trade. The men whom Lord Beaconsfield calls Tories were known in their own time more correctly as Chatham Whigs, that is to say, they were scarcely Whigs at all. They tried, with a real though a premature and inopportune wisdom, a wisdom therefore rather of speculation than of practice, to be Liberals without being Whigs. Chatham was strong enough in virtue of his wonderful ascendancy of personal character, and of his transcendent success in foreign policy and the conduct of our European wars, to hold his own against both the Crown and the great families. Shelburne, theoretically, and to some extent in practice, an advanced Liberal of the modern type, was obliged to strengthen himself by the support of the Crown against Whig oligarchy, and as theory often follows practice, he was led to formulate doctrines of a patriot king ruling independently of parties, which brought him dangerously near to the insidious Tory democracy of Bolingbroke. The domestic factions into which the French Revolution divided English parties made Pitt, who never was a Tory, the head of a Tory government and the agent of a Tory policy. But in all that does these men most honour, in all that makes party zealotry anxious to claim the sanction of their names, they were only not Whigs, because they were something more and better than Whigs. They were Liberals of a more modern type, endeavouring to emancipate themselves too soon from the conditions under which alone a Liberal policy was possible in the eighteenth century. They were thus drawn into dangerous alliances with Tory principle of personal rule, and in the case of Pitt into a Tory policy both in home and foreign politics. The Whigs were an oligarchical party, because the great families opposed the only organization by which the pretensions of the Crown could be effectually combated, and the principles established in 1689, could be defended against the Court and against Church-and-king mobs.

This strange combination of oligarchical rule and liberal principle, inevitable and useful though it was, had done its work in 1832. From that time it became an anachronism and an offence. A century and a half of struggle under these conditions has ineffaceably stamped its character upon the Whig aristocracy. A Whig is a Liberal who believes that Liberal principles can be only asserted under the guardianship and by the representatives of certain old families. He imports the historic conditions of the eighteenth century into

the nineteenth. He does not perceive that the Reform Act of 1832 in part, and that of 1867 almost completely, abolished him; and that modern Liberalism, whether it be moderate or advanced, exists under conditions involving his transformation or his departure from the political scene. The hot-house protection of an oligarchical party, needful to the delicate plant of constitutional freedom, is simply a hindrance to the health and development of the vigorous tree. The great noble in politics must share the fate of the patron in literature. The Whigs deserve that historic honour and political gratitude which Lord Beaconsfield denies them. But the doom which falls on those who have done their work, though it may have been a noble one, cannot be avoided. If, however, the aristocratic patronage of Liberal principles is obsolete, the equal service of Liberals of every class, patrician or plebeian, to the common cause is still to be desired. The principle of exclusion directed against men of rank and lineage would of course be as absurd as the principle of exclusion asserted by them. There is little danger in the present constitution of English society that any such proscription will be attempted. Name and birth and wealth will always have something more than their proper advantage, if any advantage be proper in English political life. If anything could revive Lord Beaconsfield's pet aversion, the Venetian oligarchy, it would be the re-establishment of that personal power of the Crown of which he has almost always been the advocate in theory, and which he seems inclined to assert in practice. But the popular power does not now need to shelter itself, like the towns of the Middle Ages, in the shadow of some feudal castle. It is not for Lord Beaconsfield to bring us back to the obsolete struggles of the time of Anne and of the first three Georges. England is no longer merely the spectatress, or the stake, of the game for ascendancy, played by monarchy and aristocracy.

The principal charge which Lord Beaconsfield has made against the Whigs is their indifference to the interests and feelings of the poor. The Condition-of-England question did not occupy them. No imputation is more entirely devoid of truth. The great characteristic of English politics since the passing of the Reform Act is the part which social politics have played in it. Either in principle or in actual fact the disputes of generations had been settled during the years which immediately preceded, or in those which closely followed, the great measure of 1832. Religious liberty, involving in its further development religious equality, won the victory which was sure to carry all the rest with it, when the Tests and Corporation Acts were repealed, and Catholic Emancipation was achieved. The system on which Ireland must be governed was decided when the latter measure was passed, and it was further acknowledged in the unsectarian character of the National System of

Education established in Ireland. The unsuccessful Appropriation Clause contained in principle Irish re-establishment; and the Civil Marriages Act was a further extrusion of the ecclesiastical principle by the secular in human affairs. The ascendancy of the democratic principle in the constitution, though yet waiting its accomplishment, had the promise of its fulfilment in the Reform Act of 1832. The Poor Relief Act, notwithstanding its imputed harshness, proclaimed to the poor the doctrine of energy and self-reliance, and emancipated them from a degrading and servile dependence on the alms of the rich. The legislation of Huskisson contained within it the germs of that passing of Free Trade, which has since been more completely developed than any other acknowledged principle in our legislation. The Municipal Corporations Act established local self-government, though it did not apply it completely and universally or thoroughly. The final severance, at the accession of the Queen, of the Crown of Hanover from that of England, was the pledge of a disentanglement from European projects and alliances, and symbolized the substitution of an insular for a continental policy in foreign affairs.

The Queen succeeded to an era of settled questions, of questions settled that is in principle, though their development and application still had to be contended for. Hence the calm and steady progress which has been the characteristic hitherto of her forty years' reign. The force of facts, that practical logic which may be disputed but cannot be long disobeyed, made Conservative as well as Liberal governments, Peel as well as Melbourne and Russell, the heads and instruments of that progress. The Reform Act, and the measures of civil, religious, and commercial freedom which immediately preceded and followed, called a new England into existence; and the first business of those who had created or discovered it was to survey the country, and trace what manner of land it was on which they were about to enter. Hitherto it had been a *terra incognita* to those who ruled it. Its new rulers did their best to find out what it was like. This was the period when, according to Sydney Smith, "the whole earth was in fact in commission." *Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas* is the phrase in which Lord Beaconsfield a few years ago summed up his domestic policy. Systematic inquiries into the prevalence of fever in the metropolis; into the need of open spaces; into the practice of interment in towns; into the conditions of the labouring classes, first in England and Wales, and afterwards in Scotland; into the employment of women and children in mines; the reduction of the hours of labour in factories; grants in aid of education;—these are but some of the proofs that the health of the people, physical and moral, from the first engaged the attention of the Liberal governments which ruled England during the opening years of the present reign. That they did not do more, was due in

part, no doubt, to their own hesitation and infirmity, but in a greater degree still to the resistance, on most of these questions, which they met from the party to which Lord Beaconsfield attached himself. Lord Beaconsfield's attempts to represent England as governed before the Reform Act by an oligarchy indifferent to the poor, and ruled since by a plutocracy hostile to them, have about as much historic truth as we look for, or at any rate find, in his statements.

The Parliament in which Lord Beaconsfield took his seat was elected under the Whig Ministry which the failure of King William IV.'s attempt to govern by a Conservative minority in the House of Commons had restored to office with a parliamentary majority, won at the general election of 1835. Its achievements had been the Municipal Corporation Act, the Tithe Commutation Act, the General Registration Act, the reduction of the stamp duty on newspapers and of the duty on paper, the Act allowing counsel to prisoners, and a partial reform of the jail system of the country—measures one of them of the first magnitude, and others important as being the first steps taken in a direction in which large advances have been made since. Its great failure was to give effect to the motion for the appropriation to educational purposes of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church, which had brought the Whigs back to office. The Ministry itself was in 1837 practically what it had been in 1835.

The letters of Runnymede abound in compliments to its leading members, who are addressed frankly in the second person. Lord Melbourne is "the sleekest swine in epicurean sty." "Contentible as you are," he is told—yet so-and-so, and so, which we need not quote. "With the exception of an annual oration against Parliamentary Reform, your career in the House of Commons was never remarkably distinguished." "When I recall to my bewildered memory the perplexing circumstance that William Lamb is Prime Minister of England, it seems to me that I recollect with labour the crowning incident of some grotesque dream." "It is perhaps hopeless that your lordship should rouse yourself from the embraces of that Siren Deridia, to whose fatal influence you are not less a slave than our second Charles." Mr. Disraeli's character of Lord Melbourne is a savage version of the well-known banter of Sidney Smith. Lord John Russell is informed: "Your character is a curious one . . . You were born with a strong ambition and a feeble intellect." He is flattered with the statements that "your intellect produced" in succession "the feeblest tragedy in our language," "the feeblest romance in our literature," and "the feeblest political essay on record." "Your memoirs of the Affairs of Europe . . . retailed in frigid sentences, a feeble compilation from the gossip of those pocket tomes of small talk, which abound in French literature . . . This luckless production closed your literary career ;

you flung down your futile pen in incapable despair; and your feeble intellect having failed in literature, your strong ambition took refuge in politics." As an orator, "cold, inanimate, with a weak voice, and a mincing manner, the failure of your intellect was complete." Under this double disappointment, "you subsided for some years into a state of listless moroseness, which was even pitiable." "This was the period when, among your intimates, you talked of retiring from that public life in which you had not succeeded in making yourself public, when you traced, like a feeble Catiline, the avenues of Holland House." "Your friends always treated you with a species of contempt." "A miniature Mokanna, you are now exhaling upon the constitution of your country. . . . all that long-hoarded venom and all those distempered humours that have for years accumulated in your petty heart, and tainted the current of your mortified life." Lord John Russell is told that he is "an infinitely small scarabæus." When the foreigner learns "that you are the leader of the House of Commons, our traveller may begin to comprehend how the Egyptians worshipped AN INSECT."

Later in Mr. Disraeli's career, it became his cue to flatter Lord Russell as resolutely as in the letters of Runnymede he had bespattered him. In *Coringby*, his "strong ambition" and "dark and dishonourable intrigues" are converted into "this moral intrepidity which prompts him ever to dare that which his intellect assures him is politic. He is consequently at the same time sagacious and bold in council; as an administrator, he is prompt and indefatigable." The "cold and inanimate" temperament, the "weak voice and mincing manner," "the imbecile accents that struggle for sound in the chamber echoing but a few years back with the glowing periods of Canning," become "physical deficiencies which even a Demosthenic impulse could scarcely overcome." But these disadvantages detract little from the parliamentary influence of a statesman who "is experienced in debate, quick in reply, fertile in resources, takes large views, and frequently compensates for a dry and hesitating manner by the expression of those noble truths that flash across the fancy, and rise spontaneously to the lips of men of poetic temperament when addressing popular assemblies." "The noble" of the Runnymede letters, "who with a historic name and no fortune, a vast ambition and a baulked career, and soured, not to say malignant, from disappointment," offered "prime materials for the leader of a revolutionary faction," becomes one whose "private life of dignified repute," and "the antecedents of whose birth and rank," added to the personal qualities before eulogised, make the best leader the Whigs have ever had or could have." The "individual" of Runnymede, "who, on the principle that good vinegar is the corruption of bad wine, has been metamorphosed from an

incapable author into an eminent politician," becomes in the biography of Lord George Bentinck an instance, along with Mr. Burke, "Caius Julius," and Frederick the Great, of the union of pre-eminent capacity, both in meditation and in action. It is pretty certain that Lord Beaconsfield never thought as ill or as highly of Lord John Russell as he has at different times pretended to do. The two characters which he has drawn of this eminent statesman throw light upon his treatment of Sir Robert Peel, for whom a different fate was reserved, to be first the victim of Lord Beaconsfield's praise, and then the object of his slander—"tooth that poisons as it bites."

We need not quote further flowers of speech from the garlands of compliments with which Lord Beaconsfield crowned the smaller members of the Whig cabinet which he found in power when he entered Parliament in 1837. But it may be interesting to recall some of the compliments which he addressed to Lord Palmerston. Lord Palmerston is described as a minister who has maintained himself in power "in spite of the contempt of a whole nation." "Our language commands no expression of scorn which has not been exhausted in the celebration of your character, there is no conceivable idea of degradation which has not been at some period or another associated with your career." He is congratulated on "that dexterity which has never deserted you, and which seems a happy compound of the smartness of an attorney's clerk and the intrigue of a Greek of the lower empire." Lord Palmerston's parliamentary shortcomings are attributed rather to "a want of breeding than to a deficiency of self-esteem. The leader of the Whig Opposition was wont to say . . . that your lordship reminded him of a favourite footman on easy terms with his mistress." The qualities exhibited in these elegant extracts are those which Lord Beaconsfield offered for sale, as he stood idle in the political market-place, because as yet no man had hired him. These gifts of political scurrility he brought with him into the House of Commons. He had shown them before in his encounters with O'Connell, and he was afterwards to display them in his tirades against Sir Robert Peel, at this period the subject of his unbounded eulogy.

The beginning of Lord Beaconsfield's parliamentary career did not give much promise of the distinction he has since obtained. We need not tell the old story of the failure of his first speech, and of the verified prediction of subsequent success which it contained. That was rather a cry of anguish, the breathing of "a hope which was too like despair for patience to smother," than an expression of reasonable and manly self-confidence, which in such circumstances would have waited for the event, rather than have vaunted itself in prospective braggadocio. Lord Beaconsfield discovered that he was a stranger in the House of Commons; and, with the instinct of

an intelligent foreigner, he set himself to learn the language and to acquire the usages of this strange community in which he found himself, and in which he was determined to push his fortunes. He spoke with moderate success on some of the principal topics that occupied this Parliament, working with the regular Opposition headed by Sir Robert Peel, but not taking a prominent part in it. The organized warfare of regular parties was not at that time suited to Mr. Disraeli's genius, which was then of the guerilla order. He went with what has since been called the "Front Opposition Bench," in resisting Lord John Russell's measures, without much discrimination as to their character. He spoke against the grants in aid of education, and against the Repeal of the Corn Laws, with respect to which and to Free-trade generally he followed the changing tactics and adapted himself to the growing Liberalism of Sir Robert Peel.

His most remarkable avowal was his declaration, which had some boldness and generosity, of sympathy with the Chartists, though he disapproved of the Charter. Lord Beaconsfield has shown from time to time imaginative sensitiveness for the sufferings of the poor, and an understanding of the motives which impelled the Chartist agitation. In *Sybil* we have the expressions of this sympathy, as in *Lothair* there is certainly an intelligent understanding, which seems to betray a covert liking for the revolutionary projects and leaders of the continent. A very little change in circumstances, or perhaps, we should rather say, a slight but vital modification of character, might have made Lord Beaconsfield the ally of Fergus O'Connor and the partisan of Mazzini. The hand which drew Walter Gerard and Stephen Morley, and Sybil herself, which sketched Mirandola and Captain Bruges and Theodora, the Marianne and the National Convention and the Fenian Brotherhood, is not that of a coarse caricaturist and assailant. There is a good deal of true insight and of kindly appreciation in Lord Beaconsfield's sketches of men and organizations, who to the vulgar and scared rich are objects at once of terror and contempt. But the thing never goes beyond an artistic sentiment. Chartists and Mazzinists are to him picturesque figures in a drama. There is as little that is moral in his feelings towards them, as in a sensitiveness to music. Lord Beaconsfield's fatal love of rank and wealth and power has made him always more ready to use the prejudices of their possessors for his own political advancement, than to combat them in the interests of persons and classes for whose sufferings he has shown in his novels and in his speeches a literary and oratorical tenderness, and whose aims he has understood and considerably interpreted. Acts of personal kindness are attributed to him, as in the case of the Chartist poet, Thomas Cooper, and we are glad to believe in their genuineness. The words of kindly compassion which Lord Beacons-

field gives to Mr. Smith O'Brien, in his life of Lord George Bentinck, are creditable to him. He can understand motives and characters which break loose from routine, even into hare-brained and Quixotic enterprises. Lord Beaconsfield could write a description of Mazzini, under the name of Mirandola, which even his friends might accept; but he vilified Mazzini in his own name and character, and pursued him in the persons of his friends in the House of Commons. He could make heroes of the Chartist leaders and respectable enthusiasts of Fenian head-centres, but he poured contempt on the obsolete advocates of stale sedition in Parliament. The fine and generous qualities which are not absent from Lord Beaconsfield's writings, are the weightiest condemnation of his public conduct. So far as practical politics are concerned, Lord Beaconsfield's sympathy for the sufferings of the poor, and his intelligence of their aims, even when most vain and mischievous, does little more than furnish a basis for his denunciations of Whig indifference to these things.

The Parliament which the hostile vote of 1841 brought to a close, left Lord Beaconsfield in a political position which might have made hopes of a junior lordship, or even an under-secretaryship, not unreasonable in the almost certain event of the general election returning a Conservative majority to the House of Commons. On the dissolution of Parliament, Lord Beaconsfield sought the suffrages, not of Maidstone, but of Shrewsbury. After a contest marked by the coarsest personalities, of which this time he was rather the object than the author, he was returned second on the poll, with a Conservative colleague, the Liberals being in a comparatively small minority. Sir Robert Peel was still the object of his unmeasured eulogy and of his unqualified confidence. He described himself as "his humble but fervent supporter." He used something like the language of a stage confidant, imparting secrets into which he had been admitted for the sake of reassuring the electors of Shrewsbury. Sir Robert Peel was almost too great a man for the merely finite intelligence of Lord Beaconsfield completely to grasp. He represented himself as baffled, "when he attempted to discover how from the scattered remnants of a political party Sir Robert Peel had collected a power sufficient to direct the fate of an empire . . . and in an age of quick transition he had discovered the tone and spirit of the age." The contemplation of such achievements left him lost in admiration for Sir Robert Peel's "great talents and matchless foresight." It was as a supporter of Sir Robert Peel, and nothing else, that he was elected for Shrewsbury in 1841, and he proclaimed the satisfaction which he had had in "writing to Sir Robert Peel to inform him that the electors of Shrewsbury had done their duty."

In August, 1841, the Whigs, who had appealed to the country,

faced on the ministerial benches a Conservative majority in the House of Commons. Practically they had been defeated at the general election upon the question of a modification of commercial legislation in the direction of freer trade, but the amendment to the Address which was moved by the Opposition did not directly raise that issue. In that fact was an indication, which Lord Beaconsfield at least understood, that Sir Robert Peel was not a candidate for power as a minister pledged to Protection. Whoever else may have been deceived, he was not. In the speech which he made on the motion of want of confidence, Lord Beaconsfield took pains to point out that Sir Robert Peel was not pledged to Protection, and moreover that it was not an article of the Tory creed. The election, he said, did not turn on the question of the import duties and of the commercial reforms proposed by the Whigs, but on their incapacity for affairs and their inability to carry out their own policy. The progress of commercial reform had been stopped by the Reform Act. In other words, the principles of Huskisson, of whom Peel had been the colleague, and was, in a certain sense, the successor, had failed to receive their proper development through the accession of the Whigs to power. In the debate on Sir Robert Peel's financial scheme of 1842, a scheme which practically, though timidly, applied the doctrines of free-trade, and which was introduced by the Prime Minister in a speech which stated and defended them theoretically, Lord Beaconsfield again vindicated both the measures and the doctrines of his chief. He repeated his statement that the Tories were the true and original free-traders. Mr. Pitt, in 1787, first promulgated free-trade principles, which were opposed by Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, which Lord Hawkesbury, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Wallace developed, which Mr. Huskisson received from them, and which Sir Robert Peel had taken up from him. The Tories passed from hand to hand the torch of sound economic doctrine which the Whigs strove to blow out. Sir Robert Peel was, in this respect, by a legitimate affiliation through the statesmen just named, the lineal descendant and true representative of Mr. Pitt. Afterwards, when the opportunity arose of heading the revolt against Sir Robert Peel on pretexts of which Lord Beaconsfield himself had years before shown the hollowness, he discovered that the true Free-Trader was the judicious Protectionist; and he invented a phrase to cover this ingenious combination. The phrase was "regulated competition." Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Huskisson, and the rest, were "regulated competitors." Competition is regulated when in a race you leave one runner free and tie the legs of the others. The barren question whether free-trade owes most to Tories or to Whigs is only part, however, of a larger discussion, of which Lord Beaconsfield has always been fond, and on which we have already spoken at some length. He has from

time to time contended that the Tories and not the Whigs are the true reformers. His case consists in a reference to the name of Mr. Pitt, who was the author of a project of household suffrage, and to those of Lord Shelburne and even Lord Chatham. These statesmen, as we have shown, were neither orthodox Whigs, still less genuine Tories. They were in their characteristic opinions, Reformers, who constituted in the eighteenth century the Liberal doctrine of the nineteenth century.

It is clear from what has preceded that Lord Beaconsfield understood perfectly this issue which was placed before the country in the general election of 1841, the principles of commercial policy on which Sir Robert Peel's Government was formed, and the character of its first measures of which the Repeal of the Corn Laws was the natural and inevitable development. In that Government, as all the world knows, he was not included. In one of the speeches which he made,—in that saturnalia of personal vilification in which the emancipated slave exceeded the extremest license of his order,—Sir Robert Peel referred to the fact that at one time Mr. Disraeli had given practical signs of his confidence in him by his expressed willingness to take office. Overtures, it is believed, were made which were not prosecuted, and the discontinuance of which was not perhaps explained with sufficient courtesy to the expectant minister, and has not been explained to the public. When the memoirs and correspondence of Sir Robert Peel are published, a disclosure, it is believed, will take place which will furnish a fresh illustration of, if it does not throw new light on the characters, of the two eminent men concerned. It is curious to reflect on what might have been Mr. Disraeli's career, had he taken the subordinate office under the new Conservative Government, which was dangled before his longing eyes only to be withdrawn from his grasp. It would possibly have been more respectable—it is not likely to have been so distinguished. Mr. Disraeli was scarcely the man to work his way up by parliamentary docility and administrative industry and success, through an ascending scale of more and more important parts, to a high place in the Cabinet. He is a man of surprises and seizures, likely either to gain everything by a bound, or to fall back bruised, and broken, and empty-handed. It might have been left to him, if Sir Robert Peel had been kinder, to illustrate, after the manner of the late Mr. Wilson Croker, that union of action and contemplation, of literature and affairs, of which Caius Julius, Frederick the Great, "both eminently literary characters," Mr. Burke, and Lord John Russell were signal instances, and to have furnished another Rigby to the mocking pen of some succeeding satirist. Fortune was better disposed to Mr. Disraeli than she seemed to be, and the under-secretary *manqué* was the material out of which the

Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister and the successor of Sir Robert Peel in the leadership of the Conservative party was framed.

The success of Sir Robert Peel's second administration was a disproof of the sorrowful foreboding with which the Duke of Wellington had beheld the accession of a female sovereign. The Duke of Wellington mournfully contrasted his own superficial graces and accomplishments and those of Sir Robert Peel with the fascinations of the adorable Melbourne. "There is no chance of a Conservative Government," he is reported to have said; "I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners." Happily, small talk and manners are not the conditions of office under a parliamentary system, even though it be a constitutional monarchy with a female sovereign on the throne. It is creditable to the Queen that no minister ever won her confidence and personal friendship so completely as Sir Robert Peel, unless, upon evidence happily as yet inconclusive, we are to make an exception of Lord Beaconsfield himself. Lord Beaconsfield is fond of dwelling upon Sir Robert Peel's defects of manner, his constraint and awkwardness, and his incapacity of making an after-dinner speech without "saying something stilted and even a little ridiculous," though he parts from the contemplation of these faults in a great parliamentary statesman with a pious valediction, a "peace be to his ashes." It was one of Sir Robert Peel's inconsistencies that the man who consented to take office at the personal dictation of William IV., under conditions as unconstitutional as those which have made the 16th of May a memorable date in French history, should have resisted with spirit and firmness the ill-advised attempt of the Queen, or rather of her Whig advisers, to force the ladies of the great Whig men as bedchamber women upon a Conservative Government. It is not astonishing to find Mr. Disraeli approving Sir Robert Peel's conduct in 1834, for he approved everything Sir Robert Peel did; and, moreover, it was in harmony with the lessons he himself had learned and taught out of Bolingbroke. In the Runnymede letters he praises Sir Robert Peel for having accepted the premiership in 1834, and having kept it until 1835, in spite of a hostile parliamentary majority. "You retained your post," he adds, "until you found you were endangering the King's prerogative, to support which you had alone accepted his Majesty's confidence." In his speech upon the motion of want of confidence in Lord Melbourne's Government, in 1841, he denounced in the strongest language the use of the sovereign's name, the attempt to make "the majesty of England a second candidate upon some paltry poll," and the presumed intention of the Whig ministry to defy the House of Commons, and, in spite of a hostile vote, to declare that the

Government, in being supported by the Crown, had the best support a minister could have. This is sound constitutional doctrine. It has often been asserted against Lord Beaconsfield himself, notably by Mr. Bright in 1867. But Lord Beaconsfield never expresses sound constitutional principles, except when the Whigs have been betrayed into unsound constitutional practice, or are suspected of it.

Mr. Disraeli's parliamentary career from 1841 to 1846 follows like a shadow the history of Sir Robert Peel's administration. But the shade is at last seen to be thrown by a sullen cloud. For a time he was the *umbra* of the prime minister. Soon the fervent blessings of the mendicant are exchanged for doubtful and angry looks, and afterwards for threats, and imprecations. Yet Sir Robert Peel simply followed the course which Mr. Disraeli had approvingly predicted, and which he had described as the triumph of consummate statesmanship. In a very early speech he lays down doctrines of political casuistry, which would cover acts far more questionable than any which, on the least favourable reading of his motives and conduct, can be attributed to Sir Robert Peel, and which would even shelter Lord Beaconsfield's own career from moral censure. "A statesman," he said, "is the creature of his age, the child of circumstances, the creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character; and when he is called upon to take office, he is not to inquire what his opinions might or might not have been upon this or upon that subject, he is only to ascertain the needful, the beneficial, and the most feasible manner in which affairs are to be carried on. The fact is, that the conduct and opinions of public men must not be too curiously contrasted in a free and aspiring country. The people have their passions, and it is even the duty of public men occasionally to adopt sentiments with which they do not sympathise. . . . I laugh, therefore, at the objections against a man that at a former period of his career he advocated a policy different to his present one; all I seek to ascertain is whether his present policy is a necessary expedient, whether he is at the present moment prepared to serve his country according to its present necessities."

The moral principles on which Lord Beaconsfield was prepared to censure Sir Robert Peel are not clearly deducible from this passage, which he might publish as the text of a political *Apologia pro vita sua*. But the contemplation of Sir Robert Peel's actual career in the House of Commons from Mr. Disraeli's impartial position outside the administration, recalled this somewhat lax moralist to a severer political virtue. Growing, but not yet decided, disapproval is indicated in the tone of his comments. The perturbation of the country gentlemen among whom he sat, at the

economic tendencies of the minister, communicated themselves to Lord Beaconsfield, on whom the idea soon dawned that competition ought to be more and more "regulated," in its application to articles which country gentlemen were concerned in producing. These workings of an uneasy mind were accompanied by the stirrings of an awakened conscience; and Lord Beaconsfield grew more and more sensible of the political immorality of Sir Robert Peel's conduct. Instead of having inherited free-trade principles by legitimate Conservative derivation from Pitt, through Lord Hawkesbury, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Huskisson, Sir Robert Peel was found to have purloined them from the Whigs, who had hitherto figured in Mr. Disraeli's speeches as the great antagonists of free-trade, but were now discovered to be its real founders. Sir Robert Peel was charged with having stolen their clothes while they were bathing, with being a great middleman, and, politically, a vast appropriation clause. If free-trade was to be established, Lord Beaconsfield, honouring genius, would prefer to receive it from Mr. Cobden, rather than from one who, though a skilful parliamentary manœuverer, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party.

The country gentlemen, however, though preparing to withdraw their confidence from Peel, were not ready to give it to his antagonist, who resolved, therefore, to create a party which should have confidence in him, and the very basis of whose existence should be that confidence. Only very young men, and those not very wise ones, could satisfy these conditions, and out of the materials which they presented to him Lord Beaconsfield formed the Young England party. Of these, the only survivors are Lord John Manners, who is comfortably within the ministerial fold, and Mr. Baillie Cochrane, who wanders disconsolately on the outside of it. "The atrocious crime of being a young man," to which a great parliamentary orator had at one time indignantly pleaded guilty, became an exalted merit, a sort of supernatural and sacramental grace; and to be told by Sir Robert Peel to serve on railway committees, when you were conscious of a divine summons to serve your country, was little less than a profanity. Only those, however, who have lost their youth value it very highly, and it was natural that a party formed on this basis should be formed and commanded by a middle-aged leader. "We youth," says Falstaff on one occasion; and Lord Beaconsfield parodied him. The recently published memoirs of Lord Strangford show the feelings with which this new intimacy was regarded by the respectable *pères nobles*, to whom the influence which Mr. Disraeli had gained over their sons was a sorrowful perplexity over which they shook their heads and exchanged condolences. The Duke of Rutland deplores to one correspondent the connection of Lord John Manners

with Lord Beaconsfield, much as the father of Lord Frederick Verisopht might have lamented his son's addiction to the society of Sir Mulberry Hawk. Young England, however, was merely a passing fashion or craze, memorable rather in literature than in politics. The necessity of finding some sort of imaginative and intellectual basis for it led Lord Beaconsfield to write his three ablest novels, *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*, in which his doctrines of Church and State are set forth in blended disquisition and narratives. England was to be saved by its youth, and especially by its aristocratic youth; almsgiving was to be restored; young noblemen and gentlemen were to dance with charming female peasants in parks, and to play cricket on village greens with athletic and docile rustics. The direct power of the Crown was to be exercised for the benefit of the people at large, unfettered by a selfish and for the greater part ignoble parvenu oligarchy and a rapacious House of Commons, and the principles of government encouraged by Charles I., the martyr of direct taxation, were to be established once more. The Church was to return to its proper work of diffusing Asian ideas among the flat-nosed Franks. "Is our civilisation a failure?" asks an American poet, "or is the Caucasian played out?" Our civilisation is a failure, Lord Beaconsfield contended, but the Caucasian, the unmixed Caucasian, who in Lord Beaconsfield's eccentric ethnological nomenclature is the Jew, was only now beginning, in Lord Beaconsfield's person, to play his proper part in English politics. Although the youthful aristocracy and country gentry were to be the instruments of this great restoration, the humble aid of the right-minded manufacturer was not altogether rejected. Milbank is admitted into companionship with Coningsby and Henry Sydney; and Young England in a body, made a missionary journey to the Manchester Athenæum, and preached the gospel to heathen capitalists and anxiously inquiring clerks and shopkeepers. It is difficult to feel certain whether or not the whole scheme of Young England, political and literary, was a mystification. Lord Beaconsfield's most fantastic notions are apparently his most genuine beliefs. His practical politics are but the accommodations of an Eastern mind and character to the habits of the foreign country in which he lives. Young England, however, was but a passing dream from which Mr. Disraeli soon awoke. Coningsby attached himself to the traitor and miscreant Peel, and became his Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The growing distrust felt towards the Prime Minister, as he pursued his liberalising course in economic policy, made a Protectionist party possible, and to its formation Mr. Disraeli addressed himself.

His alliance for this purpose with Lord George Bentinck is one of the most curious incidents of his career. Lord George Bentinck was everything which up to a recent period Lord Beaconsfield had de-

nounced. He was, as Lord Beaconsfield himself records, by descent and in political connection, a Whig of 1689. He held to the old-fashioned Whig notions of toleration, and voted, at the risk of forfeiting his newly won leadership, for the emancipation of the Jews on grounds of religious freedom, and, not with Lord Beaconsfield, on grounds of religious truth. He had a strong jealousy of that influence of the Court which Lord Beaconsfield would augment at the expense of the power of Parliament. He held those Protectionist doctrines in commerce to which Lord Beaconsfield was now a professing convert, but which a few years ago he had stigmatized as a part of the selfish policy of the Whig aristocracy. But though he loved Protection much, he hated Peel more; and of this feeling common to him with the majority of the Conservative country gentlemen, Lord Beaconsfield condescended to make himself the organ. He barbed and winged the heavy arrows of their malice, and gave literary force to their uncouth and inarticulate spite.

The language which Mr. Disraeli had for most of his life used with respect to Peel, his elaborate justification of the doctrines of free trade as the true and traditional Tory policy, and his defence of Peel's principle of opportunism and accommodation to circumstances as the essential condition of modern statesmanship, have been already spoken of. It was competent to Lord Beaconsfield to alter his opinions on these points, if he had any opinions to alter, and if he had a sufficient motive for doing so. But, apart from the character of the person assuming to be a censor, it was not within his moral right to stigmatize conduct which with full knowledge he had eulogized, and principles of political casuistry which he himself had set forth. This *ex post facto* condemnation of things once approved, assumes that they had acquired from the personal vindictiveness of the assailant an unworthiness which did not originally or intrinsically belong to them. To accusations of political treason to his party, accusations which Lord Beaconsfield had himself elaborately refuted in advance, were added imputations indescribably base of personal untruthfulness and treachery in Peel's treatment of Canjng. The dull mind of Lord George Bentinck was probably not aware of the wrong he was doing. Lord Beaconsfield cannot accept this excuse; and his own keen pleasure in the pain which he inflicted on Peel was obvious to every one who listened night after night to his attacks. Patriotism and the charity which sinks its personal feelings in a passion for the public good have perhaps reached their highest expression in the spectacle, which has been exhibited during the present year, of the son of Sir Robert Peel, the inheritor of his name and his title, protesting his unbounded confidence in Lord Beaconsfield, and rallying opinion to his support in the House of Commons and on demagogic platforms. The ties of blood and the memory of unexampled outrage are as nothing compared with a constraining sense

of public duty. The repeal of the Corn Laws was followed by the defeat of Sir Robert Peel on the Irish Coercion Bill, through a coalition of Whigs and Protectionists. A Liberal Government presided over by Lord John Russell succeeded.

We have seen that it was as the disciple of Sir Robert Peel that Lord Beaconsfield found his way into the Parliaments of 1837 and 1841. It was as his assailant that he made his first step to the position which he now occupies. Yet it may be said with truth that Lord Beaconsfield's estimate of the man has never changed. He always recognised in him precisely the same qualities, eulogising them at one moment as marks of the most consummate statesmanship, and at another as proofs of the meanest peddling in politics. Some of the sentences in which he denounced or ridiculed Peel are worth quoting: "When I examine the career of this minister, which has now filled a great space in the parliamentary history of this country, I find that for between thirty and forty years, from the days of Horner to the days of the honourable member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden), the right honourable gentleman has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others." Perhaps we may say in parentheses that this is better than trading on their want of ideas and their absence of intelligence, as later Conservative statesmen have done. "His life has been one great appropriation clause. He is a burglar of others' intellect. Search the index of Beatson from the days of the Conqueror to the termination of the last reign, there is no statesman who has committed political petty larceny on so great a scale." The most striking instance of this petty larceny is well known. "The right honourable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes. He has left them in the full enjoyment of their Liberal position, and he is himself a strict Conservative of their garments." Again: "Something has risen up in this country as fatal in the political world as it has been in the landed world of Ireland—we have a great parliamentary middle-man. It is well known what a middle-man is. He is a man who bamboozles one party and plunders the other, till, having obtained a position to which he is not entitled, he cries out, 'Let us have no party questions, but fixity of tenure.'" Against this degradation of statesmanship Mr. Disraeli protested in lofty moral tones. "While we are admitting," he said, "the principles of relaxed commerce, there is extreme danger of our admitting the principles of relaxed politics. I advise, therefore, that we all, whatever may be our opinion about free trade, oppose the introduction of free politics. Let men stand by the principles by which they rise, right or wrong. I make no exception. If they be in the wrong, they must retire to that shade of private life with which our present rulers have often threatened us." "My conception of a great statesman is of one who represents a great idea—an idea which may lead him to power, an idea

with which he may identify himself, an idea which he may develop, an idea which he may and can impress on the mind and conscience of the nation. That, sir, is my notion of a great statesman. I do not care whether he be a manufacturer or a manufacturer's son. But I care not what may be the position of a man who never originates an idea, a watcher of the atmosphere, a man who, as he says, takes his observations, and when he finds the wind in a certain quarter turns to suit it. Such a person may be a powerful minister, but he is no more a great statesman than the man who gets up behind a carriage is a great whip."

There is much more to the same effect. Lord Beaconsfield has always been a master of the art of saying the same thing in many different ways. These citations are perhaps among the best examples that could be furnished of that very peculiar intellectual product, House of Commons wit. "Scotch wit" has passed into a proverb, as an example of what logicians call the *contradictio in adjecto*, the adjective qualifying the substantive much as in the case of German silver, or (to be quite impartial) Britannia metal, or Brummagem plate are qualified. In like manner House of Commons wit simulates the sort of thing which is called wit in other connections, without really being so. It is generally recognisable by the "laughter" which the reporters kindly append to its recorded utterance. Lord Beaconsfield has always been a master in the production of this commodity, and he sometimes gives the genuine thing. This is a digression. We shall speak of him afterwards as a parliamentary orator. What we are now concerned with is his theory of statesmanship. If he had been, contrasting the higher and the lower orders of statesmanship, little exception could be taken to his doctrine. Peel certainly was not a statesman of the first rank. He was not an originator. If he had been, he probably would not have been a politician; he certainly would not have been a Minister of State in England. He might have been a professor, a writer of books, or an agitator, but he would never have been an official statesman. The closest approach which any one has made in modern times to Lord Beaconsfield's idea of statesmanship was made by Mazzini, whom Lord Beaconsfield would probably deny to be a statesman at all. He, if any one ever did, represented an idea, not indeed an idea which led him to power, in the sense in which Lord Beaconsfield understands power, since it doomed him to imprisonment, exile, and poverty. Still it was one which he impressed on the mind and conscience of his country, with which he identified himself, and which he developed. In Lord Beaconsfield's sense, Mazzini was a greater statesman than Cavour. In the same sense, Burke was a statesman when he raged in prophetic fury against the French Revolution, carrying the national feeling with him in his frenzy, but not when he framed and carried his scheme of economic reform. Cobden, as a free-trader,

was a statesman and Peel was not. Mr. Bright, in his agitation for household suffrage, showed a statesmanship which Lord Beaconsfield did not display in passing the bill for which that agitation prepared the way and created the necessity. The fact probably is that statesmanship, as a merely practical art, does not deserve the high intellectual rank sometimes assigned to it. Original ideas are out of place in it. The statesman in modern times and in quiet days is four or five removes from originality. This was so with Peel. The originator, so far as English theory and practice is concerned, of sound economic ideas was Adam Smith. Between him and Sir Robert Peel, popular exponents of economic doctrine, such as Bastiat in France, and Colonel Perronet Thompson in England, authors of *Economic Sophisms* and *Catechisms of Free Trade*, have first to be interposed. But they are only the first link in the chain. Then came the popular agitation of Cobden and Bright, and the Parliamentary advocacy of Mr. Villiers. Last in the chain, and dragged along by it, conquered rather than conquering, comes the successful Minister with whose name the hardly-won reform is associated. The discoverer, the expositor, the agitator, the Parliamentary leader—educated opinion, popular opinion, House of Commons opinion, and ministerial conversion or apostasy—two words for the same thing looked at with hostile or friendly eyes—these are the stages by which a vital political idea struggles into realisation. To complain that a statesman does not originate is to utter treason against the doctrine of the division of labour. He simply delivers the article that others have made. If Sir Robert Peel had originated anything in theory, he would probably have failed directly to accomplish anything in practice. He would have been Adam Smith and not Sir Robert Peel. He was the convert, the honest convert, of public opinion. His mind by a sort of pre-established harmony was so constituted as to see what ought to be done just when the moment for doing it had arrived, but not a moment too soon nor a moment too late. Such an intelligence is not of the highest order. But it is useful in the conduct of life. The proper contrast is not that which Lord Beaconsfield draws between the adapting and adopting statesman and the originator; but between the statesman who gives effect to tardy and yet timely convictions, and the trading politician who resists measures which he knows in his heart to be just and expedient in order to humour a faction or to gratify personal spite and ambition. The Conservative party has within a generation had leaders of both sorts. It is worth noting by those who think that in politics we still have judgment here, that Sir Robert Peel died an exile from his party, distrusted and hated by them; and that Lord Beaconsfield is able to boast of unwavering majorities in both Houses, of the confidence of the Crown, and of the enthusiastic support of the mobs and music halls which he supposes to represent the country.

LIBERALISM AND DISESTABLISHMENT.

THE signs of the times are bright and clear* that the relations of Church and State in Great Britain are at length to be taken up with energy and urged to a practical conclusion. The incongruity of the English and Scotch Churches, with the political system to which they have become but wen-like growths, is made plainer by the frantic efforts of Churchmen on the one hand to reconcile the Church with an altered society and changed political conditions; or, on the other hand, to vindicate on its behalf claims at variance with the economy and policy of a free government.

The discussion here concerns two opposite forces, which, for the purposes of this argument, may be best described by the terms Protestantism and Hierarchism.

* "Protestantism," as I here use it, and as I think I am justified in using it, represents the claim of men to freedom of thought in all matters spiritual and temporal—the right of individual judgment and action *based upon the fact of individual responsibility*. The whole reformation movement was grounded on this principle: "I am individually responsible to God, and therefore I ought to have and must have the utmost possible freedom of thought and judgment in order to meet that responsibility: I am also individually responsible to man, not one man or half-a-dozen men, but to all mankind who are my neighbours, and therefore I must have the utmost possible freedom of thought and action in order properly to discharge myself of that responsibility." That is at the very root of Protestantism; and that is Liberalism.

"Hierarchism" is in every way the contrast to and the opposite of Protestantism. Its primary idea is to blot out direct responsibility, and to assume in a few hands the inalienable right to control the minds and judgments of the many. It professes to be a mediatorship; but it is a mediatorship of the slave-trader, who approaches the merchant to sell the slaves that follow behind; it is not the mediatorship of a Christ who presents his brethren to the mercies of God. The primary conditions exacted by Hierarchism are—for itself power and pay, from its slaves blind and undoubting obedience. To attain this its whole system is planned—to maintain it its rules and principles are flexibly adapted. The man who, with his eyes open, hands himself over to be governed in accordance with a set of definite propositions, may be said still to retain his freedom in a qualified sense—he can at least determine when he is *not* being governed in accordance with those propositions; but it is the policy of Hierarchism to induce men to commit themselves, *not* to

propositions but to institutions, not to principles but to men. The idea of Hierarchism is that God confers on a few persons, royal or sacred, the sole authority to declare and enforce the true and the right. No doubt, if we can admit the authority, we can hardly refrain from acknowledging the right to enforce it. For if any one is divinely certified of right and wrong, that person must be justified in using every means to uphold the one and confound the other.

The principle of Hierarchism is exclusiveness, the idea of Hierarchism is authority, the policy of Hierarchism is absolute negation of individual responsibility except to believe in and commit all to itself, the consequences of Hierarchism are the loss of spiritual and mental, and not infrequently, nay almost infallibly, of political freedom. It is, then, the direct counter of that liberal movement and idea which I mean to describe by the word Protestantism. And I use these words advisedly, because I wish to remind the nation that some of the issues between Laud and the Puritans are once more in question. The movement which began with the Tractarians is something more than a merely internal convulsion of the Anglican sect. It has grown to be the serious effort of an indefatigable and able school to seize upon and adapt to its purposes the vast organization and endowments of a State institution. Its efforts are aided by the constitution of the Church. Mr. Forster in his speech at Bradford spoke of the ecclesiastical network called the "parochial system" with admiration and approval as if it were nothing but an organized spiritual mission. It is far more than that. Viewed politically it is that parochial system, with all its clerical influences, conditions, and forces, which is at this moment one of the greatest impediments to the further perfection of English liberties. It centres round what Mr. Forster calls the "State servant," that is a parson, exercising not alone religious but civil authority—a priest who comes with a divine and exclusive mission to declare and pronounce unto God's people the absolution and remission of their sins, and to libel as schismatics all those fellow-citizens who find no warrant for his pretensions in the Word of God; a chairman or ex-officio member of bodies which administer some secular affairs among a free people; a State trustee, who holds the soil of the churchyard in trust for the people; by legal authorisation a civil registrar and certifier of marriages as well as the religious performer of a marriage ceremony.

Do not let us conceal from ourselves that this anomalous system is not only an intolerable injustice to which no true Liberal can theoretically assent, but that it is also a constitutional organization which is pregnant with real dangers to a popular constitution. The most august personage of the State is at its head, supported by a powerful body of ecclesiastical peers. Those Liberals, like the Duke of Argyll and

Mr. Forster, who defend this conglomerate secular and political institution, for the sake of "the good it does," shut their eyes to its incalculably morbid and hurtful influences. It divides citizenship into two parts, exclusives and excluded: It mingles up unhealthy political and religious questions—"unhealthily," I say, not because I believe religion should be forgotten in politics, but because the religious views of one-half of the State are given a factitious influence against those of the other half, by the aid of State machinery and authority and a political supremacy.

There is a political view of the Church which cannot fail to excite in every liberal mind repugnance and alarm. It is at once a nursery and a bulwark of mediæval ideas. It would carry back governments and politics, as well as dogma and ritual, to the Middle Ages. It is an active as well as obstructive foe to all liberal political development. This may be said with truth, spite of many exceptional instances of partially developed Liberalism among the bishops and clergy. The priest—in the sacerdotal sense—is in effect a political servant paid and patronised by the State to interfere with its healthiest growth; he is a doctor who not only undertakes to prescribe for your ailments but to intervene in the management of your affairs. This is a double injury—it secularises and debauches Christianity, it interferes with the working of a free constitution.

How impracticable it is to reconcile any form of State aid and State patronage of religion with free and just government is demonstrated by the two examples of England and Scotland. In their establishments we deal with two Churches distinctly unlike in form and idea—the one sacerdotal, the other democratic. Dr. Chalmers, one of the most ingenious and effective apologists for establishments, in his warm support of the theory of a national teaching and recognition of religion, defended them both, as the Duke of Argyll does, although as spiritual institutions they represent two utterly hostile forms of Christianity. In this the two apologists show an ostrich-like unconsciousness of the nakedness of their situation. For the ecclesio-democratic minister or layman of the Church of Scotland to be the defender in another and most powerful part of the kingdom of a prelatical religious and political establishment, strikes the mind of an impartial observer as affording a lamentable evidence of moral obliquity. And I would address all such men in Scotland, and ask them how long, with their views of religion, they will, for the sake of the State loaves and fishes in Scotland, directly or indirectly continue to bolster up the ritualistic Church of England?

In the English Church the Laudian party is rapidly gaining power. Its pretension is to immunity from State interference in all the canons, rubrics, services, ministry and discipline of the Church. We are asked to reform Convocation and hand over

the national property as well as the national patronage to the parties in the Church to be fought over and divided as they please. These claims are based on the hierarchial theory—the doctrine of the Church divinely commissioned to declare the truth. If that doctrine be true, it is clearly incompatible with it that the Church should submit its creed, ritual, and discipline, its episcopacy, its clergy, to parliamentary legislation, to the supervision of the executive government. At any moment a judge may order the Church as a State institution to do that which as a spiritual authority it seems to be wrong. It is, therefore, not consistent with the theory of Hierarchism that the State should do other than hand over to this divine institution, without further interference, the means of propagating whatever it holds to be truth, by such an organization, episcopal and sacerdotal, as it has been divinely instructed to be most proper, and with such ritual as its clergy may pretend to have received from God. Further, the State, according to this theory, would be bound not to assist the individual citizen who happened to be a Churchman in asserting his civil rights if infringed by the Church in the course of its spiritual discipline, but to aid the Church with the civil power in enforcing its spiritual jurisdiction. To all this you must add in England the important fact, that of this Church the laws of this realm require the monarch to be not only head and defender, but a member; and were a future sovereign, as might easily happen, to adopt the teaching and opinions of the most influential and active party in the Church, he or she would be bound to acknowledge the doctrine of the Ritualists, with the following consequences:—

Christ has given power to his Church to interpret and to declare the truth.

The Church consists of an episcopate and priesthood, divinely appointed and endowed in apostolical succession to teach and minister to the laity.

The episcopate and priesthood have the right to give and to refuse the sacraments of the Church, and to communicate or excommunicate, to ordain or to depose. This Church, so divinely appointed and apostolically succeeding, is the only true Church of Christ, outside of which is no salvation.

The sacraments administered by the priests are essential to salvation.

And lastly, this Church, with all these powers and rights, is entitled to demand of the State to be supported, aided, upheld by endowments from the resources of the commonwealth and the patronage of the Government.

I believe I have been able to state without exaggeration the pretensions of not merely High Churchmen and Ritualists, but of a

majority of the clergy. The reader will observe that these assumptions differ only in degree and in their less justifiable basis from the pretensions of the Church of Rome—the Church of Rome, able to show an antiquity, continuity, and proportionate power in Christendom, beside which the claims of the Anglican Church dwindle to the ridiculous.

Now, whether these assumptions be in the abstract true or false, any one who fairly considers them must own that to maintain as the State Church any institution by which they are advanced would be utterly inconsistent with the ideas and conditions of our existing system of government. They would be so were nine-tenths of the community of Great Britain persuaded that these propositions were correct. What, when the majority of the people of the United Kingdom utterly abjure them? For although it is sought to localise the meaning and effects of the State Church in England, every Irishman and Scotchman has reason to know that it exerts a political influence of which Scotland and Ireland repeatedly feel the consequence.

In a note we call attention to one or two passages from the pen of one whom Mr. Forster will naturally regard with respect, the late Dr. Arnold. These refer to the spiritual and ecclesiastical phases of the struggle between Protestantism and Hierarchy, but they have also an important political interest. They are the statement by a very fair man of that which an increasingly powerful body of the clergy believes and teaches to the laity of this kingdom at the partial expense and by authority of the State.¹

(1) Arnold's *Christian Life*, 4th ed., Introd. pp. xv.—xx. and xxviii.—ix. “The sacraments and not preaching are the sources of ‘divine grace.’ So it is said in the advertisement prefixed to the first volume of the *Tracts for the Times*, in exact conformity with the preamble to the resolutions which I have already quoted. But the only security for the efficacy of the sacraments is the apostolical commission of the bishops, and, under them, of the presbyters of the Church. These two doctrines are the foundations of the whole system. God’s grace and our salvation come to us principally through the virtue of the sacraments; the virtue of the sacraments depends on the apostolical succession of those who administer them. The clergy, therefore, thus holding in their hands the most precious gifts of the Church, acquire naturally the title of the Church itself: the Church, as possessed of so mysterious a virtue as to communicate to the only means of salvation their saving efficacy, becomes at once an object of the deepest reverence. *What wonder if to a body endowed with so transcendent a gift there should be given also the spirit of wisdom to discern all truth; so that the solemn voice of the Church in its creeds, and in the decrees of its general council, must be received as the voice of God himself.*

“I have not consciously misrepresented the system of Mr. Newman and his friends in a single particular. . . . And in every point the opposition to what I may be allowed to call the *Protestantism of the nineteenth century* is so manifest, that we cannot but feel that the peculiar character of the system is to be traced to what I have before noticed—the extreme antipathy of its founders to the spirit which they felt to be predominant in their own age and country.

“Other men have been indignant against the peculiar evils of their own time, and from their strong impression of these have seemed to lose sight of its good points; but

These significant words of Dr. Arnold deserve to be noted: "Mr. Newman and his friends appear to hate this nineteenth century for its own sake;" and there cannot be a doubt that this is the spirit of the teaching which is now being propagated by State authority under the free constitution of Great Britain in this nineteenth century. We can afford to despise these pretensions, dangerous as they are, when they are put forth by an unendowed and unestablished Roman hierarchy, but we cannot bear with them a single hour when they are the proposition of "State servants," elevated to an important superiority by the laws we make, and sustained by an enormously wealthy, powerfully organized, and influentially sustained constitutional body. Our question has indeed become a question between Liberalism and Hierarchism.

A Church advancing and continually striving to establish such principles as have been above summarised, which involve the recognition not of more religious dogmas or creeds, but of a divinely instituted and authoritative sacerdotal caste, looking upon everything beyond itself as schismatic and heretic, and by principle and law equally declining to amalgamate or fraternise with other Christian bodies, is not a form of Christianity which, whether on policy or expediency, a popular Government can maintain as a State institution, either with justice to the people or advantage to Christianity. This is an argument I am justified in addressing to every one in the nation who is not a bigoted Anglican. Even Dr. Chalmers admitted that such an issue might properly be raised. He said, "Though we succeed in proving of an establishment that it gives tenfold scope to the ministrations of the Gospel; yet if it be in a way by which the Gospel itself suffers essential desecration, this were doing evil that good may come."

We can imagine the Scotch divine, were he now alive, admitting with some alacrity that the "Gospel suffered essential desecration"

Mr. Newman and his friends appear to hate the nineteenth century for its own sake, and to proscribe all belonging to it, whether good or bad, simply because it does belong to it." He then points out that the immediate occasion of the organization of the Tractarian party was the act of 1833 for the dissolution of some of the Irish bishoprics, which was characterized by that school as "a wanton act of sacrilege," "an outrage upon the Church," &c. : and continues: "The act deprived the Church of no portion of its property; it simply ordered a different distribution of it. It did nothing more than what, according to the constitution of the Churches of England and Ireland, was beyond all question within its lawful authority to do. The King's supremacy and the sovereignty of Parliament may be good or bad, but they are undoubted facts in the constitution of the Church, and have been so for nearly three hundred years."

We have seen in the spirit in which the Public Worship Regulation Act has been received by this same school, now an immenso force in the Church, a fresh, a sustained outbreak of that clerical antipathy against the nineteenth century, which in its spiritual aspects more nearly interested Dr. Arnold than it does ourselves. But no one can fail to see that, operating within a State institution, such a spirit, such ideas, such assumptions, such teaching, such a priestly conspiracy against the freedom of men, have deep political consequences which we cannot safely afford to despise and ignore.

by the millinery and wax-candle devotions of Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Tooth, and a hundred other "State servants;" and it is open to all of us to contend, that if this be Christianity, we would rather be without it. If Christianity is to be patroned by a free Government, it can only be done in a form which is consistent with the promotion of unity, peace, and concord among the people, by whom it is supported. No one can reasonably challenge the proposition that a Church, or body of priests, putting forth a form of Christianity which tends to divest men of their responsibility, to promote and perpetuate discords in matters religious, political, parochial, imperial, and to obstruct the healthy development of those political ideas and principles by which people of all classes are brought into harmony of thought, feeling, and interest, can only be established by law in a position of religious supremacy by a violation of every consideration of justice and policy.

Let us boldly examine this argument. Liberals and Nonconformists may have been too chary in handling the ecclesiastical assumptions of the Church. In face of the arrogant pretensions of Churchmen we must candidly analyse the grounds of their demands, and test their consistency with that mingled force of experience, opinion, and principle which we call the spirit of the age.

The spirit of the Church of England we have not to go far to seek. To a Churchman, resting on an episcopate of "my lords"—a curious outcome of the Apostolical succession from one who humbled himself, and being rich for our sake became poor—from the meek and lowly men who followed him about Judæa and who preached him about the world in sorrow and humiliation—delegated by Christ to manufacture a select circle of priests and so to constitute the Church, not to be a member of the Church of England is to be a "schismatic." That carries with it, in many an English parish, not alone a religious exclusion, but social and civil disabilities. If you are a known Dissenter, unbaptized by the holy hands of a priest, you may not legally partake of Christ's communion, however conspicuous your holiness and morality. If your child is unbaptized by such a priest, one of these "servants of the State" may refuse him burial among the graves of your household, though your family may have been distinguished by generations of an earnest and consistent piety. Should your friends, when you are dead, not care that you should be buried by a man whose assumptions and doctrines you repudiated in your lifetime, and with a service containing statements of dogmas which you utterly denied, this clerical civil servant arrogates the right to refuse your body a resting-place in the old family grave. Should you desire, as a citizen, to take your part in the local duties of a guardian of the poor, or the management of a school board, this public official comes out as an

electioneering agent, to organize against you all those whom his spiritual ascendancy and social position enable him to influence, in order that in secular affairs there may be a clerical preponderance. Were you a poor farm-labourer with a leaning to Methodism, which had at least awakened your mind to religious ideas, you would have found, in nine cases out of ten, that the brand of "schism" was placed upon you; and this servant of the State, to whose sympathy and aid you are commended by Mr. Forster, would have used against you all the forces placed in his hand by his exceptional position, to be employed, not for his sect, but for every one in his parish. For, according to Mr. Matthew Arnold, every one is legally a member of the Church of England. The letter¹ written by the Bishop of Rochester to a clergyman who was supposed to have attended a workman's meeting, for a secular purpose, held in a Primitive Methodist Chapel, is too characteristic of the impracticable spirit of episcopal Christianity.

And this impracticable and repellent spirit is not declining within the Church with the advance of liberal ideas beyond it, it is growing and hardening. With it is increasing the spirit of obstruction to political as well as religious reforms. The Church is one of the buttresses of the least rational Toryism. The liberal element within it is not strong enough to change the essential nature and characteristics of an institution founded on a legal and constitutional establishment, and asserting a spiritual ascendancy.

In fine, the spirit, the tone, the pretensions, the general policy, the systematic action and influence of the Established Church as a State institution, are absolutely incompatible with the conditions, rights, feelings, and relations of modern society under a free government. To prove this we need examine no further down than the history of the political action of the episcopate in the House of Lords. It would stultify, in the eyes of any true Liberal, any church, whether heathen or Christian.

Let us ask ourselves, therefore, in the spirit of statesmen—for all who vote in Great Britain should try to lift themselves up towards the level of the statesmanship for which they are responsible—what would

(1) "17, Cornwall-terrace, Regent's-park, Dec. 11, 1877.—My dear Sir,—I have received the enclosed letter and newspaper extract, and must, in honesty, write to express my regret at the error of judgment of which you have been guilty in this matter. It surely was a mistake, to begin with, that the inaugural meeting of so important an institution as the Shaftesbury Club and Institute is likely to be should be arranged to be held on any but neutral ground; and your being present at it in a Nonconformist place of worship cannot but vex many of your fellow-Churchmen in the neighbourhood, who do not understand that you mean it merely as an act of neighbourliness, and who will regard it as the expression of a sentiment—which I am convinced you would disown—that it is of no great consequence to what religious communion we belong if we are only lovers of the Gospel. I write to say all this as gently and as kindly as I can, still with sufficient distinctness as to make it clear that my judgment is against it.—Very truly yours,
A. W. ROFFEN."

be the effect upon national affairs, if any considerable number of the people were to hand themselves over body and soul to the charge of an organized body of men who teach the doctrines of passive obedience to a sacerdotal caste? We see that Mr. Tooth and Mr. Mackonochie are not without a following of laics who back them up in their absurd pretensions, and encourage their defiance of the laws of the land. And is it to be doubted that there are hundreds of congregations ready to do the same with other equally lawless priests? If it be contended that these are only extreme cases, I reply that they are instances in which the principles of a large majority of the Church are pushed to their logical conclusion—they are the natural, the inevitable effects of the doctrine—first, that Christ has conferred on the Church, meaning by that the clergy in apostolical succession, the right of interpreting and declaring His divine will; and second, that the Church, *i.e.* the clergy, is entitled to receive the aid of the State to be administered without any supervision or control. These preposterous theorems are merely the pretensions of the Roman Church, adopted by a small perverted branch of it; and were they once to be accepted by any considerable number of lay Churchmen, would render the Church of England as impossible a State-institution as the Roman Church itself. It is, however, no answer whatever to say that there is no chance that such claims would ever be practically admitted. Liberalism is bound to look to it that they shall be made practically impossible. This they cannot be when a large, able, influential body of the clergy put forth these propositions, and are acquiring for them the adhesion of increasing numbers of the laity. The *Church Review*, referring to Mr. Forster's singular jealousy of Ritualism, says "that sacerdotalism without Papal supremacy and sacerdotalism with Papal supremacy are two very different things in their relation to national life." There are some differences of essence and some differences of degree, but the spirit of Hierarchism is the sap of each, and the fruits are much the same. Each must tend to enslave men's minds and make them tools, not merely of religious propaganda, but of social and political power. Any class of men declaring themselves to be the sole authoritative exponents of truth, by virtue of a Divine appointment, are perilous to society, though they may not be sufficiently so to demand expulsion. But such a class of men, supported by the prestige and by the property of the State, can only be recognised as an intolerable menace to the spiritual and political liberties of the people. .

In regard to this I think we cannot overlook the relation of the question in England to the question abroad. It would not be accurate to say that the issues arising out of the relations of Church and State in France, Italy, Germany, and Belgium are identical with those raised in England, or that the latter are of equal con-

sequence to mankind. Habit has made us bold, and we regard the pretensions of English ecclesiastics with more amusement than terror. After all, the Church of England is a small force in universal Christendom, and the arrogance of its clerics is merely a ludicrous accident of a very respectable theological association. But the Church of Rome is an entirely different force. It is formidable as the largest and most influential Church in Christendom. It is strengthened beyond all other Churches by its perfect organization and its careful preservation of external unity. It has on its side antiquity; it is deeply rooted in Continental society. It is wealthy. There is ground for believing that the boast of Cardinal Manning might become a fact, and that the united forces of Catholicism might be equal to those of any nation in Europe. And, finally, it is strong in its consistency. It carries its principles to their logical conclusion. The hierarchy is the Church: the head of the hierarchy is next to God. And thus one hand wields all the mighty forces of wealth, of zeal, of bigotry, which are enclosed within the wide-spreading circle of the papacy. Clearly a combat with such a world-wide power is a totally different thing from a struggle with the small and local forces of the Church of England.

And yet the vindication of Liberal ideas against her lesser pretensions may be of wider importance than the mere removal of a local anomaly. Those who profess to foresee a great falling away of the people to Popery would of course be ready to join at once in demolishing an institution which, under the State patronage, might become a powerful instrument to that end; or, the end being attained, might lend resistless force to its ultimate supremacy. We are not, however, speaking of such persons; we are considering the moral and exemplary effect upon the Liberalism of Europe of a complete vindication of Liberal principles in relation to religion among the English people. If the pretensions of the English clergy are less haughty and extensive than those of the Roman hierarchy, the influence of the example must be all the more effective.

To sum up this branch of the argument, let us restate it in formal propositions:—

1. That the Church of England, originally a modified development of Hierarchism, is becoming increasingly incompatible with modern ideas and with free political government.
2. For, that a change is going on within itself, and with startling rapidity, in the direction of intensifying the power of Hierarchism; and that this is a menace to the interests of the State.
3. That Liberalism is bound to demand the emancipation of a free State from the enforced support and patronage of an institution which is not consistent with the principles of our polity, which works a real injustice, and may fairly be considered as a standing hindrance to Liberal development.

4. Lastly, that even were there any imaginable grounds of the propriety of maintaining a religious establishment under a free constitution, the Christianity now generally taught by the Church of England is essentially out of harmony with the general views and principles of Christianity held by the majority of the people of these realms, and that therefore its maintenance as a State institution is a national error and injustice.

From this institution we turn to another north of the Tweed with a sense of the incongruous which approaches the absurd. The two Churches are each State Churches, each endowed with State property, each employing "State servants," each teaching a dissimilar doctrine on wholly irreconcilable assumptions and by means of entirely different organizations. The pretensions of the Church of England are sacerdotal and sacramentarian; the assumptions of the Church of Scotland are founded on the idea of a Church of Christ, continued, not by apostolic succession, but by the separate accession of the Spirit of God, and consisting not alone of a clergy with peculiar powers, but of clergy and laity on an equal footing. The antipodes of Laudism is in force under the same government, among divisions of the same electorate, as that by which is sustained and patronised the hierarchy of Anglicanism! One would think that the force of absurdity could go no further, that at length Christians had attained for Christianity the climax of the ridiculous. The Scottish Churchman defends the prelatial English establishment, and the English sacerdotalist the Presbyterian democracy of Scotland. For both these bodies cannot be right; and that they should equally maintain the position, that the property and authority of a popular Parliament representing the United Kingdom should be applied to uphold them both under the same government, is an evidence how faintly a real and vital Christianity tinges the morality of State-paid and State-patronised bodies.

It must be owned that there are not the same essential and irreconcilable inconsistencies between the constitution and claims of the Church of Scotland and the liberal State, as those, which are obvious in the case of the Church of England. The Church of Scotland is not a hierarchy; it is not organized sacerdotalism. It founds itself on the free, continuous, thoughtful assent of the individuals composing it. It recognises the right of every individual member to all the privileges of the Church. Its constitution is democratic, hence it is oftener found in concert with Liberalism than against it; and it is one of the most notable comments on the fatal effects of establishment upon the minds of the exclusives who enjoy it, that an irrational form of Toryism is produced by the mere threat to disestablish and disendow the Church.

Fortunately we have had, from the most able and capable person

who could have taken up the subject, a defence of this Church from disestablishment. I shall therefore, as the most convenient way of examining into the matter, enter upon a brief criticism of his argument. The Duke is a Liberal. He is not only eminently talented and informed, but eminently fair. He would collect every argument which to such a mind might seem to be of any real weight. If he should fail to make a convincing apology, we know that it is because the materials and not the advocacy are defective.

One preliminary observation. This Church has also at times put forth claims to spiritual independence as well as to State support. It claimed the right to decide, without the interference of the executive Government, who should enjoy the endowments, who was or was not a member, who were entitled to draw the State stipends as ministers of parishes, and whether the Church was or was not empowered to override the civil rights of patrons, which were part of the conditions of the union between Church and State. For this last was practically what the "Veto Act," passed in the Assembly, came to. These claims were rejected, as preposterous, even by Tory statesmen, many of whom, it is singular to note in this connection, are curiously "Erastian."

The result was the withdrawal of the Free Church, in the act of withdrawal asserting the principle of spiritual independence.

The claims of a Mr. Tooth and the claims of a Dr. Begg, each intensely hating the opinions and denying the Christianity of the other, to an uncontrolled right to use public money to teach what they please, is a *reductio ad absurdum* which it is needless to emphasize.

In an elaborate argument, in which he calls to his aid all his great powers of language, rhetoric, and logic, the Duke of Argyll has made a gallant effort to vindicate the Scotch and English establishments, but especially the former, which he appears to think needs the stoutest apology, from Liberal reclamation. I use the word "reclamation" deliberately, because that is the word which is the most accurate converse of that for which the duke contends, and it most justly describes the process of disestablishment and disendowment: the nation will *reclaim* from enjoyment by a fraction of its people revenues originally devoted by it to the religious instruction of all. The duke, like Mr. Forster, takes no exception to the propriety of such a reclamation, provided the occasion for it has been shown. He says, "I look upon the question of Church Establishment as one that *cannot be determined by any abstract principle whatever.*" He supported the disestablishment of the Irish Church—"The maintenance of it was not just, and therefore it was not expedient." I cannot therefore, I think, be wrong in deducing from these remarks that at any time, if the Duke of Argyll arrives at the conclusion that

the maintenance of either of the existing State Churches is "not just," he will be prepared to carry to a practical issue the proposition that it is "not expedient." Fortunately he is good enough at once to define for us the limits to which his views of "justice" permit him to stretch, and the ground on which he takes his stand:

"I venture to express my own clear and decided opinion that the maintenance of ancient national endowments in connection with a church which has been really national in its origin, which is still doing its work among a large portion of the people, and which is capable of doing the same work among a portion larger still, is a policy involving no injustice to those who have become Dissenters."

The clear and comprehensive mind of the duke can hardly have overlooked the fact that the implied apology for the English and Scotch Churches in this remarkable passage is not a political but a religious one. It is uttered from the point of view, natural to a duke, of the paternal-government theory of a provision of Christianity, and it almost wholly excludes political considerations. If we take the passage to pieces we shall at once see on what sandy ground the duke's house is built. The endowments comprehended in his opinion are "ancient"—a word evidently used with a purpose, in order to distinguish with precision the duke's argument from any support of contemporary endowments by the State. This is important. Elsewhere he has recognised the incompatibility of endowed churches with the circumstances of American and colonial states. Those communities are certainly not "ancient," and they are distinguished by the absence of other characteristics of British society. They have no monarch to be a necessitarian churchman. They have not the advantages of a landed aristocracy and a Duke of Argyll. Privilege in these societies is not a political force. They have begun with liberty and know nothing of a perpetual struggle to attain it in the teeth of anciently-rooted prejudices and institutions, a struggle in England only half fought out. Therefore (is it?) according to the judgment of the noble essayist, those "conditions of society we may regard as *less happy and lower* than those in which Established Churches have arisen and have flourished!"

I should really be glad if the Duke of Argyll will explain what he means by these words. "The conditions of society" out of which Established Churches "arose" were, so far as my poor reading has enabled me to form a provisional judgment, neither very happy nor exalted, when compared with the existing circumstances of the United States of America, or of any of our great self-governing colonies. Those ancient "conditions of society" were conditions of what we now deem to be intolerable political servitude, of undeveloped political and economical science, of lamentable ignorance and superstition, of much mental, moral, and social chaos. An institution

arising upon us out of the mediæval darkness does not come to the nineteenth century commended by that fact, rather the reverse, and we look for some other grounds for the "justice" of its continuance, than its "ancient" origin.

These further grounds then the Duke of Argyll professes to afford. 1. The church was "national" in its origin. In itself evidently this is not conclusive even with the reasoner, because he approved of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and that was no less national, and from the Roman Catholic point of view hardly more iniquitous in its origin, than the Church of England. However, let us admit that, curious as were the motives, and questionable as were some of the agents of the movement which led to the establishment of the Church of England, and early as were the evidences and complete the demonstration that it was never to be a national Church in the modern and the true sense of the term—in the sense in which the Church of Scotland was once a national Church—let us admit, I say, that it had a national origin. The principle which governs all institutions which have a national origin, and continue to be national institutions, is familiar to so able and experienced a statesman as the Duke of Argyll. They are subject to national revision; they are open to national reclamation or sequestration. The army, the navy, the throne itself, Parliament, the House of Lords, the ancient judicial establishments, all alike are in this category; and whether they are "doing good work among a large portion of the people" or not, if they cease to be truly national institutions, it is not possible that they can escape from the shears or the axe of political justice. Indeed, the duke admits this. If any such plea could have saved an institution, the unreformed Parliament, in most respects a noble institution, might have remained unaltered to this day, but when it became incompatible with the interests of the majority of the nation, out of its ashes there rose a new and more comprehensive power to be itself in time consumed by the refining fire which gave birth to a fresh and more wide-winged phoenix. When it is found that such a venerable institution, from the very circumstances of the case, cannot be remodelled in conformity with modern political ideas of justice, it can no longer be preserved for the mere sake of some modicum of good it may possibly do, but it must be swept away. It is in the omission to notice this fact, in his failure to demonstrate the consistency of the two establishments with political justice, that the duke's arguments break down. Mr. Forster, of whom I must say that his address was astonishingly deficient in statesmanlike grasp and treatment, fails in the same way. We see that thoroughly and intelligently liberal as is the duke, there are still existing in and operating on his mind those old-fashioned, I will not say antiquated, ideas of the duty of governments in matters of religion, which be-

long to, and ought to have gone out with, the period of paternal governments. It is patently ridiculous, under a popular form of government, to appeal to a majority to establish the religion of a minority as a State religion, or to a large minority to endure that the prestige and patronage of the State should be concentrated on one Church. Although the Duke of Argyll has become old he still speaks as a child—he has not put away childish things. Having partly rested his case on the antiquity of national endowment (which in the analogous instance of educational and other charities has been abandoned as a ground of defence) and on national origin, what other reasons does he advance? 2. "It (the Church) is still doing its work among a large portion of the people, and is capable of doing the same work among a portion larger still." On such grounds as these we are invited by the defenders of Establishments to assent to the proposition that, in their continuance, with all that is incidental to it socially and politically, there is "no injustice to those who have become dissenters," or, to speak more accurately, to the majority of the nation!

Has it no effect in weakening the force of such an argument, if one affirms that these are grounds which—especially in view of the fact that there are other and more active religious communities, not established by the State, that are doing as good, and can do as increasingly good work as the Establishment, and at their own expense, too,—do not conclusively vindicate its political expediency, even when they are bolstered by antiquity and national origin! Antiquity and national origin the duke in the course of his brilliant political career has repeatedly helped to brush away by British legislation. He regards these, as I do, with reverence, but not with idolatry. On the other hand, "the doing of good among a large portion of the people" would be a very imperfect recommendation of any proposed measure to so sagacious a statesman, were it demonstrated that the good would be done by means which involved a standing injustice to even a considerable minority.

As a liberal politician, how can he relieve himself of the latter consequence? Were his passions and his prejudice not engaged in defending an ancient national establishment, how long would he see, in the national mission, however beneficent, of a minority, to an unwilling majority, with all the consequences of unequal position, prestige, and property, "no injustice"?

Not only in this passage, but throughout his brilliant essay, the Duke of Argyll debates this question more as a religionist than a statesman. This is a fatal flaw. However bright the exposition, however attractive as a work of genius, it is but a repetition of theses exploded by modern political science, and incapable of standing the test of our popular constitution. Evidently, as I have said, there

still lurk in the duke's mind remnants of the old-world notion of a divine mission of governments to peoples. He would disclaim it, but without it his palace is but a pack of cards: as much so as his own dukedom would be, could it be defended only on grounds of actual right, of abstract convenience, and of antiquity. Why is it that a duke is a great unit in our social and constitutional system? It is because, with insignificant exceptions, the universal opinion of British society is that, in the main, dukes are institutions contributing to the efficiency, power, coherence, and dignity of the body politic. Were there no more people in the United Kingdom possessed of that idea than at this moment believe the same of the Church of England, the noble duke would have written his essay as a statesman or a philosopher with equal force and effect, but not as a duke. I wonder that so keen and fair a mind overlooks this. The duke wastes time in a disputation of the expediency of religious establishments. The age is far beyond such discussions as that. He intervenes in this dispute as a statesman; as a statesman let him prove to us, not that an ancient establishment is an actively beneficent institution for religious purposes, but upon what grounds he can defend its perpetuation as a government mission in face of the altered circumstances of the nation under the constitution.

When we come to examine even the Scottish Church in regard to its relations to our modern polity, and especially when Lord Hartington on the one hand, and the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Forster on the other, cast to the winds any defence on the footing of "abstract principles," we find that the duke's argument is only a conspicuous demonstration of the indefensible position of such an establishment. The Church of Scotland was originally a church of the people, as, perhaps, no State church, except that of Russia, since Constantine, ever was or will be. In defect of abstract principle (divine right, Christ's command, apostolic origin, or what not) it was justified and maintained, under circumstances which possibly will never recur, by its obvious expediency as sharing with the State the discipline of society. The duke's argument involves the absurdity that no amount of secession from the Church, and no extent of change in the constitution of the State, will render the maintenance of the institution "an injustice." What sort of an "injustice" does he mean? A political injustice? Does he really mean to say that when the government, through changes in its own constitutional powers, would find it impossible to prescribe afresh, and to endow a form of religion to be observed and maintained as the State religion, and when the majority of active religionists have gone out of communion with the "ancient" church, while among intermediate non-religionists there is no earnest desire for such a provision of spiritual teaching, the efficiency, zeal, and activity of the established minority diminish one

whit the injustice inflicted on the rest of the community by the favouritism of the State? I shall be surprised if he owns that he goes so far as this, because it would seriously impugn the fairness and the clearness of his political judgment. There is nothing adduced in fact or argument throughout the whole paper to sustain the thesis, and it is left to be weighed as the mere opinion of ducal but not of infallible authority.

Were there space, it might be shown that the duke's history of the relations between Church and State in Scotland have received no little colour from a fine and ardent imagination; but for the moment it does not suit my purpose to be drawn into a long polemical argument, and away from the political issues which are really to be debated. Let us accept the duke's account and ascertain whether his own history, inaccurate as it is, bears out his conclusion.

The duke argues that the difficulties which led to the disruption, the collision between the ecclesiastical and the civil jurisdiction, arose directly or indirectly out of the Act of Queen Anne, of the origin and motives of which he gives a singular account. This is a very narrow view of a great controversy. For the question that was debated then had, politically at all events, a much wider bearing than any that could have been supported by any stretching of the patronage dispute. At the root of the debates there was the old ecclesiastical spirit, differing only in degree and in the manner of its development, once described in neat and noteworthy words by Hallam. He is speaking of the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, drawn up by a commission under 3 Edward VI. cap. 11. "The canons are founded on a principle current among the clergy that a rigorous discipline, enforced by Church censures and the aid of the civil power, is the best safeguard of a Christian commonwealth against vice." In this principle we see that there would appear to be harmony between the most democratic and the most hierarchical of Christian Churches! The tiresome and endless disputations raised and followed with rare acrimony in Scotland with regard to the duty of the civil magistrate and the independence of the Church, have no interest for those who, looking at the subject as practical statesmen, guided, not by the ingenuities of bigots and the theories of enthusiasts, but by the conditions of social and political economy, fail to see that it is the duty of nine Churches to give to a tenth the benefit of the support and the property of that State of which they are all equally citizens. Just as little practical interest attaches to a historical review of patronage, however brilliantly written. But the Duke of Argyll commits himself to the bold proposition that the abolition of patronage in Scotland, having removed a grievance under which the Church had grave cause to be uneasy, is now made compatible with the ideas and doctrines of the seceders, and that the Church is con-

sequently now put in the right. Why should they any longer stay out? Why should they complain of an act which is in accordance with their old contentions? He thinks such questions ought to satisfy the Free Church with the present position of an establishment now practically freed from any semblance of State control; and he declines to see any injustice in the Act or in its effects. "It would indeed," cries he, "be a strange and perverse reason for disestablishing a Church that it has just been brought to coincide almost, if not altogether, with those who once thought themselves compelled to withdraw or to stand aside." This is not correct. The Church has not been brought into that position. But suppose it had been? The real "strangeness and perversity" appears to me to be that a personage of rare intellectual and logical acumen should esteem that such an act might be done without offering to reinstate or to reimburse those who had suffered from the error now corrected, or that he should suppose that this boon granted to the men who cleaved to the error and submitted to it, should appear to those who had gone out and constructed a great and powerful organization of their own, which they are now invited to bring into the establishment, to be only an enhancement of the injuries of the past!

But I am not even satisfied to grant the duke's contention that the removal of patronage has made the Established Church in Scotland a less unfair, injurious, and impolitic institution. In the first place, obviously that removal cannot further recommend it to the Anglicans and Roman Catholics and Agnostics of Scotland. And secondly, I should like to know what difference it makes to the excluded Churches, in relation to the rights of equality, whether the ministers of the establishment are presented by a congregational caucus or an "undotted patron"? In both cases the result is the same thing, a State-established and State-endowed clergyman—a man vested with privileges by the State in virtue of his belonging to a particular sect. The duke is angry with the Free Church and the "agitators," for not recognising that a boon has been conferred upon them, because an institution which they repudiate as, in the existing political state of Scotland and from its own position, irreconcilable with justice, has been improved in a matter of detail! This is a curious argument with Freechurchmen, who contend that the State had no right to legislate in the matter either one way or the other, because it was exclusively a subject for the determination of the Church.

Lately, in a great commercial case, the accounts of a quarter of a century were raked up, and important legal questions arising out of the fiduciary arrangements of the parties were keenly debated by able counsel. Supposing the defendant's advocate had argued that his clients were wronged because they had unhappily kept their

books by double instead of single entry, and that the plaintiff's counsel had thereupon agreed that a new set of books should be made out and posted up by single entry for the purposes of the trial—it would have been as correct for the judge to say that the issues between the parties had been determined in favour of the defendants by this admission, as for the Duke of Argyll to argue that the recognition by the State of one way of election instead of another had made the Scotch Church an equitable political institution. The State could, indeed, do nothing with justice, in the direction of abandoning the stand made before 1843, without being bound by every law of policy and morality to remedy the wrong it now practically confessed.

But, further, the extinction of patronage, as a political act, removed from the Church the solitary machinery by which the control and influence of the State over that institution was, in a right way or a wrong way, it does not matter, symbolized and secured. The patron was theoretically an agent of the State to nominate servants of the State to an office of emolument in the Established Church, for the benefit of the people at large, not of the mere congregation affected; and the Patronage Abolition Act separated from the people at large the adherents of a sect, and conferred on them the right of designating a State servant for their own benefit. The *cestuis que trust* were in effect the people of the whole parish, for whom the patron was the trustee; the Patronage Act conveyed to half the people of the parish the right to dispose of the enjoyment of the property to whom they pleased. If this be justice and reform, Heaven defend us from the Tory prosecution of those ends!

The Free Church are justly entitled to be indignant at this measure. After their sufferings, their sacrifices, their splendid devotion, they have the mortification to see the State partially come round to the opinions for which they stood out, but to apply them in behalf of their rivals, and for the express purpose of counteracting their own distinguished success. The Marquis of Harjington, with his sober ability, takes a far more comprehensive view than the brilliant Duke of Argyll, and correctly gauges the effect of the abolition of patronage when he hints that it has weakened the position of the Establishment in Scotland.

The conclusion from both branches of our argument is the same. Liberalism can only have one duty in regard to these two State institutions, namely, to sweep them away. They are surprisingly different, but, as State institutions, they are equally pernicious. The good they do is poisoned by the State connection, for it springs out of a daily injustice. Their inconsistency with each other confutes their mutual supporters. Of the two, the English Church is the least defensible, the most inequitable. As we have seen, its inherent

constitution and principles are anti-liberal. The Liberals within it, hearty and true as many of them are, live there under perpetual protest. Dr. Arnold years ago, with clear perception and fearless candour, recognised this unconciliatory tendency of the Church towards the age in which it existed. He said: "To revise Christ's Church is to expel the *anti-Christ of priesthood*, and to restore its disfranchised members, the laity, to the discharge of their proper duties . . . and all who value the inestimable blessings of Christ's Church should labour in arousing the laity to a sense of their great share in them. In particular, that discipline which is one of the greatest of those blessings, never can, and indeed never ought, to be bestowed, till the Church resumes its lawful authority, and puts an end to the usurpation of its power by the clergy."

The laity will never successfully shake the clerical power till it is separated from the support of the State, and depends wholly on their voluntary assent and subscriptions. The social and political position of the Church of England keeps many men in conformity who detest the doctrines of their clergy. To that we outside citizens are wholly careless and indifferent. It appears, however, that not only are we wronged by the favouritism of the State to this episcopal sect, but that its constitution and claims positively incapacitate it from assuming the religious mission of a liberal government. To maintain it any longer is as fatuous a policy as if a father and mother were to pay a tutor to teach their son filial disobedience, and the right of children to control and defy their parents. The Scotch Church, more liberal in its constitution, is of the same creed and organisation as the Churches without it; but they are living protests against its privilege. The further the State releases it from control, the more unrighteous becomes its enjoyment of special privilege and endowment. And the people of that Church, if their professions of principle are anything more than windy words—and I believe they are—must call to mind that with their own establishment they are buttressing the dangerous and enormous prelatical power of the south. If these two Churches continue to sustain each other much longer, the world will have an irrefutable demonstration that State-paid Christianity is not Christianity at all.

EDWARD JENKINS.

CHARLES DE BERNARD.

WHEN the author of *Walter Lorraine* obtained praise and profit by that performance, it is recorded that his uncle was so much surprised as to be almost angry. "I never read your novels and rubbish," said he, "except Paul de Kock, who certainly makes me laugh. I don't think I have looked into a book of the sort these thirty years." It is probable that Major Pendennis was by no means singular in reading certain books because they made him laugh. The quality which happens to produce that effect varies, of course, according to the idiosyncrasy of the reader. But still there is a clearly defined class of books which, though widely enough different in other ways, agree with one another in possessing this peculiar faculty of amusement. They are not always intentionally comic—indeed, the intentionally comic book is about the last which succeeds in its intention; but they are emphatically light literature. Their display of character may be, and to some extent must be, truthful and even masterly, but we do not read them as studies of character. Their pictures of the manners of their time must have facility and power, but we do not read them as we read Congreve or Molière. Their end, whether consciously proposed or not, is simple amusement, and the higher qualities which they may possess merely subserve this end.

There is usually a certain slightness about writers of this sort, and this slightness does not often give them a long life even in their capacities of amusement-purveyors. What tickles one generation frequently bores another. Sometimes, however, an author comes who, without the humour which might exalt him into the place of great writers, and while still belonging to the class to which no other word than light can be applied, still has enough salt in him to keep him alive after the generation which originally he made laugh has long passed away. There are not very many such writers; and there are perhaps more of them in French than in any other language. To this class undoubtedly belongs the novelist with whom it is now my purpose to deal. Charles de Bernard cannot be called a great novelist or a great writer; his work is nearly as slight as it is pleasant, and the characters of his innumerable novelettes blend and confuse themselves in the memory in a way in which the characters of the great novelist are never confused or blended. But for the actual amusement of the time occupied in reading him, and in the character of time-killer, he may challenge comparison with almost any artist in fiction. It is possible that

Thackeray's avowed and frequently expressed admiration may have been the means of introducing a large number of his English readers to him. But it is certain that the friends whom he thus gains by the intervention of another, he keeps by his own merits, and that no one who knows a good story when he sees it will hesitate to extend his acquaintance, however that acquaintance may have been formed, with the author of *La Femme de Quarante Ans* and *Le Gendre*.

It was some little time before Charles de Bernard adopted the style in which he was to attain so striking a success. He began with poetry and criticism, and it must be confessed that his poetry is, if not actually bad, hopelessly mediocre, and that his criticism is not much better. Balzac, however, took him under his protection, a protection which was at least, and probably at most, flattering. It was under the directions of the great novelist that he began to write novels, though fortunately he did not obey Balzac's suggestions to the letter in adopting the historical and heroic style. For about ten years he wrote constantly. At the end of this time a terrible disease came upon him, and in 1850 he died from exhaustion and inability to take nourishment. His life appears to have been almost entirely domestic, and very happy. He had no enemies, personal or literary, and his melancholy death seems to have been sincerely regretted far beyond the rather narrow circle of his personal friends.

His ten years' work came at an interesting moment. He was old enough to have taken part in the great romantic effort. But at that time he was a provincial with no Parisian friends, and his efforts to establish himself in literary work were long unsuccessful. He was moreover a strong Royalist, less of the sentimental than the rational type, and was therefore out of harmony both with the purely artistic and with the enthusiastically republican schools of the movement. When he had succeeded in establishing himself as a writer, the tide, if it had not turned, was turning. *Lucrece* had not yet been played, but the days of *Antony* and *Hernani* were over. There is thus little directly romantic in De Bernard's work, though the movement, like most other contemporary things, comes in occasionally for his gentle and good humoured satire. The results of his ten or twelve years' labour occupy about as many volumes; four of which are taken up with his only books of great length, *Un Beau-père* and *Le Gentilhomme Campagnard*. Three contain each a separate work of moderate size, *Un Homme Sérieux*, *Les Ailes d'Icare*, and *Gerfaut*. The other five embrace the work in which his genius is most fully represented, a score or so of delightful tales rarely exceeding some sixty or seventy pages in length, but perfect in proportion, crammed with invention and originality, and saturated with the purest and pleasantest essence of the spirit which for six centuries in fabliaux, farces, tales in prose and verse, comedies, and

correspondence, made French literature the delight and recreation of Europe.

That these shorter stories are not only the best things that their author did, but also the best things that he could do, I have no doubt whatever. A careful examination will indeed show that the merits of his longer works are the merits of his shorter ones, while their defects are exactly those which the composition of the shorter stories excludes. Take, for instance, *Un Beau-père*, the longest but one, and unquestionably the worst of its author's books. It has all the appearance of a shorter story unnaturally drawn out and prolonged. We have, to start with, a dinner. First, the guests do not come: when they do come, a strange interruption occurs: they have to go out and while away the time, and when they at last sit down, some eighty pages have been gone through. One feels that the thing is altogether out of proportion, and that the dinner is a nuisance. It would have made a good *Nouvelle* of itself, under the title of "The Hangry Host" or something of that sort. Treated more shortly, it would have made a good introduction to a longer story; but, as it stands, it is a mistake. So also in *Le Gentil-homme Campagnard*, the reception of the marquis, with which that charming story opens, is made disproportionately prominent in the same manner. I think myself that even *Gerfaut* would have been very much better if it had been designed on the scale of *Un Persécuteur* and *L'Innocence d'un Forçat*, but this will doubtless seem heresy to those who consider *Gerfaut* De Bernard's masterpiece. I cannot, however, myself avoid thinking that these critics have allowed their judgment of the book as a whole, to be biased by their admiration of the incomparable sketches of *Marillac* and *Mademoiselle de Corandeuil*. *Les Ailes d'Icare* and *Un Homme Sérieux* are indeed well sustained throughout; but even these a clever diascueast might easily split up into shorter stories that would be better than the present whole.

This, however, must be a matter very much of individual taste, and it is time, according to the plan of these papers, to leave generalities, and allow the author to speak for himself, as far as he can, in some narrative abstract of parts of his work. For this purpose I shall take *Un Homme Sérieux* of the longer works, and *Le Gendre* of the smaller.

Un Homme Sérieux opens with all the proper ceremonies. We are introduced to the courtyard of the Paris Post Office, where two persons, one of whom has evidently no desire to be recognised by the other, are waiting for the arrival of the Lille diligence. It appears at last, and from it emerges a complete provincial family—father, daughter, and son. The father is the *Homme Sérieux* himself, M. Chevassu, just elected deputy of the Nord, inheritor of three hundred years of

unbroken *roture*, and in his own estimation a very great man indeed. One of the persons expectant is his jackal—a jackal, indeed, who has secretly made up his mind to have very much more than the jackal's share—a certain André Dornier, journalist by profession, whom it suits to serve the deputy as private secretary. The other is the Vicomte de Moréal, a very accomplished young gentleman, who, in Chevassu's eyes, is hopelessly condemned by the ineradicable and unpardonable sin of noble birth. That these two are rivals for the hand of Henriette Chevassu, every experienced person will see at once, and the author makes no secret of it in the first few pages. As for the sensible man's son and heir, Prosper, he is a clerk who crosses his father's soul very frequently and very sadly. He has, in contradistinction to his sire's respectable liberalism, adopted the wildest revolutionary politics. He has already achieved the destruction of a journal started by M. Chevassu at Douai, with Dornier for editor, by inserting in it inflammatory articles; he has a personal friendship for Moréal, mixed up in the queerest way with a determination that his sister shall never marry an aristocrat, and he is, generally speaking, a mass of the most amusing absurdities and contradictions. The list of the *dramatis personæ* is completed by Chevassu's sister and her husband. The lady has tarnished the purity of the Chevassu *roture* by marrying a marquis, the Marquis de Pontailly, who is altogether of the old style, self-indulgent and passionate, but a gentleman to the backbone, and in the affairs of private life, a famous diplomatist. Madame de Pontailly adores intellect, and thus rather favours Dornier.

The reader must not think that in giving this elaborate description of the battlefield and the combatants, I am doing the author a wrong. It is the plan which he himself almost invariably adopts in his longer novels, and particularly in this one, according to the traditions of the older fiction. To a merely modern taste it may seem to have some of the drawbacks of the Euripidean prologue, and it must be admitted that the history of that unfortunate newspaper, the *Patriote Douaisien*, is given at somewhat unnecessary length. But, on the other hand, it may be contended that the more modern plan of beginning in the middle is quite as often a device for concealing the want of art, as an instrument for exhibiting the possession of it. To return, it is clear that as M. Chevassu is a widower, and has come to Paris merely to discharge his functions as deputy, his daughter will have to be under the charge of her aunt. Thus it becomes necessary for Moréal to lay siege to the Pontailly *salon*. Fortunately his father has been an old comrade of the marquis in the hard and yet jovial days of the emigration, when one painted still life and the other turned snuff-boxes for a livelihood. M. de Pontailly responds to an appeal, pays the viscount a visit, and pro-

mises every assistance. But the question is, how shall Moréal conciliate the aunt, over whom her husband frankly enough confesses himself to possess no direct influence. Fortunately the young man is a poet—it is 1834, remember—and on being pressed he reads a specimen of his verse to his visitor. M. de Pontailly selects a piece entitled *La Fête Romaine*, rejecting absolutely certain *Jours de Tristesse, Illusions Perdues*, and so forth; he innocently supposes that *La Fête Romaine* must be about the carnival of which he, has pleasant recollections. He will hear *La Fête Romaine* :—

“M. de Pontailly gave the manuscript back to Moréal; he then threw himself back in his chair, rested his chin on one of his hands, put the other in his waistcoat, and half-shutting his eyes, presented so formidable an attitude of attention that the young poet felt himself as nervous as if he had been in presence of a whole high commission of critics. His voice, as he began to read his verses, trembled somewhat. *La Fête Romaine* was the history of the martyrdom of the Christians under Nero, and the chief parts in it were played by the claws of the tigers and the torches of the executioner, rendered in violent outline and glaring colours after the fashion of certain contemporary productions of the poetical kind. When he had finished his reading, the Viscount turned upon his hearer one of those modest smiles with which an author is wont to invite the indulgence of his judge. M. de Pontailly's attitude had undergone a slight change. His arms hung by his sides, his head reclined on the back of the chair, his mouth was slightly open, and his eyes were closed; in fact, he appeared to be enjoying a peaceful and refreshing slumber. At this spectacle the demon of irritability, which is supposed particularly to attend upon poets, plunged his talons into Moréal, and, with an involuntary movement, he crushed his manuscript in his hand and flung it on the table. The old man instantly opened his eyes, raised himself, and looking ironically at the Viscount, said, ‘Don't disturb yourself. I was not asleep; I was thinking. You young men of to-day are certainly very curious people. When you wish to sing, you either weep or bellow. You yourself, for instance, how nicely you caught me with your title; I might have known better. You call that a *fête*! A Roman *fête*? I wonder what Pasquin and Marforio would say to it. A *fête*? Why didn't you call it an *Auto da Fé*, or a cannibal's feast, or a day in the shambles? If that is your taste, it is not mine. Your *fête* smells of the slaughter-house and the pitch-kettle. For my part I like the smell of roses or of old Falernian better. Yes, I would rather have Albano than Spagnoletto. Besides, any one can lay on black and red, while really pretty colouring is no such easy matter. I used to make verses too when I was young—you need not be afraid, I have forgotten them, and therefore I can't take my revenge. All I can remember of them is that they at least were lively.’”

However, the old man, though satirical, is not ill-natured. He decides that, as the verses are after all verses, they will do admirably for Madame de Pontailly, and proposes that the presentation shall take place at once.

Meanwhile the deputy of the Nord, who has come up determined to lead the affairs of the nation, has discovered that those of his own household will give him some trouble. He receives very unflattering accounts of Prosper's law studies, and Henriette refuses flatly to marry Dornier, so that his son and daughter are both in open revolt. Moréal's star is more kindly. By great good luck it happens to be

“poetry day” with Madame de Pontailly. The viscount is presented, is asked his opinion on a literary point, which, assisted by a little signal from the marquis, he delivers in complete accordance with the lady’s own. Then he is requested to recite, and delivers the most plaintive of all his lamentable verses. His success is complete, and his rival, who appears at the moment and tries to sneer at the verses, is severely snubbed. Nor do Dornier’s misfortunes end there, for shortly afterwards he is involved by the hot-headed Prosper in one of the political demonstrations of the moment, and both are locked up by the police, who thereby interfere with certain warlike designs on Moréal which they have both formed.

But while everything thus appears to be going well, an unexpected misfortune occurs. Madame de Pontailly has indeed taken Moréal into favour, but she is neither too old nor too literary to have given up coquetry, and she is by no means disposed to abandon such a promising cavalier to her niece. Hence, instead of assisting the course of true love, she does all she can to hinder it, and at last persuades her brother to send Henriette, in honourable captivity, to a boarding-school.

Nor is fate kinder to the ambitious designs of M. Chevassu. Under the promptings of Dornier, he has resolved to try and get together a small party in the Chamber. As a preliminary measure he has asked those with whom he wishes to act, to tea and discussion:—

“About nine o’clock the guests arrived, and the conversation, dealing exclusively with the tactics to be adopted during the session, became lively. Suddenly the door opened, and there entered a very unexpected personage, to wit, Prosper Chevassu. As he recognised his son, the deputy frowned, and his face expressed a vague disquiet, while his colleagues gazed with surprise at the curiously unparliamentary appearance of the new-comer. At last he said, ‘Gentlemen, I have the honour to present my son to you.’ ‘Just escaped,’ added Prosper, pompously, ‘from the dungeons of authority.’ ‘Ah!’ remarked a deputy to his neighbour, ‘it must be the noisy fellow who was arrested in the disturbance on Friday. What a ruffian he looks.’ As a matter of fact, the student’s appearance was a little terrible. The lower half of his countenance was unshaved and blackened, the upper was flushed with the wine he had drunk at his uncle’s, and his eyes sparkled in such a manner that he might have been an excellent model for an artist who wished to paint a Bacchanal, but was likely rather to shock gentlemen who considered gravity the first of virtues. Without appearing in any way embarrassed by his father’s gloomy looks, Prosper went up to the table, filled his cup, took some bread and butter, and proceeded to establish himself in the midst of the group of talkers in front of the fire. ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, with superb coolness, ‘I perceive that I have the honour to be in the society of deputies. I am much gratified at making your acquaintance, inasmuch as it is my purpose to address a petition to the Chamber without delay. I shall take the liberty of inviting your support thereto now.’ ‘Prosper,’ said M. Chevassu anxiously, ‘remember to whom you are speaking.’ ‘In your house, father,’ replied the son, ‘I can only be speaking to honourable citizens, enemies of arbitrary power, and defenders of popular rights.’ ‘Well,’ said a stout man of gruff countenance, ‘you wish to

petition us. May I ask what about?' 'I desire,' said Prosper, 'to draw the attention of the Chamber to the monstrous abuse of illegal imprisonment which we daily witness. I myself have been the victim of an outrage of this sort; it is therefore my duty to bell the cat of ministerial tyranny.' 'Why! what have you got to complain of?' rejoined the deputy brásquely. 'You make a disturbance in the streets, and you are arrested. Where is the injustice? You might have stayed at home.' 'Where is the injustice, sir!' cried Prosper, whose countenance became yet more inflamed, 'is it then henceforward to be illegal to take an after-dinner walk on the Boulevard?' 'Is it then to be the right of the minions of tyranny to bludgeon the peaceable citizen to whom exercise is recommended by his medical advisers? Is it then——' 'He must be mad,' said the stout man, half aloud. 'They called Brutus mad,' replied the student in disdainful tones. 'Hold your tongue, Prosper,' interrupted M. Chevassu. 'Pray, gentlemen, excuse this vivacity in a young man who thinks himself arbitrarily treated.' But Prosper did not allow him to finish. 'Father,' said he, with vehemence, 'make no excuses. With one exception I feel sure that these gentlemen understand and share my indignation. Were I deceived, sympathy will not fail me elsewhere. The Chamber of Deputies is after all but an infinitesimal fraction of the country, and if those who compose it slumber in culpable apathy, there are without its limits patriot-hearts which are awake.'

"These audacious words were received with a murmur of disapproval. 'This is becoming scandalous,' said one. 'It is an insult to the Chamber,' said another. 'Such a tirade is intolerable,' said a third. In vain M. Chevassu, who was on thorns, exclaimed, 'Prosper! Prosper!' The student, in this moment of general emotion, sipped his tea calmly and surveyed the assembly with a sarcastic air. When he had finished his cup, he put it down. 'Gentlemen,' said he with humour, 'I claim the indulgence of the House that I may reply to this call to order. I claim it in accordance with the rules of the House itself.' This irreverent parody redoubled the murmurs. 'I thought,' said one, 'that we came to discuss a serious question seriously, not to listen to schoolboy jokes.' 'Sir,' replied Prosper, 'I am not a schoolboy, and you are not my master. I know indeed that I am guilty of the crime of youth, an unpardonable crime in the eyes of a gerontocracy. But a day will come when the rising generation cannot be longer kept in a state of helotry. Yes,' continued he, gesticulating in his ardour, 'the day will come. I call to witness the memory of the men of Eighty-nine and the glorious traditions of the Republic.'

"A covey of partridges, startled by the report of a fowling-piece, could not be more alarmed than were the representatives of the nation at hearing this terrible word whistle past their ears. Those who were standing, rushed for their hats; those who were sitting, rose. In a moment the whole body were making for the door with parliamentary discipline and unanimity. In vain M. Chevassu tried to stop them; he was as successful as the hapless shepherd of the victims of Panurge, and all he got was a pretty sharp speech from the fat deputy. 'Monsieur Chevassu, the man who aspires to be the head of a political party had better first be head of his own house. I do not pretend to direct my colleagues, but not one of my four sons would dare to call his soul his own in my presence. My advice on this point, sir, is at your service. I cannot say the same of my support in the Chamber.'"

The woes of the deputy, however, do not help Moréal, notwithstanding that Prosper, who considers himself ill-treated by Dornier in the matter of their deliverance from prison, transfers his valuable allegiance to the viscount. The difficulty is now to find the school in which Henriette is immured. Moréal, however, accomplishes this, hires an adjoining house, and across the familiar garden-wall

converses sweetly with his beloved. This intercourse is discovered, and the marquise, furious at it, encourages Dornier to carry off her niece. The plot is discovered by M. de Pontailly, and valiantly frustrated by Moréal; all of course ending well. Even the austere deputy is partially reconciled to the marriage by Moréal's promise to be, at any rate up to that event, *un homme sérieux*, to cut off his beard, wear a frock-coat, and above all to write no verses.

Such is a meagre account of a charming book. Meagre as it is, however, it may show in what the charm consists. It lies in the constant succession of amusing scenes, such as that which I have translated, sometimes between Prosper and his father, sometimes between Moréal and the marquise, sometimes between M. de Pontailly and any or all of the characters. Of anything like a central interest there is next to nothing. The scenes hang well together, and one is carried on to the end satisfactorily. But the charm is in the parts, not in the whole.

Le Gendre begins with one of the dialogues which must have delighted Thackeray, and of which he himself was our best English artist. The speakers are "a man of about fifty-five years old, possessing an amiable countenance and wearing a loose suit, and a lady about ten years younger, of very smart appearance and dress." The conversation enlightens us at once as to their relation. They are man and wife, and the wife is very much the better man. Their daughter Adolphine has been married some six months, the two happy families are living together near Meudon, and of the joint household there is no doubt who is chief. At the moment when the story opens, Madame Bailleul, the mother-in-law, is demanding from her husband the formidable sum of ten thousand francs. It is to be invested in a company for the building of steamboats whose boilers can by no possibility burst; the promoter of which promising enterprise is a certain M. Gustave Laboissière, who is the friend of the house in a very intimate sense. M. Bailleul has not yet paid over his daughter's dowry, and he is anxious to do so instead of investing in the tempting boats. But when he wishes one thing and his wife another, it is needless to say which prevails. It is settled that Laboissière, who happens to be coming to dinner, shall have his money.

In the course, however, of the conversation, the excellent Bailleul expresses a fear that Laboissière comes too often for Adolphine's peace of mind and the welfare of his son-in-law, Chaudieu. His wife at first treats this suggestion very lightly, but as he brings forward something like proof, she becomes violently angry. The suspected pair are in the garden. She hides herself behind the arbour in which they are sitting, and is rewarded by hearing not merely an assignation, but certain remarks about herself which nearly carry

her off in an apoplexy. All this time no one has troubled himself about the master of the house. At length, when the four other actors have assembled, Madame Bailleul concealing her rage by a violent effort, Laboissière remembers that he has been entrusted with a letter for Chaudieu. They go to seek him, and he is found engaged in the innocent occupation of painting the trellis-work for his vines.

“The appearance of Adolphine’s husband corresponded well enough with the rustic simplicity of his employment. He was a young man of about eight and twenty, tall and strongly built, but this was all that could be said for his personal charms. His face gave evidence of good health and a quiet conscience, but the features could not be called either regular or remarkable. . . . As they came near the painter, our four personages appeared to experience a sarcastic feeling to which they did not give utterance, but which their countenances in different ways clearly expressed. Laboissière smiled sneeringly. M. Bailleul shrugged his shoulders in an irritated manner. Adolphine gave one of those half sighing yawns which the presence of a husband sometimes provokes in lovely woman; and as for Madame Bailleul, after looking for a minute at her son-in-law, as if she expected the ladder to collapse under her gaze, she cried in her sharpest tones, ‘I suppose you are joking. You must have seen us.’ Chaudieu turned his head, and contemplated the group beneath him. ‘How do you do?’ said he, and continued his work. ‘Don’t you see M. Laboissière?’ said his mother-in-law, in a tone which was equivalent to ‘come down at once, sir.’ ‘Oh, he does not expect me to treat him as a stranger, and he will let me finish my work.’ ‘Certainly,’ said Laboissière, ‘artists must not be disturbed. That is a fresco, I suppose?’ ‘Come down, Chaudieu,’ said M. Bailleul, ‘he has a letter for you.’ ‘From Marseilles,’ added Laboissière, ‘taking it from his pocket.’ ‘Ah,’ said Adolphine’s husband, ‘from Marseilles? And it is you who bring it me?’”

He puts the letter in his pocket without opening it, saying that he knows its contents, and, still in character, carries off his wife’s lover “to see the asparagus,” which Laboissière duly praises. After dinner the investment question, upon which it is necessary to consult Chaudieu, comes up again, and to his father-in-law’s intense surprise, he not only consents to the postponement of the payment of the dowry, but expresses himself willing to invest a much more considerable sum in the inexplosive boats himself. Laboissière is nearly beside himself with joy at the combined prospect of his assignation with the wife, and his windfall from the husband.

As to the first point, however, he has counted without his host. When the occupants of the Meudon villa separate for the night, Madame Bailleul summons her daughter from her room, locks her in her own, and goes to meet the Lovelace. As the chapter of accidents will have it, her son-in-law wishes to speak to her about the investment, and about certain intentions of his respecting it. Naturally he does not find her in her room, and fancying that she may be with his wife, proceeds thither. But before he opens the door he hears voices, not his wife’s, but Laboissière’s and his mother-

in-law's. Such a mystery excuses eavesdropping, and Chaudieu listens with great coolness to the whole conversation.

The tenor of the interview may be guessed. Laboissière, in his double character of swindler and lady-killer, has paid his addresses to the mother as well as to the daughter. He has, moreover, a complete hold on the former in the shape of some compromising letters, and he is thus enabled to brazen the matter out, and to defeat not merely Madame Bailleul's interference with his projects on Adolphine, but also all hope of preventing the investment from taking place. He departs threatening and mocking her. Next morning after much thought she sends for her son-in-law, and endeavours to persuade him—of course, without giving details—that she has been insulted. The scene is worth translation—

“I wish to speak to you on a very serious matter,” said she, “but first of all promise me on your honour not to tell any one what I say; not any one, mind, not even your wife.” “You need not tell me that. I know that one should only tell women secrets that one wishes not to be kept,” replied Chaudieu. “Is that your principle?” said Adolphine's mother, surprised at the reply which accorded so little with the easy-going conjugal habits of her son-in-law. “It is a Breton proverb,” said he, and his sunburnt countenance assumed an air of cool resolution which rather startled Madame Bailleul. She seemed to make a fresh acquaintance with her son-in-law, and she augured well of it for the task with which she wished to charge him. “Listen to me,” she said solemnly, “and weigh my words well. While your mother lived, if any one should have insulted her would you not have defended her? Would you not have employed all the strength and courage which heaven has given you to protect and avenge her?” “I should have done my duty,” said Chaudieu. “You have had the misfortune,” continued she tenderly, “to lose your mother, but your marriage has given you another who, without affecting to equal the lost, tries at least to take her place as much as she can, by virtue of the sincere affection she bears you.” Chaudieu looked at his mother-in-law, as if to say, “I really did not know that you were so fond of me.” Then he bowed without speaking. “After the ties of blood which count first,” continued Madame Bailleul, who was becoming quite eloquent, “are there ties more sacred than those which come from a happy and honourable alliance? My husband and I look upon you as a son, and I am sure that at need you would discharge the duties which that title imposes.” “I hope so,” said Chaudieu modestly. “For my part,” said she, “I am sure of it, for you are a man of honour, a man of spirit, a true Breton. That is enough.” The true Breton received this compliment with a second bow as silent and as ambiguous as the first. “If then I were to say to you, a man has insulted me gravely, deeply, mortally. He is my enemy, I have everything to fear from him, my husband is an old man, I am but a woman, and have no son, you alone can defend me and from you alone I expect protection; what would you do? Tell me.”

“Benedict Chaudieu directed his gaze towards the ceiling. He crossed his hands on his waistcoat, and slowly twirled his thumbs. ‘What should I do?’ said he in a meditative tone, after a moment's reflection. ‘Really I am not sure. It seems to me that you should tell me what you wish me to do.’ ‘What!’ cried Madame Bailleul, who had been considerably fidgeted by her son-in-law's very unchivalrous gestures. ‘You are a man, and you do not know how to answer such a question? I tell you of an unpardonable insult, of a serious danger, of a question of life and death, and you ask what is to be done! You cannot mean it, or rather you cannot have understood me.’ ‘Per-

haps not,' said Chaudieu with the greatest coolness. 'We Bretons are capital fellows, as you were kind enough just now to remark, but we are accused of having rather thick heads, and in this respect I am strictly true to my country. If you would speak a little more clearly perhaps I should be able to understand you.' 'If a man gave you a box on the ear,' said Adolphine's mother shortly, 'what should you do?' 'Give him two,' replied the Breton. 'You would challenge the man who had struck you? Well, I have just shown you that in virtue of the ties which bind us, your honour and mine are one. You are insulted in my person. Do you understand now?' 'I think,' said Chaudieu, 'I begin to guess. You want me to fight. I have something to say about that though.' 'I am listening,' said Madame Bailleul, whose countenance grew dark. 'About two months ago,' continued Chaudieu quite coolly, 'we were in the drawing-room, you and I and my wife. I was on the sofa, and you thought me asleep, you two were talking near the piano. You said to Adolphine, "You say your husband is dull and unloveable. That is true, but on the other hand he has neither energy, will, or character, and that is the main point. You can mould him like wax. A fool that one can lead by the nose is better than a fine talker who is master."' 'I did not say that,' interrupted Madame Bailleul, blushing to the eyes. 'Excuse me, you did. Now it follows from your words that I am a man of no energy or character, and therefore you must pardon me if I am surprised at your proposing to me a course of conduct which requires both.' Madame Bailleul bit her lips and inwardly cursed her imprudence. 'An evasion is not an answer,' said she at length. 'If you wish for an answer,' said Chaudieu quite unmoved, 'here it is. It is five months since my marriage, and, during that time, I have accepted the position you assigned me. I should have liked to be master in my own house, but you thought that would be a bad precedent. My wife leads me, according to your advice; you on your part lead my wife, so that you are in fact the mistress. I scarcely dare to ask a friend to dinner, my servants look to you before obeying the orders I give them, the house and the garden are turned upside down without my being consulted: in short, I am nobody. I do not complain. But as I pay the fees, I think it is fair that I should have the privileges. If I were the master of the house and the head of the family, and you came to me and said, "Son-in-law, such and such a thing has happened, which is a man's business," I should say "That is for me to look to," and I should act accordingly. But if the petticoat does the governing, let the petticoat do the fighting. I wash my hands of it.' 'How well I judged you!' cried Madame Bailleul. 'You are exactly the mean and vulgar creature I thought you at first.' 'In short,' said he, 'a second edition of M. Bailleul, am I not?' 'Leave the room, sir!' cried she, her eyes blazing with anger. 'I do not allow your father-in-law to be insulted in my presence.' Chaudieu bowed for the third time. 'You have nothing else to say?' said he with the imperturbable coolness which redoubled his companion's irritation. 'Fool and coward!' she muttered between her teeth, but audibly enough. 'The two things often go together,' remarked the young man as he went out; 'so do old woman and coquette.'

But the experienced reader has no fear that the Breton is going to leave Laboissière unpunished for his misdeeds committed and intended. After quitting his irate mother-in-law, Chaudieu makes an excellent breakfast, and then sets out for Paris, after inducing his father-in-law to assign to him, on account of Adolphine's dowry, the ten thousand francs' worth of shares in the inexplusive boats, which have been already taken. Then follows a grand scene with the swindler, too long, unfortunately, for quotation. Armed with a forged bill of Laboissière's—the very document contained in the

letter from Marseilles—he extracts from him not merely the money's worth of the worthless shares, but also Madame Bailleul's letters, of the existence of which his nocturnal eavesdropping has informed him. Laboissière, seeing the bill burnt, recovers his audacity, and, being a practised duellist, challenges the Breton, who coolly refuses to fight him, and, gives him proof that his own physical strength is sufficient to guard him from outrage. The baffled swindler, however, declares that he will publicly insult his conqueror at an approaching dinner at M. Bailleul's. Chaudieu, quite unmoved by this threat, returns to Meudon, and in an interview with his wife's mother, points out that he intends to be master in his own house, that thenceforward he had only been waiting for complete proofs of Laboissière's guilt, and that thenceforward she had quite a different person to reckon with. At the same time, by returning to Madame Bailleul the letters unrecd, he binds even her to his side. Next day the final scene occurs. Laboissière, who has quite recovered his impudence, threatens Chaudieu with personal violence before his father-in-law's guests. The Breton collars him and administers a sound thrashing, after which he turns him out of the house, courteously entertains the guests—it is at his father-in-law's own house in Paris—and then carries off his wife triumphantly to Meudon, where thenceforward he reigns supreme.

I have no hesitation in placing *Le Gendre* at the head of all novelettes of its class with which I am acquainted. The scenes to which I have referred are all equally good; and the way in which Chaudieu is made to display his real character, quite naturally and without any violent metamorphosis, is admirably managed. The particular scene in which Laboissière is forced to disgorge, has served as a model and a quarry to hundreds of novelists. Indeed, of all the numerous writers who have since embellished their works with similar descriptions, I hardly know one who is not indebted to it. Almost equally admirable, though less suited to English taste, is that in which the haughty and vindictive Madame Bailleul is subdued by the greater coolness and baseness of her scoundrelly admirer. Nothing again can surpass the touches by which good M. Bailleul is kept before us as a useful but absolutely uncomprehending witness of the surprising events which pass under his eyes.

It is not possible to give any individual notice to all De Bernard's works. There is *Les Ailes d'Icare*, which has, like *Gerfaut*, the position of masterpiece, but of which to my fancy Thackeray has translated the best part. It has been noted too that some hints are taken for it from the duel in the *Shabby genteel story*. There is *Un Beau-père*, the drawbacks of which I have already hinted at. It is the only one of its author's books which is hardly worth reading for any but critical purposes. There is *Le Gentilhomme Campagnard*

full of the most admirable scenes, and containing character sketches enough for half-a-dozen novels, but perhaps too long for its central interest. Then there is *Gerfaut*, respecting which it is perhaps well to say why I differ from most of its critics. The plot is simple enough. A Parisian gentleman, of good family and literary eminence, finds himself brain-weary, and is recommended by his medical man quite gravely to fall in love as a means of acquiring intellectual freshness. He, with equal gravity, addresses himself to this laudable purpose, selects a certain Madame de Bergenheim, pursues her to her château in Alsace, and, extracting an invitation from the husband, sets to work. But in the long run the husband becomes aware of the intrigue, with tragic results to himself and his wife. The defect of the book seems to be that the author does not show us what view he takes of Gerfaut. It is impossible to make out whether the treatment is satiric or melodramatic. If we are really expected to sympathise with an outrageous coxcomb, we refuse; if we are meant to laugh at him, we find little assistance given us in doing so. It is clear that the author had not yet found his way; though the supper scene and Marillac's drunken harangue point to that way very clearly.

In the shorter tales the reader can hardly go wrong. Whether he takes up *Le Noeud Gordien*, *Le Paravent*, *Le Paratonnerre*, or *L'Ecueil*, names which the author chose to attach to his little bundles of collected nouvelles, sometimes without much reason, he cannot fail to be delighted. The average length of these tales is about seventy pages, though two longer ones, *La Peau du Lion* and *La Chasse aux Amants*, make a volume between them; and there are a few which do not exceed a dozen pages. *La Peau du Lion*, a story dealing with the unmasking of a braggart and nearly successful suitor, is one of De Bernard's happiest efforts; and *La Chasse aux Amants*, which describes how a monaced husband avenges himself in the most signal manner on his false friends, matches it well. Of the four stories which make up *L'Ecueil*, by far the best is that which I have already fully dealt with, *Le Gendre*. *L'Innocence d'un Forçat* is tragic, and tragedy is not the author's forte. Nor is *La Cinquantaine*, though full of wit, exempt from a certain painful impression, for the woes of a superannuated lover are but tragi-comic after all. The tale which gives its name to *Le Paratonnerre*, as well as *Le Pied d'Argile*—the *Bedford Row conspiracy*—which accompanies it, is admirable; but *La Peine du Talion* again brings in the serious element and again falls. M. Georges de Sordeuil, the hero, attains but to melodrama at best. *Le Noeud Gordien* contains the delicious *Femme de Quarante Ans*, where the heroine is identified by her unfortunately stereotyped habit of assigning a special star for each of her numerous adorers to remember her by. *L'Anneau d'Argent*

is the most touching of all its author's sadder stories. In it a great lady, who plays at Carlism, first entraps her daughter's suitor into the ranks of the Vendean insurgents, and then hands the girl over to a wealthy supporter of Louis Philippe. *Un Acte de Vertu* has had the honour of being in part translated by Thackeray. Its end, however, does not quite satisfy the expectations which the beginning excites. *Le Persécuteur* (which the author dramatised) is the most powerful of his tragic efforts, but not the most agreeable. Lastly, there is the *Paravent*, to most of the contents of which I may have occasion to allude presently. The best thing in it, however, must be here mentioned. This is *L'Arbre de la Science*, a story having some points of resemblance with *La Chasse aux Amants*. The hero, a lady-killer on the turn, takes in hand, for his own purposes, a youthful but innocent husband. He hopes, by introducing him to the world and its ways, to facilitate his projects. The result is just the reverse. The pupil improves so rapidly, that he very soon divines his tutor's intention, while at the same time the tottering fidelity of his wife is established firmly by her admiration for his newly-acquired accomplishments and graces, so that the seducer is beaten completely, and has to retire in considerable disorder.

I have given this catalogue of the contents of these volumes because, as their general titles give no indication, it is not very easy without something of the kind to find the volume in which a particular story is contained. No critic, not even, I should suppose, the most uncritical reader, has failed to notice the success with which Charles de Bernard introduces people of rank and breeding into his stories. Whether or not he drew from nature, his portraits of this kind are exquisitely natural and easy. I shall not insult the admirers of Balzac by drawing the parallel which many commentators have busied themselves to draw. It is sufficient to say that Charles de Bernard is the literary Sir Joshua of the post-revolution vicomte and marquise. We can see that his portraits are faithful; we must feel that they are at the same time charming. If he has one talent greater than another in this direction, it is in drawing old men. His returned emigrants, who unite a profound conviction of the deterioration of youth, and a half melancholy, half satirical remembrance of their past joys and prowess, with a charming good nature and an admirable skill in diplomacy, are among the most delightful characters in fiction. In the portrayal of his younger men, the author has been, if not less successful, at any rate less attractive, and the reason of this is a curious study in manners, if not in morals. De Bernard has, and in the main justly, the reputation of drawing ladies and gentlemen. But his gentlemen, if not his ladies, come short of the mark in one curious point of honour. They are a great deal too unscrupulous in their manœuvres. This is not a piece of general squeamishness, for it seems to have struck French critics

almost as strongly as it strikes an Englishman. Nor can it be defended by the excuse as to pranks which only deserve "peals of elvish laughter." Too many of Charles de Bernard's heroes do things at which, by convention of elf-land, even elves have no right to indulge in laughing. They do not wait till their friends have, in the accepted manner, declared war against the human race by becoming husbands. They apply the licences of the state of war to what ought to be the state of peace. We laugh so much at the *Paratonnerre*, and the unlucky hero has his own coxcombry so much to blame for his unpleasant predicament, that we can hardly blame the friend who makes such unscrupulous use of him. But in *La Rose Jaune*, the construction which Dramond puts on the duties of ambassador, is a little disturbing to one's ideas of the conduct of a gentleman.

After all, however, there are not many instances of this shortcoming, and in those which do show themselves, there is no great harm done. It is, moreover, an interesting survival of the old Gallic spirit of sacrificing everything to the jest's sake, and of relying for a moral on the lesson given to the dupe not to be caught again. It must also be admitted that the victims have generally exposed themselves to ill treatment by some folly or worse, and they therefore deserve their punishment even if the executioners are not quite the right people to administer it, and if the punishment itself be not exactly according to our notions of propriety. The older tale-tellers were extremely fond of proceeding on this method, and they sometimes carried it, as in the fabliau of "The Priest and the Knight," to rather appalling extremes.

Criticism on a novelist of this class must always in the long run resolve itself into a simple recommendation to read him. He has no unusual savour which requires preparation or encouragement before it can be enjoyed, no far-sought sentiment and interest which have to be brought near, no eccentricity of plot or style which might require interpretation or excuse. No one need bring anything to the reading of him but the faculty of perceiving a joke, and the willingness to perceive it. De Bernard may stand to Balzac and George Sand as champagne stands to Romanée Conti and to Château Yquem. But no one who is at all capable of enjoying him needs anything more than to have a specimen put into his hands. A reader of one volume will go on reading whenever he has the opportunity. Translation indeed is perhaps the worst means of conveying his peculiar charm. Translated he is—as Thackeray himself confesses—like decanted champagne, a monstrosity which, however, Thackeray must have lived long enough to see. Yet even decanted champagne might possibly give some, though a feeble, idea of the savor and liveliness of the wine to persons who had never tasted it in its natural, or rather artificial condition. These novels, well enough

as they are known to professed students of French literature, have, by the mere fact of their age, rather slipped out of the list of books known to the general reader. The general reader who reads for amusement cannot possibly do better than proceed to convert his ignorance of them into knowledge.

I have not forgotten the occasion on which, some dozen years ago, I made acquaintance with Charles de Bernard's books. It was in a Breton inn, where, to pass the time, a companion of mine had borrowed an armful of light literature from the landlady. There was *Les Bourgeois de Machecoul*, that remarkable specimen of the later manner of Alexander the Great, when he was content to leave the work chiefly to the "young men," the possession and use of whom Thackeray affected to envy him. There was *Belle-Rose*, the best imitation of his best manner by his best imitator Amédéo Achard. There were wondrous works of Feydeau, who was then just arriving at the stage when Sainte Beuve found it necessary to hide his portrait from general inspection, and a great many others the authors of which if not the individual examples were already familiar to me. But among these was *L'Œucil*, of whose writer at that time I knew nothing but the name. One could hardly help the exclamation, "voici enfin la vraie comédie" under such circumstances. De Bernard has no tragic power as it seems to me, and wherever he attempts tragedy he comes manifestly short of himself. But in comedy proper, in the unfolding of intrigue and the portraiture of manners, he has hardly a superior except in the great masters. His excellence of execution is only passed by his extraordinary facility of invention. I do not know that he is a novelist who invites frequent reproof. He is too slight for that, and his speedy workmanship throws no grapnel on the memory. But the very shallowness of the impression which he makes, in a manner compensates for this. One forgets the substance of his stories, and only remembers that they were extremely pleasant, so that after a few years they can be read almost as if they had never been read before. Their amusingness is, like the beauty of Mr. Browning's heroine, their sole duty, and they certainly do it. They

"Pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave or the precise ones."

They have not even humour in the proper sense of the word. But in wit and urbanity, and in the peculiar charm that wit and urbanity give, they are of the best French type. To any higher place than a place in the literature of amusement they have no claim; but in that literature their place is very high, and from many testimonies it would seem that those whom they most amuse, are those who are best worth amusing.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE FUTURE OF ASIATIC TURKEY.

BEHIND all the discussions, controversies, and recriminations to which the war in the East and the treaty of San Stefano have given rise, behind all the schemes for the deliverance of Slavs or Greeks, for the aggrandizement of Russia or the protection of England, there stands one question, for the moment cast into the shade and almost forgotten, but sure to reappear ultimately as the widest and gravest of all the questions which civilised Europe has to confront. That question is, What is to become of the territories left to the Turks? Whether a war comes now between England and Russia or not, and whatever may be the issue of such a war if it does come, this question will only be adjourned, but not solved. After war, peace must return some day, and as surely as peace returns, so surely will this question press itself forward for solution. Longer delay will make it none the easier nor smaller. Some part of Europe—a bit of Thrace, probably Bosnia and part of Epirus and Macedonia—will remain under the immediate rule of the Sultan. All his Asiatic dominions, except a slice of Armenia, are apparently to be left untouched. What is to be the condition of these vast and noble territories? Is it desirable, is it even possible, to do anything to improve the government of them and prevent their wretchedness from being in the future, as it has been for so long in the past, a scandal to the world, a ground for interferences by one or other of the neighbouring powers, a source of jealousy which may at any time break out into open war?

To put the difficulty thus is, indeed, to understate it. For in one respect the condition of the subjects of Turkey, Mohammedans as well as Christian, is likely to be far worse now than it has been heretofore. The incurable vice of Turkish sway has been rather its weakness than its wickedness. It is not the laws that have been most in fault, but their administration; and it was not want of will nearly so much as want of strength that made their administration so bad. Now this weakness will necessarily increase with that total collapse of the military and civil resources of Turkey which the war has brought about. Her treasury is now empty, and having lost her credit she can no longer borrow in the West. Her richest territories have been ravaged by war, and in many parts denuded of their inhabitants. A considerable part of them is lost for ever. The conscription has in Asia been scarcely less ruinous than the war in Europe. Nearly the whole male Mohammedan population of military age has been carried off, most of them to perish on Bulgarian or Roumelian battlefields, others to return home sick or wounded, many to be scattered through districts whence they will fail to find their way back to their own villages. The fields are lying untilled: the industries of peace have stopped: just when the need for taxes is greatest, the

springs of taxation have run dry. If the army is kept on foot, how is it to be paid? If it is disbanded, the soldiers dispersed over the country may become a dangerous element, the raw material for brigands whom there will be no regular force to hold in check. Turkey is threatened with a paralysis of the most necessary machinery of government from the want of money to support the civil officials, the police, the troops, all of whom were, even before the war, inadequate and underpaid.

An evil not less serious remains. The government of the Porte has for a long time rested more upon opinion and habit than upon material force. Travellers have often expressed their surprise that there was not greater disorder in a country where the means of repressing it were so slender, and have concluded that it was the traditional awe inspired by the name of the Sultan, and the veneration that had come down from the great days of conquest, which secured such measure of obedience as was rendered to the laws. If these feelings are not utterly destroyed, they must have been grievously shaken by the events of the last year. The knowledge that a crushing blow has been dealt to the Padishah, that he has submitted to harsh terms, that sacred Stamboul lies at the mercy of the conqueror, cannot long be kept concealed, even from the most remote and ignorant part of the subject populations, from the Druzes of Lebanon, from the Bedouin of the desert, from the savage tribes of Kurdistan. One may well fear an increasing encouragement to lawlessness, a more terrible disorganization of all the structure of civil society. Already the signs are not wanting, both in Albania and in Bulgaria, and in more than one region of Asia, that an outbreak of the passions of plunder and religious hatred is at hand which may plunge whole provinces into anarchy. For it has been a most deplorable, though a most natural result of the past struggle, to embitter every animosity of faith and race.

The impending danger cannot be better described than in the words of a letter lately received by the present writer from an acute and experienced observer (neither Englishman nor Russian), who has lived long in Turkey:—"I follow with interest any movement which bids for a preparation against that collapse into utter barbarism and blank anarchy which menaces the whole of Turkey, where there is not some foreign authority introduced in the place of that hard and petrifying rule which was, however, in one sense government, and did restrain the worst excesses of the worst of the barbarians. This is all that could be said for the Turkish Government. Bad as it was, it will be worse for all the subject lands if the Koord and the Circassian, the Bey and the Bashi-Bazook are allowed, with all their awe of Stamboul removed, to work their will on the classes of the population always under terror and never accustomed to self-defence. No one who has not known the Rayah of various races on the spot,

can imagine the utter helplessness of these wretched people, and their incapacity for offering any resistance to the least formidable of their old oppressors. The negroes in the Southern States of America were hardly more devoid of manhood. You know what they are in Asia, and I know them of several races in Europe; but does England in general conceive what is likely to be the fate of all those provinces which are not to be occupied by Austria, Russia, or some other strong government, now that the moral influence of the Sultan has been destroyed, how pillage by every one that has strength to pillage will take the place of the pillage which was organized, and more or less regularised under the name of taxation? What is passing in Epirus and Thessaly proves that already the Pashas in the local administration are obliged to let the Bashi-Bazooks do what they like with the Christian population. But this is but the beginning, for as the fact comes home to the people generally that the Sultan has been overthrown, and as the extenuation and the demoralisation of his government is brought to its fullest extent by the natural course of the malady, *i.e.* by the prostration inevitable after the feverish energy with which the Turks have struggled during the past six months, the half-subjected races will reassert their independence, the authorities will have less vigour to make head against local disorganization, and the whole empire will by degrees sink into a state of dissolution of all social and political restraint such as Europe can with difficulty conceive. But with these primitive races the progress even of dissolution is so slow that it may still be averted if the civilised nations of Europe take up the government before the total failure of the Turkish rule is felt."

These anticipations (one hopes they may be overcharged, but those who know Turkey best, will be least disposed to make light of them) apply equally to European and to Asiatic Turkey. It is, however, only of Asiatic Turkey that I propose to speak: not only because it now forms a far larger problem (seeing how much the European dominions of the Porte are likely to be cut down), but also because it has received scarcely any attention in comparison to that bestowed on the resettlement of Europe. These Asiatic provinces were once the wealthiest and most flourishing portion of the ancient world. Their geographical position, their harbours, their soil, their minerals, would soon enable them, under a good government, to recover no small measure of prosperity, and to double or treble their population. What sort of a political future can be predicted for them? And is there any possibility of averting that utter disorganization which the collapse of the Turkish power seems likely to bring about?

Let us begin by frankly admitting that Turkey is dead—dead beyond all hopes of revival. That is to say, she is no longer an independent, but a protected State, existing on the sufferance of neighbours who could crush her with scarcely an effort; and, in fact,

left in existence only because no one of those neighbours would be permitted by the others to absorb her. What spirit and life there ever was in the Turks—it was never anything more than a spirit of conquest, not of civilization or government—is gone out of them and seems most unlikely to return. Acknowledging fully and heartily the solid virtues of the peasantry, virtues which have made many European observers prefer them to the slavish Christian populations, they have no power of assimilating new ideas, no turn for civilization, no capacity for intellectual or moral progress. That they cannot receive it when imposed on them from without it would happily be premature to affirm, for the experiment has never been fairly tried. But they cannot do it for themselves. It would be an error to attribute this to any natural stupidity of the Turkish race, for there is really only a small Turkish element in the population of these countries. Probably it is rather due to the bare, hard, sterile character of Mohammedanism, to its fatalistic tendencies, and above all, to the state of degradation and ignorance in which it keeps women. The history of Mohammedan empires shows that no development of the arts of government or society, no advance in thought or industry, is to be looked for under them.¹ Nor will matters be at all mended when the Moslem population is (as it may probably now become) in a more decided majority. People have talked of driving the Turks out of Europe into Asia, as if that was a solution of the difficulty. But why? They have ruled Asia just as ill as Europe; the only difference being that we have not heard so much about the misfortunes of regions more remote and less frequently visited. The misgovernment of both Moslem and Christian subjects is no less ruinous in Asia than in Europe, and where there is a considerable Christian population, as in Armenia, the massacres perpetrated upon it are just as atrocious. That the Turks when relegated to Asia Minor may reconstitute themselves into a respectable power, is an idea which (though I see it is entertained by so judicious an enquirer as Sir George Campbell²) seems to have the probabilities entirely against it. What are the grounds of such a hope? Local institutions are all but extinct. The central government is hopelessly weak, the ruling class hopelessly corrupt, the reigning family hopelessly effete. It is in the interest of the Turkish population itself, whose welfare ought to be regarded equally with that of the Christians, that we should emphasise the distinction between them and the knot of palace favourites and low-born adventurers who govern them, and that we should recognise how little can be expected from these latter.

(1) The apparent exceptions furnished by the Abbaside Khalifs at Bagdad, the Spanish Mussulmans, and the great Akbar in India, are seen, when closely examined, to be no exceptions to this proposition, but in reality rather to illustrate it.

(2) See his article in the April number of this Review.

There is of course no question of abolishing the Sultanate at present. It must be suffered to subsist, because there is nothing as yet to put in its place, because the subject races seem incapable of free institutions. The immediate duty of the Powers of Europe would appear to be to suggest, or rather to insist upon, such reforms as may alleviate the more crying of the present evils. Whether by the appointment of a European Commission, or by any other means which may supply that lack of initiative and of administrative vigour to which the failure of all previous efforts has been due, something must be done, or the state of Asia will become worse than that of Europe has been. When the Powers take counsel together, be it in Congress or out of Congress, they must needs provide some remedies, some safeguard against these perils. Such remedies, however, can only be temporary. Let us endeavour to look farther ahead, and enquire, by the light which history affords, what the remoter future may have in store for the Asiatic provinces of the Empire, when the decay of its present Government has ended in dissolution. Three alternatives present themselves as possible. The first is the rise of some new Mohammedan State or dynasty. The second is annexation by one or more of the European powers. The third is the rise of a Christian race, embodying itself in a Christian State.

The first of these three is suggested by the history of the earlier ages of Mohammedanism. When one race or dynasty had become effete, another, more vigorous if not otherwise superior, emerged to supplant it and reigned in its stead. Thus the Abbaside Khalifs succeeded to the throne of the Ommiades; thus the Fatimides sprang into power in North Africa and Egypt; thus the Seljukian Turks established mighty kingdoms on the ruins of the Saracenic Empire; thus finally the Ottoman dominion itself rose out of the midst of the Seljukian principalities. But things have changed greatly since those times. There is no longer a reservoir of warlike nations in the steppes of Turkestan, nor any such evidences of vitality in the Moslem population of Western Asia as can make us expect a new dynasty to rise from among them. By its system of continually changing the provincial governors, the Porte has even succeeded in preventing any of them from making himself independent, as satraps so frequently did in earlier centuries, and has thereby destroyed such slight chance as there used to be of some new forcible tyrant.

The second alternative is more probable, but just as little desirable. The tendency through all recent history has been for the larger States to go on absorbing the smaller and weaker ones on their borders. And thus it may seem natural that Russia should swallow up part of Asiatic Turkey, and that England, who by her command of the sea is everybody's neighbour, should annex the rest. But this is exactly what we seek to prevent. England has no wish, with India already on her hands, to become liable to govern and defend fresh

territories, though there is no doubt much to be said in favour of her assuming the protectorate of Syria, whence, better and more easily than in Egypt, she could defend the Suez route. And we are all, even those who do not conceive the interests of England to be specially affected, agreed in resisting any farther advance of Russia to the South. It may well be thought that such an advance would overtax her own strength, and tend to her internal disruption. But this is more matter of speculation, and supposing aggression to be successful, it would not only give her a dangerously dominant influence in the Levant, but would be a misfortune for the territories she might annex. She is not herself sufficiently civilized or open-minded to be fit to rule and educate other races. In trying to impose its own most imperfect type of culture, her bureaucracy would stifle the chances of any other form of national life.

There remains the third alternative, the growth of a native Christian race possessing such a capability for intellectual and industrial progress as may enable it to become a civilizing and organizing influence in these neglected countries, and ultimately the nucleus of an independent state. The only Christian race in the East that offers any promise of this kind is the Armenian; and it is to a consideration of their condition and prospects, that I desire to devote the remaining pages of this article.

Asiatic Turkey falls naturally into three divisions. First, there is the Turkish, consisting of the centre and west of Asia Minor, where the majority of the rural population is Mohammedan, though there are plenty of Greeks, especially in the seaports, and Armenians both there and in the inland cities. Turkish is the language commonly spoken over all this region. Secondly, we have the Arab portion, embracing large districts of Syria and the lower valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, where the inhabitants are almost entirely Mohammedan, and Arabic is the prevailing tongue. Thirdly, there is the Armenian division, lying north of Mesopotamia and north-east of Asia Minor.

Now Armenia is not, strictly speaking, a country; it is rather, as used to be said of Italy, a geographical expression. It has no definite boundaries, either natural or political. Its name denotes the region which once formed the Armenian kingdom, and which is still largely inhabited by Armenian Christians, although politically divided between the empires of Persia, Russia, and Turkey, whose frontiers meet in the peak of Ararat. Speaking roughly, one may say that it extends from Trebizond on the Black Sea to Tavriz in Persia, and from Delijan (a little south of Tiflis) on the N.E. to near Diarbekir on the S.W. This would give it about three hundred and fifty miles in length by two hundred and fifty in breadth. It is high and generally mountainous; a country of great natural strength, and withal naturally fertile, though, owing to the want of roads, of

capital, and of security, the resources of its soil and its mineral wealth remain undeveloped. Of its inhabitants nearly two millions are Armenian Christians. A possibly larger, but quite uncertain, number are Mohammedans, but as these Mohammedans, belong to different races, speaking different tongues, and as nearly half of them are savage nomads, the Armenians constitute the most important element in the population. They are more numerous than any single section of the Moslem inhabitants, and they are infinitely superior to the great bulk of the Mohammedans in industry as well as in intelligence. Nearly all the trade of the country is in their hands; and in some districts, where the Moslems are pastoral nomads or mere robbers, they are the only tillers of the soil. Unlike their neighbours, the Nestorian Christians, many of whom are warlike mountaineers, the Armenians are a quiet and peaceable folk in those ancient seats of theirs. But in the foreign countries to which so many of them have emigrated, they are, as everybody knows, singularly enterprising and successful merchants, showing wherever they settle—in Calcutta, in Java, in Constantinople, in Manchester—a keenness and tenacity not inferior to that of Scotchmen or Yankees. Both in Asiatic Russia and in Turkey they form a large part, and (as one hears) by far the most valuable part of the subordinate officials. In the Russian army there are said to be thirty Armenian generals, including Loris Melikoff, Tergukaseff, and Lazareff. Nubar Pasha, the ablest man in Egypt, is an Armenian Christian; so is the present Persian Minister in London, who is one of the foremost statesmen of Persia.¹ And the exploits of the tribes of the Cilician mountains, who have maintained themselves in practical independence since the fourteenth century, repelling the attacks of vastly superior Turkish armies with a valour comparable to that of the Montenegrins, prove that there is no want of courage or spirit, any more than of intelligence, in the Armenian race.

Now, of all the districts of Asiatic Turkey, Armenia is that where the misery of the subjects is the greatest. Both in the Arabic portion, and in what I have called the Turkish portion proper (*i.e.* Asia Minor), the number of Christians is comparatively small, and they inhabit the towns, where oppression is not so easy, and can be sooner brought to the notice of a European Consul. Here, however, the Christians are a rural as well as an urban population, and there are so few representatives of England or Russia in the cities that cruelties and exactions pass unheeded. But the pre-eminence of suffering which belongs to Armenia is chiefly due to a cause absent in the other provinces (though something like it exists in Syria), the presence of the marauding tribes of Koords. These robbers are the scourge of the country. Constantly in arms, and scorning all labour, they carry on a perpetual guerilla war against their peaceable

(1) It is worth remarking that the Armenians played a great part among the generals and administrators of the Eastern Roman Empire from the sixth century onwards.

neighbours. They fall upon the villages of the plain, destroy their crops, plunder and burn their houses, kill them if they attempt to resist, carry off their women into captivity. Complaints are useless, for the local governor, even when he desires to do justice and punish the offender, has no sufficient force at his command. If he attempts to interfere, the Koords will probably take vengeance on him, and certainly on the village which has ventured to invoke his help. The peaceable Moslem inhabitants suffer from these ruffians (who are very lax Mussulmans, and care nothing for the Sultan) almost as much as the Christians do. But as they are permitted to carry arms, and their testimony is admissible in the courts, they are less helpless both for defence and redress. Not to repeat the tale of horrors which we have heard so often during the last two years, I will content myself with extracting from the last published Blue Book on the affairs of Turkey, an account, touching in its sad simplicity, of the massacre which the Koords perpetrated at Van, hitherto the most prosperous part of Armenia, early in last summer. The Porte had summoned these wild warriors to its aid, but instead of fighting the Russians, they fell upon their innocent neighbours, who lived far from the scene of war, and had given no sign of disaffection. The account (whose details have been amply confirmed from other sources) is written in July last, and headed, "Letter from an Armenian in Van to a Bishop in Bitlis" (another city of Armenia).

"HONOURABLE AND HOLY FATHER,

"The condition of this city is most distressing. For the distance of three days' journey on all sides of it the Christian villages have been despoiled. Not a sheep, not an ox, not a vestige of movable property remains; neither is there safety of life. Every Christian village on the road from Van to Bayazid has been destroyed by the cruel Koords. They have robbed the people of everything; desecrated the churches and carried away the church treasure. The pitiable villagers, utterly destitute and helpless, have fled to the mountains and caves, are hungry, thirsty, and naked, having no shelter from the scorching heat of day, or the cold at night. The daughters and wives of some the Koords ravished, and others they took captive. They plundered shops without number; those that resisted they beat and wounded, and many they killed. The Jizirik chief men completely robbed Alabash Kaloo, the very rich and holy monastery of St. Bartimeus; they opened the grave of the saint and defiled it; they converted the monastery into a stable. In like manner the holy monastery of Derrama has been converted into a ruin and the tower and walls of the church pulled down. Also Koosaganborts monastery they plundered, of which not a vestige remains.

"Of which shall I speak? Of which shall I write? Armenia has become a desolation. It will be impossible for you to believe the things which have come to pass. But if the Lord prospers you so that you come hither, your eyes will be filled with tears at the sight of the desolation. In this city a Christian cannot walk about with freedom; to meet together to talk is impossible; to open the shops is wholly out of the question. Taxes grow heavy from day to day. Troubles increase daily. The wheat is ripe; to reap it is impracticable and unsafe. There are no means to hire labourers. Oxen and carts have been stolen, so that we are given up to unbearable suffering. If we go out from our houses, we take off much of our clothing, lest it be seized in the streets.

(*) A quotation from Moses of Chorene, the ancient historian of Armenia.

The Turkish army went to Bayazid and took it from the Russians. While the fight was going on, the Koords plundered the city and surrounding villages, and killed many of the inhabitants. The beautiful women and girls they carried away to their mountain strongholds, and now the region is desolate and uninhabited. Many of the slain lie unburied.

"The Almighty Saviour our God deliver his people from these straits."

This massacre was not an exceptional thing. It was merely the repetition, on a larger scale than usual, of outrages which have been going on in Armenia for generations past, which have driven hundreds of thousands of Armenians to emigrate to other parts of Turkey or into Russian territory, which have steadily reduced the population and wealth of the country, and which, if unchecked, must end in its total ruin. As I write, news comes that such massacres have begun afresh in more than one part of Armenia, and that the government is utterly helpless to check them. The sufferings of the Armenians have been greater than those of Bulgarians or Bosnians, and there has not been in their case even the poor justification of an attempted insurrection.¹

It is impossible to conceive a stronger case for the benevolent intervention of the European Powers, and especially of England, than the circumstances of Armenia make out. For what are the declared objects of English policy? To improve the condition of the subject races, and to erect a barrier against the aggressions and influence of Russia. Are the Armenians to be forgotten while the cause of the Greeks is urged, merely because the former are Asiatics, and live further removed? They are certainly neither less deserving than the Greeks, nor less likely to repay and profit by any efforts that may be made on their behalf. How they ought to be aided is a more difficult question. They live intermingled with Mohammedans, and though their total number in Turkey is four millions, they are hardly strong enough in Armenia Proper to be formed into an independent principality. But it may be suggested that the districts which lie exposed to the ravages of the Koords, corresponding generally to Turkish Armenia, require exceptional treatment since they suffer from exceptional evils. They might be formed into a new large province which would touch the Black Sea at Trebizond and Kerasun, and would therefore be open to English as well as Russian influence. Such a province might be placed under a governor, to be appointed with the consent of the European Powers, who should be himself, if possible, a Frank.² To check the Koords, a strong local militia ought to be created in it, consisting largely of Christians; and a system of local self-government set on foot which

(1) The reports on the state of Armenia by Consuls Taylor and Zohrab at Erzeroum, and by Vice-Consul Rassam at Diarbekir, printed in the two latest Blue Books, contain details of the highest importance. Others may be found in the reports on provincial oppressions published by the Armenian Patriarchate.

(2) Mr. Grant Duff's suggestion that successful Indian administrators might be employed in Turkey is one of the most seasonable that has been made in the course of this melancholy business.

should enable the Christian villages to manage their own concerns. The tribute to be paid by the province to the Porte should be fixed, and the rest of the taxes raised be applied to local purposes. Peace and security once ensured to the peasant and the artizan, the Christian population would increase rapidly, the tide of emigration would set backwards into Armenia from other parts of Turkey and from anarchic Persia, and the Armenian people might ultimately become ripe for a completer self-government and a larger political life. Of course it would be no easy matter to carry out such a plan. No one can even affirm that it is possible. But something of the same kind has been done, with a tolerable measure of success, in the Lebanon. And unless something of this kind is done in Armenia, unless, above all, the ravages of the Koords are stopped, the Armenian people, who have clung to their nationality and their faith through the wars and persecutions of sixteen centuries, will perish from the earth, and their country be at last annexed by Russia.

To avert such a catastrophe is surely a matter of European concern. English Liberals ought to be quite as anxious as Tories to arrest the southward march of the Czars. I venture to think that many of those who have espoused the anti-Turkish side in our recent controversies, have too readily allowed themselves to be goaded into the attitude of advocates of Russia, while some few have gone so far as to call on her to annex freely, merely because she will govern better than Turkey. Now, without thinking Russia worse than other States, one may well hold this line to be a mistaken one, not merely from a party, but also from a statesmanlike point of view. Russia's motives are no doubt mixed. Some of them are honourable enough. Some are selfish, and, like most of us, she contrives to persuade herself that the honourable ones are the only ones, thrusts the others into a dark corner of her mind, and if she can't help seeing a bit of ambition sticking out, calls it "manifest destiny." We need not, like the English *enragés*, consider her a mere common robber, in order to feel justified in stopping this "manifest destiny," where it strikes against the general interests of the civilised world. Those interests require that no single power, and least of all an imperfectly civilised and despotic one, shall be permitted to extend her dominion over races and lands which may be capable of a different and individual civilisation, and ultimately of political freedom. If, then, it is desirable to check the advance of Russia in Asia, the development of the Armenian nationality offers by far the best, perhaps the only permanent, means of doing so. In time past the Armenians have no doubt been favourably disposed to her, because she alone interfered (seldom enough) to protect them. Their sympathy has helped her in this campaign: their miseries have given, and would continue to give her, a basis for intrigue, and an excuse for war and annexation: If none of the other powers will take up their cause, they will again be forced to throw themselves upon her. But the

Armenians are nevertheless jealous of Russia. They suspect her of desiring to absorb that venerable church round which all their patriotic memories cling, and to extinguish the use of their ancient and cultivated tongue, a tongue which had a literature ages before Russian received its alphabet. Their national character is unlike that of the Slavs, and though they rise to distinction in the Russian service, the two races show no signs of fusing. The Armenians would, therefore, if delivered from their present wretchedness and encouraged by the sympathy of England, have every motive to stand sentinels in their mountain fastnesses against the further advance of the Slavonic power and the orthodox Eastern Church. Their influence, which is already powerful all through Asia Minor, would become an anti-Russian influence; their contentment would destroy the pretexts for her interference.

This, however, is by no means the largest result that might be hoped for from a revival of Armenian nationality, or rather, since that nationality has revived and is already vigorous, from giving to the Armenian national feeling a hold upon practical politics, a country to hope for and work for. I return to the point from which this discussion started, to ask again what is the best chance for the future of the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, and to answer that it lies in the uprising of a progressive Christian people, which may ultimately grow into an independent Christian State. The Armenians have, alone among the races of Western Asia,¹ the gifts that can enable them to aspire to this mission. They are keen-witted, energetic, industrious, apt to learn, and quick in assimilating Western ideas. In point of morality and social customs they compare favourably with their Greek and Russian neighbours. Their form of Christianity cannot be called an advanced one; but the priests are certainly not more ignorant, nor the people more superstitious, than those of the orthodox Church. And they have the great merit of being singularly free from fanaticism. That they have not, like most Christian bodies, persecuted other faiths, may perhaps be only because they have never had the chance. But their Church deserves the praise of being tolerant and liberal, ready to fraternize with other sects, while the people bear no hatred to their Mohammedan neighbours, and, indeed, live on good terms with all except the Koords. Such a nation, which combines with a strong individuality and corporate spirit great flexibility of mind, and a power of adapting itself to varying conditions of life, seems specially qualified for the function of pervading and civilising the surrounding Asiatic provinces, whose Mohammedan inhabitants have lost what initiative they may once have had. What the Armenians need is a centre, a land which they may call their own, and which they may in time, as its wealth and numerical strength

(1) I do not, of course, mean to include the Jews, because there are not comparatively so few of them in Palestine.

increases, build up into a State. To ask for independence now would be idle ; for it could scarcely, even setting apart other obstacles, be reconciled with the presence, in the same districts, of so many Moslem inhabitants. But if order were once secured, prosperity would follow ; and when in time the progressive element in the population had come to outnumber, as it always ultimately does, the stagnant and ruder Mohammodans, independence would not be far off.

All this, some one may say, is visionary—matter of sentiment and fancy rather than of practical politics. To many persons any belief in moral forces seems visionary. Italian unity was a dream of poets and conspirators, German unity the crotchet of doctrinaire professors. One must not be afraid of terms of this kind. I do not deny that the interest which those who advocate the cause of the Armenian nation feel, is partly a sentimental interest. They think that its glorious history, its intellectual achievements, the tenacity with which it has clung to its faith and its national memories, infinitely strengthen the claim which its sufferings raise to the consideration of Europe. These constitute the force of the people—these are the legitimate basis of its aspirations. Still less do I seek to conceal the difficulties which any attempt to reform the Turkish government, even in one district, must encounter. The obstacles to the creation of an Armenian province, and to the revival of a semi-independent Armenian principality, may turn out insuperable ; but in Turkey every part of the horizon is so dark, every path seems so blocked, that the least gleam of light ought to be marked, and any plan considered which can afford even a chance of improvement. I do not assert that the Armenians, so reduced in numbers, will prove capable of pervading and civilising Asiatic Turkey. But their doing so is at any rate the best prospect for those countries. If they fail, no others will succeed ; and even the possibility of such a result is enough to make one wish that England, whose Eastern policy has too long been merely to tide over the difficulties of the moment without foreseeing the greater ones of the future, should come forward to bear a foremost part in the work of reconstruction. Though Russia cannot decently oppose, she will scarcely help, for she would doubtless prefer to absorb the Armenians herself. If anything is to be done, the suggestion, the impulse, must come from England, whose relations with these countries give her a special title to interfere, and ought to give her a special knowledge. Her mission in the further East has grown nobler in motive and larger in design with each successive generation. Is its spirit to be less provident, less penetrating, less hopeful on the Euxine than it has been on the shores of the Southern Ocean ? And are all our lavish professions of a desire to improve the condition of the subject races to remain unfulfilled, even in a region where it cannot be alleged that political reasons exist to deter us from their fulfilment ?

JAMES BRYCE.

THE TRANSVAAL AND THE ZULU COUNTRIES.

At the close of the last century one of the most powerful tribes to the north of the Tugela River, the present northern boundary of Natal, was the Umtetwa, of which the chief was named Jobe. Jobe had two sons, Tana and Godongwana, the former of whom, in accordance with native custom, he designated his heir. The young man, however, was ambitious and impatient for rule, and plotting with his younger brother against their father's life, the conspiracy was discovered and Tana was put to death. Godongwana, however, though wounded, effected his escape, and passing through tribe after tribe, made his way south until he reached the country of the white people. Here he remained some ten or fifteen years, until after his father's death he deemed it safe to return. The approach of a chief supposed to have been long dead was heralded by strange stories of his sitting upon a horse, a wonderful, and to the natives hitherto unknown, animal. The reigning chief of the tribe, with superstitious awe, fled before the coming portent, and Godongwana, hailed by his father's people as "Dingiswayo," or "The Wanderer," ascended the throne of his ancestors.

The new Umtetwa king soon showed how he had profited by the acquaintance he had formed with the white man, and introduced principles of military organization which speedily revolutionised native warfare. Among the tribes tributary to the Umtetwa chief was a small one known as the Ama-Zulu, the chief of which, Senza-ngakona, had an illegitimate son named Tshaka. Tshaka was bold and energetic, and not unnaturally, the jealousy of the chief's family made him fain to escape from their hostility and take service under the great chief Dingiswayo as a private soldier. The young man speedily distinguished himself, taking part in all Dingiswayo's war-like expeditions.

Tshaka seems to have already spent some five years in acquiring at once military experience and renown, when his father died, and he forthwith succeeded to the chieftainship of the Zulus. This appears to have been about the year 1810. Some years later his former patron Dingiswayo was taken prisoner in battle, and put to death by a neighbouring chief, Zwide; the defeated tribe joining Tshaka. From this time began the career of victory by which Tshaka eventually extended the Zulu power from the King George's River, north of Delagoa Bay, to the borders of the Cape Colony, and embracing a great portion of the present Free State and Transvaal; his defeat of Zwide, the conqueror of Dingiswayo, removing the last serious

check upon his conquests. It was the terror of his arms which produced the successive inroads of fugitives on the Cape frontier; broken remnants of tribes, who, in derision, were styled by the other natives Ama-Fengu, and whose forlorn condition led to their being taken by the hand and favoured by the Colonial Government under the name of Fingoes.

After a reign of about eighteen years Tshaka, on 23rd September, 1828, was assassinated by his brothers at Dukuza, a royal kraal, situated where now stands Stanger, the seat of a magistracy in the colony of Natal. His brother and chief assassin, Dingana, succeeded him, but had neither Tshaka's military genius nor the generosity and other personal qualities which gave his predecessor a hold on the affections as well as the fears of his subjects. Revolt after revolt among the subject tribes showed the feebleness of the hands into which the Zulu power had fallen, and Dingana at length found it advisable to withdraw his southern frontier from the Umzimkulu to the Tongat River, but still within the limits of the present colony of Natal.

In the year 1824 a few English had already, by Tshaka's permission, settled around Port Natal; and in 1836, of the Dutch farmers who, discontented with English rule, had begun to seek a new home north of the Cape Colony, some had descended the Drakensberg and taken up their abode in what now forms the colony of Natal. In all probability it was in hopes of getting rid at one fell swoop of the new danger thus presented to him, that Dingana, by the promise of a large tract of country, engaged the new-comers to recover the cattle stolen from him by Sikonyela, a chief residing beyond the Drakensberg; for when the task had been successfully accomplished, after giving a written formal cession of the territory between the Tugela and the Umzimvubi, he treacherously massacred his unsuspecting guests at a dance held in their honour at leave-taking. The survivors of the victims were not slow to avenge their kindred, and did not rest until, with the help of Panda, Dingana's brother, they had routed his armies and made him seek a refuge among the Amaswazi, where he soon after was put to death. Meanwhile Panda had been proclaimed by his Dutch allies first, Prince of the emigrant Zulus, and on the defeat and death of his brother, King of the Zulu nation.

It was while hostilities still raged between the emigrant farmers and Dingana, that the Governor of the Cape Colony, with a view to putting an end to them, in November, 1838, sent a military force to take possession of Port Natal, in order to secure "by such occupation, the power of effectual interference in maintaining the peace of Southern Africa." This occupation was, however, at the same time declared to be only of a temporary and military character, and in no way partaking of the nature of colonisation or annexation to the

Crown. Accordingly the force was soon after withdrawn, and the farmers were emboldened to ask to be recognised as an independent state. They had by this time organized a government, with Commandant Andries Pretorius at its head. On the 14th of February, 1840, Pretorius issued a proclamation in which he declared that he "seized" all the land within boundaries which include not only the whole of the present colony of Natal and territory far beyond it to the south, but almost the whole of the Zulu country proper, and with it, much of the territory now in dispute.

A few months later, some cattle having been swept off by Bushmen, Pretorius made this a pretext for an attack on the Ama-Baka tribe of Kafirs, killing several and capturing three thousand head of cattle, besides carrying off into captivity seventeen children. These and the like proceedings at length aroused the Governor of Cape Colony, on the appeal of the Ama-Mpondo chief Faku, to send a detachment of the 27th Regiment to Natal, with a view to its occupation. We need not follow these matters in detail. It will be sufficient to say that after blockading the English soldiers in the camp at Port Natal for a month, on the arrival of relief under Colonel Cloete, the Dutch at length, on 5th July, 1842, made their submission; and in October following Mr. Henry Cloete, as Queen's Commissioner, entered into a treaty with Panda, by which the Tugela from the sea to its confluence with the Buffalo, and the latter river to its sources in the Drakensberg, were to be the boundary between her Majesty's new district of Natal and the Zulus. This treaty may prove of some importance in the investigation of the question at issue, as it shows that in 1843 the Zulu territory was regarded as extending along the left bank of the Buffalo river to the Drakensberg. Any claims of the Transvaal Boers to the country in question must therefore be subsequent in date, for the "seizure" by Pretorius in 1838 is not merely here ignored, but even if valid was a seizure for "the free and independent republic of Port Natal in alliance with her Majesty," not for the emigrant Boers beyond the Vaal River, who to a much later date still formed at least three separate and independent communities. It has often been alleged during the controversies of the last few months in regard to the disputed boundary that the Zulus never really occupied the country to a distance of many miles from the Drakensberg eastward. Mr. (now Sir Theophilus) Shepstone, in an official minute dated 18th January, 1864, expressly states that when in 1837-38 the emigrant Boers arrived in Natal, "they found the subjects of Dingana, King of the Zulus, occupying the whole of the upper part of Tugela Valley, including the lower parts of the Mooi, Bushman's, Sunday's, and Buffalo Rivers."¹ He describes

(1) Enclosure in despatch, No. 12, February 26th, 1864, p. 43.

the tribe of the Amahlubi as having their ancient residence under different heads on "the Buffalo River to its sources and all its upper tributaries, both banks." After referring to the scattering of the tribe he proceeds: "A small portion persevered in remaining in their old country at the sources of the Umzinyati (the Buffalo River), and among them was the present Langalibalele, to whom most of those of the tribe who had joined the Zulus ultimately came; some are still among the Zulus; Langalibalele lived on the site of the present Utrecht as a Zulu tributary until, in 1849, he was attacked by Panda and driven (although he defeated the Zulus) into the colony."

We must now very briefly glance at the origin of the Transvaal Republic. While some of their brethren were finding their way into Natal, the greater portion of the emigrant Boers spread themselves over the plains now known as the Free State, or sought new homes to the north of the Vaal River. The country had been to some extent depopulated by the famous Moselikatse, or more properly Umsiligazi, a chief who had revolted from the Zulu power, and devastating the land as he fled to the north-west, ultimately founded a new Zulu kingdom known as the Amatebele. Many of the tribes, which for the moment had given way before the invader, re-occupied their own country when the storm of Umsiligazi's warriors had passed on.

It is no part of our purpose to trace the history of the republic which has so recently been extinguished by its forcible annexation to the British Crown. That there was much justice in the allegations which Sir T. Shepstone adduced to justify the annexation, no one can for a moment pretend to deny. The finances of the republic were embarrassed; it had hastily patched up a peace with a pretendedly rebellious subject, from a war with whom it had emerged disgraced and crippled, nay almost paralysed; and the approaching election of a president was by many regarded as but the too probable occasion of civil war with its attendant anarchy and bloodshed. All this, with other charges brought against the republic by Sir T. Shepstone to justify its annexation, may be admitted, and yet it may fall far short of the justification required. Even the risk of trouble with the natives spreading to the adjoining British colonies, which after all forms the strongest ground for so summary a measure, is at the best a very doubtful pretext for the wiping out a government to which we had "guaranteed in the fullest manner . . . the right to manage their affairs and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government."¹ So conscious indeed of the weakness of his case does Sir T. Shepstone

(1) The Sand River Convention, 16th January, 1852, cited parliamentary papers, C. 1776, p. 157.

seem to have been, that he states it to be needful "to read between the lines" of the Sand River treaty from the words of which we have just quoted. He has to import into that document an implied engagement that the new republic should "grow into a powerful and self-sustaining state," and that it should "prove a blessing and a source of strength to its neighbours, and become a strong centre of Christianity and civilisation;" and, assuming its absolute failure in all these respects, to put this in the forefront of his address to the burghers as an excuse for the high-handed act he had just performed under the assumed authority of the Queen's commission. If *tu quoque* were ever a sound argument, it might fairly have been asked how far the country which had practically been under Sir T. Shepstone's own direct sway for thirty years, had come up to the requirements of which he charged the Transvaal with falling so far short; for the native policy had given the key to the whole administration of affairs in Natal, and that native policy, whatever its merits or its shortcomings, had been entirely in his hands. And if ever a system of government had been tried in the balance and found wanting, it was the native policy of Natal. Its condemnation has been written in terms as strong as the amenities of official language will permit, in the despatches of the Secretary of State for the Colonies consequent upon the Langalibalele troubles.¹

We have spoken of the annexation as taking place by the assumed authority of the Queen's commission. But the commission expressly stipulated that no territory should be annexed to the Queen's dominions unless his Excellency were "satisfied that the inhabitants thereof, or a sufficient number of them, or the Legislature thereof, desire to become [the Queen's] subjects." When we know that the most strenuous efforts were employed to obtain votes in favour of annexation by members of Sir T. Shepstone's own staff scouring the country and canvassing actively for signatures, with the result that only about half the number signed, compared with those who signed against a connection with England even in the far looser form of federation, no opportunity being afforded them of voting on the question really at issue; and when we consider that the Volksraad, the Executive, and the President all strenuously opposed it, and that Sir T. Shepstone accepted the services of men enrolled under the name of a Defence Committee to put down by force of arms any resistance to the changes he contemplated—all that can be said on the subject is, that if in these circumstances Sir T. Shepstone was "satisfied" that the feeling of the country was in his favour, he must have been very easily satisfied, and that the wish was probably father to the thought.

Notwithstanding the friendliness of Sir T. Shepstone's tone, and

(1) See parliamentary papers relating to Natal, 1874-76.

his professed desire to leave the Burgers free to make their own unbiassed choice, it is beyond dispute that more than one member of his staff was working hard to destroy the independence of the country; traversing the State in every direction, damping the hopes and labours of the patriotic party, exaggerating the difficulties and dangers around them, and openly agitating for an appeal to British intervention by canvassing for signatures to memorials setting forth the hopelessness of their condition and their inability to govern themselves; while the aid of the "cloud of 40,000 Zulu warriors" which had figured so conspicuously in the despatches of Lord Carnarvon heralding the advent of Sir Garnet Wolseley would, according to the reports of the Natal Government spies in Zululand, appear to have been invoked, as they now, "at the call of Somtseu" (Sir T. Shepstone), hung upon the Transvaal border, threatening the Boers in the rear.¹ For a Special Commissioner of the Queen of England, although he may have had a personal escort of but twenty-five armed and mounted police, who yet had an organized force of some hundreds of armed men at hand to put down resistance, and, as he was careful to let the Boers know, a thousand or two of English troops within a few miles of their border, ready to cross when he should give the signal—for a Queen's Commissioner, in such circumstances and with the might of England at his back, to say that the annexation was not a forcible one, is idle and worse than idle. Both the President and the Executive Council solemnly put on record their conviction of the hopelessness of resisting the might of England, and "submitted," to use Sir T. Shepstone's own words, "to the inevitable."

As to the desirability of the annexation of the Transvaal to the British Crown there can hardly be two opinions. The question is not as to the act, but to the mode of doing it, and that will not bear scrutiny. The condition of the country may have been all that is alleged; though even this is open to question. But this argument cuts two ways, for the worse it was, the less excuse for putting force upon the country to bring about a result which could, in that case, have been but a question of at most a few weeks or months, more or less. And what the difference between a change of government, brought about at the spontaneous, though it may be reluctant, solicitation of the people, and a like change forced upon it before the public mind had recognised its necessity, need not be said. Our own conviction is that the annexation of the Transvaal was but the beginning of the end; that with that step began Sir T. Shepstone's real troubles. To remit a tax, as Sir Theophilus did the war tax imposed by the late Government, was, of course, a popular stroke of policy to reconcile to the change a people tenfold more than the English distinguished by an "ignorant impatience of taxation."

(1) Parliamentary papers, C. 1776, page 150.

It was unfortunately open to one or two objections. It was chiefly acceptable—so we are assured—to those foreigners who, not having themselves paid the tax, made the fact of the tax being unpaid and the consequent emptiness of the treasury, an excuse for agitating in favour of annexation by a foreign power—a thing amounting, it may be remarked in passing, to high treason by the law of the land. And however popular the remission of the tax might be, it was open to this further objection, that taxation, when it did come, as come it must, must, by reason of this very remission, be all the heavier and the more unpalatable.

By one article of the Special Commissioner's proclamation it was declared that "All *bond-fide* concessions and contracts with governments, companies, or individuals, by which the state is now bound, will be honourably maintained and respected." Almost the first act of the new Administrator was the appointment of a commission to inquire into the concessions granted with a view to the formation of a railway to Delagoa Bay, on which the country had set its heart; and it was not long before it became known that the Government was determined to quash the whole project; and accordingly a scheme for a railway to the nearest port—a scheme which held out, *primâ facie*, such fair prospects of success that the Government of Portugal engaged to build the line so far as it passed through their territory, a distance of about forty miles—a scheme, in short, which the Transvaal had for years come to regard as absolutely essential to its progress, was remorselessly crushed in defiance of the solemn engagement of the proclamation. Again: the old Government had succeeded in enrolling numerous volunteers for the prosecution of the war in which they were engaged, by a promise, *inter alia*, of a farm to each man who might serve for a term of nine months. The volunteer corps, on the proclamation of the new form of government, were summarily disbanded, and a bonus of £25 offered as compensation; this bonus being in many cases reduced to a pound or two by counter-claims advanced by Government. Once more: mining concessions have been, or have been attempted to be, withdrawn. But we need not multiply examples; we shall only add that, notwithstanding the solemn promise to maintain the courts and institutions as well as the engagements of the country, the local courts of the Landdrosts and Heemraaden were placed in abeyance, the sole courts remaining being the supreme and circuit courts held by the Chief (and sole) Justice, certain judicial powers only being left in the hands of the field cornet, an inferior officer with duties somewhat akin to those of a county constable; while the entire legislative functions of the country, constitutionally exercised by an elective Volkraad, or people's council, were assumed by the Administrator in person.

Meanwhile the Zulu army, summoned, as reported, "at the call

of *Somtseu*,¹ the name by which Sir T. Shepstone is known among the natives of South-eastern Africa, threatened, like Frankenstein's monster, to turn upon him to whom it owed its being, at least its being in the field.

During nearly the whole period of Sir T. Shepstone's holding the position of Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal—that is, throughout the whole existence of the colony itself, a period of more than thirty years—the Zulu King, in the first instance Umpanda or Panda, and for nearly twenty years past, his son Ketswayo,² have been making representations to the Government of the colony on the subject of alleged successive encroachments by the Boers of the Transvaal upon Zulu territory. These representations within the last ten or twelve years have increased in number and urgency, their object being to solicit the active interposition of the Natal Government to induce or compel the South African Republic to desist from its encroachments on Zulu soil. The precise nature of the replies made by the Natal Government to the Zulu chief does not appear beyond this—that he was urged to have patience, and by no means to repel the encroachments by force, but trust to an amicable settlement of the dispute. The complaints appear from time to time to have been reported to the Home authorities, but it does not appear that any instructions for the guidance of those on the spot were ever actually transmitted. It would seem, on Sir T. Shepstone's own showing, that the replies of the Natal Government to Ketswayo's urgent appeals were regarded by him as “temporising and evasive;”³ and even when, at the repeated personal meetings preparatory to the coronation, definite promises of a settlement of the question were made, the King finds occasion to charge the Natal Government with failing to keep its engagements.⁴ What amount of support to the Zulu pretensions the Government gave, it is unfortunately impossible to ascertain with precision, but from expressions in reference to the question in minutes of the Secretary for Native Affairs and in despatches from the Lieutenant-Governor alike, the Zulu claims appear to have been regarded as substantially just, and those of the republic as being simply the result of an unscrupulous lust for land. Despatch after despatch shows that while Ketswayo was implicitly obeying the direction or advice of his “white father” to refrain from hostilities and await an amicable solution of the difficulties, “the Government of the Transvaal proceeded to the solution of them in its own way and its own favour, by measures of assertion and positive

(1) *Somtseu* is the name given to Sir Theophilus in his youth among the Ama-Kosa Kafirs, and is said to signify “a great hunter.”

(2) Sometimes written *Cetywayo*, the C representing not our letter C, but a dental click.

(3) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 24.

(4) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 50.

action.”¹ These measures, we are told, included taxation of the Zulus in the territory which the republic now claimed; with personal violence if payment of the tax was refused, as well as actual expulsion from the land in question.

Well may the head-chiefs of Zululand pathetically ask if the Natal Government means to allow them to perish with the king it had placed over them, while the king himself tells how sore his heart is that he should never see a representative of Government, and asks what he has done to displease it.² But it is not in the nature of things that Ketshwayo should go on for ever patiently bearing the wrongs and insults of the Boers, and the apathy or broken promises of the English. He asks, with much natural warmth, why, if the English will not help him, they prevent him following the custom of his people, and “washing his spears” by driving out the intruders.³ “Have I not asked the English to allow me,” Ketshwayo at last indignantly demands, “to wash my spears [ever] since the death of my father, Umpanda, and they have kept playing with me all this time, treating me like a child? Go back and tell the white men this, and let them hear it well. The Governor of Natal and I are equal; he is Governor of Natal, and I am Governor here.”⁴ And this is the outcome of the procrastinating do-nothing policy of the Natal system of conducting “native affairs.” But the mischief does not stop here. Worse remains behind.

Whether urged on by the clamour of the Boer party, to whom the black man is a “schepsel,” a “creature,” as distinguished from the superior order of “human beings,” in whose eyes the “schepsel” has no rights; or whether, as apologists assert, Sir T. Shepstone has found among the archives of the republic irrefragable evidence of the justice of its claims, we have no means of knowing, but it is unquestionable that the weight of public opinion in the country supported, if it did not force, President Burgers into the declaration of war against Sekukuni, and has for years been demanding vengeance on the insolent Zulu, and it is—as the Zulus have not been slow to observe—at least remarkable that it is only since, Sir T. Shepstone became Administrator of the Transvaal country, that he has become convinced of the justice of the Transvaal claims.

That there may, however, be another side to this question we may gather from a minute by Mr. M. Osborn (22nd Sept. 1876),⁵ resident magistrate of Newcastle division, enclosed in a despatch of Lieutenant-Governor Sir H. Bulwer. Mr. Osborn describes the condition of affairs in the Transvaal after the retreat from Sekukuni's town,

(1) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 22 and *passim*.

(2) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), pp. 22, 23.

(3) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 198.

(4) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 216.

(5) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 196.

and gives a sketch of the way in which Transvaal claims to native lands originate. He is speaking of the Sekukuni campaign—

“From all I have been able to learn, it seems that the natives have no wish to prosecute the war or to avail themselves of advantages derived by them since its commencement. Their only desire appears to be to be left unmolested in the possession of their land, which the Boers are endeavouring to deprive them of.

“I would point out here that this war arose solely out of disputes about land. The Boers—as they have done before in other cases and are still doing—encroached by degrees upon native territory, commencing by obtaining permission to graze stock upon portions of it at certain seasons of the year, followed by individual graziers obtaining from native headmen a sort of right or license to squat upon certain defined portions, ostensibly in order to keep other Boer squatters away from the same land. These licenses, temporarily extended as friendly or neighbourly acts by unauthorised headmen, after a few seasons of occupation by the Boer [are] construed by him as title, and his permanent occupation ensues. Damage for trespass is levied by him upon the very men from whom he obtained right to squat, to which the natives submit out of fear of the matter reaching the ears of the paramount Chief, who would, in all probability, severely punish them for opening the door to encroachment by the Boer. After a while, however, the matter comes to a crisis, in consequence of the incessant disputes between the Boers and the natives; one or other of the disputants lays the case before the paramount Chief, who, when hearing both parties, is literally frightened with violence and threats by the Boer into granting him the land. Upon this the usual plan followed by the Boer is at once to collect a few neighbouring Boers, including a field cornet, or even an acting provisional field cornet, appointed by the field cornet or provisional cornet, the latter to represent the Government, although without instructions authorising him to act in the matter. A few cattle are collected among themselves, which the party takes to the Chief, and his signature is obtained to a written instrument alienating to the republican Boers a large slice of, or all, his territory. The contents of this document are, so far as I can make out, never clearly or intelligibly explained to the Chief who signs it, and he accepts of the cattle under the impression that it is all in settlement of hire for the grazing licenses granted by his headman.

“This, I have no hesitation in saying, is the usual method by which the Boers obtain what they call cession to them of territories by native Chiefs. In Sekukuni’s case, they allege that his father, Sikwati, ceded to them the whole of his territory (hundreds of square miles) for one hundred head of cattle.”

After describing the way in which the Swazi King was induced to agree to the Transvaal demands, Mr. Osborn remarks:—

“His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor will doubtless perceive that this encroaching policy of the Transvaal Republic is fraught with danger to the peace of the whole of South Africa. The natives, being constantly deprived of their territories, will sooner or later be induced to make common cause against the white man, to save themselves from an extermination for want of land.”

Compare with this, Ketschwayo’s own account of Zulu transactions with the Transvaal Boers, in a letter written by desire and in the name of the King by Mr. John Dunn, under date 20th April, 1876.¹

(1) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 49.

"On the English defeating the Dutch in Natal, a party of Dutch came and presented Panda with a hundred head of cattle, saying as a present, and asked for some land across the Buffalo River, under the Berg, to live on, where Langalibalele's location was, saying that they wished to get out of the way of the English, to which Panda gave his consent.

"Ketshwayo and his indunas repudiate any further claim of land by the Dutch from the Zulu nation.

"The first intimation Ketshwayo had of the Dutch claiming any land was on an occasion when he met with a number of his followers after some brothers of his who ran away to the Dutch and were given up by them. On this occasion a party of Dutchmen had a long talk with him, and tried to persuade him to give his consent to their getting some land which they now claim as theirs. He refused to do so, saying he was not king; and on their giving him some cattle, said to be a present, and which he afterwards ascertained was said were given to him for land, he returned the cattle to the Dutch.

"Some time afterwards it came to his knowledge that the King Panda had received some cattle and sheep from the Dutch; and hearing that the Dutch claimed land for the cattle and sheep, he, Ketshwayo, had the cattle and sheep returned, as the King denied having given any grant of land. On several occasions, however, the Dutch tried by misrepresentations to get documents signed by the late King Panda and by Ketshwayo for grants of land, but have been refused. On the pretext of a right to land, the Dutch have constantly kept the Zulu border in an unsettled state by harbouring people that have run away from this (Zulu) country with cattle, and otherwise ill-treating the Zulu subjects and taking away cattle they have no claim to.

"Some years ago, when the land question was mooted, Ketshwayo with the indunas had a lot of about two hundred head of cattle collected and sent to the Dutch, but these cattle were refused, the Dutch saying the land had been given them by Panda. This Panda denied.

"Shortly after this it was reported by the people living on the border that the Dutch were putting up a line of beacons, cutting a large portion of the Zulu country off. As soon as it was made known, some of the chiefs living in the neighbourhood ordered a number of young men to go and pull them down, which was done.

"Since this the aggressive acts of the Dutch have been many. On one occasion a Dutchman came with a party of Kufirs and destroyed a Zulu kraal, and on the people trying to prevent them the Dutchman fired at and wounded a young man; on another occasion a Dutchman shot a Zulu for refusing to help skin a cow that had died.

"These cases are stated to show that all acts of aggression are on the side of the Dutch. These cases were reported to the English Government; and on the occasion of Mr. Shepstone's coming to this country to the coronation of Ketshwayo, he was spoken to on the subject of the disputed territory and the trouble the Dutch were giving to the Zulus, and he was earnestly begged to try and settle the question so as to prevent war, which he promised to do, and consult with his Excellency on the subject; and a white man (Mr. Taylor) was sent with some indunas to see and report on the disputed question, and Mr. Shepstone was to have let Ketshwayo know what would be done, but has not done so."

These extracts are long, but it seemed desirable to state the Zulus' case in their own words, while Mr. Osborn's statement shows the impression made on the minds of independent observers by the habitual dealings of the Boers with natives.

Nothing, however, came of all the representations to the Home Government. Indeed the Queen's High Commissioner, in a despatch

to the Secretary of State,¹ candidly avows that his own inclination was to let Zulus and Boers fight it out between them, and both the Colonial and the Home Governments appear to have let things simply drift, perhaps in the happy-go-lucky hope that some miracle might bring about the pacific solution of a difficulty they did not care or dare to grapple with.

We are now approaching a new phase of the question. We have seen how, so long as Mr. Shepstone was at the head of Native Affairs in Natal, the Government of that colony, while urging the Zulus to refrain from war, practically supported their pretensions to the disputed territory; but no sooner did he, as the Queen's Special Commissioner, annex the Transvaal and assume the administration of its affairs, than he asserts on behalf of his Government the very claims which he had hitherto discredited, if not opposed. It is asserted that five several treaties are in existence under which the Boers claim successive concessions of land from the Zulu sovereign. What such alleged treaties were regarded as worth in the case of Sekukuni, Lord Carnarvon has put very emphatically on record in these words, after an investigation into the whole case: "The broad fact seems to be that neither *de facto* nor *de jure* has the republic at any time, or at least since 1857, had or exercised any right or jurisdiction north of the Steelpoort River."² The same series of papers shows that the Transvaal Boers, in defiance of the Keate award, persisted in asserting claims to native territory on their south-western borders; and had adopted a like treatment of the native tribes to the north-west. In the absence of the alleged treaties, it might not be safe to assert positively that the Boer pretensions to Zulu soil, which Sir T. Shepstone has made his own, have no more substantial basis than had those put forward in the case of Sekukuni. But we may at least assert that no evidence has been made public to substantiate claims which have been persistently denied by the other party to the dispute, and we can to some extent understand and sympathize with Ketschayo's wonder and indignation on finding, as he expresses it, that his former patron had now "become a Boer." "My father Somtseu," said the Zulu king to the messengers of Sir Theophilus, "has long carried me on his back, but now he has cast me off and taken up the Boers." And in a still more forcible figure he expressed his perplexity at the novel position he found himself in. "Somtseu," he said, "is like a woman with twins: he has given one the breast, and now he gives it to the other."

Not merely have the treaties themselves not been published, but no adequate or intelligible description of the boundaries in question has appeared, and the maps accessible afford but indifferent help. It

(1) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 64.

(2) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 255.

may aid our readers, however, to a somewhat clearer understanding to say that the original boundary between the Zulu country and Natal was the Buffalo, a river rising in the Drakensberg and flowing towards the south-east until it falls into the Tugela. Among the spurs of the Drakensberg are the towns of Utrecht and Marthinus-Wesselstroom (popularly known by the name of the district, Wakkerstroom, in which it stands), this portion of the country being the first part alleged to have been acquired from the Zulus. To the north, in the same range, rises the Blood River, which after a southerly course falls into the Buffalo, and was long claimed by the Boers as their eastern border. At a later date apparently, an affluent of the Blood River from the north-east was adopted by the Boers as a boundary under the name of the Lyn-Spruit or Boundary Brook. We take no notice here of their windy claims to the whole country to the sea, which even some of their apologists have been inclined to maintain for them of late, but shall refer further only to the claim they advance to the country lying to the east of the line just named, and bounded by a line running from Rorke's Drift on the Buffalo, directly to the northward of north-east, as far as the Zungin Neck (marked in Baines's MS. map), and thence still more to the eastward as far as the Pongolo. This is the tract of country which in the present controversy is usually spoken of as the disputed territory, as if it were the only country about which there could be any dispute; and the claim of Ketswayo to the tract up to the foot of the Drakensberg, and including the Dutch settlements of Utrecht and Wakkerstroom, is accordingly spoken of as something altogether novel, and as outrageous as novel. As a matter of fact, however, Ketswayo has never recognised the Dutchmen's claim to absolute property in the country below the Berg, although it was admitted that they had been allowed to settle and depasture their herds there, yet always as in a part of the Zulu country. Although, however, Ketswayo has asserted this claim, he has waived it, and while causing an armed force to erect near Lüneburg a wattled enclosure as a formal act of sovereignty over the territory in dispute, he, with the consent of his people, has for years been proffering it to the acceptance of the Natal Government so as to place a barrier between his people and the Boers. This merely formal act, analogous to hoisting a flag, has been magnified into a daring act of invasion; a mere wattled ringfence has been converted into a formidable military town; the return of a tribe to its old possessions being represented as a most insolent and unprovoked outrage by a savage enemy.

The news of this pretended invasion was circulated throughout the South African colonies with every exaggeration that terror or malice-prepense could give it. A meeting between Sir T. Shepstone and the envoys of the Zulu King took place on the 19th October last for the

discussion of this question. No official report of the proceedings there has appeared, but the meeting is known to have been an angry one, lasting from morning until near sunset. Each party seemed distrustful of the other. Sir T. Shepstone had selected for the interview a bare elevated spot free from all risk of a surprise, and had sent word to the Zulu envoys to come unarmed, as he and his party should do. To this the reply was that they "remembered all about Matshana's affair"—an incident which has formed the subject of a recent official inquiry, in which it was shown that a native chief had been entrapped by a British officer, and the attempt made treacherously to seize him at a professedly friendly meeting. Notwithstanding repeated messages to the contrary the envoys came armed, but were ultimately induced to leave their retinue with their weapons at a short distance from the place of meeting. At the interview no other white witness who understood the native language was present besides the Administrator's eldest son, Mr. H. C. Shepstone; but his Excellency is known to have made some statement which drew forth a direct contradiction from one of the native chiefs: "It was not so, and Somtseu knows it was not so." The discussion was so warm that the chief at last rose, angrily striking his war-shield with his weapon, and exclaiming, "Amanga, Somtseu!" left the meeting. The expression is equivalent, when regarded coupled with the action, as tantamount to giving the lie direct. The meeting, at which Sir Theophilus heard some of the bitter taunts in which, as we have recounted, the Zulus gave vent to their disappointment at finding him take up their enemies' quarrel, came at last to an end, with the understanding that on the following morning they should again meet to despatch their several messengers to the Zulu King. Late that night the Zulu envoys learned that Sir Theophilus had returned to Natal, and great was their perplexity at this unexpected movement. The messengers, however, were sent, and as the result of the negotiations it is understood that each party has consented to accept something less than its extreme claims. The Zulu chiefs are willing to accept the boundary of the Blood River to its sources, continuing the line onward by the mountains Magelele and Ingcaka at the sources of the Pongolo, not far eastward of Marthinus-Wesselstroom. Sir T. Shepstone's proposed line is described as following the Blood River and Lyn-Spruit up to the turning-off of the old hunting-road to the Ama-Swazi country, and from that road to the Pongolo River.

The whole question has, however, since entered upon a new phase. Messengers have arrived from the Zulu King, consisting, in addition to two of his usual recognised envoys, of the special representative of his brother, U-Hamo, head of the royal house, with the special representative of Mnyamana, prime minister of the kingdom. These four

important messengers went before a notary public and there executed a formal deed in the name of their royal master, appointing two English barristers, practising in the Supreme Court of the Colony of Natal, diplomatic agents to the King of Zululand. It was the first time such an appointment had been made, and great has been the perplexity of some, to whom, perhaps, the unprecedented is always amiss, or whose motto is, "Our side, right or wrong," and who, driven to great straits in a case so novel, have been fain to fall back on charges of intrigue against the Bishop of Natal (the father of one of the diplomatic agents), and of something like high treason on the part of the agents themselves. The powers of the diplomatic agents were formally communicated to the governors of Natal and the Transvaal, both of whom, we regret to have to say, declined to recognise them.

We have thus—we hope not at too great length, considering the interests at stake—endeavoured to put the present position of the Transvaal question before our readers in its various aspects, as it affects the relations of the burghers of the new colony to the English Government, and the relations, past and present, of the Administrator of affairs of this latest acquired possession of the Crown to his late *protégés*, the Zulu King and nation. The annexation of the late South African Republic is an accomplished fact, which there is not the slightest chance of our seeing reversed. It is on record, under Sir T. Shepstone's own hand,¹ that the native question, which admittedly was the most important motive for the step, was in the course of his mission studiously kept in the background; while, by a singular irony of fate, the man who thus extinguished the independence of a young nation, mainly with the professed object of preventing a collision with the Zulus, is the very man by whom such collision now seems in imminent danger of being brought about. And why? Simply because—apparently to please his new subjects—he has become false to the professions made by the Natal Government while he was the guiding spirit of its native policy, and because he now takes up the position which that Government so often denounced when maintained by the Boers.

The belief is by no means uncommon in the South African colonies that Sir T. Shepstone is acting under positive instructions to annex the Zulu country, and that his present actions are only preparatory to this final step. Of course, if the English Government are determined to annex the country it can be done. Ketshwayo's army—reckoned at 36,550 men, of whom, however, something less than 30,000 are effective—could not in the long run stand against the might of England. But we have no desire to contemplate the possibility of such a conflict. Two years ago Sir T. Shepstone recorded it as his

(1) Parliamentary papers (C. 1776), p. 109.

opinion that the settlement of the Zulu question by President Burgers would have prevented the Sekukuni war and rendered easy the settlement of every other question.¹ This being so, and the Zulus having for years been urgent that England should occupy a strip of territory between them and the Boers, we may well wonder why so simple a measure was not adopted, and the supposed need for annexing the Transvaal thus obviated. That the Transvaal would at no distant date have asked to be annexed, we deem highly probable; but if so, Lord Carnarvon's name would not have been coupled with the forcible suppression of an independent state, on, to say the very least, questionable grounds. Our conviction is strong that, whether from fear of the power of England, or from sincere friendship for the English, Ketshwayo will do all he can to avoid a collision. But he may be unable to control the young blood of the natives, exasperated by the treachery which they consider has been practised towards them, and they have long demanded that the King, in accordance with native custom, should "wash his spears" on his accession to the throne. Sir Theophilus said in June, 1876, that the Zulus reproach the Natal Government with restraining them from so doing, "while we omit to take active steps to accomplish the object which we profess ourselves anxious to attain."¹ With how much more reason may they reproach us for calling them up with arms in their hands to operate against the Boers, and then taking up the Boers' quarrel against them; even pushing the matter to extremes, as Somtseu has lately been doing? It is in the power of Lord Carnarvon's successor in the Colonial Office, if it be not already rendered too late by recent events, to avert the calamity of a Zulu war, which Sir T. Shepstone's action seems in danger of precipitating. It is at the same time in his power to clear the tarnished good faith of Britain in the eyes of the native tribes of South Africa, by peremptorily requiring the Administrator of the Transvaal to retire from every doubtful position and make good every hope he has held out to them. Savages despise weakness, but they can appreciate good faith; and it was their confidence in the honour and justice of England that made so many of the tribes, as far as the banks of the distant Zambesi, seek to become subjects of our Queen. Ketshwayo is no exception, and the parliamentary Blue Books we have so often quoted contain abundant evidence of his ready acquiescence in the course recommended to him by the Natal Government, and steadily pursued by him, even at the risk of arousing disaffection among his own people. This is a feeling which we regret to observe a section of the Natal press to be scudulously fostering, by doing their very utmost to bring about civil war in the Zulu country, with a view, perhaps, to the deposition of the King, or, in the midst of its distractions, to the forcible seizure of the country.

(1) Parliamentary papers (C. 1748), p. 56.

These principles are openly avowed and advocated in colonial journals. It must be admitted that Ketshtwayo is not all that we could wish in his government of his own subjects, and that murders of British subjects have taken place there without redress. But for this last the Natal Government is at least as much to blame as the Zulu King. At all events, we have no space here to enter on this branch of the question. If Ketshtwayo came under the engagements to the British Government which he is represented to have done in the report of his coronation by Sir T. Shepstone, it is high time he were called to account for his frequent breaches of them. If he did not—and he strenuously denies having done so—it is no less high time that we retire from a false position. Our position is rendered all the more false by the maintenance for the last few years by the Natal Government of a salaried agent in the Zulu country, who is at the same time an induna or officer of Ketshtwayo's, and who is known to import annually by thousands guns, many of the best quality, for the supply of the Zulu country. This is no mere conjecture. It takes place through Delagoa Bay, and is well known to the officials in Natal, as it is to every one in a colony whose government jealously guards the firearm and gunpowder trade within its own territory. Yet through this agency at least five thousand guns per annum enter the Zulu country, so that every man is now armed, and even women and boys carry guns, as every traveller in the country can tell. Other things, hardly less lowering to the prestige of the English Government, we shall not refer to, for we have surely said enough to show that it is a mistake to maintain our present emigration agent in the Zulu country, and that if we are not inclined to comply with the old standing wish of the Zulu King to place a proper resident in his country, his words to the Queen and her ministers will certainly be less in danger of being "lost by the way," as he believes they now are, if negotiations with him are conducted on his behalf by two English barristers, men of character and integrity. It is true that Sir Theophilus Shepstone has put on record¹ his strong disapproval of "rigid written agreements" or treaties between civilised and savage nations, but we apprehend that few will be found to agree with him; while the instances to which he refers as objectionable and failures, can only be cases like that of the alleged treaties by which the late Transvaal Republic sought to possess itself of Sekukuni's country, and which was the more immediate occasion of annexing the Transvaal country itself.

We cannot close without offering a suggestion which we think, if carried into effect, might do more than anything else to prevent Kafir wars in the future. Were the Government to invite a number of the native chiefs to entrust to them some of their sons and chief

(1) Report of Ketshtwayo's coronation, C. 1137, p. 18.

counsellors to visit and spend some time in Europe, it would, we feel assured, be a most excellent investment. A number of men of this stamp, duly impressed, by personal observation and experience, with the population, the wealth, and the power of England, would go back to their native country and produce an altogether incalculable effect upon the future destinies of their people. They would speak with an authority and weight which no private individual or individuals could pretend to; and, as destined at no distant date to take the load in the affairs of their own people, it is impossible to overrate the effect of the experiment or the extent of their influence. Suppose that the Government were to invite Ketswayo to send his intended heir and some two or three of his principal advisers to visit England, and suppose they were to extend the invitation to a few of the most important chiefs in Natal and the territories adjoining, we think it will be obvious that the cost of the experiment would be as nothing compared to the moral effect that would be produced on the minds of the future leading men of the Kafir race, and, through them, on the destinies of South-eastern Africa generally.

JOHN SANDERSON.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above was in the printers' hands further intelligence from South Africa has reached this country to the effect that the Zulu King, from fear of offending the English Government, has not ratified the appointment of diplomatic agents made by his envoys; but has appointed the same gentlemen to prepare a statement of his case for submission to Sir Henry Bulwer, Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, who has offered his services as arbitrator between the Transvaal Government and Ketswayo. It is by no means improbable that the final settlement of the matter in dispute may devolve upon Sir Bartle Frere, as her Majesty's High Commissioner to native tribes beyond British jurisdiction in South Africa, or even on the Colonial Minister himself. However this may be, we look upon Sir Henry's offer as of good augury. His Excellency has at the latest date (4th March last) appointed a commission to investigate the boundary question. The commission consists of Mr. John Shepstone, together with the Attorney-General, and Colonel Durnford of the Royal Engineers, and can hardly be considered as in all respects satisfactory.

Another Blue-Book (C. 1961) has appeared since the above was in type, and includes Sir T. Shepstone's minute on the relations of the Transvaal and Zulu Governments above alluded to, and other most important papers, a perusal of which, however, tends generally to a confirmation of the views expressed above.

J. S.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MAY has been marked by events of independent interest, although the crisis in the Bosphorus has blended into and overshadowed almost every one of them. An industrial struggle of the greatest gravity in the cotton districts of Lancashire has developed into a social crisis, on which we shall have a better opportunity of saying something next month when its proportions will have become more easily measurable. On the first day of the present month the International Exhibition was opened at Paris. During the preparation for it the French nation had amused itself with fancies that Berlin was so jealous and envious of the European attention the great world-show would concentrate on its rival, as to be likely to create a quarrel for the mere purpose of disturbing it. The real danger was much more real, from London and St. Petersburg than from Berlin. The Bourse actually refused itself a holiday on the opening day from the fear that an European war might intervene, and other Stock Exchanges make money while Paris was at play. The demeanour of the Prince of Wales in social intercourse with French politicians has been canvassed with an interest which to Englishmen must seem almost ironical. His supposed leaning towards Bonapartism has been elevated into a question of international significance; and Bonapartists, on their part, have treated the Prince's recognition of the established government in France as a kind of desertion. The controversy on the Voltaire centenary has divided the interest of France with the Exhibition. Bishop Dupanloup led the assault on the festival, and, with the Archbishop of Paris to aid him, has laboured to show that the present idol of the Extreme Left despised democracy at least as much as he hated the Church, and was a servile flatterer of the rich and the highborn. M. de Marcère refused permission to use public money for the erection of a statue; and a schism has arisen among the admirers of the author of *Candide* through the attempt of some to join Rousseau in the demonstration. But the majority of Frenchmen, while they may assent to the denunciations by the Bishop of Orleans and Cardinal Guibert of the profanity and immorality of much that Voltaire wrote, are proud of the man. They accept the decision of the Government as expressed by M. Dufaure in the Senate on May 21, in answer to Monseigneur Dupanloup. The State will not conduct a great national festival in honour of one whose cynicism and grossness of sentiment modern France repudiates; but still less, on the other hand, will it lend itself to those who would defame the memory of the writer who shamed France out of religious intolerance and the barbarism of a savage criminal code.

In Germany the event which has stamped the month is the attempted assassination of the Emperor William by the Saxon tinman, Hödel. Attempts predestined to failure on the lives of sovereigns are common enough. The peculiarity of the crime of Hödel is his past membership in the Social Democratic community. He had been expelled from the body just before his endeavour to shoot the Emperor; but the German Social Democrats will have to bear the charge, fairly or unfairly, of having trained him. The Emperor William is no friend of their cause, which offends his principles, political, religious, and economical. The military unity that it has been his object to introduce into Germany, is irreconcilable with the cosmopolitan confederation of labour at which they aim. But there is no real ground to identify their principles, or their leaders, with any love of assassination, or even with any special hatred of princes. Their end and desire is not to pull down the power of the State, but to make it their own, and they are scarcely fonder of such a republic as France, than of an Empire like that of Germany. It is another question what will be the effect on the German mind of the attention Hödel's crime has attracted to the growth of German Socialism. The Liberal party in the Parliament has set its face against the violent measures which were introduced for the prohibition and punishment of Socialist demonstrations. It remains to be seen whether, at the next election for the German Parliament, the emotions, stirred by Hödel's act will result in increasing or diminishing that contingent of twelve Deputies which the Socialists now return.

Austria retains its attitude of expectancy. Rumours had prevailed that Bosnia was to be occupied with the ostensible view of "repatriating" the refugees who constitute a burden and an embarrassment so long as they remain on Austrian soil. The report was supposed to favour the view that the Austrian Government had been won over to the Russian policy of balancing Russian gains from the peace of San Stefano, by corresponding accessions to the territorial power or influence of rival States. Those rumours have not been corroborated. But, on the other hand, there is certainly no ground for inferring fulfilment of the expectation that the Chancellor of the Exchequer held out on the eve of the Easter vacation, that Great Britain is to gain material aid to her policy from the Austrian Empire.

The anxiety of Europe and the world still centres round London, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople. The mad attempt of Ali Suavi Effendi to raise an insurrection on behalf of ex-Sultan Murad, and possibly the conflagration at the Sublime Porte, may be taken as symptoms of a popular craving at Constantinople for a more decidedly warlike policy. But the rulers have no wish to make up their minds and choose between Russia and England. The replacement of the Grand Duke Nicholas by General

Todleben was signalized by more peremptory demands for the cession of Schumla, Varna, and Batoum, and the movement of the Russian army to somewhat different positions. The Porte has accepted in words the requisition to carry out the Treaty of San Stefano by surrendering the three fortresses; but it does not appear to be believed at Constantinople that it will comply in fact. It still puts its trust in the chapter of accidents. The diplomatic struggle which is pending, both at the Porte and in the palace, will prolong its indecision to cast in its lot either with Russia or with Great Britain. It is not disputed that not only General Todleben, but his masters, would rejoice could they secure so material a guarantee for Russian retention of the territory that Russian armies have occupied in Europe and Asia, as these three strongholds; but to suppose that the Russian commander would go to the length of using direct force to acquire them, is to charge one of the most wary and cautious soldiers in Europe with utter recklessness. Russia will certainly not drive Turkey straight into the arms of Great Britain. The appointment of a diplomatist like Prince Labanoff to the Constantinople embassy, indicates what Russian policy towards the Porte is likely to be.

The mission of Count Schouvaloff to St. Petersburg has been the chief European event of the month. He arrived at St. Petersburg on Sunday, May 12, and was back in London on the 21st. Within three days of his arrival at St. Petersburg the tension of politics relaxed, and the tone of the Russian press changed from threats of war to warm denunciations of its inopportuneness. The explanation must be found in the theory that the Count was enabled to tell his Imperial master what were the modifications in the Peace of San Stefano which would satisfy the British Government, and that the Czar believed these modifications would not nullify the main objects of Russia in the late war. There can be no greater condemnation of the policy that Lord Beaconsfield's cabinet has pursued. The revelations Count Schouvaloff has made to the Czar, of the English Government's views, might have been made direct a couple of months ago by that Government itself. It has been asserted over and over again that England would act foolishly should she commit herself by declaring what she desired. Such a policy is worthy only of a Power which does not know what it does wish; and that has doubtless been the position of Lord Beaconsfield's colleagues. He has known what he desired, but the veto he would have gladly imposed on any essential change in the relations of the Ottoman Empire to Europe could not be stated without shocking even Conservative consciences. All that Great Britain had a right to claim of Russia was that the breaking of the bonds of Ottoman tyranny should not mean merely the substitution of new Russian bonds. This is very likely all that Ministers like Mr. Cross and Sir Stafford Northcote desired. They may be exonerated from the disgraceful charge of insensibility

to the scandal of Turkish misrule; but as a Cabinet the majority of the present Ministry have been fatally inarticulate. It has been left to the Ambassador of Russia to detect their true sentiments. Yet this will be vaunted as a triumph of Conservative policy. We shall be told over and over again, should war finally be averted, that the result is due to the firmness and resolution of the Cabinet. The terrible crisis that we have been passing through has, on the contrary, owed its origin and duration to the inability of some of our Ministers to find out what they themselves meant or wanted, and to what must be called the sulkiness of others.

In England the popular mood has, in the past month, been somewhat less self-satisfied than previously. The arrival of the *Cimbric* in American waters, and the Russian negotiations for the purchase of swift United States steamers, have infused into the minds of many who were either desirous of war or serenely indifferent on the subject, a mistrust that fighting is a two-sided game. They are beginning to apprehend that an empire like Russia, which cares more for the losses she inflicts than for those she suffers, may be able to reach even a maritime power like Great Britain. The first impression has been one of surprised indignation. Englishmen have felt, like Ereckmann-Chatrion's conscript, anger at the insolent injustice of an enemy, so utterly in the wrong as Russia is assumed to be, in venturing to think of striking at a righteous island like ours. Enterprises like those the Russian Admiralty is believed to be contemplating, would not deter England from war if she knew war to be necessary for her interests. If they were ever so little successful, they would fan into a flame the indignation already felt at the mere suspicion. But a second impression from the news has undoubtedly been an uneasy doubt whether the danger our commerce may be incurring from hostilities be likely to be compensated by any gain. We do the carrying trade of the world, and the most certain consequence of the outbreak of hostilities would be to transfer a large part of this trade, which is essentially timid, into neutral hands. The contingency of war, however, and its possible hazards are not the questions which have recently had most interest for Englishmen. The theme of the month has been what the Lord Chancellor described contemptuously as "a dry and bare legal and constitutional question." That controversy has stirred an uneasy feeling, of which only the Conservative majority in the two Houses appear unable to understand the depth.

The Government decided on the 27th of March to bring seven Indian native regiments to Malta. No mention was made of this project on the introduction of the annual Mutiny Bill, which passed the House of Commons on the 29th of March. The order for the dispatch of the Indian regiments was actually sent on the 12th of April. In the meantime, on the 4th of April, the Budget was submitted to the Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it

contained no provision, secret or open, for the expenditure so to be incurred. No reference was made to the necessity of providing ways and means for the transport of the troops to Malta, or their pay and maintenance there, while the Budget was being debated, though by that time the troops were already being equipped. On the 16th of April Lord Lytton announced what number of troops would be sent. On the same day Parliament adjourned for the Easter Vacation, and still no hint was given to either House of the movement already resolved upon. When the House of Commons re-assembled on the 6th of last month, Sir Stafford Northcote was taxed with the concealment which had been practised. His answer implied that the dispatch of native Indian regiments to Malta, or it might be even to the Channel Islands, was as much within the prerogative of the Crown as the dispatch of English regiments from Portsmouth to Gibraltar. It was understood that the Indian exchequer had for the moment furnished the necessary resources for the movement of the regiments; but Parliament was to be asked by a supplementary estimate to repay the sums thus disbursed. This power of the purse so possessed by the House of Commons was, according to Sir Stafford Northcote, quite sufficient check on the royal prerogative of moving the Indian army to different quarters of the dominions of the Crown. The Opposition, aided by such Conservatives as Mr. Newdegate in the Lower House and the Duke of Rutland in the Upper, deny that the royal prerogative covers such a pretension. If the act can be justified at all, it must be justified on the plea of some overruling emergency; but they contend that no such emergency has existed. The movement of native troops in time of peace from India to any other dominions of her Majesty, they argued in the great debate of May 20, 21, and 23, contravenes the Bill of Rights, the Mutiny Act, and the Act of 1858 for the Government of India. It is opposed to a remarkable precedent of 1775. It is a violation of the theory of the British Constitution.

The question raised by Lord Selborne in the Lords on the 20th of May had a narrower scope than Lord Hartington's Motion in the Commons. Lord Selborne declares that "it is necessary to have the previous consent of Parliament before any Imperial forces in addition to the 135,475 troops voted for the year commencing the 1st of April, 1878, and included in the year's Mutiny Act, can be employed during time of peace elsewhere than in Her Majesty's Indian possessions." Lord Hartington's Motion was that, "by the Constitution of this realm, no forces may be raised or kept by the Crown in time of peace, without the consent of Parliament, within any part of the dominions of the Crown, excepting only such forces as may be actually serving within Her Majesty's Indian possessions." The one Motion is affirmative, the other negative; but they cover in fact much the same ground, and have to be defended by the same argu-

ments. If the term "the kingdom," as used in the Bill of Rights, or "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," as used in the Mutiny Acts, can be held to cover a dependency of the Crown like Malta, then the movement of the Indian regiments to Malta is not merely unconstitutional, but positively illegal. We do not care, however, to rest the security of English liberties against a standing army on the verbal controversy whether Malta or Gibraltar be or be not included in the term "the kingdom," or "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." What seems abundantly clear is that it is inconsistent with the spirit of the Bill of Rights and Mutiny Acts for the sovereign to be able to move at his discretion about the Empire a standing army which, until Ministers come to the House of Commons for the means of supporting it, would be absolutely beyond the control of the Legislature.

The Act for the Government of India seems, however, sufficiently to condemn the conduct of Ministers, however dexterously they may argue themselves out of the words of the Bill of Rights or Mutiny Act. They themselves do not deny that, in moving Indian regiments to Malta, they have apparently infringed the Act. Their plea is that the prohibition against carrying Indian native troops was designed merely for the financial protection of India, and that as the burden of transporting the troops was meant by them to be defrayed finally by the British exchequer, they have violated the statute, if in anything, only in the letter. Even the letter they argue they could demonstrate had been adhered to, but for reasons of public policy which close their lips. The Act excepts the case of "sudden and urgent necessity;" and they are prepared at the proper time to make out that a sudden and urgent necessity existed for the movement of the seven regiments to Malta. The precedents, however, of the Abyssinian and China wars prove that the consent of Parliament to the movement of Indian troops beyond the frontier has been always regarded as essential; and the authority of General Peel was cited conclusively to the same effect. It is precisely this obligation which Ministers repudiate. The answer of the Prime Minister to the question of the Duke of Rutland, on Monday week, why Parliament was not taken into the Government's confidence before the Easter vacation, shows that the Cabinet is ready to plead the existence of an emergency which justified the violation of the Act of 1858. This great emergency, it might be inferred from the language of Mr. Cross, on the 23rd of May, consisted in some fear of the Ministry that the Indian monsoon might intercept the departure of the troops; but Ministers do not appear agreed on the nature of the "sudden and urgent necessity." The language of the Chancellor of the Exchequer implies that the emergency the Prime Minister refers to was only of a pecuniary charac-

ter, and connected with the question of cheap or dear transport service for the troops. At any rate, in the eyes of the Government this infringement of the law, if they have infringed it, has nothing to do with the conveyance of Indian native troops outside India without the consent of Parliament, but consists simply in the committing of the British exchequer to the repayment of the £400,000 for the cost of their conveyance. Lord Cairns lays it down broadly that the Crown must be entitled to move its Indian troops, as and where it likes, unless it can be shown, as Lord Cairns denies it can be, that the Crown's natural prerogative is limited by the terms of enlistment of the troops, by their code of discipline, by precedents which have crystallised into law, or by statute. They cannot be moved into the United Kingdom, it is true, on account of the Mutiny Act; but the Mutiny Act prevents their entrance into Great Britain and Ireland for the very reason that they do not come within the Mutiny Act. No regular force can be maintained within Great Britain and since the Act of Union with Ireland, within Ireland too, though according to Lord Cairns, only since the Act of Union, except by virtue of the Mutiny Act; but the Mutiny Act does not reckon Indian native troops either in the 135,000 it enumerates, or under its exception of "the number actually serving in the Indian dominions of the Queen." This is the Lord Chancellor's and the Prime Minister's contention; they assert, and, it may be admitted, very plausibly, that the exception in the Mutiny Act refers not to native troops, but to the Queen's English troops serving in India. The result is that, according to the leaders of the Government, the Crown has at its free disposal for service in any quarter of the globe the vast Indian army, subject to but two restrictions: that it cannot be brought into the United Kingdom, and that, if it serve outside India, it must not be maintained by the Indian exchequer. It might be lent by the Crown to the Porte to quell a Bulgarian or Greek insurrection, as the Elector of Hesse used to lend us his Hessians; or it might be dispatched to put down a Colonial rebellion, such as that of the United States last century, in Australia or New Zealand. Parliament has no concern in its movements, so long as the House of Commons is not called upon to raise money for its maintenance. How much this security amounts to, we may learn from the Home Secretary's speech on the 23rd of May. Mr. Cross admitted that the Government, in committing itself to the expense of conveying Indian troops to Malta, before knowing whether Parliament would pass its supplementary estimate for the purpose, had taken a step which was "in one sense illegal." But note Mr. Cross's justification for this illegality. It is, he considers, possibly illegal only because, if Parliament should not pass the vote for repaying the sums expended by the Indian Government in conveying the troops to Malta, the expense would be thrown upon India, and that is a viola-

tion of the Act for the Government of India. However, Mr. Cross bethinks himself, and finds there is a way by which the illegality might be legalised. "We have," he explains, "votes for transports and pay," and out of these votes the Indian exchequer might be reimbursed its £100,000 for carrying the seven regiments to the Mediterranean. That is to say, money voted by Parliament for purposes contemplated by the Mutiny and Appropriation Acts might be applied by the Government for a purpose utterly unknown to Parliament, and resolutely concealed from it. It is to these dilemmas and encroachments that Lord Beaconsfield's imperialism drives his most respectable colleagues! Lord Salisbury, then Lord Cranborne, was well within bounds when, in the debate on the Abyssinian vote, he expressed a fear that India might come "to be looked upon as an English barrack in the Oriental seas." His alarm seems likely to be realised by a Cabinet of which he is a most conspicuous member.

The triumph of the Government, if it should be conceded that they have triumphed, would be fatal to Lord Beaconsfield's policy. Ministers might have allowed that the sanction of Parliament is generally necessary for the maintenance of Indian as of other English troops in the dominions of the Crown other than India, but have argued that this particular movement of Indian troops was a reasonable exception to the rule. To state that the Government has a general right to move to any point of the British Empire native Mussulman and Hindoo soldiers, is little less than a *reductio ad absurdum*. The faithful followers of the Cabinet have allowed themselves to be blinded and beguiled by the confusion of the right and duty imposed on a Ministry in an emergency to exceed its constitutional powers, with the claim the present Ministry has set up of an ordinary right to move the Queen's Indian army to any part of the British Empire. Whether the emergency were the advent of the monsoon, or Sir Stafford Northcote's alarm that the Government might find the market raised against them in the matter of transport, Ministers deny that they need excuse their act on this plea; they assert that, except on the point of committing this country to the cost of conveyance of the troops, they can no more be called in question and put to apologize for having transferred seven regiments from India to the Mediterranean, than for ordering the Guards from London to Windsor. If it be considered good for British interests that the Crown should have this new prerogative, Parliament should be asked to sanction the innovation formally. But for a Government to declare that it has acted in virtue of the Crown's ordinary prerogative, yet that the emergency was of a kind which would have justified the usurpation of a new prerogative, is to throw dust into the eyes of its followers.

But we deny altogether that the prerogative which is claimed is for the advancement of British interests. It is reverting to the bad

example of last century to employ what, in relation to the native population of these islands, is a mercenary force. If we are to fight let us fight our own battles. There is an injustice in burdening India with the cost of superfluous troops on the chance that our European policy may make us desire to borrow them. There are dangers in teaching Indian soldiers that they are necessary to the maintenance of our European rank, and in the pride and ambition they are likely to carry back with them. There are dangers in the jealousy Europe may be expected to feel at having Asia brought in upon her in a flood of armed legions. But these are not the perils that we fear most from Lord Beaconsfield's latest effort of political ingenuity. We read in it the same conception which prompted the creation of the titular Indian Empire. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is to be merely one element in the British Empire; there is to be an Empire beside and outside it. Even so sober a Conservative as the Home Secretary has learnt from his Chief the dangerous lesson of distinguishing between "British interests" and "Imperial interests." To Lord Beaconsfield Parliament is the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The United Kingdom, it is true, is the kernel and head of the Empire; and the Parliament of the United Kingdom can interpose at its discretion in the management of the affairs of any other portion of the Empire. But there are other essential elements in the Empire. The Sovereign and her Ministers are Sovereign and Ministers of the whole Empire; but Parliament *prima facie* is the Parliament of a part. Lord Beaconsfield seems to say, England has her Bill of Rights; let her hold to it, and make her boast of it; it is a picturesque and respectable superstition. But it is enough to observe the letter of the charter; the rest of the Empire is regulated on a more reasonable footing; and Parliament, so long as no troops not enumerated in the Mutiny Act violate the sacred soil of the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland, has no call to be alarmed or to exclaim, though an army of Sikhs were to be landed in Jersey and Guernsey. This is not the spirit in which we understand the English Constitution. In our view of it the common rights which apply to British soil flow naturally over territories that Great Britain has annexed. The special circumstances of these territories may require modifications of the English Constitution; but the burden of proof rests on those who claim exemption for British territory from British Constitutional incidents. British Ministers in administering external territories are bound to administer them in the same spirit which guides them in relation to England. Had Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues refused to let themselves be moved by any other spirit, they need not have scrutinized the Bill of Rights and Mutiny Act to see whether the words comprised any locality other than these islands. They would have understood that the common law which those statutes declare would, had King

James possessed a vast standing army of Mussulmans and Hindoos in India, have held it as penal to introduce, without the consent of Parliament, that army into dependencies of the Crown; as it did in fact hold it penal, without that consent, to raise and keep a standing army within the Kingdom of England.

The Government denies absolutely that it has any indulgence to seek from Parliament for not disclosing its intention to summon troops from India to Malta. Whatever new prerogative the present Cabinet may find, a docile majority will endorse and affirm it. But Mr. Gladstone could safely assert that "this is the beginning and not the ending of a constitutional conflict." For the moment, but only for the moment, Lord Beaconsfield's policy may triumph. He seems to have desired to make proof of the extremity of the forbearance of Parliament. A Ministry may sometimes in a national crisis find it indispensable to break the law, when Parliament is not in session to change the law. But it is a novelty to discuss Parliament when actually sitting, without asking its sanction for what to say the least is an experimental policy. The majority which supports a minister may not feel aggrieved at the Cabinet carrying out peremptorily a policy which the majority may be supposed to approve; but it prejudices its own future when it thus tramples on the privileges of the minority. As Sir William Harcourt very forcibly said in the recent debate, "the principles of the Constitution are checks upon majorities." A Government can generally rely upon the affirmation of its acts by an obedient majority; but the sanction which shields a minister from censure does not make that legal which was illegal. A Conservative majority above all commits a strange blunder in exaggerating prerogative and in breaking law, in the faith that Parliament will grant an indemnity. The experience of the last half-century has shown that the Conservative party is more generally in Opposition than in office. Whatever present appearances may indicate, it is Liberal Governments rather than Conservative which are likely to be able to profit by encroachments made by a Conservative Cabinet and majority on the privileges of Parliament.

The Supplementary Estimates of £748,000 for the transport of the seven thousand Indian soldiers to Malta, and their maintenance there, were assented to this past week; and Parliament has thus ratified the act of the Ministry. So far as its immediate practical results go, the movement of a few native regiments to Europe is likely to have the most trivial consequences. Even should there be war after all, little trust could be placed in the number of troops that Great Britain would be able with safety to withdraw from a country which Conservative alarmists have always declared to be in such imminent danger as is India from a Russian invasion, and still more serious Russian intrigues.

